

Poetry Series

**Linda Winchell**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2010

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Linda Winchell(still working on it!)

I was born on the South side of Chicago in the forties.

I am now married and living on a farm in a small town in Concord Michigan. Was many things growing up, but have always been passionate about writing poetry and childrens' books and the love of God.

I love animals and nature and as you can see in my Poetry, they are some of my inspiration. No spell check on this site, maybe they need to put one on it?

I love to bake and cook and clean. And power walking and walks in the woods keep me healthy. I do not smoke or drink, but love to dance! I love to joke around and sing too. I pray for all the world. And if this includes you, GREAT! 'Thank you God! ' May God bless you and all of your days be filled with sunshine and the Love of life. It is all we have! One Day at a time!

God's Servant, Linda Winchell

## ' A Cardboard Box'

Crawled under the house to retrieve  
something's that I had forgotten.  
While I took them out, I sorted and found  
that most of what I'd stored, was damp and rotten.

As I sorted through the memories I once knew  
stuck together were photos of me and my brother.  
As I pulled them apart, their memories rushed to my heart  
past memories now a big part of all the others.

Was more than mold in that cardboard box  
there were those memories of things from my past.  
But as I now see, they will always be, in my hearts memories  
and not those tangible things that just won't last.

Linda Winchell

# ' A Day To Remember'

Never does a mother forget, that miracle of birth,  
It stays within her memory,  
With the last and with her first.

Nine long months of waiting,  
For that bundle of joy to arrive,  
Then wondering how to raise it,  
While setting some of her life aside.

Yet with Gods' grace and wisdom,  
That was instilled in her from the start,  
She gives this little blessing of joy,  
All her loving trust and heart.

Time passes quickly,  
All childish things let go.  
To become what you have taught them,  
And everything you know.

A day to take upon themselves,  
A spouse to start anew,  
Starting the process over again,  
Now the rest my child is up to you!

Linda Winchell

## ' A Love To Die For'

I have a love I would die for  
and they say their love is real.  
Would they step in front of an arrow shot?  
for this love they proclaim for me to feel.

I wouldn't want to test fates waters  
of this depth of love they've now shown.  
But if the chips were down  
would their love for me last and grow?

Romeo had Juliet, lover's poison passed their lips  
I see couples that seem as close as this  
they seemed joined together at the hip.

Life and love will be what it is to be  
it will grow or it might fall apart.  
It is all really, what one has stored deep inside,  
stored deep within their heart.

Linda Winchell

# ' A Poet's Outlet'

We poet's need, his or her outlet!  
Where we can write down the words that clutter up our minds.  
It is a curse to have such a talent  
placing ones feelings, of words sometimes in rhyme.

Not just anyone, can master this feat  
I'm not saying that, I really have.  
But I have been plugged into this poet's outlet  
the same as you, and for that I'm really glad.

I read some of your poems, then maybe you read some of mine?  
Whatever the case might be, everyone different  
and most of which are really fine.

I haven't a knack, for non-rhyming poems  
It really isn't, this Poet's, poetic style.  
But for those that do, I kindly read them through  
and with wonderment puzzled, scratch my head and smile.

I think this currents, ' two twenty? '  
Because, I go about writing, real fast!  
But I always wonder, maybe you do too?  
Thinking, 'How long is this streak of poetry, going to last? '

Whatever length of time we're all given  
'Bravo! ', I say to you!  
Now are we going to get a bill?  
Plugging into these outlets used?  
'Oh my! ', I'll have to end it here! '  
Because I think, I'VE JUST BLOWN, MY POET'S OUTLET FUSE! '

Linda Winchell

# ' A Smokers Pledge'

I promise to quit smoking soon  
I'm down to a pack and a half.  
And when I do, I pledge to me and you  
I will never, I'm never ever going back!

I know that it is an addiction  
and very expensive  
and it really stinks!

But the feel I get  
from each smoke with coffee  
Is all I sometimes can feel or think.

I want to be healthy one day  
not be out of breath while walking up a flight of stairs.  
And not always hear you complain to me  
but I know it's because you really care.

This is my smokers pledge to you  
And I'm going to sign it when I'm through.  
But not until I've had this cigarette  
will I be sending a copy of this, 'Smoker's Pledge' off to you!

Linda Winchell

## ' Abusive Kind Of Love'

You tell me that you love me  
then you slap me to the ground.  
You said until death do we part  
your words now, are so profound.

You've pulled my hair, slapped my face  
tare the best clothing off of me.  
While I stand in wonder of what you're doing  
in my heart I'm in love you see.

I would not want you as my best friend  
wouldn't go out of my way to make that friend of you.  
Even in this toxic love you claimed we had  
In my heart I'm still in love with you.

Linda Winchell

# ' An Old Beatle's Song'

I heard an old Beatle's song played  
while at a dinner function last night.  
The speaker that played it for us  
was using it to illustrate her fight.

She had overcome nose cancer  
and then some other tumors throughout.  
I could understand why she was there to speak  
it was easy for all to figure out.

The song that played by the Beatles'  
was, 'Help I Need Somebody! '  
It was popular back in my day.  
But the message that it brought to all this night  
was in the words that this song displayed.

It talked about younger years  
and being so self secure.  
Never thought they needed anybody  
to help in anyway, for sure.

It showed how vulnerable we really are  
how small in the larger scheme of things.  
And then when down in the pits of despair  
we realize just what life without God can bring.

We reach out to God for His mercy  
'Please Lord Help Me If You Can! '  
Just like the words in that Beatle's song  
sung so long ago by a strange looking Beatle's band.

Linda Winchell

# ' Can'T Eat Anything These Days'

I can't eat anything at all these days  
I seem to be allergic to it all!  
I can't have any dairy products  
you know what that does to us all?

So I tried to eat Vegetarian style  
like beans and sprouts and grass!  
Well you know what that did for my reputation?  
I got rid of a lot of friends, with all that noise and GAS!

Then I tried that South Beach Diet thing  
Then, No carb, and low carb too!  
I got so bone thin from all of that  
I looked like some skinny, sick buffoon!

I had to shop in the kids department  
to find some clothes for me to wear.  
Now a woman of sixty, can you picture this?  
In an outfit imprinted with little pink teddy bears!

My boobs were hanging down to my waist!  
And my hair started falling out!  
I must have looked a sight to others!  
Every time that I stepped out!

A gust of wind came up  
and took me flying down the sidewalk one afternoon!  
I was grabbing on to anything available  
pulled down some old ladies pantaloons!

So what can a person eat these days?  
to stay healthy, fit and trim?  
I'll just have to chew on all the boxes I guess?  
that all that stuff I can't eat comes in?

Linda Winchell

# ' Daddy's Wooden Chair'

There's an old wooden chair by the roses,  
Where my Daddy went and sat.

He would go there every morning,  
And with God, would sit and chat.

Daddy's gone now some years ago,  
But I still can see him there.  
In his old time tattered,  
Rose garden wooden chair.

I now sit there and remember,  
Those times I had with him.  
And ask God for daddy's protection,  
knowing He forgave him, of his sins.

'I miss you my Dearest Daddy,  
You were my closest friend.'  
You showed me love and kindness,  
Of which that, I always would depend.

I sometimes feel you by my side,  
As I sit and reminisce.  
I feel your arms embrace me,  
And the tenderness of your gentle kiss.

I've kept your chair in the yard,  
To remind me that you were here.  
And now I take your place in it,  
Knowing you and God are near.

Linda Winchell

# ' Destiny Calling'

What determines our destiny to be?  
What we become, futures predestined to see.  
Where will roads lead until it all ends?  
Destiny calling, live's for some predestined to spend.

Why do our lives, create a passion for some?  
And then for others, there seems to be none?  
Struggling to be what is too far from fingers reach,  
Never accomplishing, what it is that you have preached.

Dreams and hopes, they fade in the mist,  
Grasping at life, from the dark depth of an abyss.  
Looking back at what could, should, may have been,  
Lacking that door of opportunity for your passion deep within.

Silver spoons for some placed in the mouths of their young,  
Others dying to achieve selling you dreams with forked tongues.  
Jokes being played an other's laughter not heard,  
Destiny fulfilled at the bottom of a bottle at a curb.

Linda Winchell

# ' Don'T Write Much These Days'

Don't write much these days,  
Did your P.C. break or did you give it away?

I remember the days, way back when,  
When we all use to write, on paper, with pencil or pen.

Was life made easier?  
Was my thought on this matter.  
We can now send a text, or instant message to chatter!

But all of what I see that ever does appear,  
Are 'forward's' and 'pass it on',  
With some tiny animated pictures, of reindeers.

You warn me of robber's and dangers that lurk,  
You poke fun at politics,  
Wires spread all that dirt.

There's, 'My Space and 'U-Tube',  
There's no privacy or pride.  
They seem to have set all that's Holy aside.

If your out there somewhere,  
And get this note from me.  
Remember I care, so why don't you write and see?

Linda Winchell

# ' Everything'

If everything high lighted, is clickable  
then is everything with glue, stickable?  
Does that mean everything, that has a string  
can be tied to everything?  
And that an old bic lighter, is still flickable?

I guess before they go and sell you this  
they best be checking, just what the heck you get!  
Because it all seems, to be a trick!  
of the string, click, stick, and that flick you get!

Linda Winchell

# ' Hole My Father Dug'

Why is the hole that my father dug  
worth more when it's being dug today?  
It still is the same size from what I've seen  
and the same amount of dirt they haul away!

Why does it cost more to dig one?  
or possibly even two?  
Why didn't my father make more money digging his?  
then the amount they're now paying you?

Was greed that drove the cost of it  
up, up and far out of sight.  
But your pay received is really less  
given to those union's you've hired to fight!

So dig you fool, dig away!  
You're not really getting anywhere.  
For life's balance and measured holes you dig  
are really never going to get you anywhere!

Linda Winchell

# ' I Know What Mom Was Saying'

I now know what my mom was saying  
When she said, " Don't Rush on getting old! "  
You'll get there soon enough my child  
But my reply was sharp and very child-like cold!

"I will never get to be as old as you!  
Nor wrinkled, fat, slow and gray! "  
"I will exercise and moisturize my skin  
And cover up with color  
If I happen to go and get any grays! "

I thought mom was just trying to be bossy  
But what I didn't understand.  
Was that in time, we all grow old  
And find it difficult to walk or even stand.

I now say those same words to my children  
And to their children as well.  
So if you think you've got this, "old timer thing" conquered  
Best go and buy some, "Super Glue"  
Because I just went and missed a step, slipped and fell!

Linda Winchell

# ' I Must Tell You This Story'

"I Must Tell You This Story'

□

I have, A Story I Must Tell!

Of a Prince who lived so long ago.

He came to earth as a babe with nothing

Birthered in a manger and wrapped in Swaddling clothes.

His name had not yet been given

But a King to some, it was known.

For one day to wear, a crown of jewels

And to sit at the right hand, of His Father's throne.

He came to earth given a task

To speak the words of His reason for coming.

But there were those who did not listen or like

The words of Love and mercy, His lips were compounding.

"I am the way, the truth and the light! "

"For no man may come to the Father, but through me! "

But even though the people wanted to follow this Messiah

They knew they would be crucified, if thought to believe.

One day this man was crucified

And nailed, and hung upon a plain wooden cross.

Still He lives to save all mankind

Cleansing sins, from all who

Are dying of sin and lost.

This is a story that I had to tell

So that you could know the true meaning why.

That every Christmas day, I weep

And my heart aches for the Babe born

That on a cross for my sins, He died.

So while you're opening up your presents

Keep the birth of Jesus in your hearts and minds.

For this is the true meaning of Christmas Day my friends

And shall remain, until the end of time!

God Bless; and  
"Merry Christmas! "

Copyright: 2008  
By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# ' If I Could Live To A Hundred Years'

If I could live to be a hundred years  
Or maybe two hundred more.  
Would I have accomplished... all I really wanted too?  
Than I have maybe... in all of my eighty-four?

Does one need to have all that time?  
To make their mark upon this earth?  
For I've known some that have only lived shorter lives  
and some that have died...soon after birth.

Were their lives no more of a blessing?  
For all of whom they had touched.  
And did they not accomplish their mission...here on earth?  
Was it more of time... that would have mattered  
or done that much?

We are all given.... a certain amount of time  
I know this... from what I've seen in the past.  
For no matter how much you want another to live  
We each have our time on earth...and then we pass.

Be grateful for whatever...amount of life's time you have  
For ONE is all...one will ever be granted.  
Like the flowers that bloom in the soil...they too  
Are only given an amount of life...that which God has planted.

Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# ' If I Were To Write A Song'

If I were to write a song for you  
it would I think... be written in my tears.  
For the love I feel is Oh so deep  
It has now been... for many a year.

It would play out a tune... of the pain I so deeply felt  
since, you went away.  
It would also carry... in its notes not inked  
the words my heart just couldn't then...to you say.

I think if the world were to hear it  
they... would know just how I feel.  
The world might even cry along with me  
as they hummed the tune... of noted pain so real.

I know that I will never have your love  
for you have given it to another I see.  
But if I could go back in time  
would your love then... have been given just for me?

If I could write a song for you  
well, that is not my given of gifts.  
But please know my darling... that I will always love you  
if only in poetic words... such as this.

Linda Winchell

## ' If Seeing Is Believing'

If seeing is believing, then I'm more than would have known,  
To see my words down in print, now written in this poem.

If seeing is believing, then I see clearer than once did,  
For all this life was given, was all I needed then to live.

If seeing is believing, I then see what God did want?  
Accomplishing all I was formed to be, in my daily walks and haunts.

If seeing is believing, then why don't others view?  
The same it is my eyes have seen, making better of a you?

If seeing is believing, worlds and nations then would be  
Living in peace and harmony, for more than just centuries.

Some views are blurred and foggy, not as I would pray they be.  
But still I hope and ask my Lord, they might believe in what I see.

Linda Winchell

## ' I'M Ok With That'

If I should die before my time  
And possibly lose my frame of mind  
I'm Ok with that!

If I should not be able to speak,  
Where you can't understand a word I peep,  
I'm Ok with that!

Now if I should have an occasional mis-deed  
Where it caused you some pain or need  
Are YOU ok with that?

You see, all of which was said before  
Is just of less, where there should be more  
And I'm Ok with that!

For I'm trusting in my God above  
He fills my cup with ALL His love  
And,  
I'M OK WITH THAT!

Linda Winchell

# ' I'M Your Man'

If you're looking for a shoulder to rest your head  
Then please, I'm your man.

If you're feeling that your loads too heavy to carry  
Then please, I will help take some, I'm your man.

If you're feeling kind of down in the mouth  
and can't seem to straighten life's problems out  
Then please, come to me, I'm your man.

If you're wondering just who to turn in times of trouble  
Turn to Me, I'm always here, I'm your man.

When the world seems not the place for you  
Please reach out, and take My hand.

If you're looking for the right words to say  
I will come to you and help you to pray.  
For I was created you see in just that way  
Please come to me, for I'm your man.

Linda Winchell

# ' In The Kingdom Of Glutendom'

Long ago in the kingdom of Glutendom  
lived a wise King who sat on a golden throne.  
He had a bit of bad luck, when his Kingly butt did get stuck  
From eating nothing but chocolate Ice cream and scones!

He called for his baker and the royal candle stick maker.  
'Have you got any goose fat or lard? '  
They both looked at one another, than took off for cover  
for they knew removing the King from his throne would be hard.

The King called for his prize royal bacon  
then began to rub it, on his arms and his sides.  
He called for his scribes to rub this grease on his thighs  
then soon popped out, with his Kingly blubber shakin.

'While I'm the wisest of King throughout the world  
how could I have let myself get this way? '  
To eat like I do, ice cream and all those scones too  
I decree that no one will go on eating this way!

As the king tried to sit down and placeback his crown  
he'd forgotten the bacon grease on his chair.  
He began to slip and slide, from side to side.  
Like a large bowl of jiggly jell-o and squid.

For the King was all blubber and jiggly  
and his throne did keep that fat in tact.  
But when he got up, from his throne he was stuck  
all could then see he was nothing but FAT!

Linda Winchell

# ' My Date Tonight'

Light the candles, dim the lights  
turn the music down soft and low.  
Place a rose on my pillow  
set out soft slippers to grace my toes.

Pour my wine into the glass  
with plated crackers and some cheese.  
Greet me at the door with a kiss  
giving me one loving, giant squeeze.

This is the date I've longed for  
we haven't had one for some time.  
It will always remain the best of them  
my best friend at our dinner date time.

We will dance to slow soft music  
he will whisper sweet nothings in my ear.  
He will see the joy rolling down my cheek  
in the form of some happy, salted tears.

He will know that I'm not sadder  
by what long ago he may have said.  
Then he will take me up, a flight of stairs  
and lay me in our now, rose petaled covered bed.

Our love will deepen through the night  
as he holds me in his strong and loving arms.  
I will drift off in an ecstasy given  
on my date tonight, sharing each others loving charms.

Linda Winchell

# ' My Friend Doodle'

I have a little Rooster; his name is; 'Doodle Boy.'  
He follows me all around the yard  
And brings me so much joy!

When I tell him that he's pretty  
He spreads his wings out wide.  
I wish he lived in my room,  
But Mom say's, 'He has to stay outside! '

I have his cage so neat and clean  
I feed him, coffee, toast and cheese.  
I don't know if Roosters eat this stuff,  
But it seems for him too please.

I love my little Doodle Boy  
Will love him till the end.  
Have you ever heard of anyone,  
Having a Rooster for a friend?

Linda Winchell

## ' My Life's Balance''

I have found that in this very place and time  
Much more than a chemical balance to it all.  
It's not that which is flowing through each vein and artery  
To those aging places that bring comfort and makes one well.

But a more Spiritual source, of life streams  
Now flows within my mind and space.  
Placing that of an after glow, from my higher source  
Bringing me joy, peace, deeper love  
And a Spiritual inner grace.

Growing older has real benefits  
That in ones youth might never bring.  
It teaches a person what is important  
That importance, in the smallest  
The smallest of everything.

In a child's smile from an innocence of love  
Scented sweetness in a summers breeze.  
That resting time otherwise overlooked  
While just cuddling with a loved one on a swing.

Embrace the years as they come to you  
As if in each one, there lies within a hidden gift.  
And you will see that in your puzzle of life  
That one piece placed thought not to fit.

Linda Winchell

# ' Sitting On The Back Deck'

While sitting on my back deck,  
Some little friends dropped by.

Was my little Rooster Doodle Boy and Kitty Smoke,  
and it almost made me cry.

They sat right down by my side, then Dog Lady came out too.  
What did I ever do to deserve, such devoted friends like you?

Mr. Rooster crowed his song for me  
And Little Kitty purred right along.

Then Lady started to howl and bark,  
To now sing, their animal trio song.

This went on for quite awhile,  
Until I joined in.

Then one by one, they left the deck,  
And they have never been seen again!

Linda Winchell

# ' The Belle Of The Ball'

She wanted to be the, ' Belle of the ball! '  
But will only be remembered as, noisy clanging of brass!  
She was dressed in the finest of finest money could buy  
But she still lacked what we all would call, 'Class! '

She was loud and her laughter to all most annoying!  
As she strutted her stylish fake of self around.  
Her makeup looked like she had an amateur do it  
She looked like some colorful over-done circus clown.

She tried so hard to become the, ' Belle of the ball'  
But was tarnished with her lack of manners and self control!  
And only ended up becoming one of the uninvited  
Sent back to the bridge, which she now trolls.

Linda Winchell

# ' The Bucket'

I think I need a bucket,  
Maybe two, three or four?  
One of them I would use to fill  
And the other three to pour.

They'll be filled with Peace and Love for man,  
With God's help I'll pour out on this land.  
Wars will end, tears will cease  
Bringing comfort, love soaked power released.

Let's all go and get a bucket  
And maybe mark them with a cross?  
Then let God fill them with His power of Love  
And go Baptize this world across.

Linda Winchell

# ' The Hunt'

Here comes dad from across the field  
his nose and ears are froze, so off his clothes he peels!  
First comes the hat, then his gloves  
his coat and overalls, and his boots full of mud!

Disappointed that he, hadn't shot his deer!  
he said he followed some tracks for miles!  
but nothing ever appeared!

He's been up and out before dawn  
has had nothing to eat or drink!  
He's so frozen to the bone  
he can't hardly think or speak!

I made him some coco  
and pancakes with sausage links.  
He went to lie down  
to maybe catch twenty winks.

Tomorrow is but, another hunting new day  
and you know already where those deers gone-a lay.  
So with mornings dawn, you'll cross those snow covered lawns  
and find your hunts deer reward, right after dawn!

Linda Winchell

# ' The Little Things That Touch My Heart'

Don't bring me some expensive flowers or cards  
because a date on the calendar tells you so.  
And you don't have to buy me chocolates  
It's the little things, that touch my heart much more.

Like the time you stopped along the road  
jumped out to pick, those yellow wild flowers.  
Or the time you spent, when I was sick  
at my bedside, you'd sit for hours.

Or the time you made me a Sweetest Day card,  
from a page you'd ripped from a book.  
It's the little things, that touch my heart dear  
It's that special time and thought you took.

It's the time you wrapped yourself in plastic  
red, if I can recall.  
Naked underneath your plastic wrapper  
running naked, tripped and took a fall.

With a flower clenched between your teeth  
and a chasseur cat like grin, upon your face.  
It's the Little things that touch my heart  
in that private and special place.

Linda Winchell

# ' The Texture Of Your Soul'

We create the textures of our soul,  
from the young all the way to our old.

Some soft as downing,  
some hard as nails.  
Some fast as gazelles,  
Some slower than snails.

But the textures differ as time goes on,  
Of which we seem to all grow fond.

Some change as our time goes by,  
Some fade away, viewed of eye.

But the texture of it that rubs one raw,  
Will be what really remains, in anothers crawl!

Linda Winchell

# ' Use To Walk Everywhere'

I remember when we use to walk everywhere!  
Driving back then, was never really an option!  
To school, to church, to the grocery store  
And on the way I remember, while skipping and hoppin!

Now I'm lucky to get up, to even answer the phone!  
Have a remote control, to change the channels on T.V.!  
Then we all wonder why, we're all out of shape!  
I know this sitting, is taking a toll on me!

And it was all done, in the name of progress!  
Progress? Well it shouldn't look like this!  
Most American's, are now overweight!  
Sitting in chairs, their butts JUST fit!

Now I wonder what would happen?  
If we were all, maybe to walk a mile a day?  
I guarantee, we'd look a lot different!  
In a more slimmed down, much healthier way!

Why wait until New Years Eve?  
To make those resolutions, you know you'll never keep?  
Just get up and walk a mile a day!  
Get up off your backsides!  
and use those things we all call our feet!

Linda Winchell

# ' What Are You Talking About? '

What are you talking about?

Do you need to scream, too let it all out?

Can't you take a minute to calm your nerves?

All I'm hearing, is someone shouting stupid filthy blurbs!

For Heavens' sake, your gonna burst a vein,

I think your crazy, and maybe a bit insane!

I just wanted to say, ' I'm sorry ya know? '

And then I was hoping, we could let this all go!

Now I'm shouting, I can't believe this myself!

What are we doing, from all the pain that is felt?

Let's stop this now, before we kill what we had,

And promise each other, never again to get mad!

Linda Winchell

## “don't Complain...praise”

Are you satisfied with the manna?  
All the manna in which God gives?  
Or do you find yourself always complaining?  
About what in life...God didn't give?

Are we following Him obediently... every day?  
Or are we too... to wander as the Israelites... for many years?  
Do you find His provisions and guidance routine?  
As we all cry our buckets... of ungrateful tears?

I would hope as you now think it over  
You can search... deep into your hearts.  
And praise our God...our Father  
For all the blessings...in life He imparts.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

## "farris-Wheel Ride"

Purchased two tickets to ride  
On the "Farris-wheel"... with you by my side.  
But you never did show  
So... on the ride alone around I did go.

Taken to the top of the ride  
When I viewed you five cars below.  
You had your arm around another  
Where you seemed to be... enjoying her so.

Stuck at the top in a daze  
Of what my eyes... had gazed.  
So looked to the heavens' above  
Wondering...why it was you I had loved?

Wasted my life...so I thought  
But it was just a ticketed price of my loss.  
For a favor you had then given to me  
When in the heavens above I did see.

A vision of another's true love  
That of my Father...my God above  
For none on earth can compare  
To the love He gives... unselfishly to share.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

## "I Saw My Baby Crying"

I saw my baby crying  
What has made my baby blue?  
Could it be the love I've forgotten to show her?  
Was it allowing her, to go love someone new?

She use to smile at me and give big hugs  
But with time and distance in between.  
Her love and hugs for me disappeared  
They're no longer to be seen.

Does she love maybe another?  
Is this what's going on?  
I need to find out from her rose colored lips  
Of which I had once been so fond.

I need to take some time to be  
The person she once knew.  
And hear the words for me once again  
Her telling me, " My Love is for only you."

Linda Winchell

## “just Trying To Survive”

□

Around the world...in our small towns  
There are people just like me and you.  
Trying to survive...one day at a time  
Doing the best that they can do.

Hardships by the thousands  
Poverty...stress...and many pains.  
No matter what their circumstance  
There is one fact that remains.

To have hope in our Creator  
For only He can bring you over and threw.  
All you have to do is trust in Him  
His grace will...make all old new.

He said He will never leave us  
And that He never gives us more than we can handle.  
Take this time to focus on His power  
And in prayer...your problems channel.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

## "Liar, Liar, Pants On Fire"

Government is a bag of liars... in a nutshell!  
Some nuts are much harder for us to crack.  
But no matter how you cut them friend  
They seem to keep on coming back.

Back to claim they have the answer  
To what now plagues our great land.  
Stretching out their arms to the needy  
With nothing but empty hands.

'Liar, Liars... pants are on fire! '  
Went a child's playfull song.  
But what they didn't know way back then  
Was that they were not singing those lyrics wrong!

By: Linda Winchell

\*\*Inspired by Blue Bird.

Linda Winchell

# "temporarily Disconnected"

I've temporarily maybe.... lost my way  
On this road... I seem to be traveling on.  
I use to know and love a man  
And at the time... had grown quite fond.

But something happened somehow to change my view  
Of how... I feel and see Him now.  
I can't seem to find my way back to Him  
And strangely maybe don't want to ...somehow.

Now I've heard it said... that He still resides in me  
I don't know why He would.  
I haven't done much to deserve His love  
And wouldn't want Him too... if I should.

My thoughts are that Earth just happened  
Some millions of years ago.  
And that this man... they call the "Messiah"  
Was just a man like me...you know?

But if for some reason... He still chooses  
To love me...no matter what.  
I guess I will just have to let Him  
But for now this door... is closed tightly shut!

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

\*\*Written for a lost soul.

Linda Winchell

# "the Power Of..."one Thing"

The power of..."One Thing"  
Is the "One Thing"...we all are searching for.  
That hole that's felt... within our souls  
That feeling of emptiness...we bore.

The "One Thing" is really not that hard  
Not that hard really to figure out.  
It's what we were all made for  
It is what our lives... are all about.

Seeking something in our darkness  
Searching for that inner fulfillment... we've so longed.  
Listening for just the right note  
To complete our life long...un-sung song.

The "One Thing" is... "Jesus"  
He's been there all the time.  
If only in a moment's reflection  
As I've... now written and sent to you in rhyme.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

## "twinkies And Root Beer"

My Grandsons like Twinkies and Root Beer  
Says it tickles their noses and throat's going down.  
They bring such joy to me  
Makes me laugh when they are around.

Did I miss all those things when my sons were little?  
To busy tending to matters, I thought more important at hand?  
I hoped I hadn't done that you see  
It could have only made me a better father, a man.

We shouldn't wait until our children are grown up  
To see in our Grandchildren now this way.  
What then were our moments too remember  
Like Twinkies and Root Beer are for my Grandsons today.

Linda Winchell

# '9/11' (In Memorie Of All Who Died That Day)

It was more then seven years ago today  
when more then just buildings were taken away.  
The lives of those who died in vain  
by the hands of terrorists and three jet planes.

What drives such hatred in the hearts of men?  
that they would give their lives and  
kill our family and friends?

A memorial stands where the buildings once did  
for us to remember of those lives that had lived.  
To say our goodbyes, feel the fountains water and hear the sounds  
in the memories reflected, on this now hallowed ground.

We will never forget that day back when  
as if it were but of yesterday.  
We will come together as a Nation Under God  
to gather every 9/11 and Pray.

'GOD BLESS AMERICA! '

Linda Winchell

# A'

"Christmas In February"

I know it's not Christmas time,  
But my wish is to now have it anyway.  
So I can hear the laughter of my little ones,  
Opening their gifts on my February Christmas Day.

Wonderful scents of Christmas ham with gravy and biscuits,  
Along with my mother's spicy peach cobbler recipe.  
All this is what I wish to have this February,  
I pray for all those most precious of past Christmas's memories.

Children are now all grown up,  
They've gone on their ways.  
Don't write or call or visit me much,  
I never wanted them to exclude me in such a way.

For my heart still remembers their childhood days,  
But now they're all grown and in their own world it seems.  
And left me with just my memories of Christmas past,  
And stuck with only my old timer kind of wishful dreams.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Better You'

In order to get a better you  
From the inside out!  
You must allow God's power to cleanse you of  
What shouldn't be there, of doubt.

Let His love scrub away... all of life's sinful dirt  
That clogs you up inside.  
And place only godly nutrients  
Inside to grow and flourishing... God's love reside.

Now let the work of the Lord  
Replenish all of your daily wants and needs.  
Upon His truth and mercy shown  
Upon His daily word always feast.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'A Boogie On My Finger'

I have a Boogie on my finger,  
Now how could I've gotten this?

I've tried to get it off my finger,  
With a shake, a woosh, a flick!

But this thing keeps hanging on!  
It's hanging on like it was glued!

I think I got it from, Uncle John,  
That would be something he would do!

I know it didn't come from me,  
Because I NEVER pick!  
Uncle John is such a Joker,  
This could only been one of his tricks!

I'll give it like I got it,  
With a hand shake to my friend, named Kyle,  
I'll walk right up, put out my hand,  
And give him more than, a handshake with a smile!

'HEE, HEE! '

Linda Winchell

# 'A Box Of Chocolates'

I received a box of chocolates  
but when I opened up the lid.  
I noticed all the ones I liked were gone!  
and wondered where the other chocolates hid?

I lifted up each layer, of these tasty treats  
which had fancy papers in between.  
But still I didn't find them there  
Not even one chocolate, could I feast!

I asked my gift giving hubby  
"Did you buy these at some discount store? "  
"Because when I opened up my gift of chocolates, I counted only four? "

'No, I bought them at the candy shop'  
was my hubbies quick reply.  
'But noticed they looked all the same  
so I ate one to see, just why.'

'I never meant to eat so many  
It was just a tasting test.  
But if it's any consolation to you dear  
I ate all the bad ones, and I left you all the best! '

Linda Winchell

# 'A Celebration Of Life'

A celebration of life  
Is when your hearts involved.  
When you can't contain the joy going on inside of you  
And maybe find yourself... shouting it all out-loud!

When you celebrate the skin you're in  
Even if it's.... sagging...dry and frail.  
To look at the glass...as half full  
And not ever seeing... an empty pail.

For God has given you everything  
From the minutes of day... to the air our lungs do breathe.  
He provides us with a heart that beats  
Or the one you wear... sometimes upon your sleeve.

Celebrate...be joyful and appreciative!  
Of all you see and hear around.  
For God is the force behind it all  
He is what at the end of it all.... is found.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# A Childs' Prayer; 'Just One More Miracle'

Just one more miracle Lord,  
That's all I'll ask from You.

I know you've got one left, I'm sure  
And there's much more, only You could do.

My fishies sick and needs Your help  
I have no one else at all!

My Mommy always says You're near  
all I need do is pray to call.

I say, 'My lay me down to sleeps',  
And Mommy says I'm good.  
Oh Dear God, please just one more time,  
One more miracle if You would.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Childs View On Angels'

I think it's not easy to become an Angel  
there's still flight school you need to go through.  
And then you've got to agree you know  
on wearing those Angel clothes, God made for you.

Angels work for God when He's busy you know  
they watch over all us kids.  
And live in cloud houses made  
by God and His Son to live.

I think God let's Angels out to play  
they need to get some air and sun.  
It's not all work that God expects from them  
they have to have some Angel kind of fun.

What I don't get however about Angels  
Is why when someone is in love  
they shoot their arrows at them  
are these arrows from God above?

Some Angels are in charge of sick animals  
and if they can't make all of them better.  
God makes them apart of Angels wings I think  
maybe some animal Angel feathers?

I hope I become an Angel  
when I die and to heaven go.  
I will be the best of all God's Angels I think  
because of all these Angel things I know.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Christmas Gift For You'

I have a Christmas gift to send you  
but I can't find a thing to put it in.  
It's larger than a bread box  
and not made of wood or tin.

Now you know that I can't tell you  
don't want to let the cat out of the bag.  
I don't want to ruin the surprise your getting  
of this gift from God I have.

It isn't liquid, or I would have poured it in a bottle  
and believe me It is alive, I just wanted you to know!  
But it's more than any gift you'll ever receive this Christmas  
It's priceless because the one that gave it, told me so.

So when I find something to place it in  
I'll send it over night express!  
And when you open up your gift this Christmas  
you will know that its value is so price-less!

For this gift I too received at Christmas  
one year so very long ago.  
I just wanted to pass it on to you  
So you will have this gift of the God I now know.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Comfort In The Spare Room'

I felt a comfort in the spare room  
when you came to visit me last week.  
At night I could hear your snoring sounds echo  
and the scuffling at night on the floors, of your feet.

I felt a comfort when you were here  
so I could now see how you were getting along.  
I know we call and talk every day  
but for some reason not enough, but not wrong.

Now your home and my spare room now empty  
but I will remember it for awhile.  
Until your return to visit again  
and have that comforting feeling  
in my spare room and smile.

Linda Winchell

## 'A Cool Breeze'

A cool breeze of air blew in tonight  
got the extra blankets out for my bed.  
Lit the furnace pilot light  
I'm feeling a fuzziness in my eyes and head.

I think I'm coming down with the flu  
I seem to always get this time of year.  
For the chilling air that Autumn winds bring  
making Autumns changes on earth everywhere.

The trees start to prepare for their winters sleep  
And most all of the birds have flown away.  
The leaves turn different colors of greens and orange  
their colors that Autumns artistic hand displays.

I know that winter is right behind  
for I can feel it in the air.  
The scenes that Autumn now displays  
will soon be covered with a white, like hair.

Old man time marches on  
can't stop it, for many have tried.  
So for now I will put an extra blanket on the bed  
and turn my furnaces fire on high.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Crack In The Ice'

There's a crack in the ice  
On the frozen waters I walk!  
Falling threw is not an option  
Someone hand me a tube of, ' Ice crack caulk! '

I didn't think where I was walking was thin!  
And I am now getting very nervous!  
That I now might just fall in!

Deep to the waters bottom  
Of its darkened waters depth.  
Should have been much more careful  
As to where my feet placed had once stepped.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Dark Place'

Mark 14: 34..."My soul is overwhelmed with sorrow to the point of death."

"I don't want to die! " Called out the man  
As the cancer.... pulsed through his veins.  
His heart was weighed down heavily  
As he cried to God... his life now to save.

He even asked of the Father  
To stop the whole thing...to find an easier way.  
Jesus too struggled with accepting his own  
On a cross of sins...one long ago... remembered day.

"Take this cup from me! "  
Was Jesus' cry unto His Father God.  
The people hearing this response of Jesus  
Thought it somewhat... odd.

"Yet not what I will...but what you will"  
Was the response... that changed everything.  
"Yet"...made the difference in the world  
Death for life eternal...was really Jesus' true exchange.

Now Jesus speaks...His good new to us  
To comfort us...in our darkest place.  
When we struggle and fear to let go  
To pass to...Homes' Heavenly place.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'A Deeper Understanding'

I have this deeper understanding,  
Of what God wants of me.  
I know where He is in my life,  
And where I need to be.

Taken to places I would not go,  
To share of God's pure love.  
It is all He wants for my life and yours,  
And He sends it from above.

I shall follow His direction,  
And travel to ends of earth.  
To perform God given miracles  
Here upon this sin-filled earth.

Anointing with the oil God gave,  
Healing on foreheads with a touch.  
Humbled by the gift He gave,  
Sometimes feeling it all too much.

God's plan for me is clearer now,  
I must listen to His commands.  
And open my heart to share Gods' love,  
To go and heal, across the land.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Different Cup Of Coffee'

Had a different cup of coffee,  
With a friend the other day.

We hadn't spoken in quite some time,  
Because of something that one of us did say.

I thought our meeting would be cold,  
But we hugged and cried our tears.

For we had always been there for each other,  
Meeting for coffee and conversation through the years.

She told me she was sorry,  
For the way she treated me.

I returned the comment back to her,  
For I thought It was me, you see.

The coffee we had tasted better,  
Much better than I'd ever known.

Because of God's redeeming Grace,  
In my heart the love He formed.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Different Song'

I don't care to listen,  
To the loud music that you play!

I don't have to agree with you,  
I just don't hear it in your way.

Am I just bull headed and controlling?  
That I don't want to step into your shoes?

With the steps that you are taking,  
To that rythum of your tunes?

Is the music that your playing,  
Something I'll remember when I am old?  
Or am I showing who I'm not to you?  
And being much too bold?

Have I seemed to have forgotten?  
Of what my music was back when?  
I can still hear my parents' screaming at me,  
'Dear God, when will that racket end? '

So I guess we are not so different,  
Not so different after all.  
Go on and play your different songs my dear  
I have some ear plugs for it all.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Different Voice'

We dance to different music,  
We sing songs' of our own choice.  
We all have lived in different ways,  
We all have a different voice.

Some louder than the others,  
Some softer, and gentle to the ears.  
Some speak about God's Love and Truths,  
Which sometimes are never heard.

Life takes us on our journeys,  
Life takes some not at all.  
Life has a meaning to it,  
For your life, God's purpose called.

Time makes us what we are to be,  
Time molds us into self.  
Time sometimes places us in God's hands,  
Where others' leaves us on a shelf.

Heaven is there for all of us,  
But Heaven is sometimes never sought.  
The gates are always open,  
Jesus paid that, for the lost.

Linda Winchell

## 'A Dozen Of Pink Roses' (For Breast Cancer Month)

A beautiful dozen of pink roses  
were delivered to our home today.  
I didn't know who sent them  
for on the note it didn't say.

It was our address, that was what I'd seen  
but the name for whom it was sent, was for a, Mrs. Irene.

I read the note that was attached  
in it read a message of friendship, love and hope.  
'I hope you 're feeling better dear friend.'  
this was what the senders note had wrote.

I told the delivery man  
That there must be some mistake.  
For my name is not, Mrs.Irene  
that was the last home owner  
so here's your flowers back, to take.

Mrs Irene didn't make it, that was what her husband said  
she had battled cancer, and had fought it well.  
But I think she sees the pink roses, maybe sent a bit too late  
and is enjoying the sweetness of their flowers smell.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Dream From God'

Last night I dreamt a dream from God  
Where He revealed the wonders of this world.  
Of all the beauty...His Father had created  
Colored pictures in my dream mind... to unfurl.

He showed me mountain tops... I may never climb  
And oceans of blue...I had never swum.  
He showed me fields... of flowers...birds of the air  
And He even showed me...how all life on earth had begun.

He took my dream mind to places  
Places only God could have taken me to.  
He showed me all the needs of the earth  
And then bid my dream mind..."Ado."

I awoke with a deeper understanding  
Of what I was made to do... and be.  
He left me with His purpose on earth for my life  
From those mountain tops never climbed...down to the blue of sea.

To go and share the word of His, "Father God"  
To listen to His call... in my life.  
To help and go where needed  
Removing maybe... if only some of earthly strife.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'A Dusty Pile Of Me! '

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
I think I've read this somewhere before?  
I might just be turning into dust?  
because there is some of me  
all over my bathroom floor!

When I took my pantyhose off today  
a cloud of ME dust went flying in the air!  
I noticed it was coming off of ME  
it was flying everywhere!

I've used all kinds of lotions!  
but nothing seems to really help!  
I've bought most every kind they sell  
they're all lining up, on my bathroom shelf!

Now when I cleaned up under my bed  
I seen what looked like a puff of hair.  
I didn't know who or what it really was  
was there something living under there?

For all there was, was a pile of dust!  
I didn't know if they were coming or leaving you see?  
But what I was really viewing that day!  
was just another pile, of the dust from ME!

If we are all made from ashes!  
and then return to dusty, dust!  
How do I keep from blowing away?  
with the slightest sneeze or puff?

I guess I'll just have to live with it  
until summers return.  
Then I'll have a different kind of skin problem!  
Having to contend with 's drying and blistering burn!

All I know is that I'm now itching a lot!  
when winter shows it's dry, ugly nose!  
And everyday more of me comes off

When I take off these darned Pantyhose!

Linda Winchell

# 'A Finger In Your Nose'

You shouldn't put your finger  
deep within your nose!  
It really doesn't look too sheik!  
and it's not where it should go!

Now if your digging for gold nuggets!  
then your not digging where they're at!  
Your fingers are suppose to do other things  
like maybe tip or maybe tap?

Now when you place a digit there  
deep where it can't be seen!  
You may pull out a big surprise  
something sticky and colored green!

Linda Winchell

# 'A Half Hours Silence In Heaven'

There was a half hour of silence in 'Heaven'  
As God was commanded to do something good for man.  
God thought He needed to take sometime to think it over  
Before providing the answer of man, at hand.

God's silence then was overwhelming!  
No man knew what God was about to do.  
But in Heavens half and hour of silence  
God had thought His answer through.

'I'm going to grant you peace on earth  
Adding, love, hope, mercy and joy  
This was your prayed request.  
First, you must do something for Me  
And give it all of your earthly best.'

'I ask if you've truly been faithful.  
Obeying all of my, 'Father's demands?  
If you can answer these questions in purest of heart  
Then I shall grant your prayers command.'

The man stopped in utter silence  
For he knew not what to say.  
However, another who was listening answered  
As he kneeled and started too humbly, pray.

'I've tried my best to give to You, ' Oh, 'Lord'  
All my days and nights, I have been spent with you.  
To try and see all the good in man  
What more would you ask I do? '

God's Heaven silence, now over  
God then knew just what to do and say.  
'You are a faithful child of mine  
So I shall answer your prayers for the world today.'

Linda Winchell

## 'A Heart'

A heart was never made to be taken back  
Once one has given it away, no matter how hard you try.  
You sit with its repair of needs, all what seems a life and cry.

But once a heart is given in love  
It's not easily taken back.  
And place it in the home you've known  
Of where it once was at.

Trying to be all you think to be  
For another or they for you.  
May not be an easy task to maintain  
With just an, 'I Love You! '

Takes more of what you two had shared  
The fun and excitement of first love.  
And maybe then you'll not have to stop and mend  
That now heart broken you'd shared of love.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Heart In Need Of Healing'

If you have a heart in need of healing,  
There is only one known cure for that,  
It's proven to be full proof,  
No matter where your heart is at.

Get our Lord God's blood transfusion,  
Of His Father's D.N.A,  
It will provide your life with an everlasting cleanse,  
Every hour of every day.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'A Hole On My Tummy'

I have a hole on my tummy,  
Where Aunt Billieickles' cords plug once was.  
I heard my Mommy sharing this with Daddy,  
Mommy's saving a piece of the cord, just because.

I think she's saving it just in case,  
My tummy hole spings a leak!  
I need to go in search of it,  
And just maybe I can sneak a peek.

It was in a bag with that first hair cut of mine,  
Mommy sure does save the strangest things.  
She even has that first tooth I lost,  
And a note, those the tooth Fairy brings.

I check my tummy hole, every time I get the chance.  
I don't want it to break open,  
And maybe wet my big boy pants!

So I'll stick my plastic Nippie in there,  
In case of an emergency.  
And keep an eye on my tummy hole,  
That one, Aunt Billieickles' cord had given me.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Letter To The President'

Dear Mr. President Elect

I am sending you this letter today.

While I know you've not won the election yet  
but there are somethings I just wanted to ask and say.

Are you ready for the messy house?  
that the other President has left?  
Are you going to find the bed you sleep in  
lumpy and now can't seem to rest?

Are you going to find a solution?  
to this energy crisis our world is in?  
Are you going to stop all the wars and hatred?  
And maybe put a stop to this killing sin?

Are you really who you say you are?  
for our American people and myself now trust?  
Or were you just telling us what we wanted to hear?  
And are our bubbles now going to bust?

What are your true feelings?  
About abortion and stem cell science?  
And are the gay people just wanting to marry?  
out of some Civil rights defiance?

You know you'll have a job to do  
cleaning up your house.  
I wish that I could watch from a corner  
like some little unseen house mouse.

But since I can't I just wanted you to know  
that I am praying for your success.  
And even if you don't carry out what you've claimed  
I am sending you my prayers for all the best!

Your's Truly; An American Citizen

Linda Winchell

# 'A Life Of Disappointment'

Are you living a life of disappointments?  
where nothing seems to ever go your way.  
Thank God there are tomorrows  
thank God for lifes better yesterdays.

Disappointments come to all of us  
no one is sheltered from the pain.  
Behind every black cloud that hides the sunshine  
are all lifes drieness disappointments filled with rain.

So look within each disappointment  
take the time to enjoy your view.  
For all lifes disappointments  
are those lifes appointments lessons too!

Linda Winchell

# 'A Little Bit Closer To You'

Help me get a little bit closer today,  
A little bit closer to you,  
Let me breathe in your energy,  
Those lights deep in your eyes of the bluest blue.

For I can't think of anything other it seems,  
Than snuggling up to you,  
To feel your soft skin next to mine,  
Is all I dream of now a day to do.

Nine months ago you were but God's planted seed,  
Then you bursted forth into my life,  
Changing all I wanted to become,  
Those dreams of just being someone's loving wife.

You may not have been in the scheme of things,  
But you're here now and I'm so happy that you are,  
You've been the gift I didn't know I needed,  
The best of gift's by far.

So cuddle up to my bared chest to feed,  
Upon life's milk... the Lord has planted in my breasts,  
For in my arms all night you'll be,  
And together we two shall lovingly rest.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2010

Linda Winchell

## 'A Little Bit More'

Every day we die a little bit more  
Bringing us closer...than we were first before.  
Opening portholes... in our un-traveled universe  
None of which... we had ever known at first.

Smarter and wiser with age...we think we've now become  
Yet something... still missing in completion of life's total sum.  
To uncover most...when really it is too late  
To go and relive life's past...ones fate.

Not humanly possible to rewind the hands of time  
We need to do it right....from the very first line.  
But life as we know it...is filled with ups and downs.  
Sort of a teaching technique... used by those who've passed it on.

So make the best of the time you've all been given  
It God's plan for mankind...not sin filled or driven.  
But a more loving way to live out ones years  
With happiness ...joy and love...minus all the heart aches and tears.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'A Little Reflector'

I live on an old country, dirt road  
where when the snow plows come to plow!  
They seem to always knock my roads, reflector down  
and I can't see the road, to turn down now!

Without that little white reflector flashing  
from my headlights, as I approach my street.  
I zoom right past my roads turn, not noticed!  
and quickly come, to a halting screech!

Would a larger sign, be what is needed?  
so as, to not miss my turn towards home?  
Or is a smaller gift, of a little white reflector  
more than enough, to mark my way towards home?

Maybe I should just go a, tad bit slower?  
when I am approaching, my little dirt road?  
And then maybe I wouldn't have, other's to blame?  
for the way, it was, I drove!

Linda Winchell

# 'A Lot Can Happen'

A lot can happen in just one year  
In just one month!  
In just one day!

Thousands of deaths  
Thousands of births  
Thousands of lasts  
Thousands of firsts!

You see that's what makes our world go around  
A self cleansing from with-in itself.  
It brings about whatever God has planned  
It is NOT ever the hand ones dealt!

For if our cards had been dealt out  
From the begining of any time you've lived.  
There might have been much less or more of it  
Of that time each person dealt those cards did give.

So if your one of those lucky ones  
To have been blessed with some kind of silver spoon.  
Do the best with what God has given you  
And please do your best with it, real soon!

Linda Winchell

# 'A Love Worth Finding'

There is a love worth finding  
but some haven't found it yet.  
They may have had it in their sights  
but wasn't willing to place a bet.

Some let it slip from there fingers grasp  
they let that love slip away.  
Then future years it brings them tears  
when they see what they could have had that day.

So if you find that one to love  
don't let them slip away.  
Hold them tight throughout your life  
It will make for a happier day.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Lover's Gift'

A lover's gift is more than flowers  
It's more than silver or that of gold.  
It's more than a box of handmade chocolates  
It's more than your hands can hold.

A lover's gift is priceless  
with just those little things said or done.  
It's more than life could offer you  
It's filled with caring love for another  
when a lovers', loves begun.

It's a call from out of nowhere  
to say, 'I just called to say, I Love You.'  
Or them waiting with the porch lights on  
with open arms, at the door just for you.

It's opening up your car door  
carrying groceries in you've gotten at the store.  
A lover's gift is all of these things  
that will cause another's love too sore.

It's those little unexpected things  
that your lover does, you see.  
It's those that mean the world if given  
those lover's gifts, you've given me.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Man Named Digger'

He was a very tall man, and thin of bone!  
This man we called Digger, who owned a funeral home!  
All dressed in black, from head, to his toes!  
Long greasy black hair, and a long pointed sharp nose!

Carrying a shovel in one hand  
as he slowly, would walk down the street!  
Was he looking for new customers?  
To place beneath, green of earths peat?

He tipped his tall black hat, he had perched on his head  
as he had witnessed, my most evident nervous smile!  
'Where is it your going, sweet little dear girl? '  
and 'Might I walk with you for awhile? '

My mouth turned all dry, I could hardly even say!  
'Sure Mr. Digger, but you don't need, go out of your way! '  
'No inconvenience, but thanks for that thought! '  
'Just bought this new shovel, now I need to be, shoveling off! '

I thought him so funny, I started to, uncontrollably laugh!  
Then Mr. Digger turned heel, and I dared not look back!  
Strange kinda fella, with odd profession and such!  
I wonder if he's happy? Never seen him smiling a touch?

I guess if your profession, deals with mostly the dead!  
You would have to be kind, maybe sometimes even misread?  
I finally got up the nerve, to turn and look back!  
And there was Mr. Digger! Standing with his shovel, right at my back!

'I just wanted to thank you, sweet girl  
for laughing, at what I had said! '  
Everyone else is afraid, because I deal with the dead!  
Takes the innocence of youth, to shine that light of God!  
Even if they're afraid and might think me, a little bit odd!

Linda Winchell

# 'A Man Named Doctor Meat'

There is a butcher down at our local store  
some have nicknamed him, 'Doctor Meat! '  
His days and nights are always spent  
cutting the best prime cuts wrapped so neat!

He cuts the loins and butts of cuts  
that everyone seems to love!  
That's why he's called, 'Doctor Meat'  
he is a prime meat cutter cut above!

If the meat is over an ounce or two  
he doesn't ever charge.  
Everyone rushes in to buy his cuts  
and his chickens which are so large!

His ground beef chuck is of the brightest red  
and lean as it can be!  
Mom sends me down for a pound or two  
to make her favorite meatballs with  
and spaghetti sauce just for me!

So hats off to you Doctor Meat!  
Please don't ever stop the way you cut!  
Cutting the finest of chicken pieces  
and my Mom's, favorite ground of chuck!

Linda Winchell

## 'A Meal Missed'

Cat sits in front of the window  
Eyes fixed on a meal he'd like to down.  
Bent in a preying like posture  
Licking his lips of what he's found.

Not knowing in his little cat like brain  
That this will never come to pass.  
But sitting still as a statue anyways  
As he stares beyond the windows glass.

What would he do if I let him go?  
To chase a bird or two?  
Would he run away from the only home he's known?  
While chasing after those birds of blue?

I won't dare to tempt my Kitty  
Letting him out to chase his prey.  
I'll just let him continue to sit at the window  
I think I like it much better this way.

\*\*\*Written for my cat, " Smoke."

Linda Winchell

# 'A Missed Childhood'

I missed out on having a childhood  
went from a little girl to womanhood.  
I think the way my parents raised their children  
was only the best of what they're parents could.

I always felt like their Cinderella  
always cleaning, ironing and straightening up it seemed.  
Taking care of my little sisters and brother  
never spending time to be just that child which I need.

I always felt that I had missed out on something  
and searched for that missing link throughout my life.  
Been married too many times to speak of  
been a mother to two sons and a loving wife.

I always promised myself not to repeat  
what and how I had been raised.  
But to give my sons all of my love  
with Respect and Love and Praise.

To allow them to be a child  
the best child that they could be.  
And always keep myself in check  
remembering that missing part of that child in me.

Linda Winchell

## 'A Moment Before Sins Pain Began'

Was but a moment before sins' pain began,  
Was in a bite of an apple, given to a man.

To eat of this tree of life, was unheard,  
God's words given to Adam, but Eve failed not to hear.

Thus sin began to take an evil toll,  
Still living in the world today, until Salvation takes its' hold.

To cleanse man that they may see God one day,  
Salvation is only but one God's heard prayer away.

Linda Winchell

# 'A More Mature Part Of Me'

Be it of, my mind, body and soul  
I am now becoming more concerned  
about death and growing old!

While still young at heart and spirit in tact!  
my life's movements don't always fit  
of my child like, actions impact.

Forming its own, kind of frolic and feast  
sometimes releasing, from within  
My youths, child like beast.

Adults not caring, with confusion and staring  
at what looks like, my now, aged past memory.  
How do I hold, what seems much too bold?  
I can't help, what my heart still cries out, too be!

'My Lord, please help me! '  
To grow with age, much more gracefully!  
That I will not, seem to be so out of place.  
For I know in my heart, that my youth must depart  
and be replaced with grace gained,  
and live in this, older more mature part of me.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Mother's Day'

You've grown more beautiful, " My Mother"  
As the years have passed you by.  
'Mother', my dearest friend,  
as viewed from her children's eye.

Gracefully her lips upwardly turned  
smiling, as she toils throughout her day.  
Not a complaint ever heard  
Not a bad word ever spoken, does she say.

Sharing her love as she hums her chores along  
While raising her eyes up towards Heaven  
Humming her Heavenly Mother's daily song.

The joy that she gets  
while serving us all so.  
I only hope that she knows how much,  
We all do love her though.

She's taught me to be a better person like her  
With courage to hide all sorrow and pain endured.

Soreness of legs, swollen veins have taken their toll  
Hands bleeding, dried and cracked  
From the seeds in life which for all she has sowed.

Never letting on that she is anything but proud  
No need to shout it out for others to hear.  
Just whispering always to her children  
All her heart for what she loves so dear.

'Dear Mother, Dearest woman'  
This day was made solely for only you.  
For the years you have devoted to your children  
With a Mother's loving heart so tried and true.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Mother's Hurting Heart'

I had my heart truly broken today  
By a man I call, "My Son."  
I knew when I talked with him  
He wasn't poking fun.

I asked him, "Why haven't you called? "  
Or answered my emails? "  
His answer was so hurtful  
Driving in deep the nails.

"I was busy doing something else  
Didn't have anytime for you.  
And as far as those emails you send me  
I blocked them now from my view."

He drove those hurtful words in deep  
Deep into my open loving mother's heart.  
Did he know what damage he was inflicting?  
I think he knew it from the start.

But why would he feel this need, " I wondered? "  
What was buried in his heart not shared?  
Did I do something to hurt or anger him?  
Or is it that he really doesn't care?

I will give this burden up to God in prayer  
And ask that He heal what is for me unseen.  
To sooth my sons hurt and sin of pride  
And take away evils mean.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

## 'A No Gift Christmas For Me'

I would like this Christmas to be  
a 'No Gift Christmas', for me!  
So that what you had thought of to spend  
would be given to another instead.

For what will I take to my Father's home?  
It is not of what you bought me I own.  
If I have not lead to Christ my fellow man  
what good would these gifts do me then?

So a, 'No Gift Christmas', this year please!  
that is my prayer and all that I need.  
Take your time and money and give to another  
making them now a sister in Christ, or brother.

'Merry Christmas!'

Linda Winchell

# 'A Party Of One'

How many do you need to have a party?  
For it doesn't require a crowd.  
While the party of one may torment you  
In your personal retirement....imprisoned cloud.

Friends moved away...  
Layoffs...death...the familiar vanishes now from sight.  
While you set alone with your thoughts  
Day-in ....day out...through out the darkness of night.

It is now time to look around  
Like the Psalmist...and take inventory of your life.  
Such as Paul and Silas imprisoned  
As they spent.... Their then felt abandoned life.

Our Redeemers' constant presence is with us  
He will carry you through all of your lonely days.  
"And surely I am with you always, to the very end of your age."  
(Math.28-20)

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# A Pearl Of Irritation

An oyster first forms a pearl  
from the irritation of a single grain of sand.  
It's never placed by mistake inside you see  
it was placed by God's gentle Loving hand.

Like so many things in man's own life  
those irritants that we sometimes feel.  
No different than the oysters grain of sand  
but to us, much more irritating to deal.

God places these grains of sand in our lives  
in-order that we all might learn.  
To form the pearls we need to form  
to place in the crowns, of which we've earned.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Place Called Memory Lane'

There's a place I travel more these days  
It's called, Memory Lane.  
Visiting all the times, of memories stored  
and reliving them over in my mind again.

It doesn't take much to trigger one up  
they just seem to come at will.  
Of places times and old forgotten faces  
but my memory, remembers them clearly still.

The times my Mother hugged me  
or the times she swatted my backside.  
Of memories some painfull, but yet  
they're those gaps of lifes, in-between filling lines.

They take you to some far off vision  
of what you thought was forgot.  
But believe me when I tell you friend  
they are just unraveling memories knots.

They'll hit you when least expected  
like a wave rushing up to shore.  
And then hang on, your in for the ride of your life!  
Because here comes one memory more!

I never had these when I was young  
because I think I was just making them.  
I now love to go drive down memory lane  
and then, drive back up again!

Linda Winchell

# 'A Plan To Get Up In The Morning'

You have to have a plan each morning  
to get yourself out of bed!  
Because if your life hasn't purpose  
then your lying in your bed as dead!

If only to get up to see the sun begin to rise  
up over the rise beyond.  
To bring you joy and happiness  
for each day to get along.

Take some time to read God's Word!  
Just turn it to a page!  
It is lifes anti aging miracle drug  
it will keep you healthy and happy at any age!

So plan a life of purpose  
don't lie there and fade away!  
Your only given one chance at it  
so live each minute  
in a much more purpose filled way!

Linda Winchell

# 'A Private Kind Of Hell'

She lives in her closed little world  
A kind of private Hell.  
She cries alone, no ones ears do hear  
So much, it now causes her eyes to swell.

What could this woman be crying about?  
No one will ever come to know.  
For on the outside lay a smiling, happy face  
But it's really just there for show.

Deep inside, now held dormant  
Like a volcano about to erupt.  
Are many secrets she keeps painfully hidden  
While sipping tea, from her finely painted China cup.

Holding her pinky out firmly  
As if born with a silver spoon in her mouth.  
Hiding all her miseries felt daily  
Deeply within screaming, "Please let me out! "

Yet out her secrets can never come  
For the sinful shame of what in her life was done.  
She'll wear a mask she paints on herself  
And leave the reality of her past  
Lie in a dark and dirty, of her now hidden self.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

## 'A Room In Between'

I've seen we're drifting far apart  
even if it's, only a room between.  
You sit in your chair and then fall asleep  
While I lie in bed in tears  
that you've never heard or seen.

When did we start to drift my dear?  
on this sea, of tear filled rooms?  
My memories of what, was once of our love  
in my hearts emptiness it seems to loom.

I want to swim to where you are  
pulling that room between us near..  
But the more I try, the room is much to wide  
rooms we've formed between us dear.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Second Time Around'

If we could live life over,  
Just for one more time.  
Would we make it any different?  
Those lifes lessons we've now refined?

I think that life teaches us, if only given once,  
That you have to work at perfecting it,  
That's my thoughts, just a hunch.

If we could live life over,  
Would the world be better off?  
Would there be less pain and wars waged?  
Or would it repeat greeds same of cost?

If God had intended man do it over,  
Again, just one more time.  
Then the price His Son paid at Calvary,  
Would be the Bibles, History now faded lines.

Would Jesus do it all again for us?  
To hang upon a cross?  
Would He want to give again that sacrafice,  
For all the world souls, and lost?

He did it right the first time,  
And that's what He wants from you.  
So you need not a second chance at life,  
This one will have to do.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Sign Of Weakness'

Anger is a true sign of ones weakness  
It has been proven time and time again.  
Anger releases endorphins to the brain  
And may cause a tragic end.

You feel the rage welling up inside  
And when you think you're about to blow!  
Out of your mouth comes it wrath  
Of something's you wish hadn't showed.

It brings you down in my opinion  
To a much lower place in time.  
It shows another your weakness  
Not the strength of another kind.

I've tried counting to ten you know  
Now sometimes that seems to work.  
But most of the time I'm angry  
I'm just sounding and looking like a jerk!

So why don't we try another method?  
I hear it's 100% full-proof!  
Call on God when you feel anger's welling  
And you'll never look like some silly angry goof!

Linda Winchell

# 'A Slave Has Not One Master'

While a slave has not one master  
nor does a sinner master his own soul.  
For sin does take away that freedom  
of heavens home to on day own.

Just a slave of a different bondage  
does a sinner take.  
His choice of living that of sin  
in which one chose in life to make.

Come break those chains that bind you  
for that payments cost of sin.  
Sins slave has really only one real Master  
and will forgive you, of enslaved bondage in.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Son I Found In You'

For years I wandered helplessly bound  
until one day a son in you I'd found.

Although our miles be far apart  
you have touched that special place,  
and healed my broken heart.

Not of blood, but yet understanding my pain  
given birth of a Mother, but now having a different name.

Questions sought and siblings too  
all found in God's time, those missing parts of you.

Now reaching out to me in love  
filling that emptiness, a gift from above.

Thank you for your hands, friendship extend  
and all the love to me you send.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Song In Every Rainbow'

If I could place a song in every rainbow  
so it could strum its tune in colored melody.  
After all the storm clouds rolled away in your life  
It would play softly its tune for you from me.

Songs of joy and hope and of laughter  
in bright colors, they'd take away all your worries and despair.  
Accompanied by a thousand Angels, singing in the sky  
they would be singing just for you  
too know that God and I are there.

I am placing some words of love down on this paper  
so that you know that I will always care.  
That if your feelings are not where you would have them be today  
There is more than one person, in your life that cares.

You are grown and so far away I can not hold you  
to kiss and wipe away each tear, like when you were very small.  
But when you look up at God's given colored rainbows  
you'll remember colored melodies of my Love, are playing in them all.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Story I Must Tell'

Come sit beside me darlin son  
I have a story I must tell.  
Of a much simpler time in history  
one of which I know so well.

Where mom and I walked arm and arm  
snuggled close holding hands and kissed.  
I sometimes seem to go back there  
if only in my mind to reminisce.

I share with you those moments  
the ones from long ago.  
I want you to hear them dear son of mine  
I want all of them for you to know.

So that one day when you marry  
take a partner to share your life.  
That you'll be the best of lover and husband  
and she will be your friend and wife.

Hold her hands and tell her  
How dear she is to you.  
There was a gift in that story, my son  
those memories with mom, who gave of birth to you.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Story In Every Hand'

Your hands tell a story  
of what your life has been.  
The length and look of someones nails  
and the condition of their skin.

Some cracked and dried like kindling  
some smooth as a newborn babies butt.  
Knuckles crippled, in twisted pain  
As if the other things were not enough.

All open books of history  
taken minds eye to a life and time.  
To look deeply at your hands  
and stare deeply into your mind.

Our hands are our mirrors images  
of all the life that we have lived.  
The closed ones paled and withered  
the open ones dried out from their give.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Strange Thanksgiving Dinner'

I guess we'll be having a strange Thanksgiving dinner  
my kids lives are too busy to come and eat.  
My sisters' in Florida visiting our elderly parents  
and my niece doesn't email me or speak.

My Step Son and his wife are on call  
at the hospital where they work.  
I have invited some friends from church to come  
now hope that they don't Thanksgiving dinner shirk!

I remember when I ran out in blizzards storm  
to provide my son and his new wife.  
Their Thanksgiving dinner with all the trimmings  
that they could feast on Thanksgiving night.

Our family has now seem pulled apart  
because of things that have been done or said?  
But this all seems so confussing to me  
can't seem to get it out of my hurt heart or head.

I know I should just let it all go  
and get on with my new married life  
And have the best Thanksgiving  
with my husband and friends  
This Thanksgiving stranger filled night.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Strange Voice On The Line'

I received a call just the other day  
But couldn't recognize what they were trying to say.  
It was blubbery and oh so faint.  
Wanted to hang up  
But guess maybe I'd wait.

To try and find out who had called  
And was speaking through  
All that blubbering bawled.

When I figured out who it was  
It was a dear distant cousin  
That's who it was.  
She was calling me and trying to say  
That, she'd missed me so much  
Since I'd moved away.

A stranger voice I had never heard!  
Through her blubbered words  
Which seemed then, all blurred.  
"I miss you too", was my reply  
Understood much better thought  
When one tries not cry.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Summers' Storm'

The sky opened up,  
As oceans of rain fell down.  
Shock waves, cloud rumbles,  
Could be felt all around.

Was the might of God's hand,  
As He quenched sin ridden lands'.  
With only a finger,  
Is the might of this Man!

He spoke not a word,  
But all which did hear.  
Was that of noticeable strength,  
That our Lord God was still here.

Some fear struck those hearts,  
Yet not surrendered too Him.  
To give of ones' self,  
To relinquish their sins.

For one day as was written,  
In Bible History you know?  
Of our Lords' return,  
And then all will know.

Of the truth that was proclaimed,  
Of our Lords' Jehovas' return.  
To claim all the faithfull,  
Leaving rest to Hell fires burn.

Take heed to the storms, that brew overhead,  
For one day Resurrection,  
Of Christs' Souls from the dead.

He prepares you the way,  
His return will soon be.  
He's still working on you,  
He already has me.



# 'A True Fish Story'

The latest news from our, " California Farmers"  
Is that they are killing off our oceans fish!  
So their State with help of Capitals Government officials  
Have cut off water to their crops... due to this.

The fish are very tiny...and said to be on the endangered list  
Because California's' state farmers  
Are using way too much of this.

Not the killer whale my friend  
Not the sharks or even the now endangered manatee.  
But farms over three hundred miles from the ocean  
They're being accused of now  
Watering their plants and trees!

So don't look ahead this summer  
For that produce bargain...to see.  
Because of this we'll pay through the nose!  
Because our Government is telling California..., "WATER? " NO! "

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'A Very Sad Reminder'

Life is a very sad reminder,  
Of man's long forgotten reality,  
That many have died in the name of what's right and good,  
A misconceived mans notion...called, "humanity."

Wars and death have plagued our earth,  
Since man first walked its fertile soil,  
Fighting over what was never ours,  
Only that on loan for our hands to toil.

Where did man's notion first come about?  
That what God made was only theirs,  
And not a world that should live in peace,  
And what is reaped given for all to share.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'A Warrior's Armour'

A warrior never takes off their Armour  
Just maybe set's it aside for just awhile.  
Then while the battle inside their soul rages on  
They always know... where their Armour resides.

It might be setting in a corner  
Just a bit dusty from the lack of use.  
But if called once again to duty  
It will withstand any on-coming given abuse.

Once a warrior always that  
No matter what you might want to think.  
Warriors' all in God's army of hand picked soldiers  
Even though sometimes taken to the brink.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'A Woman Behind The Mask'

I too have worn my mask of sorts  
It's now resting on the post, of my small bed.  
My mirror reveals its surprise,  
That lay under, the mask now shed.

It reveals a woman whose memories hurt sometime  
You can see that, amongst the lines deeply etched into her skin.  
Of the lovers she's had, that broke her heart  
But that's not where, her truest of story begins.

It began while she was ten or so  
At the hand of her Father, so endeared.  
While taking this small frame of child  
Forcing now her womanhood, which later in life did fear.

How sad is her tear-filled mirror's gaze  
As she remembers that day, so long ago.  
It remains however hidden shielded deep  
Behind a mask, that her life's misery had sowed.

Her lips now yearn for a lover's tender kiss  
Her body shivers, from the lack of a true lover's warmth.  
All now hidden behind a mask of pretend happiness  
Acting out in a clown like painful remorse.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'A Woman Named Gassy Gussy'

There lived a woman named Gassy Gussy  
with her food she was always quite fussy.  
She only would eat, beans with no meat  
but it made her tummy bloat up and get fussy.

She would eat a big plate of beans  
washing it down with a warm pint of ale.  
Then her belly would bloat, like an overfed goat  
and her cheeks went from rose color, to quite pale.

One day It was said, Gassy Gussy must be dead  
but never a body her neighbors had found.  
All anyone seen, was a plate of beans licked clean  
and said, was spotted flying overhead around town.

Linda Winchell

# 'A Woman's Life'

A woman's life is not easy to live!  
her whole life devoted to others  
learning her fates, sacrifice to give.

To clean and cook, bear a man's child  
and through monthly cramping and mood swings  
she's still expected to smile!

Mammograms, squeezing her breasts  
between two cold metal plates!  
Still hubby wants them suckers the biggest  
But says, 'that anything over a handfuls  
a waste? '

You better stay slender and tight!  
while he's fat and falling apart!  
Sitting in his easy chair, watching sports  
while lifting one butt cheek, too fart!

You try your best, to look as good as you can  
while chubby, hubby watches the girly shows  
viewing others, tight rear ends!

A woman's life is not as pictured to be  
in a young girls dreams.  
Thinking that all would be as in viewed in the movies  
a loving husband, white picket fence, in movie scenes.

'Hats off to these Woman! '  
For all they have and still must sacrifice!  
All because of Eve's sin in a garden  
Now we all must pay, sin's price!

Linda Winchell

# 'Accidentally On Purpose'

Accidentally on purpose  
I fell in love with you.  
Accidentally I did it purposely  
my purpose was to give my heart to you.

Accidentally on purpose  
we married and accidentally had two sons  
Accidentally on purpose dear  
Could we accidentally on purpose this time  
have another one?

I know that accidents can happen  
and they happen every day.  
Accidentally on purpose dear  
they purposely can accidentally happen just that way!

Linda Winchell

## 'Adding Fuel To The Flame'

When we play into the hands of anothers anger  
We are only adding fuel to their flame.  
And if it continues to burn out of control  
Then who but yourself is really to blame?

It's what true anger feeds off!  
Another's piling on more dry wood!  
To fuel anger's flames my friend  
Brings nothing but burnt feelings, not good!

Walk away, or snuff it's fire out!  
Before it rages way out of control!  
It is the only way you'll win anger's rage!  
That battle of the fiery sparks one throws!

Linda Winchell

# 'Africa's Calling'

Take me back to Africa  
where Hippos and Lions roam.  
Where Giraffes and Zebra live in harmony  
making Africa's tundra their life, their home.

Rains come not often to drench dry thirst of land  
not as often as one would like.  
Locus clouds plague the land  
while devouring everything in sight.

Uglyness yet beauty of this land  
only the stong can and will survive.  
Scavenger birds picking bones clean  
all that was hunted, killed and died.

Africa calling, this land inbred in me.  
Just take me home to Africa  
Africa's calling again to see.

Linda Winchell

# 'After Your Gone'

Don't leave me things that meant the world to you, after you've gone away!

Don't let me try to figure out, what they all meant for you to say!

Give to me towards your end, and of your beginning too,  
All that meant the world you treasured, those special parts of you.

After you've gone they will be to me but paper and of wood,  
For if I had to wait to learn, then would it do me any good?

We gather around and keep inside, what should be shared before we go,  
Sharing all their pleasures, I hoped too me you'd show.

Would I know that ring you wore till thin, meant all it did too you?  
While you were in your own little world, hiding everything from view?

So before I go to be with God, I will share of who and what not seen,  
Giving you all I treasured before, those special other parts of me.

Linda Winchell

# 'Agape Friendship'

Two elderly couples seated at a table,  
In their small town coffee shop café,  
All seem to be approaching their golden years of life,  
Yet so filled in an "Agape' ", friendship loving way.

Men sharing football team statistics,  
While the ladies share what God in their life has done?  
Neither aware of what the other is sharing,  
Just sharing their love over coffee,  
And having true" Agape"" fun.

So much long ago, seemed to be shared this way,  
Over a warm cup of coffee, or maybe even tea?  
Now things seem much different, so divided,  
Of that thing called, "Agape" to me.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Air Raid Shelter'

At one time there were air raid shelters  
they were in everyones back yard, back then.  
And in schools they would hold air raid drills  
where children would go through steps  
if only just pretend.

We were told to kneel down on the floor  
and place our hands atop our heads.  
I remember thinking how stupid we all looked  
and I would rather be outside playing instead!

Then a siren would announce, 'ALL CLEAR! '  
Where we would all return back to our rooms.  
We all were sorta looking forwards to one day  
hearing a bomb go, BOOM!

How little did we know back then  
that these drills came from a war that had just won.  
But to children never experiencing this  
to us, was just like recess war game fun!

I'm glad that our children, don't have to go through what we did  
no air raid shelters or those scary drills.  
And the most they will ever experience  
is torando and maybe a spontaneous, monthly fire drill.

Most all of air raid shelters built  
have been filled in with rocks and soil.  
With the hopes that we Americans  
will never experience a war on American soil.

Linda Winchell

# 'Alberta Clipper'

Clip, Clip Clipper!

'Alberta Clipper', Clip!

Blowing across the lands now frozen

Clipping with your cold Clip, of Alberta Nip!

Cracking tree limbs fall to the ground

Animals are crowding for warmth

Of the noon day sun!

Clip, Clip Alberta Clip!

Go back to where you were born

No one needs your below zero temps.

'Fare-thee-well Alberta',

For I am now ready for days of warm!

Linda Winchell

# 'All Alone'

Feelin kinda lonely,  
On this island I call home.  
Never seem to hear from folks,  
As I sit here by the phone.

What is it that I'm doing wrong?  
Did I scare them all away?  
Or is it that their not into me?  
Oh how I hate to feel this way!

I think I'm kinda nice?  
Maybe talk a bit too much?  
Always here if you need a friend,  
Or a hug or hands gentle touch.

So why is this feeling?  
Engulfing my every thought?  
Could it be I need to soak in the tub?  
Say some prayers?  
Now would that be enough?

How about you?  
Have you ever gone, of where it is I am?  
Then tell me how does one get out of here?  
When your in the fire and frying pan?

Well, keep me in your thoughts, ok?  
And maybe call me if you've time?  
Or just email me a BIG, 'HELLO! '  
Or maybe just one line?

Linda Winchell

# 'All Dressed Up Without Jesus'

They were all dressed up  
Without Jesus.  
Looking for a good place to go.  
All dressed up in the finest that money could buy  
And there was nothing of God that showed.

No one seemed to even see them  
As they pranced and strutted along their way.  
They thought they were kind of extra special  
As they held their noses up and heads away.

Not ever really realizing  
That they had nothing really to share.  
And that the others were wearing the clothing of Christ  
And on their knees in deepest of prayer.

They soon began to feel like outcasts  
When they were not paid attention to.  
They were all dressed up, but without Jesus  
Not the way anyone should be viewing you.

Linda Winchell

# 'All Fell Down'

They built their mansions... and their streets of gold  
They erected bridges... of artistic greatness untold.  
But none was ever ...earnest of crown  
And with time...they all fell down.

They recreated...human life in a tube  
They built casinos...so all should lose.  
But none was ever... earnest of crown  
And in time...they too... all fell down.

They published books...of lust and greed  
They fed in those... in need.  
But none was ever... earnest of crown  
And in time...they all fell down.

He died upon a cross for man  
He did as... His Father had planned.  
And all was earnest of His crown.  
For nothing He made or touched... has ever fallen down.

But stood all... of time that's since been found.  
But what man makes... if not of God  
Will ...all fall down!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'All For The Sake Of Entertainment'

Why is it that we seem to call  
painfully falling to your knees, entertainment?  
Roman's allowing lions to devour the meek  
for the sake of entertainment.  
Pulling in watching eyes to an arena  
lions starved so that their beastly  
instinct would jump at the first sight of food  
all for the sake of entertainment.  
Ripping and tearing God's creation,  
into what is now indistinguishable.  
How has mankind changed?  
What improvements have we made,  
what has our past taught us?  
We, now the lions of our own creation,  
devour our un-born,  
ripping them from hopeless, helpless young mother's wombs,  
Then selling their body parts, for the sake of science.  
Game shows allowing the truth of mans' sins to be exposed to the world, all for  
the sake of entertainment.  
Never seeing the damage it will cause,  
not caring if it does, all for the sake of entertainment.  
Devouring all that is left of the human spirit of man.  
All for the sake of Entertainment.  
Where the world is helplessly wandering,  
searching for a better feeling of self,  
Love from another, Love for themselves.  
In alley ways and bars, shooting poison both into their veins and past their lips,  
all for the sake of entertainment.  
Women allowed to expose what God created,  
to be viewed as beauty and not that of lust,  
all for the sake of entertainment.  
Our future generation dieing by the thousands  
never allowed to become what God had created them to be.  
Entertain that thought, all for the sake of entertainment.

Linda Winchell

# 'All Or Nothing At All'

Miss Mary rose late one Monday morn,  
Pushing the snooze button one too many times.  
Now trying to pull her-self together,  
She couldn't find what she'd washed upon the line.

No stockings, and no clean panties to wear,  
She thought, "What is a gal to do? "  
If I am late again...I'm afraid this job I'll lose!

So with some strong conviction felt,  
She threw on a skirt and blouse.  
And boots that covered most her leg,  
She flew out of the house.

A gust of wind came blowing by,  
As her bus did round the curve.  
Revealing all that Mary had,  
Some on the bus said, "What a nerve! "

But Mary paid no never mind,  
Jumped on the bus and placed a token in the driver's hand.  
While with a snickering smile upon his face,  
He said, "Nice to see all of you Miss Mary Again! "

Linda Winchell

# 'All That Glitters'

All that glitters, is not always gold!  
It could be just plastic, that your really being sold?  
All glitter comes with a price tag!  
sometimes way to high to pay!  
But sucked into that vortex of pride  
you'll only get stuck with some day!

Fancy designer names, on all of your rears!  
All glitter to shine, what really isn't there!  
Phony personalities, depicting who you aren't!  
Clothing to cover up, what you really don't want!

Love from others and maybe that love for yourself?  
Having always taken a back seat  
your feelings, been placed on a shelf!

Learning to love what God has made  
showing only your real self  
now with confidence, be brave!

Take off the makeup, those masks that you wear!  
allowing people to see, what you may be scared to share?  
No one will judge you, for the real you now show!  
they will embrace you my friend  
and might never let go!

Find the beauty within, that you all seem to hide  
walk with grace and dignity!  
hold you head up, showing others self pride!

Be the best, that all that glitter had hidden!  
taking a stand for yourself image  
the one you had once to others given!

Linda Winchell

# 'All The Flowers You've Picked For Me'

You came to me with a bright bouquet of, 'Forget Me Nots'  
So that I would always remember you.

You also gave me a bouquet of, 'Yellow Sunflowers'  
to shine and sparkle my mornings, glistening dew.

You once brought me a bouquet of, 'Morning Glories'  
You said there were to brighten up my days.  
And a blossoming bouquet of, 'Moon Flowers'  
to bring in light of night, with power of beams rays.

You once gave me a bunch of, 'Dandy Lions'  
saying that their roar would keep away any danger!  
While you went off to fight a child's make believe war  
dressed up like a real little Power Ranger!

My Dearest son I have pressed those flowers  
that you had given me so long ago.  
And I planted from the seeds they gave  
a field of your assorted bouquets and more!

Thank you for all the memories my son  
as I look across my brightly flowered fields.  
Of all the gifts they too will bring another  
as I harvest the flowers  
from a child's innocent love they'll yield.

Linda Winchell

# 'All The Love I Have'

I want to shout out the love I have  
For the greatest Man I know.  
But it's hard you see for some to hear  
The shouting of this I'd show.

But the joy He puts in my heart  
Is the food I now live on.  
I don't know how to express my feelings  
For this Man I've grown so fond.

If I could maybe paint you a picture  
I don't think there would be enough colors to express.  
How it is I feel inside for Him  
But I am trying now to do my best.

But if you too know this Fella  
You'll know just where I'm coming from.  
He's the best of ever a friend of mine  
The Father, Holy Spirit and the Son.

God's Servant

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'All The Poems I Read'

I read so many other poet's poems  
one seems better than the last!  
Of love and pain, joy and sorrow  
ones future and that of the past.

Of a guy named, ' Frosty Snowman'  
and Santa Clause and such.  
I never get bored of all I read  
I just can't seem to get enough!

I've read were someone was down and out  
and another of sand castles that they'd made.  
Where do poets get all of their poems?  
How are they all being poetically made?

Then there are friends I've made on this site  
David, Marilyn, Trade and Lorraine!  
I read some of what they've written each week  
and I think their all quite like me, INSANE!

I guess that's were the ideas come from?  
Deep inside our minds that's touched?  
I sure hope it will always continue to flow  
for I love their poems and them so much!

Linda Winchell

# 'All Will Pass Away'

All in time will pass away  
swallowed up from view  
in each minutes click of day.

Nothing to stop the decay or rot  
of all man collected of the life they got.

Not taking a thing but leaving digs to find  
for another culture in a future time.

Will they understand what we were back then?  
or see just the distruction we caused on this God given land?

Will they see the good that was earned by some?  
Or will they just see all the bad that mankind had done?

The bones of unborn children in unmarked graves  
marks of distruction on the walls of their caves.

I would hope they see all that was good in man  
and possibly see, just a glimpse of who I am.

I intend to leave this world a much better place  
so that future generations can see what mankind did erase.

Linda Winchell

# 'Alter Ego'

I am my Alter Ego  
I love just who I am.  
I see myself above all the rest  
of every woman and every man!

I never take me for granted  
for I am perfect in every way.  
I start the morning off with me  
and end with me every day!

I have the power fo intention  
it's that God force part of me.  
I learned I had it long ago  
from a television show on the B.B.C.

I get just what I think about  
and all I think about is me.  
I force all negative stuff aside  
that negative energy drains, you see.

'Hello my Alter Ego', ' How are you doing today? '  
I love you more than you love yourself  
more than your Alter Ego words can say!

I'm in a constant restoration  
of that Ego life source energy.  
I would never want to short myself  
of this Power Of Intention part of me.

Linda Winchell

# 'Always Faithful To Me'

You can always be relied upon  
Always there faithfully for me.  
When I call to have you help me out  
You are not that far, I see.

You come when I need you most  
And even when I don't.  
You are the most faithful friend to me  
You are my Father and Holy Ghost.

You sooth my wounds when bleeding  
From the wrath of my life's painful sins.  
You come to me at the end of things  
And even before they first begin.

I've known you now forever it seems  
And yet you still remain the same.  
I know you by the name of, "Jesus"  
But you are called by many other names.

I love you my dearest friend Jesus  
I will love you always until my end.  
You are the only person I know and love  
That can be the truest of friend, Amen.

Linda Winchell

# 'Always Have To Have The Last Word'

You always seem to have to get the last word!  
No matter what I might have said!  
You need to for some reason pound  
and drill your opinion into my head!

When just one word like, ' yes or no'  
would be all one would seem to need!  
But NO! YOU have to keep on making YOUR point!  
with your crazy point, of a selfish verbal need!

Your not any fun anymore to talk with!  
Just leave it go, for heaven's sake!  
Don't keep bringing up another opinion  
of that closing statement, I can't seem to make!

Just walk away, and let it go!  
It doesn't mean that much if not heard!  
But you always seem to want to make  
to always have that final last word!

Linda Winchell

# 'Always Looking For An Exit'

Your always looking for an exit out!  
A way to get off the hook!  
Can't seem to make it out ever with me!  
because, you need to finish  
reading, your best selling, paper back book!

You see a dropp of rain come down  
and then drum up  
that a huge storm must be on the way!  
You can't stay to yourself, in your own little world!  
it's not, a healthy place too stay!

I've invited you to the movies  
then when I call you, to confirm!  
You weasel out of that one too!  
even though, your first commitment  
seemed to be firm!

Why do I waste my time on you?  
When there are many others that would enjoy!  
The company of a real good friend  
how can you be so, unbelievably coy?

I'm not going to ever ask you again!  
to be the kind of friend, I am to you!  
For I will never understand a person  
who is always looking for an exit, to go through, like you!

Linda Winchell

# 'Always Looking For Mankind's Approval'

We're always looking for mankind's approval  
Always seeking...and earthly way to be.  
When Jesus wants us all to come as we are  
To come and lay our sins beneath the cross...for all to see.

That all might witness what sins one had  
Birds eye view of each and every one.  
The only way is to fully surrender  
In the name of the Father God and the Son.

For looks of ones beauty  
And the expensive garments that they wear.  
Is not why God has made us  
Is not what God wants mankind to bear.

But naked as we were born  
Naked to Him shall we all return.  
And all of earthly gathered up  
Will parish in earth's fires burn.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Always The Promise Of Tomorrow'

Wake up at eight to get my morning started  
go do last nights dishes... and then make the bed.  
Put out the dog... to do her duty and bark at nothing  
brush my teeth...and then my messy bed of head!

Not too much each day to look forward to  
don't have any extra cash for me to go and spend.  
Make the bed and do some laundry  
then decide to finish that book, I hadn't completely read.

Phone calls from freinds...are few and far between  
all who seem to call these days, are foreign telemarketers!  
Thank God there's always the promise of tomorrow  
or what would be the sense of me being here?

Linda Winchell

# 'America's Next Top Model'

I want to be ...America's next top Model... like 'Jesus'

The ultimate model... of man's purest sacrifice.

He continues to inspire...all believers

This man we know as our..."Jesus Christ."

He didn't use His power... good looks or figure

But show to all an image... of His Father God above.

Sharing through His witness given

All of God's grace and Godliest of love.

His clothes were not that ...of the finest linens

But He modeled them...very well.

He showed it in the humbleness of self

And not of selfish pride... did ever swell.

He suffered like none other

He loved as none... has suffered yet.

He said that what we sow in life

Is just what in our harvest... get.

So I'm signing up for some classes now  
To see if I can model...just like Jesus did.  
To love my neighbor as myself  
Is the model I wish... to become and live.

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'America's On The Move? '

Cost effective ... all re-directed  
Progress again now on the move.  
Money handled...all re-channeled  
Everyone's in their groove.

Government failing...America's wailing  
Wars around the world... still being fought.  
Homes "For Sale"...economy so frail  
Much more than ever seen or thought.

New Chief of staff...at the helm  
Giving all who voted... new hope.  
But still there are... those doubting Thomas's  
That still thinks the guys a joke!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'America's Using Food Stamps'

Seems most of Americans are now using food stamps  
maybe for the first time in their lives?  
Our economy is hurting badly  
people are going to extremes, just to stay alive!

Retail thefts are rising!  
Better be home if a package is dropped off at your door!  
Because when you get home from work one day  
it might not be there anymore!

People cutting down Christmas trees  
from their neighbors very back yards!  
Times are tough, I've experienced it already!  
but we haven't taken what wasn't ours!

I think they're are some going overboard!  
It isn't that bad, not really just yet!  
But wait awhile and I'm sure my friend  
then where will be our Governments safety net?

They're all using our tax payers money!  
For those who haven't or never have paid any!  
But they're all in line, waiting for their checks!  
while working off the sweat of us who work for pennies!

Instead of bailing the Auto Industry out!  
Give all new tax payers, a new car purchased tax break!  
This will solve the problem they say they're having!  
and save them all from filing bankruptcy  
or that mental section eight!

Linda Winchell

# 'An Audience Of Three In One'

We all perform, in front of an audience  
it's an audience of, 'Three In One! '  
While we go about our little daily skits, unrehearsed  
viewed by our Father, the Holy Spirit and His Son.

Their seats are front row center!  
They need never, a ticket in their hand!  
While they watch, with proud anticipation  
their children's performances, across the land.

Even if you are just acting out in your bedrooms!  
Or possibly, in the darkness of a room!  
Your audience, of three in one my friend  
are watching you, reviewing your every word and move!

So please, let's give our best performance, PLEASE!  
Your critics, will be writing their reviews, on what they see!  
Was it your best performance ever, my friend?  
Or were you just seen, acting out a lie  
while down upon your knees?

Were the lines you spoke, well rehearsed?  
Or deeply, spoken from your heart?  
The words crying out, in which you spoke  
Were they coming from a place deep, within in your soul?  
Of performed confessions, unwritten yoked?

Whatever the case, may be my friend  
I have been sent, to let you know.  
Your performances are being critiqued!  
So make your life's performance, your best of show!

Linda Winchell

# 'An Impact In My Life'

I just wanted to let you know  
what an impact you've made in my life.  
You took me from a place of emptiness  
gave me your last name  
and took me to be your wife.

I hope you understand that dear  
I just wanted you to know.  
That if I seem much happier now  
it was that impact, I'm sure that shows.

There are too many people who never  
seem to take the time to let others hear.  
How they have impacted anothers life  
and created change in them, like you dear.

I know you'll keep on doing  
what you have done for me.  
Creating that impact on others  
like that impact you've created and see.

Linda Winchell

# 'An Old School Valentine'

I found an old country Cowboy Valentine  
that was made so very long ago.  
It was signed at the bottom in crayon  
by a young boy who's name was, Buffalo Joe.

You could tell it was all hand made  
some of the glitter and bangles have fallen off.  
Colored with bright colors so neatly  
Better than any in a store, one could have bought.

Tried to picture the face that made it  
tried as hard as I could ever do.  
But for as hard as I had tried to remember  
I couldn't grasp that vision of you.

Those were the days of less worries  
and a child's heart now just memories.  
'Will Ya be My Valentines Partner? '  
In that Valentines card you made for me.

Linda Winchell

# 'An X-Ray Of My Heart'

I had an X-ray taken today,  
And they found YOU in my heart,  
The doctor said, " if he took YOU out,  
That I might die or fall apart! '

So because I couldn't live without YOU,  
I decided YOU in my heart to keep,  
And enjoy that X-tra pounding YOU give it,  
Which never seems to skip a beat.

I'm having my doctor make me copies,  
So maybe this Valentines YOU might send,  
The X-ray of my heart filled with YOUR love,  
That X-tra love... given by YOU my friend.

'Happy Valentines' Day'

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2010

Linda Winchell

# 'Angel Feathers'

Angel feathers found in your bed,  
Their protecting you from overhead.

They dropp their feathers throughout the night,  
As they bless your dreams with their wings in flight.

Some white, some black feathers you'll see,  
But making no difference to you or me.

Their mission the same, from Heaven above,  
To bring God's children, all His love.

Unfolding their wings, brushing away all lifes harms,  
Enfolding and rocking you safe in winged arms.

So to bed you must go, so God's Angels can be,  
All that God has made them, for you and for me.

Linda Winchell

# 'Angels On Assignment'

There are angels on assignment,  
Standing right next to me and you,  
They protect and guide us through our days,  
They know just what to do.

Their mission is to focus,  
On what God has planned,  
They hold no specific color of skin,  
They are every woman, child and man.

So if you feel a heart strings tug,  
It's only one of your angels, you see,  
Telling you to get a move on,  
To open up... allow your hearts and eyes to see.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Angry Soldier'

Soldier in your chair of anger  
all alone with your deepest pain.  
For the way that people now look at you  
over and over and over again.

You fought a war that was not your own  
on foreign land so far away.  
Then came home to loved ones family and friends  
in a much, much different way.

Your legs removed your arms now gone  
we welcomed you back with flags and patriotic songs.  
But now you sit forgotten and alone  
while away the bank has taken your home.

So why not sit in the anger you feel?  
it is all of what you see to be real.  
You fought to protect a world unknown  
away from all that you called your home sweet home!

Linda Winchell

# 'Angry Youth'

Angry youth  
can't take the truth  
immaturity, blocking all  
of lifes receptors.

Spoken from  
a pain of one  
that had been there, done that  
owns life reflectors.

Blockage pause  
by minds own chosen cause  
not allowing healing to take place.

Rejected by  
all who've known  
that frown permanently painted  
your anger, unwilling to erase.

Move on, get over it  
that burden of angers load.  
Fermenting in your sweetness  
now souring your youthful soul.

Let the God you say does not exist  
unfold your fingers  
which now seen folded fists.

Before it is too late for you to recover  
from the anger you are invoking.  
Now hands around necks of others  
in angry words you are choking.

Copyright: 2008  
Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Animal Parade'

Puppies and kitties march in the street  
holding signs that say, 'Paws For A Cause! '

Booths set up along side of the road  
showing photos of Kitties without claws!

And puppies tails being snipped off  
so that have that certain look.

And dog catchers wagons filled with unwanted dogs  
all caught by that dog catchers hook!

Dogs barking out their discontent  
of the treatment that they've received!

With the food and conditions they have to endure  
so as to meet some human seen need!

Animals parade, 'Paws For A Cause! '  
they don't seem to be willing to quit.

To bring attention to what humans are doing  
Now take Paws to think about this!

Linda Winchell

# 'Another Brick In The Wagon'

Don't add another brick to my wagon,  
I have enough right now to pull.

My load is heavy, can't you see?  
It's heavy and way too full!

My bricks are made of stone and sand,  
And the binding ingredient, is one heart of a man.

I placed them all in a mixer and stirred,  
And their tumbling sounds could not be heard.

The sounds they made were somehow sweet and soft,  
For the heart of man added, was one which my Savior bought.

He has that miraculous way about Him,  
Softening sounds of the dirt of man's sin.

So you don't need to add another brick you see,  
For the burdens in my wagon,  
Are only to be pulled by me!

Now if you wish to have the mortars blend,  
Of the bricks that I have formed.  
You'll need to go to God, and sign His papers,  
'Sins, 'Salvation C', release forms.'

Linda Winchell

# 'Another Dead Chicken'

Another dead chicken, sitting silent in her roost  
didn't make me happy, gave my heart the sadness boost.  
It was late at night, when evil predators came  
reeking havoc in our henny's home,  
made to protect them from cold and from rain.

Had nineteen henny's, now there are only six  
I depended on their eggs, for those favorite cakes I would mix.  
No omelets to make for the family it seems  
uses to many eggs, and it seems now too extreme.

Dead hennys', poor chickens, I'm sorry my friends  
That I couldn't protect you, in your coop or your pens.  
You were all that ones, little hennys' should be  
laying my family fresh eggs, for all of their daily breakfast needs.

Linda Winchell

# 'Another Hallmark Day' (Happy Sweetest Day Everyone!)

Some say tomorrow is just another Hallmark Day  
Man made occasion, that comes but once a year.  
Time to tell your Sweet Heart how deeply they are loved  
And how much they are endeared.

The smell of fine chocolates and roses  
Seem to permeate loves thickness in the air.  
I'm so glad that Sweetest Day was made for lover's  
So I can show you just a bit extra, how much I really care.

'Happy Sweetest Day! '

Linda Winchell

## 'Another Shoebox On A Shelf'

When will I too become,  
Another shoebox on your self?  
Filled with some of life's images,  
Or just seen as someone else?

I've seen your large collection,  
Of the boxes that you've stored.  
Could you have gotten anymore on your shelf?  
Could you have gotten, just one box more?

I took one down and looked inside,  
Wasn't nosing, just curious to see.  
Of how many of those boxes,  
Were stored memories of you and me?

There were photos there, that was for sure,  
But none of which were mine.  
They were taken of other women you knew,  
At another place and time.

Please forgive me, but you looked happier then,  
And if you think I was a snoop.  
It was the way that you've been acting dear,  
Left me to suspect, that I was being dooped!

Someone said they saw us last week,  
In a dark show the other day.  
And asked if I had done something with my hair?  
Said it looked longer, an was styled a different way?

I said, 'you must have been mistaken,  
My husband was out of town.'  
'He had some work for his company then,  
And you could'nt have seen him or I around.'

Now I'm placing all our photos',  
In a shoebox my husband dear.  
And when someone else goes snooping  
They will know that I was here.

Linda Winchell

# 'Anyone Can Make A Smile'

Anyone can make a smile,  
But it takes a happy heart to shine.  
Anyone can say that everything is going great  
But living with their pain,  
you're not viewing from inside.

Everyone can say, ' I love you',  
but those three words, are often ever meant.  
Anyone can reverse his or her frown and smile,  
Which was before, their face downward bent.

Truly feeling what now is placed,  
on the outside of anothers face.  
Is harder then most people think,  
of what lies deep within, someones depressions think.

So next time when you see a smile,  
it may remind you of these words.  
Then before you take a smile at face value,  
Look deeper into what your viewing hadn't heard.

Linda Winchell

# 'Are You Getting The Message? '

Are you even interested in my poetry?  
No matter how silly the words may not seem at times to rhyme,  
Are you getting the meanings placed in each?  
Or are you just killing a bit of idle time.

I do not profess to be like "Poe, "  
Or even one...in the least of these,  
But the messages placed in each poem I write,  
May sometimes really not be meant to poetically please.

They are meant to open up your mind,  
To maybe a deeper more profound point of view,  
They might take you sometimes to a place,  
Where none other has ever been allowed or knew.

I might sometimes speak of the God I know,  
Then sometimes wander off into a, "La, La land",  
Wherever my words might take its reader,  
In hope that when reading they'll come to understand.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'At The Bottom Of A Bottle'

At the bottom of the bottle,  
Did not lay a worm this time.  
I seen my life in its' bottoms blackness,  
Of this bottle filled with wine.

As I brought it to my lips,  
I could hear my Savior say,  
'Please my child, put away your destruction,  
And come to Me and pray.'

I heard the voice as if He were standing near,  
But did not heed His call.  
And took my last sip and seen,  
My ending and my fall.

I cannot now seem to make it over,  
For I am taking my final breaths.  
Because I carried all my pain and sorrow,  
At the bottom of a bottle,  
Those bottles of life's regrets.

Linda Winchell

# 'At The End Of The Day'

At the end of the day,  
"All we have is who we are",  
No matter what trials life may bring,  
It makes us a better person in each, by far.

Teaching us maybe to have more compassion,  
For which otherwise we might have missed,  
Making us a stronger believer in Christ,  
And much more... than all of this.

It's molded us as God has planned it,  
To become more than we on our own could ever be,  
At the end of each given day we live,  
"All of which at the end of the day,  
Is who we will be".

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# '-Ations'

We seem to crave a life of instant gratification  
without exerting any real perspiration.  
But it all may be in our own fantasies imagination.  
Feeling this need of that material supplication.

When the world really needs God's Spiritual inoculation  
to remove that of lifes earned ramification.  
It will be man's cure for this great Nation  
Heavens glorious divine cleansing purification!

Linda Winchell

# 'Attitude Is Everything'

Attitude after all, is everything.

'Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own.' Matthew 6: 34.

Attitude after all, is everything!  
You can choose the one you wish.  
It could be the one that's positive  
Or negativity is all you'll get!

Linda Winchell

# 'Babies Are Resilient'

God gave our precious children  
the resilience and the strength.  
To accept an adults sinfilled nature  
not that dealt, in happenstance of fate.

They bounce back like little rubber balls  
when tossed and tumble bound.  
Their skinned knees heal quickly  
their sweet laughter replaced by  
that smile turned upside down.

Pinched fingers in a stroller  
screams of pain filling lungs despair.  
But with the love and consolation of parent  
the child knows that they are cared.

Let's take hats off to these little worriors  
they are God's gift to all mankind.

Go and revel in the strenght of your gifts given  
for I have, two gifts of mine.

Linda Winchell

# 'Baby Talk'

Me, me, ga, ga  
igy, ya, ya.  
Foodee, shee, shee  
La, la, lee, lee.  
Mada, dada,  
dogie, doo, boo,  
Ga, ga, yumm, yumm  
wha, wha, shoo, shoo.

Translation:

I'm very happy that I am here  
I 've been nine months in a dark warm place.  
I can talk but you don't seem to understand me  
And when I do, you make such a silly face!

My diaper is wet and filled with some goo  
I don't like the feeling, and it's smelly too!  
I'm tired now and just want to sleep  
and for now goo, goo ga, ga,  
Is all that I'll speak!

Linda Winchell

# 'Backwards Kind Of Day'

I put the cart before the horse last night  
and put out the cheese before I set the trap.  
I shut the barn door after the cows got out  
now what was up with that?

I have had a backwards kind of day today  
not ever knowing what to do or say.  
I've twisted everything around  
have YOU ever acted in this way?

Said, ' I would like a hup of cot chocolate'  
'pace my capers on my desk'  
I was trying not to backwards things  
I was trying really to do my best!

I promise to turn this day around  
but I can't seem to find my way.  
For I've made a mess on my desk  
in a backwards kind of way.

Seems I drove my car to work backwards  
taking me most of the morning to get to work.  
Then while sitting backwards in my parking spot  
people looked at me, like I was some kind of jerk!

I hope tomorrow is better  
much better then today.  
I don't think I can take another one  
of these backwards kind of days.

Linda Winchell

# 'Bah Humbug Christmas'

I'm going to make my own Christmas Cards  
and then maybe send one off to you.  
I'll just get some colored paper and glitter  
and that, old fashion, Mr. Elmer's Glue!

I'll cut them in somekind of a pattern  
you know, the one only I would make.  
And write some cute little phrase on it  
or something mushy, that I'll have to really fake!

'Bah Humbug! ' I hate Christmas!  
With all of its, pomp and circumstance!  
Everyone out rushing around like chickens!  
doing their chicken like, Christmas dance!

All rushing to get that, so called bargain!  
Last years junk, picked over by crowds of cackling hens!  
Toys piled high on shelves in disarray  
with rows of tangled, so called, ' BARGAIN bins! '

Yep! this card thing sounds like the ticket!  
I'll go get my supplies, down at our local five and dime.  
So don't be surprised if you see there's nothing this year  
under my Christmas tree again this time!  
'Bah, Humbug! '

Linda Winchell

## 'Bare Foot'

I remember always walking bare foot  
when I was a child of three or four.  
I sure can't seem to do that again  
feet won't even take the coldness of my floors.

My toes curl up like pretzels  
when I try to stretch them out.  
And when I place them in my shoes  
the sides of my feet are now hanging out!

When I look down and take a gander  
at my feet from time to time.  
I can not believe how far they have taken me  
and that they even look like those feet of mine!

They're dried up like two sun dried raisins  
with lines of red and blue running over the tops of them.  
My nails are not fresh as once remembered  
So now I place Dark red polish all over them.

'Feet don't fail me now', I cry!  
For we have so much more walking yet to do.  
I promise to be a better master than I've been  
and take much better, footie care of you!

Linda Winchell

# 'Bargain Shopping'

I love to bargain shop  
In fact I do it all the time!  
I've done it so much this month  
Now I haven't one thin dime!

Clothes hang on my bedroom doorknobs!  
they're laying in plastic containers on the floor!  
They even hang off my exercise bike  
and hang off all my back of doors!

Shoes of every color and shape  
patten leather and vinyl alike.  
I think I have two hundered now  
there isn't one pair I don't like!

My husband used two by fours to shore up  
the bars that they all hang on!  
But can't seem to find a thing to wear  
in all of these bargains that I've found!

I need to bag some up I think  
and take them to the Thrifty Store  
and promise myself when I'm in there  
I won't buy myself anymore!

Linda Winchell

# 'Barn Yard Sounds'

Awaken before daybreak, by those pesky Rooster sounds,  
They're under my bedroom window,  
It seems they're all around!

Rooster Eagle Boy Red, seems to set off the tone,  
He's the Biggest and the Baddest,  
And he claims the Hens' his own!

Rooster One, then Two, then Three, there goes Four,  
I hope Miss Henny's eggs don't hatch,  
I can't take this anymore!

'I want to sleep, can't you see that, ' I squeal?  
This isn't really happening; I'm still sleeping I feel.

They must all be telling me, ' Get up it's time to eat! '  
'Can't you see my eyes are shut,  
And I just want to go back to sleep? '

Then up I stumble, to the Barnyard from bed,  
In a group they're all standing,  
Taking the lead was, Big Red!

'Why couldn't this wait?  
Another hour if you would.'  
As if they understand, as if they even could.

So I threw them some corn, each one pecked it away,  
I will let tomorrow be tomorrow,  
And thank the Lord for today.

Linda Winchell

# 'Basket Of Sunshine'

I was given a basket of sunshine,  
All wrapped in deepest blue.

I opened up God's package,  
And there my child was you.

Your cheeks so red and rosy,  
And eyes that glistened deep.

For you were given to me from God above,  
For all my life to love and keep.

One day I know I'll have to go,  
To my Father from which I came.

But the love I will leave you behind,  
For always will remain.

Remembering times I held you,  
And rocked you fast asleep.

Bruised knees, and cuts I tended,  
Wiping tears falling down your cheeks.

I will always be here for you,  
Even after I am gone.  
Remember me, oh child of mine,  
If only in a childhood song.

'Rock A Bye Baby, In the tree top',  
When the wind blows, lifes' cradle will rock,  
If the bow breaks or looks as too fall, '  
Remember I and God are near,  
And will protect you from it all.

Linda Winchell

# 'Bathroom Barber'

I'm not a bathroom barber I've learned  
gave myself a hair cut with my own two hands.  
When all of a sudden I heard a loud noise  
which took my mind off what hair to cut I had.

Then SNIP, it went off my head!  
a large patch bald of hair is missing.  
The dog looked at me puzzled and barked  
and the cat raised her back and was hissing!

I must admit I looked a fright  
with that large patch of missing hair.  
When I got up nerve to look in the mirror  
I even gave myself a scare!

I was only trying to save a buck  
and give myself what looked to be so easy.  
But with this patch of hair now missing  
my head feels a bit more breezy.

I guess I'll have to spend the money  
go to someone, where to them it isn't harder.  
And never again will I pretend, to be a Bathroom Barber!

Linda Winchell

# 'Be Careful What You Pray For'

Be careful what you pray for  
You may get more than you have asked.  
Prayer is a very powerfull tool  
It can and will overcome most any task!

So if you pray for money or fame  
You may have to experience poverty first.  
Prayers should come deep within you heart's need  
And not be earthly pre-rehearsed!

Linda Winchell

# 'Be My Valentine Jesus'

Has anyone ever asked Jesus?  
To be their Valentine?  
I made a card just for Him  
With a poem in which I've rhymed.

I could have done it in that normal verse  
Written, " Rose's are Red, Violet's Blue"  
But I thought my dearest Savior Jesus  
That I wanted to write something special, just for you.

I was going to cut the deepest of red paper  
Into the shape of a GIANT red Valentine's heart.  
However, it didn't seem like that was good enough  
When I got my scissors out and tried to start.

Will you be my Valentine?  
I would be so deeply honored if you would.  
And I would be the envy of all my friends  
To be seen, with a Valentine such as you.

Now you needn't send one on to me  
For you've already given our world your heart.  
Taking no concern of what your Father had in store for you  
You knew your fate was pre-destined from its miraculous start.

To be born earth's King in a lowly manger  
Then teaching those who would listen  
Of your Father's commanded word.  
So a Valentine given to me, " Dear Jesus? "  
Would just seem so wrong and too absurd.

Therefore, I'm asking you, 'Dearest Jesus'  
Would you please be my, "Valentine? "  
And I really hope you've enjoyed this cards poem  
Written from my HEART, just for you, ' my Valentine'.

Linda Winchell

# 'Be Slow To Anger'

Be slow to anger  
And much quicker to love.  
God didn't make mankind  
To hate, hurt and our neighbors begrudge.

He gave each of us the holiest of gifts  
Something we all possess.  
And in our hearts, is where God's love does its best.

So when you feel your anger building up inside  
Go and give it to God, let in Him there reside.

His love is sufficient for all you see  
He lives inside of you and me.  
To bring mankind hope, joy and love  
He gives it freely, from His Father God above.

It will smother out any of anger's wrath  
He will beat it up with the Holiest of bats!  
He will beat it down, deep into the ground  
So far, that your anger my friend  
Will never again, ever be found.

Linda Winchell

# 'Beast Within' (To All Of Those Black Friday Idiots!)

There is a beast that lives within!  
some however, have control over its rage.  
But there are some who seem to unleash the beast  
releasing it from their inner, beast like cage!

You can view it on the news tonight!  
as shoppers trampled and even kill.  
Only to be the first to save on their purchases  
trying to control anothers shopping will!

Adults seen camping out on sidewalks!  
all night, in front of retailer's shops!  
Just to save a buck or two  
and on stupid things, they waste money dropped!

What has this world come to?  
That we now act like savages, in our Christmas shopping quest?  
And what are we showing our children and family?  
It sure isn't any of our best!

God did not make us to act this way!  
As those who had nailed Him to the cross!  
All to control what they felt was their right!  
Then this poor man of goodness paid the cost!

What happened to that thing called, self control?  
When we go and do the things we do?  
There has got to be a better way  
to use that better side of you!

All to save a dollar on Christmas gifts?  
We should be ashamed of ourselves!  
That we would trample down the innocent and murder!  
Just to get a bargain?  
Off of a storekeepers shelves!

You may have saved a buck or two  
but at what cost?  
For you've not gained a thing in God's eyes

and are now amongst, His LOST!

'Merry Christmas! '

Linda Winchell

# 'Beauty From Ashes'

Out comes the beauty from ashes burn  
God takes His hands and forms a new.  
So that God's lessons might be learned  
And bring about, a newer you.

Like the forest after, a raging fire storm  
all of its trees and brushes, burnt to the ground.  
Bringing forth from ashes, God gives new life  
from burnt embers, He will form.

Popping up from the soot  
springs a flower nurished from this soil.  
It needed the food of old pines sacrificed  
so it should not have, new of life in toil.

Then there, in the corner of your eye  
is seen a patch, of brightest green.  
Where at one time there was nothing, but dried needles  
of an old pine floor, one had seen.

There comes, 'Beauty From Ashes'  
from lifes sins burn, ones life may bring you.  
But through God's Love of forgiving Grace  
we can all, be made and born anew.

Linda Winchell

# 'Beauty Is In The Eye Of The Beholder'

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder  
I've heard this said by some.  
Creams and tanning beds are the norm today  
but the price we are paying is really dumb!

The brown color achieved isn't natural  
you were not given it when you were born.  
Your cells of colored skin rebel on some  
in their cancerous clusters which they form.

I take this story personally  
it happened to me way back when.  
While I laid in my coffin brightly lit with lights  
in a hot, hard, sweaty tanning bed!

Linda Winchell

# 'Beauty Is Only Skin Deep'

My skin may not be flawless  
My eyes might not be... the right shade of blue  
But what I have... that some others do not  
Is the deepest love of God for you.

For you see only peoples exterior values  
And haven't taken the time... to look within.  
To see that my life has been renewed  
And that God has forgiven me of my sins.

All ones outwardly loveliness... thought  
Will all one day fade away from view.  
But what will really remain forever in eternity  
Is what Christ has done in you.

Had you surrender all of yourself to Him?  
Did you help your neighbor when called?  
Did you feed the hungry...cloth the naked?  
Did you do anything... for mankind and God at all?

This is the beauty... our Lord sees  
Not the fleshly house we all strut about.  
It's all but hay and stubble to God  
But the beauty that lives for within...must show out.

Linda Winchell

# 'Bedtime Story'

I'm going to tell you a bed time story  
it's the one my Grandpa told long ago to me.  
But the bed time story I will tell you tonight  
will become a part of, now your families history!

It will tell of the days of covered wagons  
that once rolled across the prairies green!  
And tales of hunting and fishing  
you will envision all of my story telling scenes.

Of indians and cowboys!  
around the camp fires and hunting buffalo!  
And homes built from the lands trees  
and those fields, that the farmers plows tilled to grow.

I will tell you a bed time story  
that you will tell your own children one day!  
I will tell it the way my Grandpa told it to me  
then you can tell your story, in your way one day!

Linda Winchell

# 'Before I Leave This World'

Before I leave this world  
I intend to make my mark!  
I will find a cure for whatever ails mankind  
And make a pill, for that broken heart.

I will sail around the world  
swim in the oceans with every fish!  
I will eat every food there is to eat  
and not a crumb, I will leave upon my dish!

Before I leave this world  
I will make everyone my friend.  
And bring peace and Love to nations  
causing wars around, the world to end!

I will plant a field of every flower  
then after growing, I'll mail them out.  
So expect some to be delivered to you  
before this world, I'll one day be checking out!

Linda Winchell

## 'Before You Say, 'I Do'

Before you make that commitment  
And give more than your heart away.  
Remember those two important words  
That you both are about to go and say.

Their words have the deepest of impact  
On the lives you're about to share.  
Saying, "I do", says to another  
That they really matter and that you honestly care.

Words spoken in the presence of God and man  
To live together, until death you do part.  
While looking deeply within another's eyes  
Entrusting them with your life and heart.

Before you walk down the aisle  
To prepare for marital bliss.  
There's more that goes along with, " I do"  
Of which you will seal, bonding forever with a kiss.

Linda Winchell

# 'Being A Christian'

I haven't been a Christian for very long  
For I found Jesus in the year, '1973.'

And since I've been walking with the Lord  
He's made a different  
And more special person out of me.

He's told me of where He was born  
He's also shared in His crucifixion on Calvary.  
Oh, I don't know what I would have done with my life  
If I didn't have Him living now inside of me.

He's given me His body and blood  
In remembrance of that final day.  
When a man Jesus called His Disciple and friend  
Sold Him and the king's men took my Jesus away.

He's shared His last words on the cross with me  
And shared the forgiveness  
Of the men crucified next to Him.  
How could a man other than the King of King's?  
Give such a priceless gift when His was about to end?

I am proud that I surrendered to Jesus  
on that day so many years now ago.  
And if I had to do it all over again  
I would gladly not hesitate to my Jesus, go.

By; Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Big Mouth'

There I go again!  
Running off my big, big mouth!  
When something seems to get inside,  
It can't wait to fly right back out!

I never meant to hurt you,  
Or cause you so much pain.  
But everytime a secret goes in,  
It comes out of my Big mouth again!

Why are secrets even given to me?  
If they never wish to be heard or read.  
Why give me such a burden to keep?  
Of all those secrets others put in my head.

A BIG MOUTH is just that!  
Someone who can't keep nothing in!  
So next time please, I beg of you!  
Never give me a secret to keep again!

Linda Winchell

# 'Big Talkers'

You talk about the Lord and stuff  
and think your walking that walk you strut!  
But not from my side of the fence do I see  
that Godly part you think  
your poems were somehow claiming you to be!

To show true kindness in your thoughts and deeds  
you have to apply all of God's ten Commandment needs.  
The character of one is who he or she is  
when no one else is looking at what they've done or hid.

For God knows the true character of all mankind  
and you my dear friend  
are not making a friend of God's this time.

Go back and see just what you've written  
in poems that claim your love for God was smitten.  
They are nothing more than blank papered words you've penned  
if not kindness to one in your words you send.

Linda Winchell

## 'Bike Ride'

Would you like to go, on a bike ride with me?  
I will share all I have seen with you,  
Of God's country clean air grown greenery.

I remember when I was a child,  
And of the bike that I use to own.  
It seemed heavier then, I seem to remember now,  
And had fenders' made of shinny chrome.

I would ride my bike to school,  
And it took me on my weekly paper route.  
Do you even understand what I am saying?  
Or even care what I'm talking about?

This bike I have now, is as light as can be,  
Neither chrome nor fenders' have.  
My old bike spokes, had some baseball cards pinned on them,  
They were the ones I got from my Dad.

Well I've talked enough about myself and my old bike,  
Let's just ride and enjoy this trails view.  
I'm sure glad that you have decided to ride,  
On this bicycle ride for two.

Linda Winchell

## 'Birdies Curiosity'

You say that you can't understand me  
But you seem to be interested in my life!  
You say that my poems are confussing to you  
Making no sense of what it is I write.

But I seem to have stirred up your curiosity  
Because of the time you now spend on me.  
Reading and even commenting at times  
In your Forum posting's that I've seen.

Makes me wonder if maybe you can relate somewhat  
To some of what I've said.  
That's maybe why you're so curious  
And really understand the words you've read.

Whatever your curious case may be!  
I think you're funny in the words you post!  
Remember that Curiosity killed the Kitty my dear!  
But Curiosity likes little curious BIRDIE'S the most!

Linda Winchell

# 'Bitterness Of Revenge'

"Revenge is mine" says the Lord  
So why then do we kick our brother's and sister's when their down?  
Bitterness harbored... of maybe some past hurts  
The disease of... "Sins revenge"...  
Seems to be spreading... all around.

Ones reviling in another's pain  
Because they've done something... in the past to you.  
Is this really... what our God wants of us?  
Is that really... what one should do?

We are asked to reach out a helping....loving hand  
Pull our brothers'up...when they are down.  
It just wasn't something that Jesus died for  
Upon a cross...with nails and thorn of crown.

He told us ..."Love your brothers'  
As you so... love yourselves."  
And if this is the love you harbor inside  
Then that will be one day... what you are dealt!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Black Sheep'

Wardrobe of BLACK is my color now,  
Don't fit peoples' color scheme, of things somehow.

I feel pushed outside their doors' it seems,  
Now looking in through my families, front door screen.

Is what I'm feeling just and imagination gone wild?  
Of something I grew up with, and not rid of when a child?

Blacks my color, I'll wear it till then,  
Of the sins' I've gathered to myself,  
The loss of loved ones and of friends.

'Bah, Bah, black sheep, haven't you any pull?  
Yes sir, yes mamm, a black bag full! '

Linda Winchell

# 'Bleed My Heart'

Bleed my heart for all humanity  
of the death, all nations wars have brought!  
Dear God, what did they think was accomplished?  
with all that suffering, pain, and loss?

Fighting over, but a piece of earth!  
that we none, do ourselves even own!  
It is only but, our temporary dwelling place  
this Mother Earth, we all call our home!

So what if one, has more than another?  
You will not be stronger, in that you cannot harvest or reap!  
But to share, all God has given mankind  
that it be enough then, for all mankind to feast!

It be all, but sand and scorching heat of sun!  
where once, other kings and Queens had tread.  
But all their fortunes, they thought once gained in life  
have now died, with collected nothingness, to their graves instead!

Man was not made, to fight for land!  
We were all made, by the hands of a loving Father God!  
Wars were made for demons and devils to wage!  
and on the bones of others like themselves  
their beastly creatures, ridden trod!

Bleed oh my heart, pour out your liquid pain!  
drench the sands, turn them the deepest red!  
And let all see, what has been written!  
in these words of red, my heart hath bled.

Linda Winchell

# 'Blessings At The Bottom Of My Purse'

One day while cleaning out my purse  
I found some blessings, at first I'd hadn't seen.  
Business cards and scraps of paper  
I'm so glad now my purse was cleaned.

I found a card from a friend I'd met  
she said she loves to write.  
She shared this information  
While at a church concert one summer night.

A number on a piece of crumbled grocery paper  
and one from a Sunday's service that I was at.  
Did I ever call that person on the paper?  
Why didn't I remember, all of this and that?

I intend to clean all my purses out one by one  
and take care of those blessings I might find.  
And promise to pray over all of them  
never leaving them, at the bottom of my purse next time.

Linda Winchell

# 'Blindfolded Fear'

Why walk in fear if blindfolded?  
What is darkness to fear, if you can not see?  
give me an answer, to these questions asked?  
Will you do that for me, Please?

Why be afraid of what can not be seen?  
Is not your blindfolds darkness, not blackened enough?  
with your shut eyes, that can now not see  
Is life really, that stinken tough?

Fear, is really only in your mind  
driving an imaginative, imagination!  
Creating those monsters in your mind  
causing your life's feared, blindfolded frustrations!

'The only thing to fear is fear itself'  
if nothing isn't there seen to fear.  
So what is it that you're fearing, tell me?  
If there isn't anything to fear, you're near?

Take the blindfolded from your eyes!  
now see the darkness, for what it is!  
For light will shine and all fear subside  
and your sighted life, will become fear cleared!

Linda Winchell

# 'Blonde Bomb Shell'

You may have to look very hard for me  
when you come to join me at dinner tonight.  
I was feeling kind of old and frumpy today  
and my hair, sure did look a sight!

I figured I had to go do something  
I couldn't stand it one more day!  
You said I might look great as a blonde  
So the beauty operator, cut my hair  
and got rid of most the grey!

What hair was brown is now soft baby blonde  
The greys have all but disappeared from view!  
Now when you come to dine tonight  
you might not recognize, that person you once knew.

So look really hard, go seek and you might find  
a blonde bomb shell, in mink or sable.  
And when you do, you might need to fight through  
the crowds of suitors, hovering around her table!

Linda Winchell

# 'Both Sides Of Your Mouth'

Some tend to speak  
from both sides of their mouth.  
And for some odd reason  
not too much Godly  
ever really comes out.

They say they're followers  
of the God that I love and know.  
But their actions and conversations  
don't really show so.

They always remind you  
of all the bad the things they've seen wrong.  
They take things you've voiced  
And twist them around.

But God sees the true heart of mankind  
And ones sins and faults  
Need not by another's to remind.

But to go to God and ask only of Him  
To forgive you of double speaking  
For this is truly your sin.

Then to Love one another  
With all of our hearts.  
And speak only with a reverence  
Before wrong words from our lips do depart.

Linda Winchell

# 'Bouquet Of Blessings'

I just picked a bouquet of blessings for you  
Needn't a vase nor water to place them in.  
They've been hand selected for your enjoyment  
and are scented with God's forgiveness  
for any unwashed sin.

They're the brightest rainbow of vivid colors  
Only those which our Lord could make.  
I was sure to have Him custom arrange them for you  
So I wouldn't mistake them when they were placed.

There are blossoms of God's love and kindness  
Joy, hope and faith for man.  
You will feel them when you smell their petals  
Or maybe hold one flower in your hand.

Bouquets of blessings aren't really hard to order  
You just have to think and pray them through.  
So I've given this bouquet a lot of prayerful thought  
And with all my love, I am now sending them on to you.

'Have a Blessed and Happy Valentine's Day'

Linda Winchell

# 'Broken Beads'

Lying on the floor scatterd about  
broken beads of many colors.  
Shattered glass in the sink  
Broken by two angry lovers.

What was she thinking about?  
In her two piece suit of white  
Sculptured tan face and blonde hair  
Getting ready to go out for the night.

The fight quickly ended as it had once began  
With fighting and screaming  
With a blood stained towel on the sand.

Two lovers embraced in only one of true love  
Coved in their now silent beauty images  
Left now only covered in blood.

Linda Winchell

# 'Broken Hearted People'

There are broken hearted people  
I meet them most every day.  
I wish that I could be them  
To maybe take their hurt and pain away.

Even with all of my best intentions  
I could never take away their need.  
Yet I found a friend that certain someone  
Who is everything, I could never be.

This friend's name is, 'Jesus'  
He is always there for me.  
And He always knows just what I need  
And just where I need to be.

There are people all around me  
Who see the way in which I live.  
And while I feel them reaching out to me  
To give me the love, I just couldn't seem to give.

Linda Winchell

# 'Broken Times'

Broken times are when  
We're brought down onto our knees.  
Maybe through sickness or some financial loss and strife!  
Now crossing over a bridge in time  
Of a more humbling, spiritual place in life.

Broken doesn't mean ones lost forever  
From ever seeing the light of a brighter day.  
It's just God's way of allowing His children  
To see that there is nothing concurred  
Without Him in our days.

Cancers wrath may take our body over  
Or the death of a loved one dear.  
Whatever brokenness we're feeling now  
God feels our pain  
And knows our deepest fears.

Linda Winchell

# 'Brown Paper Bag'

Received a simple brown paper bag  
in my mail box today.  
And on the lable was a message  
With these questioning words did say.

It read; 'What if everything that you own  
fit inside this bag? '  
It made me stop to reflect what was typed  
on more then that plain white sticky tag.

It was a simple message in this materialistic world  
It didn't need to be adorned,  
with fanciness bling and pearls.  
Reminding me of a simpler day  
wondering when it was it all slipped away?

I have more then this small bag would ever hold  
with family, friends and love.  
Of all God's grace and His forgiveness  
sent to me from up above.

More then just Brown paper bag,  
was placed in my mail box today.  
It helped me to remember just why  
and what was more important  
in a much, more, simpler kind of way.

Linda Winchell

# 'Bus Ride'

Buy your ticket, jump on the bus  
signs posted, 'No smoking, or spitting, Do not cuss!

Sit down fast, secure your seat at the back  
your in for a bumpy ride, over pot holes and cracks!

Smells of sweat and dirty bottoms still linger in seats  
from all those hopeless souls of people,  
now living in alleys and our City streets.

Stops coming up, can't wait to get off?  
Bus rides over for you now,  
but not for the hopeless and the lost.

Look at the faces, as the bus driver speeds away.  
For tomorrows another ticket bought  
another bus ride you'll do nothing about today.

Linda Winchell

# 'But A Breeze Away'

When I think of all that's come and gone  
You're but a breeze away.  
The memory of you passes through my mind  
Almost each and every day.

I remember the sound of your laughter  
Or maybe just see the smile upon your face.  
It is something my dearest one  
A memory I wish never to erase.

You come into my thoughts my dearest  
As if, it was in breeze on a summer's day.  
Nothing however could ever replace  
What it would be to have you in my life today.

But I know God needed you with Him  
Therefore, He called you to His side.  
And for me my dearest  
In my memories, you shall breeze on by.

Linda Winchell

# 'Butterfly'

My friend said I'm like a Butterfly,  
With her wings transparent colors to see.

She said I flit's around her garden,  
On her flowers, just for her eyes view of me.

She gives me sweetened water in a dish,  
As she goes about to feed her fish.

They see me too, I'm just a meal to them,  
But I have protection and the love of my friend.

I give her joy when she sees me there,  
In her flowers to carry, what seems to get stuck in my hair!

I love my friend, that she can see,  
That Butterflies beauty, she seems to see in me.

Linda Winchell

## 'Call On Jesus? '

When everything seems to be going swell  
And you're not in that deep dark pit of Hell  
Do you take the time you should  
When everything is going good?  
"Call On Jesus? "

If you see, you're down on your luck  
Maybe spent even your last buck.  
Do you take the time you could?  
I think every good Christian should.  
"Call On Jesus? "

When the sun is shining and there's not a cloud in sight  
And the stars seem just for you so bright.  
Do you take that time to think?  
Of whom it is that made the sun and those stars to blink.  
"Call On Jesus? "

God doesn't need you when your times are hard  
He wants us to call when they aren't so large.  
To get down upon your knees in prayer when it's good.  
This is what God's children should.  
"Call On Jesus? "

So next time you feel you're having what seems a good day  
Don't forget to go to God and pray.  
Praising Him for all He has done.  
For the day, the stars, your life, His Son!  
"Call On Jesus? "

Linda Winchell

# 'Called To Be Holy'

Holiness happens through the presence of God,  
Through this then we are where God wants us all to be,  
Unfortunately temptation draws mankind,  
To a place where man was never meant to flee.

As children of "Adam", we never live down,  
The powerful impact of his misdeed,  
We come to form our own attitude,  
One of which is not and far from that of holy.

Because God is holy when He comes near,  
His presence makes people crouch in fear,  
That their walk and place of holiness will be viewed,  
And is very far from what our God wishes to see and endear.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Can'T Make Yesterday Come Again'

You can't make yesterdays come again,  
No matter how hard you try.

For yesterdays are yesterdays,  
They make room for todays good byes.

They form all the beauty of the seasons,  
And with some of them, bring us pain.

But if we never had our yesterdays,  
We'd have one day like another the same.

So make the best of what you have right now,  
That's all you need to do.  
And let your yesterdays become your tomorrows,  
A part of tomorrows yesterdays for you.

Linda Winchell

# 'Can'T Mix Things Together Sometimes'

You can't mix everything together sometimes  
and get the blend that you might seem to want.  
Like water and oil no matter how well blended  
left standing, the oil always floats to the top!

Much like people's personalities  
some mix well when they're put together!  
And then there's those, no matter how hard you try  
you'll never get it blended well, and I do mean NEVER!

Bird does not mix well with cat,  
nor dog to horse or chicken!  
It all might look good in the blender when blended  
but believe me, it isn't really tasty finger lickin!

Sometimes they need to be separated  
placed just where they all belong, you see.  
Like most of everything in life  
just like you that didn't blend well with me!

Linda Winchell

# 'Can'T Stand The Holidays! '

I can't stand the Holidays!  
don't feel them anymore!  
Could care less if they ever come!  
Wish they wouldn't, to me their just a bore!

You run around spending money  
money you don't even seem to have!  
And then when little Johnny opens up his present  
he screams, 'What's This? ' And looks real mad!

So what if he didn't need those socks!  
They were on sale and didn't cost me that much!  
I can't help it if he put on his Christmas wish list  
he would have rather, have a remote control kind of truck!

What does he think, I'm made of money?  
He should be just glad that I'm even alive and here!  
And smiling along with the rest of the crowd!  
and spreading all my Holiday kind of  
humbug Christmas cheer!

Oh humbug! I can see why there was a Scrooge!  
He's a lot like me, I think?  
Would rather spend my winter months  
in a hibernating snooze, and drink!

I can't stand the Holidays!  
I think I'll skip them, when they come around next year!  
And everyone else can do their thing  
spreading their Holiday kind of Cheer!

Linda Winchell

# 'Carry On Soldiers'

Carry on our soldiers, carry on  
for we have placed those weapons in your hands.  
And a pack on your back and a song in your steps  
Carry on our soldiers, carry on.

Carry on our soldiers carry on  
for the battle you fight, is for good cause  
It will heal those nations in distress  
for the good of man, you'll do your best.

Carry on our soldiers, shed your blood  
for this war you fight, is said worth the price.  
Yet the one's of them you leave behind  
just the memories they'll keep of better times.

Carry on our soldies fight till then  
untill we call our troops, to American soils once again.  
In pine boxes some Soldiers, will return  
God and country to you indebted of this earned.

Linda Winchell

# 'Carved Initials In A Tree'

More than the roses... you unexpectedly bought for me  
That's not where all your love was at.  
It was witnessed in the message you carved  
Into a tree... where we'd go...sit down and chat.

I didn't know that you were carving  
That heart...with the words, " I love you".  
Always wondered just where your thoughts were at  
Wondered if you were even listing...and never knew.

You have gone to be with other loved ones now  
And left me behind alone now to grieve.  
While I sit in our special place  
Under the branches...of that special tree.

I take my fingers and run them over  
Those initials... you so lovingly carved into its trunk.  
And I begin to shed...so many tears for you  
And release... some of that... hidden unspoken junk.

In hopes that you can hear me dear  
Those were the things I didn't share.  
But had always wanted to...believe me  
But I wasn't sure... if you would care.

We should never assume or take for granted  
What it is... another might or may not feel.  
Just share those things hidden in your heart of hearts  
Keeping... all of it shared... real.

I will always sit under this old oak tree  
And look up at the heart and our initials carved in.  
With hopes that you can feel the love sent  
In my tears... and happiest in my loving grin.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Cash For Gold'

The price of gold, is really high these days  
so I contacted a buyer, who buys it and top dollar is paid!  
An envelope arrived, so I could fill it with all my old gold  
and off it gets sent, with this note I've enclosed!

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Sir;

Be good to my gold jewelry, for they all were once gifts  
I know they're all broken, of their chains and of clips.  
They once had sentimental value, but I need the money right now  
So would you melt them down carefully?  
And maybe make them into a cross somehow?

I wouldn't have sent them, but as I've mentioned maybe before  
these times have been a great burden, none like, any I've known.  
My children are hungry and their babies need to be fed  
I hope you understood me, in this message you've read.

Linda Winchell

# 'Cast Away'

Drifted out to sea one day,  
A lonely soul, God's cast away.

Left to drift on open seas,  
When all it took was bend of knees.

In prayer to ask forgiveness of,  
And receive God's forgiveness,  
Of His cleansing blood.

A man is not an island alone,  
For short is time, of this earthly home.

With claim to the Father and the Son,  
Now God's work has begun.

Soul to drift upon open seas,  
What earthly good would become of me?

I bow to You my Lord above,  
I'm ready to receive the purest of love.

Take and make the most of me,  
All that I had once failed to see.

Linda Winchell

# 'Catchy, Catchy Can's, Man'

Catchy, Catchy, Can, Can  
Laying with another man's, man.  
Gonna get her daddy's Bam, Bam  
If he catches, Catchy Can's man!

\*\*Moral, 'Don't sleep with anothers man's man! '

Linda Winchell

# 'Cat's Pajamas'

I am the, " Cat's Pajamas",  
No tail...but just the same,  
I prance about the house all puffed up,  
And with cat like arrogance in all I claim.

I haven't any coat of fur,  
But my skin has done just fine,  
It forms its protection given me,  
And has been on my bones for quite sometime.

I purr when stoked lightly,  
But don't go against my grain of coat,  
For you wouldn't want to upset this kitty,  
Who can quickly butt like a Billy Goat!

"Meow! "

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

## 'Cell Phone Bill'

She sits in her local coffee house cafe  
Pining over an overdue cell phone bill.  
She has seemed to have reached her limit  
With her boyfriends unpaid portion still.

She calls to her cells provider  
While high pitched voice and pacing the cafe floor.  
What is this poor girl to do?  
She can't seem to take it anymore.

Her pants bottoms ragged  
The shoes on her feet are barely there.  
With her hair tucked neatly under a colorful baseball cap  
She haggles on the phone  
I can't take this anymore!  
And I wish everyone  
Would just leave me the heck alone!

A lady overhears her plight  
She reaches slowly down into her purse.  
She hands some money over to her  
As if it had been pre-rehearsed.

'I couldn't help but overhear  
The troubles that you have.  
I see you're upset my dear child  
And looking a wee bit sad.'

With that the lady slips away  
Not saying another word.  
She just wanted to show the girl  
That someone cared  
About the problems that were overheard.

Linda Winchell

# 'Certain Reality'

"Faith is being sure of what we hope for  
And certain of what we do not see; (Hebrews 11: 1) "  
To dare to trust in our Christ alone  
For the truest... of destiny.

Built upon nothing less...  
Than the security of our Savior's blood.  
That shows us all of His wondrous power  
His beauty... and continued un-dying love.

He as God can always be trusted  
With our futures... and our pasts.  
In our Christ Jesus' hands  
This is the reality... certain of which will last.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Chain Reaction'

Are you having a strange reaction?  
From a negative event in your life?  
A chain reaction of events  
That spreads its... human blight.

Spreading its negative energy  
To everyone you meet.  
Nothing good ever coming of it  
Only bringing about your self defeat.

You need to remove the chains that bind you  
If only one link... at a time.  
And bring about a more positive energy  
Living to be more loving...living to be more kind.

Then the world will change... I'm sure  
With every...now positive passing day.  
So make each day more bright and new  
In a more Christ like... and more positive way.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Chair Rockin'

Listening to the music playing  
Just rockin in my chair away!  
Can't seem to stop this gyration  
I'm rockin myself at this computer today.

Music's got a hold on me  
Can't stop my feet from moving.  
I am just a chair rocker  
Rockin in this chair and grooving!

Chair rockin seems to be all I do today  
Can't get up and step it all out.  
I use to do it until the wee hours of morn  
Or until they threw me out!

But these bones don't shake as they use to  
I'm more afraid of what might break!  
Oh this chair rockin is the bomb!  
It's got me all over in a shake!

Rockin, rockin, rockin chair!  
Rock on until the night!  
I'm an over sixty rocker gal  
Come on and rock with me tonight.

Linda Winchell

# 'Challenge'

Challenge your mind  
Challenge the task  
Get something positive done  
Get off your big fat, I ask!

Take sometime to listen  
Take sometime to learn  
Take some time to cool off  
After taking sometime to burn!

Feel with all your feelings  
Feel with all your might  
Feel the heat of a sunny day  
Feel then the coolness of the night!

Push yourself to success  
Push yourself out the door  
Push your arms to get yourself  
up and off the floor!

Call a friend to help you  
Call a friend to motivate  
Call before your life is over  
Call before it gets too late!

Linda Winchell

# 'Change Of Attitude'

You better change your attitude  
if you want to get along with me!  
I'm not the kind of person to mess with  
you had better pay more attention, you see!

I came in here to buy your goods!  
I'm putting a paycheck in your hand!  
I might not be you're favorite customer  
and maybe you're not my favorite fan?

You're there standing talking to another!  
while I'm just waiting here, ready to checkout and leave!  
How dare you ignore me over here?  
I want some service, and with a smile if you please!

I see that you've been crying  
Was it something that I'd said?  
Your telling me that your dog has just been hit?  
And you're afraid she might be dead?

I guess I misunderstood you?  
And thought it was your attitude that needed change.  
But I can see it's mine that needs adjusting  
It's my attitude that needs to be Godly re-arranged.

Linda Winchell

# 'Change Of Heart'

Everything you loved of me,  
You seem now to hate.

Everything you felt was sexy,  
You now humiliate!

You call me names that do not fit,  
this person that I am.  
But for some small reason, which I can't explain,  
I am becoming lesser than.

Are you so insecure that your jealous of me now?  
I can't think of any other reason, why you've changed towards me somehow.

Take for instance the time you called me; 'A Tramp, a Pig, a Whore.'  
You seemed to want to continue, but your anger wouldn't let you say much  
more.

Now what would you say if I stopped loving you, and left you far behind?  
At this point my dearest husband, I really think you wouldn't mind.

God never intended me to grieve this loss, of the love I have for you I feel,  
You've had a change of heart of love that was,  
But it wasn't, really, real.

I'll pick myself up again, and love another I'm sure,  
He will have the heart of love for me, that is a gentle, kind and pure.

And if I am not to find true love,  
that awaits maybe you one day.  
It's better then the way I'm living,  
In your loveless, change of heart kind of way!

Linda Winchell

# 'Change She Is A Comin'

Change she is a comin now  
I's sees it comin down this old dirt road.  
Been a long time comin for sure  
thought I's was gonna die before I's knowd.

My pa and ma has passed away  
Gone now to meets da Lord.  
Always told me to be a good little girl  
and to do as I's was told.

I's plowed da fields and picked the cotton  
read the good book every day.  
I's lived the best life of any I's could  
And now have lived to see great History made today.

A man of skin almost as dark as mine  
President of dis great United States.  
Took our peoples long enough I's say  
To bring us out from white of man's mistake.

I's couldn't be more proud of him  
Mr. Barack Obama my forty forth U.S. President.  
Now God can come and take me home  
I's lived all of this life God for me had meant.

Linda Winchell

# 'Changed Person'

I'm not the person...that I once use to be  
God's changed that hidden part of me.  
He's made me different from my insides out  
I am very certain of this...I have no doubt.

He cleansed the wounds  
He's removed my scars.  
He's showed me... with time  
Really... who I am by far.

He's lifted my spirits  
And filled me with His.  
Words of grace and mercy

That's God's... real life biz!  
Not things of the world...which all pass away  
But the Love of Christ...that which will stay.  
To share with all...all you meet.  
To show them God's love...so they too can repeat.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Changing Styles'

Skirts go up, skirts go down!  
butt cracks showing  
oversized underware blowing  
pants now falling down!

Big hair, long hair  
short hair  
then there's none!

What are people in fashion doing?  
What are they smoking?  
What in God's name are they on?

Punk it up, slick it down!  
Can't make up their minds  
following British trendiest around!

Hot pants, no pants!  
Underware, outerware now!

Oh my gracious, I think I've seen it all!  
WAX WHAT? Not mine!  
Holy Cow!

Bring back some style of decency!  
Like cool bell bottoms  
and wrap around pinned skirts!

Nauru shirts and jackets  
stretch pants with those footed sturrips!

Changing styles should always be fun  
but, butts less exposed for viewing and the sun!

Linda Winchell

# 'Chasing The Wind'

Away I run chasing down the wind  
As leaves left from Fall sheading  
Gather up to take their spin.

No matter how hard I grab and I reach  
I can't seem to catch the wind beneath my feet.

I'd place it in a box  
with a very tight cover to contain it all.  
I wouldn't let it come out  
Not one breeze of it, would I let fall.

But if I could  
I would use it on a hot summers day.  
That 's only if I could catch the wind  
And not let it all blow far away.

Linda Winchell

# 'Check List'

Check your hair,  
Check your teeth,  
Check your face,  
Now check your feet!

Check your eyes,  
Check your butt,  
Check your thighs,  
That's not enough!

Check your life,  
Check your Soul,  
Check your hands, in prayer too fold.

Check the state, the state you're in,  
Check your Savior,  
Check your sins!

Now check your house, the one you build,  
Check the jewels, your heavens crown will fill.

Check the Bible, of words not yet read,  
Check it ALL, it's your daily bread!

Check your words, the ones you speak,  
Check your deeds, do these you keep?

Check it in,  
Check it out,  
For this is a check list,  
You can't live without!

Linda Winchell

# 'Check Mate? '

There hung a painting  
On a court house wall.  
Of two old men playing a game of chess.

When up walked one curious young man  
who yelled, 'There's something wrong! '  
'This paintings incorrect! '  
'There's one more move that can be made'  
With a child's voice, and a strange look he gave.

The paintings caption was written, 'Check Mate! '  
But the young man claimed, that this was not the case.  
For the KING still has the upper hand  
The KING can make the final move  
So it's wrong what this artist paints.

Like in life, when all seems to be played out or over  
Our KING still has the upper hand!  
For He is in total contol of all creation's future  
The final piece to move, in the game of chess for man.

Linda Winchell

# 'Cherry Blossoms'

Cherry blossoms on the tree,  
Their scent of sweetness is divine.  
There are grapes and berries in the woods,  
Springing forth upon their vines.

To pick and taste their sweetness,  
Is like none you've ever known.  
Now I don't remember planting them,  
It must be something God has grown.

I best not eat them all at once,  
And save a few for you.  
My tongue is colored with their juices,  
And my fingertips stained of darkest blue.

I have enough in my basket,  
So I'll go make a pie or tart.  
And invite you over to share with me,  
What was harvested from God's heart.

Linda Winchell

# 'Cherry Cobbler'

Sweet cherry cobbler... baking in my favorite dish,

Your goodness of flavor now fills the morning air,

Filling every corner and smallest niche.

Lingering smells filling children's nostrils,

While they lay fast asleep in their beds,

Golden brown...with your cherries ripe,

The deepest of deepest red.

One eye slowly opens up...then another soon appears,

Flinging back the warmth of their winter covers,

Soon all the little ones will be here.

Down the stairs they tip toe... one by one,

Wiping the night's sleep from their eyes,

Quickly washing up to eat... your cheery goodness surprise.

With forks in hand at assigned table places,

They sit quietly and await,

As mom takes a generous scoop of you,

And places it lovingly... on each plate.

Then mom tops it off with fresh wipping cream,

That our kind milk man left this morning on our steps,

In hopes that maybe he too might one day see,

A piece of your cheery goodness...on our front pourch set.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Chicken And Dumplings'

Celery, carrots, chicken with stock  
cooked in a pan, served up pipping hot!  
Throw in some homemade dumplings  
all fluffy and white like clouds.  
On the side a spoonful of buttered corn  
to feed my hungry crowd.

I always use my Mothers recipes  
she left them to me with her old cook book.  
She would write them down on pieces of paper  
some fantastic goodies made up, that she would cook.

Add a pinch of this, and a pinch of that  
I never seem to lose my place.  
I feel her standing next to me  
helping me make her German chocolate cake.

I will add some of my own creations  
to the book my Mother left.  
And later pass it on to my daughter  
so chicken and dumplings her family too might get.

Linda Winchell

# 'Chicky, Chicky, Boom, Boom'

Chicky, chicky, boom, boom  
living in her room, room.  
Smelly and filled with gloom, gloom  
sitting on a broom, broom.

Clucking all her cluck, clucks  
Hoping for some lucks, luck.  
That the farmer wouldn't cut, cut  
her little chicky, necky, cluck, cluck! '

Linda Winchell

# 'Childhood Dreams Of Flight'

When I was very little  
I use to dream that I could fly.  
I'd put some rubber bands around my shoes  
leaped up and I was flying in the sky!

Flying over hill and dale  
looking down on those I knew.  
They would look up at me in wonder  
all wondering how I flew.

I'm older now and don't seem to dream that way  
was that only for that time?  
How complex the human brain can be  
all those thoughts trapped in our minds.

I dream today, that is for certain  
but some I can't recall.  
And then there are days, they all go away  
before I awake I've lost them all.

Where do these dreams originate?  
Are they coming from another place and time?  
Or are they just the brain's way of escaping  
the daily stresses of my mind?

For now I'll just have to sleep and dream  
dream what my mind has in store.  
But I hope one day, Childhood dreams of flight  
of jumping high in the sky to soar!

Linda Winchell

# 'Childhood Memories'

I use to sharpen the teacher's pencils  
I erased the chalk from our classroom boards.  
I always waited for you out at recess  
by the swing sets or under a sliding board.

I carried your books for you to class  
like any good friend would do.  
But one day you forgot, of who I was  
in that time that I knew of you.

My name is of no importance now  
I'm a face you wouldn't even know.  
But as children sharing cookies and milk  
these are those Childhood Memories I hold.

Your desk was right in front of mine  
I remember the smell, of your braided shampooed hair.  
And when you were home, with some sickness unknown  
I made sure to go sit in your chair.

I carved my initials in the top of your desk  
and surrounded it with a heart.  
Was hoping one day, while you were away  
to give your initials their beginning, their start.

I was moved and never got my chance  
to finish what was I had started.  
But one day I hope, to send you this note  
Telling you how sad, that are lives have parted.

Maybe you'll find, some memories of mine  
in a moment you bring to thought.  
Then you will see, what your memories have meant to me  
in a childhood memory of me you lost.

Linda Winchell

# 'Childrens' Nursery Rhymes'

Could I have picked a better time,  
To read My Grandson an old Nursery Rhyme?

But when I got to thinking and remembering the words,  
This is what I remembered and what my ears had heard.

'Hickory, Dickory, Doc, '  
Then this mouse ran up a clock?  
Then the clock struck one?  
Down the clock the mouse did run?  
But where's, Hickory, Dickory, Doc?

Then there's; 'Mary had a little lamb? '  
What was that girl thinking?  
Then, ' Wee Widdle Winky, ' my son John  
With one shoe off?  
And one shoe on?  
Running through the town  
sounds like STREAKING?

Then, 'Rock A Bye Baby? '  
The kids in a tree top!  
Then came the wind, and the thing began to rock?  
Then the branch broke and the cradle did fall?  
Did someone get the cops?  
Maybe Child Protection, to call?

Then there's; 'Peeg Porridge Hot? '  
And then it is cold?  
And then, get this one; It's in the pot, NINE days old?  
Who would want to eat that stuff?

Then; 'Jack be nimble, Jack be quick? '  
He's that dumb kid that's gonna catch his pants on fire,  
Jumping over the candle stick?

Then I've read where Mother Goose was a man?  
Now how could that be?  
I think I'm not going to read these things,

And read a cute child's story maybe?

How about, 'Jack and the Bean stalk? '

Now here's a trip!

Some stupid kid sells his Mother's cow for some magic beans,

And she throws a royal, hissy fit!

I think I'm gonna forget it all,

And make up my own story to read to Grandson Paul?

Now what will it be, I could say to him?

First off, NOT to read his Grandkids, tales

By; someone named Grimm!

Linda Winchell

# 'Chipped And Cracked Dishes'

There are chipped and cracked dishes of Grandma's  
she refuses to throw away.

I asked her, 'why do you keep them?  
Let's go and buy some new today.'

The cups and saucers don't even match  
there are flowers and weird animal prints.  
The chips are on the tea cup rims  
and their handles give my fingers a pinch!

She claimed they were her Mothers  
and her Mothers, Mothers too.  
You will never understand it dear she said  
until I Will them one day to you.

Now why in all that's holy Grandma  
would I want these ugly broken things?  
I have brand new, a set of my own  
and no pinching my cup handles bring.

She said, it's a part of our histories story  
that I am passing onto you.  
Like our sinfull selves, those chips and flaws  
that God seen to forgive in you.

You may sit and drink and eat on new  
if this is what you wish.  
God's love reminders come with mine  
in every mismatched bowl and chipped dish.

I now have a different way of looking  
at those old dishes my Grandma kept.  
And will tell the story to my Grandchildren  
Of Grandma's chipped dishes that she left.

Linda Winchell

# 'Chipping Away'

Chip, chip, chipping away  
Works the hand's of our God.  
Chipping away at mankind's hearts  
Where sin remains so firmly lodged.

Taking His mighty chisel  
From His Father's carpenters pouch.  
Chipping away at hardened shells  
Of which our hearts are housed.

Each chip He chips in-crusts  
But caused by man's un-forgiven sin.  
And the hardness of its crust is  
Where mankind's sin begins.

Only God can lovingly remove  
This outer crust that we have formed.  
It starts with God's forgiving grace  
Then He in us, we are reformed.

He softens our every heartbeat  
He flows within, each artery and vein.  
He purifies and cleanses  
Whatever sin tries to remain.

It can only begin to work  
For it was written in this way.  
That Jesus would die upon a cross  
For all man's sin to be forgiven that faithful day.

So if you hear some sounds within your heart  
Like a carpenters' chiseling tool.  
Remember what was written in, 'Jesus' blood'  
His Father's forgiving rule.

Linda Winchell

# 'Christmas In February'

"Christmas In February"

I know it's not Christmas time,  
But my wish is to now have it anyway.  
So I can hear the laughter of my little ones,  
Opening their gifts on my February Christmas Day.

Wonderful scents of Christmas ham with gravy and biscuits,  
Along with my mother's spicy peach cobbler recipe.  
All this is what I wish to have this February,  
I pray for all those most precious of past Christmas's memories.

Children are now all grown up,  
They've gone on their ways.  
Don't write or call or visit me much,  
I never wanted them to exclude me in such a way.

For my heart still remembers their childhood days,  
But now they're all grown and in their own world it seems.  
And left me with just my memories of Christmas past,  
And stuck with only my old timer kind of wishful dreams.

Linda Winchell

# 'Clean Hands'

Do you think if one washes their hands  
that it will wash all of lifes sins away?  
and make them more pure of heart  
in some disinfecting soapy cleansing way?

Does one think if they scrub  
scrub as hard as one can scrub.  
That it will be some miraculous kind of purification  
in their heart-filled, scrub- a- dub?

The purification of man's heart  
was made easier then a scrub away.  
For there was a man named Jesus  
who's blood is but His sinless wash away.

His mercy and grace are here to erase  
all that water can not cleans from you.  
His love is here for all to share  
He has washed it all for you.

Linda Winchell

# 'Clean Slate'

The world has been given yet another clean slate  
to try and do it all over again.  
Erasing all of its past mistakes  
of bad beginnings and their ends.

Sewing up or just placing some emotional patches  
on life's frayed clothing that was worn.  
Stitch by stitch, life's thread by thread  
our future lives to be reformed.

The slate is hard sometimes for some to write on  
skipping over the cracks of where they've written.  
But wiped clean we can all start again  
every letter now on our slate  
perfectly placed and better fittin.

Linda Winchell

# 'Clothespin Dollies'

Never needed much to play with  
when I was growing up.  
Played clothespins in the bottle,  
and a ball for bowling  
knocking down some of Mom's, old plastic cups.

I had twelve clothespins for my favorite dollies  
their beautiful gowns, from strips of colored rags.  
Mom use to let me use them for play  
and kept them in a seperate old cloth bag.

I would paint eyes and smiles on them  
used some tissue for their hair.  
Took little cardboard empty cartons of milk  
to make them houses, with lovely rooms upstairs.

One day mommy asked me  
if she could use them for her wash?  
There on the line, in a row holding on tightly  
hung twelve smiles, on the clothesline, going across.

Their tissue hair blowing in the breeze  
their legs gripping sheets, oh so tight.  
I could see them hanging on the clothesline smiling  
while watching out of my bedroom window late that night.

Linda Winchell

# 'Clouds Over My House'

There are clouds over my house,  
They blew in just today.  
I heard they came from your neck of the woods,  
And provided you their shade yesterday.

They were huge and white as cotton balls,  
As they floated over my yard.  
I felt as if I could reach out and touch them,  
But I knew that would be too hard.

I think God placed them high enough,  
Just for man to see.  
And not to be able to take them down,  
For then there might be nothing for you or me.

The wind I'm told is picking up,  
And I think it's blowing down your way.  
So now you will enjoy the clouds I've seen,  
Over your house later on today.

Linda Winchell

# 'Clutter'

Clutter, clutter everywhere!  
It's on my floors, it's on my stairs!

I can't even get from my outside in,  
How did this clutter all begin?

I sort and toss, but still it seems,  
It continues on its' upward stream!

Filling each nook and cranny full,  
Of boxed up memories, that I've filled till full.

What is to become of all these things?  
There is no happiness in my life it brings.

It's on the counters, and I think a table too,  
I wouldn't know if I had one,  
Can't see my way of clutter through.

I think I remember when it was that I did start,  
Was a day long ago, when I received this broken heart.

So one by one, I 've compiled in halls,  
Some comfort I have gattered, from it all.

But now as God gives my soul its' strength,  
I want to unclutter my life and make some space.

I want to love again as I did with you,  
And hope that my broken heart,  
Will become unclutter too.

Linda Winchell

# 'Coffee Shop Flavors'

Sitting at the window,  
Of a nearby coffee shop café,  
Watching all the leaves blow past me,  
As another year begins to fade away.

Children in their outfits,  
There must be a dance class down the street?  
Little hands all waving joyfully,  
Ballet slippers of pink, snugly tied to their little feet.

Parents holding onto their gifts God made,  
Never wanting one day to let go,  
But that day will come so quickly,  
As like the seasons, they all tend to grow.

The flavors of this coffee,  
Are more than I had hope to taste,  
Where God has opened up my heart and eyes,  
Noting to ever slip by or ever waste.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Colored Dreams'

My dreams come in colors now,  
All painted vividly in my dreams to see.

There are reds, yellows, and blues,  
Like none that on earth would I'd ever see.

They take all night for their colors to become,  
All forming a picture of a daily moment reborn.

Where do dreams come from?  
And where do they go?  
Some I remember so clearly,  
And the others, ' I don't know? '

I sometimes write them down,  
As soon as I arise.  
And other times I can't remember,  
Those dreams in mind that hide.

But their colors I will clearly remember,  
As if I painted one and all.

They take away the black and greys,  
That might have been painted on dream walls.

They're colors of childhood monsters,  
And of creatures that I feared.  
But that was just sin inside,  
In just its ugliness appeared.

For color is God's saving grace,  
He has placed that in us all.  
No more dreams of darkness to be seen  
For there is God's color in them all!

Linda Winchell

# 'Colors Seem To Fade'

Colors seem to fade  
Into Black and white.  
They blend into shades of grey  
As they're blended into the dark of night.

Then morning brings its brilliance  
Of colors of every hue.  
To brighten up the darkness faded  
With shades of yellows, greens and blue.

How wonderous is the colors  
That make up our world around.  
Yet some can not find its beauty  
It's not any-where to be found.

It seems they lack one ingredient  
That makes all the colors come to life.  
It's the Love of a man named, "Jesus"  
The living color and the light.

Linda Winchell

# 'Come Help Me To Write My Story'

Come help me to write my story  
The one I need for you to tell.  
Of the times I've spent here on earth  
And the others I've spent in my silent Hell.

Come give me some bits and pieces  
Of what you think my life was or might have been.  
Come share with others my secrets held  
Of the darkness of unmentioned sins.

Come help me to pen line by line  
What you think it was you've seen.  
In the harvest that I was unable to reap  
And of anothers I had only gleaned.

Please tell them of the life I've lived  
For I can not tell its dreadful story.  
I haven't anything to boast about  
None of which in life I have not glory.

For the words are stuck deep within my mouth  
And ner do words I wish to dare explain.  
Of this life I hid from anothers view  
A life of lies and of unforgiven shame.

Come help me to write my story  
Type it and send it out for all that they might read.  
I haven't the time left in my life to do it now  
In this, my barren life you've helped me to see.

Linda Winchell

# 'Come On Down The Road'

Come on down the road a piece  
just come and pull on in the drive!  
If you don't see me out in the yard  
then I might be just inside!

Come on in and set a spell  
kick back and let's just talk a bit!  
Now pour yourself a cup of coffee dear  
and let's both, chat and sip!

Come on down the road anytime!  
I'm always ready, to have a friendly, neighbor talk!  
I'm not ever that far away, you know?  
where you couldn't, just walk a bit!

- By Linda Winchell  
Published 2008/04/11

Linda Winchell

# 'Comforting Comments'

Comforting comments, from faceless Poem hunter friends  
over seas, of their wireless lands end.

Taken to heart, and given of such  
showing care for another, with their friendly words touch.

Breath of life, that their words to me speak  
to my mind and now, my memory keep.

Faceless friends so far from hugs reach  
giving to me, comforting words from each.

Thank you to all, who have sent their kind words  
if only they, were mine to be heard.

May God bring you Peace and Joy of Season  
this is the blessing I send you, for all above reasons.

Linda Winchell

# 'Conduit Of His Grace'

We are all connected to our Lord above  
and to each other in Christian community.  
It is God's energy that connects us with  
a conduit of Grace and Holy Spirit electricity.

We are all God's agents of pure grace  
that is what we're suppose to be.  
All as one working for the good of man  
for the good of all humanity.

Linda Winchell

# 'Confusing Faith'

If ones faith comes by hearing  
and hearing it, comes by faith.  
Is it like that age old question asked?  
'what came first, the chicken or the egg? '

Some times I find it all a bit confussing  
all those, thees, and thous and thus!  
I sometimes think I've got it, and then I think I've not!

It is all in mans interpretation  
that one reads in the text.  
I will interopertate what I can of it  
then go somewhere and study to get the rest.

Guess God knew what He was doing  
when He wrote the story of.  
How the earth was formed by God and all His love.

I think He doesn't really mind  
if I seek the answers questioned.  
It is just God's school of learning  
and another one of His life's Holy lessons.

Linda Winchell

# 'Control Is Just A Myth'

Control is a human arrogance, and myth  
not allowing one to live in the moment of their day.  
Always living in tomorrow and planning  
not savoring daily blessings, in a blessed way.

The Raven does not store, nor does it want.  
The Lilies of the field neither toil nor spin.  
Yet God let's each day be a blessing, of that day they're in.

Do plan for your tomorrows  
but live and enjoy the one you're in.  
Control is just a myth, and arrogance be the sin.

Linda Winchell

# 'Cookies In A Jar'

My Mom always baked great cookies  
and when she placed them in that old cookie jar.  
I'd sit and count them as she dropped them in  
and to see just what kind they are.

Sometimes there would be chocolate chip  
then she would make those raisin oatmeal ones.  
Mom sometimes let me lick the bowl and spoon  
when all her cookie making stuff was done.

I'd sit up at the table  
perched like some proud large bird!  
And all I think anyone could tell  
was the Yummy noises that they heard.

I made sure I got every crumb of dough!  
And then looked for the spoon and beaters!  
Didn't want to leave anything out  
I was the biggest of this families cookie eaters!

Then right after super was done  
only if I cleaned my plate, you see.  
Mom would let me take a cookie  
from that old cookie jar, for me!

Now I've grown and have a child  
and when I make Mom's favorite cookie recipes.  
I let my daughter lick the bowl and spoon and beaters  
and dig in that same old cookie jar like me.

Linda Winchell

# 'Cooler Summer'

Summers been real cool this year  
Not like.... all the others.  
Leaves are starting now to fall  
Brought out my beds.... Heavier winter covers.

Scientist claim...global warming and such  
But I don't see where all that warming is.  
Haven't really had that much  
"Mother Nature" is really a quiz.

But I will just enjoy...what God does give  
For the earth.... and its entire race.  
So all... can comfortably live  
And not have high electric bills... this summer to face.

I'll just throw on...a sweater when called for  
And maybe bring a jacket along....for those cool nights.  
But this cool weather...beats all summers heat and humidity  
And those pesky mosquitoes bites!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Corners'

Corners rounded edges smoothed  
splinters all sanded down.  
Stain and varnish to make it shine  
The best of wood making in all the town.

Shave a tad more off the edges  
Maybe an extra coat of paint or two?  
Just like to keep things rounded and tidy  
And have you see the best that I can do.

I am the town's only carpenter  
I had learned this trade long ago.  
From a man by the name of, 'Jesus'  
He was the best carpenter I'd ever known.

He taught me how to shave and round  
And smooth the edges off of my life.  
And to place those extra touches needed  
With the skill of His sharpened carpenter's knife.

To plane down the tone in my voice  
To sand the rough edges off myself.  
He showed me that my sin's are forgiven me  
And need'nt be placed on some dusty wooden shelf.

His craft was like no other ever seen  
He was skilled in every single way.  
And I will practice all of His wood working taught  
And pass this on to my son's this way.

But for now I must complete rounding off my corners  
Taking time to handle them with gentle care.  
And always know that my carpenter Jesus  
Has forgiven me, of my roughness that I sometimes wear.

Linda Winchell

## 'Could Care Less'

I couldn't care less about where you've come from,  
I couldn't care less about where you've been,  
I'm more interested in where it is you're going,  
And where in all lie your unforgiven sin.

We need to focus on the real person,  
The one God gave you to become,  
this was the real reason that Jesus died for man,  
He died for the sins of everyone.

The duty given to each of us,  
Is to 'GO! ' and speak about our creator,  
And not hesitate to spread the news,  
What we all might regret... if only to be shared later.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Could I Love You More'

Could I love you more tomorrow  
then I love you now today?  
to feel the depth of my love for you  
vertime you go away?

Those butterflies I feel  
like the giddiness of a highschool child  
All that fills my heart and mind of you  
that brings my face an unexpected smile.

I want to love you more, with each passing day  
to maintain the closeness my heart so needs  
in every minute of every day.

I've never asked you, if you felt the same  
the same that I do for you.  
But I feel all of your love pouring out on me  
when you tell me, 'I Love You too! '

Linda Winchell

# 'Could We'

Could we all have it wrong?  
that there was a man over two thousand years ago.  
Who died for all of mankind's sins  
and then to His Father in Heaven He rose.

Could all these different Religions  
be just businesses in disguise?  
Where none of them really cared about us  
and doing there own thing to survive.

Could we all just be running around?  
paying taxes and working ourselves to death.  
Losing weight because someone said we're too fat  
leaving us deeper now in our depression and debt.

We will all find out what the answer is one day  
to all the questions which we pose.  
If all of what they say Jesus gave for man  
and if He really from the dead had rose.

Linda Winchell

# 'Couldn'T Figure Out What I Had'

I couldn't figure out, just what I had  
why always around the Holidays  
I would feel so sad!

My health seemed ok  
well as good as it could.  
But I just couldn't figure out  
why I wasn't, feeling so good!

No real money issues  
not a problem at home.  
But this miserable feeling  
wouldn't seem to leave me alone!

I tried all I could, to shake it all off  
but it kept going deeper  
my moods, were becoming my cross!

Why is it I wondered?  
That I always get, to feeling this way?  
Around when it comes  
to these, Christmas Holidays?

Could it be that I long?  
for what I once use too have?  
With all the children and relatives  
and my, Dear Mom and Dad?

It's not the same, as it once use to be  
these Holidays are different  
Well, they're different for me!

It's not the same, this emailing, ya know?  
I sometimes need a hug and a kiss  
from the family, I know!

Maybe next year?  
I'll have the money to visit, I'll just wait and see.  
And fly down for a visit, for the Holidays

their present, just LITTLE OLD ME!

Linda Winchell

# 'Couldn'T Tell How I Felt'

Couldn't tell how I felt,  
When you slowly walked away.

We started out the same I thought,  
In our same old fashion way.

You said, 'Hi',  
I returned same back to you,  
Was there something else I missed?  
Was there more to say or do?

You seemed to want more I guess,  
Then what I was showing you?  
I was just the same old friend you've known,  
For most of those twenty two.

So why then did you leave me,  
In the darkness of the night?  
You packed your bags and shut the door,  
Bought a ticket, booked your flight.

I've heard your not feeling well,  
Have a dreaded life disease.  
Why did you not share that dear?  
With that friend you had in me?

Was it that I wasn't seeing?  
What you tried unspoken to share?  
Or was it to be your dieing secret?  
And thought only God would care?

I'll pray for you my dear friend,  
That you would one day give me a shout.  
And maybe then we both will know?  
What your leaving was really all about?

Linda Winchell

# 'Count Down'

The time is here, more than just another day,  
The clocks keep ticking the time away,  
To reach its hands upon the twelve,  
Another year is on its way.

Reflections of the life you'd had,  
Some memories of happiness,  
But regrettably, some of sad,  
Of those you'd loved fading out into another year,  
Filled with gladness remembered,  
Filled with emptiness now feared.

Let's ring in the New Year of, "2010",  
Let's be thankful for all of what was sown,  
If only for one passing minute of twelve,  
Reflecting on how it is, in Christ we have grown.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Covering Up The Smell'

I've noticed that we have a scent  
for most every smell we make.  
That bathroom scent, from natures call you've lent  
now only a sweetened stink, for heaven's sake!

We dab our wrist and spray our clothes  
with expensive high end designer smells.  
Then walk into a room with anothers  
and are thown into some, smelly hypnotic spell!

Where are the smells that I remember?  
The ones of mom's fresh baked apple pie?  
Or the freshness that came after a rainy day  
and those breezes from sun and blue sky.

Where people smelled like fresh sun dried clothes  
and our homes were scented with a rose.  
Letting natures fragrance fill our homes and hair  
all God given scents, that would fill our nose.

Puppy breath and that of a babies too.  
The powdered smells of a new born babies skin  
These are the scentable smells,  
I really want and desire to be sniffing in.

Linda Winchell

# 'Crabby, Crab Apple'

Crab apples picked at their peak of ripeness  
But one was much sourer than it should be.  
After picking I placed it in the basket  
But it spoiled the others...so they might never seed.

It was as crabby as a crab apple could be  
As sour ...as ever was tasted!  
My thought was.....  
"Way in my life... for you... was time wasted? "

I tried to make you sweet as the others  
But all you wanted to do was crab!  
Why when I placed you...down in the basket?  
Did you have to spoil others....to go bad?

"One bad apple does spoil the bunch"  
I'd heard that said before.  
To place all of ones time and tenderness into something  
And get out of it... nothing more.

God says...." to turn the other cheek"  
To show everyone... God's mercy and grace.  
So next time I'm hoping....from all my efforts  
My crab apples... will all have a sweeter taste!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Craving Heart'

Be still my heart, craving a hunger, not able to feed.  
For the time is not at hand, too feast upon those  
thirsting lips, pulsating towards anothers, warm embrace.

Calling to a love, that will never be  
Nor to fill desires, within my heart's tempoing chest.  
Beating now, it cries for love to keep it alive.

Be still, ner beat my heart again!  
For its hunger for love, shall never be filled.  
Sleep oh heart, dream no more, my plate empty  
of the love you wish for, not.

Linda Winchell

# 'Creating Karma'

Karma isn't always that easy for one to achieve,  
Hoping that you'll come back again in another life to right,  
Pulling it out from what is not humanly seen.

Following the rules to good karma,  
Of patience, humility, and love,  
All coming from a higher power,  
Surrounded by its spiritual light from above.

Meditation, self sacrifice, fasting to become,  
Something more empowered perhaps  
From that deeper place called karma love.

Linda Winchell

# 'Critic'

We sometimes have a picture,  
Of what we've painted in our minds.  
Those paintings are much softer of stroke,  
And smoother, leaving out harshness of their lines.

Until one day a critic arose,  
From the shadows of your screen.  
And tells you how it really looks,  
Through arts passion of what they've seen.

You fist your hands in a cursing pose,  
How dare they criticise me?  
My work is like that of Rembrandt,  
I think they're blinded and just being mean!

Till one day you too see the painting,  
For the art it truly is.  
Strokes and colors seem not as once viewed before,  
Revealing the blindness, of your self indulging sin.

Linda Winchell

# 'Cups'

I've got a cup for tea and cookies  
I've got a cup for espresso coffee too.  
I've got a cup for Mom's chicken soup, when I'm sick  
I've got a special cup just for you!

I've got a cup just for fresh spring water  
I've got a cup for coco, topped with marshmallow cream.  
I've got a cup for that nightly hot toddy  
That calms my nerves and helps me to dream.

I've got a cup it seems for everything  
most everything I need.  
But one cup I wish I had drunk more from in life  
was a wooden one that my Lord Jesus did bleed.

Linda Winchell

# 'Cutting Away My Thread'

I am cutting away this thread that I'm on  
For its constant threat of being clipped.  
I was wasting precious time of God I had  
Tangling with others, "with that's and with this.

Didn't want to become entangled  
In a war of words you see.  
Of someone who had heard this  
And others that are convinced and obscured over me.

God told me to GO and say  
And to Go and say again if need be.  
It wasn't my words spoken here  
It had nothing to do with me.

So I bid-ed all a, "Fair-thee- well"  
And time now marches gleefully on.  
Not dangling from that thread for others only wanting  
To stir up dirt in another's pond.

Linda Winchell

# 'D-Day Remembered'

I was born in the year, "1948"  
After world war two, just a few years too late.  
I didn't know anyone who served in that war, you see  
That wasn't something at the time  
That seemed too important to me.

But as I've grown older  
And a bit wiser too.  
I'll now stand at attention proudly  
For the Red, White and Blue.

And now show more respect  
For all who fought and had died  
In a foreign land, that I might survive.

I remember them more  
Than just on those designated days.  
And see what they all fought for  
Those many proud and the brave.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Dead People Walking'

There are dead people walking among us,  
Their dead like stares towards outer space,  
No expression but that of hopelessness,  
May be viewed upon their face.

Don't be frightened by what their souls reveal,  
They are not here to harm us in anyway,  
They're just going about their walk of death,  
In every hour of every day.

You may want to reach out and save them,  
From the fate that their life has dealt,  
But God can only change their lives,  
Upon their knees... prayer knelt.

Give them a smile and a silently said prayer,  
As you go on your way,  
And leave God's word to bring them to a newness of life,  
This is all that I can say.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Death Of A Friend'

I don't know what she's crying about,  
She shouldn't have let him out to stretch his legs!  
I don't know what good he was anyways,  
I never heard of a Rooster laying eggs!

It's was just a stupid bird you see,  
Whose number just was up!  
She can get another one I am sure,  
Don't they all have feathers and cluck?

So what if his name was Doodle,  
And from her hand ate crackers and cheese.  
Now come on, give me a break would you?  
It was just a Rooster, now stop crying, please?

She wants to give it a funeral?  
And say some final words?  
For heavens sake it was just a dumb little bird!  
I've never heard of something so absurd!

Ok, I will go to Doodle's funeral,  
And stand and listen to what she has to say.  
I guess he was a cute little Rooster fella,  
In his litle Doodle Rooster kind of way.

Linda Winchell

# 'Deception In The Ranks'

Seems there's deception in the ranks of millions  
family units are breaking down.  
there's someone who knows someone  
deception is growing all around.

Our nation doesn't need an invasion  
from any foreign distant land!  
Our families are destructing from within  
with deception from their own families hands.

Children have no respect or time  
always off doing their own thing.  
Husbands looking to regain lost youth  
in bars of strangers, without sporting their wedding rings.

Deception in the ranks of our world  
a cancer, eating all family units from within.  
All foretold in God's written words  
just a product of mankind's, deadly and unforgiven mortal sin.

Linda Winchell

# 'Deep Within My Heart Of Hearts'

Deep within my heart of hearts,  
I say a prayer for you.  
I ask my God above to protect and bring,  
All the happiness I have recieved from you.

I've asked Him to protect you,  
From any danger or harm.  
And that He would give you all I'd gotten,  
When you held me in your loving arms.

I know that we're no longer together,  
But your loving memory still lives in my heart of hearts.  
That's where I choose to keep it  
And have... from the very start.

I'll keep it there in hopes one day,  
That you'll soon return.  
Where I can give you all MY love,  
From all of your loving sweetness learned.

Linda Winchell

# 'Deleted You From My Contacts'

I deleted your address from my contacts  
Didn't feel I wanted you there anymore.  
You never seem to write me anyways  
Like you did once long before.

Your name was just taking up valuable space  
That I could now use in a much better way.  
So I just highlighted your name and pressed, " DELETE"  
It was the most simplest and rewarding plays.

You may one day decide to write me  
But then again you might choose not.  
I wonder if I'll even remember you.  
Or if I would have chosen you now, forgot?

Whatever happens from here on out  
Doesn't make much difference now you see  
I just deleted you off my list of friends  
One fly by night friend, now recycle bins, old history.

Linda Winchell

## 'De-Nile? '

What in God's name was he thinking would happen? God forgive him, for he sure didn't know what he was doing, or did he? Linda

'De-Nile' is more than a river,  
Congressman Weiner has proven this so!  
When he tweeted his private REAL-estate,  
To the entire world he showed.

Did he not understand what the result would bring?  
When he showed more than a Weiner and bun?  
And why would someone who represents a state of voters,  
Go and think this kind of stuff was fun?

Shame on you Mr. Weiner!  
I am a voter, taxpayer and a mom!  
But if you were my kid, young man!  
You wouldn't see the light of any day's sun!

I'd pull the plug on your I-pod!  
I'd trash that computer in your room!  
I'd take your cell phone away forever, and a day!  
And I'd chase you around the house, swatting you with my BROOM!

What in God's name were you thinking?  
That you'd go and pull such a silly dumb stunt!  
You're supposed to be in an office American's respect!  
Not showing your ugly junk in the trunk!

Linda Winchell

# 'Depression Kinda Day'

Here comes another depression kinda day  
caused by all this rain and the wind we're having  
with no sun and all this grey!

I can't go out, don't want to stay in  
all I seem to be doing is cleaning, cooking and binge!

My hairs a frizzy mess, my butts looking fatter too!  
I'm going to grab a bar of soap  
and stand on my back porch and scrub  
that's just what I'm gonna do!

This weather isn't going to get me down  
I'll show it a thing or two!  
After I'm done with my back porch scrub  
I'll be rid of my depression Kinda day blues!

Linda Winchell

# 'Depressions Game'

There is a game know as, "Depression"  
You know...the one Old Satan loves to play.  
He designed the game for all to lose  
When you then give you life away.

He lets you choose the pieces  
The ones you that you wish to use  
But they're not meant at all to help you win.  
For Satan has a different plan my friend  
And it involves all kinds of depressions sin.

Sins of the heart and of the mind  
You know...those very spiritual draining kind.  
The ones that ruin all mankind  
When seeking God...and His perfection shine.

Don't get drawn in...to play Satan's game  
For in his evil grips...then you shall remain.  
Then sink to depths where no one should be  
And there you'll live for all of Hells' eternity.

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

\*\*Written for a dear lady.

Linda Winchell

# 'Destiny'

Flirt with me today  
and you may lust for my tomorrows.  
Seek the fate I have in store for you  
And you may have not time for borrow.

Destiny has it written  
Written down in every page well.  
It is the fate we all must spend in life  
Destiny has you under its destined spell.

Some may make it to the top  
Then some not even to take a step.  
But whatever you think you all deserve  
It is but destiny in this life you'll get!

Some may seem to die before their time  
Then others you wonder why they've not?  
You see that is just their destiny  
And it is all of what they'd got.

Some rich, some poor as church mice  
Then others never seem to have to work at all!  
It all lie within their destiny you see  
It lie within each destiny that was called.

Linda Winchell

## 'Details Inside'

Want more information?  
Just have to read the details enclosed inside.  
May help you put things all together  
Then giving you an unread detail surprise.

Our lives are sort of like that when  
We're walking with our Christ.  
Using the words from the Bible  
Is God's truth with all His detailed advice.

Linda Winchell

# 'Did The Bible Live In You Today? '

Did the Bible live in you today?  
Did you stop to read it and then kneel to pray?

Thanking God for the gift of His only Son  
And then thanking Him for all He's done.

The words are more than a gift from our Father you see,  
The words should live inside of you and me.  
God's Loving grace and mercy be,  
Does the Bible live in you and me?

Read and Live the words within,  
Helping our daily walk,  
Forgiving of our sins.

Breathing in this breath He gives,  
The words of His wisdom in us should always live.

Did the Bible live in you today?  
I will ask our Lord for this I'll pray.

For All Gods' People,  
From God's Servant;  
Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Did You Ever Think For A Moment? '

Did you ever think for a moment?  
That all of us could be wrong?  
I'm talking about our thoughts on religious rightness,  
Sung in the words of hymnal songs.

Maybe God is just who He is,  
And nothing more than that,  
Maybe He is just one religion,  
Now what do you think of that?

I guess I'll never really know the answers,  
To these questions I pose,  
And should just believe He came to earth... to die for mankind's sins,  
And then on the third day up to the Father rose.

And He doesn't mind all our different types of religious beliefs,  
As long as they all point towards Him,  
Now this may be where it ends my friend,  
And maybe...just where it all begins.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Didn'T Want To Play The Game'

I knew my two friends from the neighborhood  
didn't really want to play, the game I wanted to.  
When I kicked the ball past the goal  
They laughed and kept the ball, between them two.

So I asked, 'How's about another game? '  
like hop scotch, jacks or rope?  
But everytime I came up with an idea  
the answer they gave was, 'Nope! '

So I found a game I could play alone  
didn't have to please anyone else that day.  
It was the best time I can remember  
playing one of my favorite games with me, my way!

Linda Winchell

## 'Diet Mess Up! '

I was on a special diet plan  
Watching everything that passed by my lips!  
Then all of a sudden I went berserk  
And it all land on my butt and hips!

I ate everything I could get my hands on  
After I had done so well and lost ten pounds.  
But I look fat and move slower now  
Carrying these extra twenty pounds around!

Linda Winchell

# 'Different Way Of Life'

Man on a street corner, holding a sign  
'Grand Opening Today, Great Store Prices Inside! '

He's been out of work, going now on two years  
jobs not that plentiful, for a man of his years.

Forced to a different, standard of life  
in order to feed his two small children  
and his sweet loving wife.

Humiliation and despair show on his face  
the worlds poor economy, now dictating his place.

A different way of life, now in order to live  
he's given all to society, and now forced to live.

Linda Winchell

# 'Digging Through The Rubble'

While I was digging through my rubble  
In order to find out where in all of it I was.  
But what I seemed to keep uncovering  
Was more of what it still was.

It was more of just the same old stuff  
With possibly... a different kind of twist.  
But no matter how deep I dug  
I still got more of this.

More of life's confusion  
More of sins misery and its pain.  
More of Satan's clever deception  
More of an Earthly self centered reign.

But what I needed to do... you see  
Was look up... to the Heavens above.  
And see what really matters in it all  
Was my Father God's purest undying love.

No more digging through my sins rubble  
No more tears and self doubt.  
No more wondering where it is I am  
No more trying to dig my way out.

For my Father did it all for me  
Long ago upon a cross.  
So that I wouldn't have to dig in sins rubble  
For His death for me...had paid the cost.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Dirty Dishes In The Sink'

Dirty dishes in my sink  
waters bubbles colored from soap of pink.

Hot waters steam rising to grace my face  
while I stand and scrub each cup and plate.

Dreaming as I always do  
as I scrub the dinner dishes for two.

Thinking of conversations we've had  
smiling with each one they made me glad.

Done now with dishes washed and rinsed  
drying off the waters droplets is a cinch!

Can't wait to wash these dishes one day again  
washing cups and plates made, when having dinner with a friend.

Linda Winchell

## 'Dirty Job'

Hanging on to the sides of their steely steeds  
garbage men pick up all the trash that one leaves.  
Flies in the summer, cold winter wind and rain  
only to return next week and do it all over again!

Thankless job, Is what I really think  
all that trash of anothers, with all their stink!  
Why did you chose a job, like this to do?  
There must have been another job out there for you?

I guess someone has to do this dirty of job  
or our streets would be a messy dump  
and so would our yards!

So Thanks to you and your trusty steeds  
For we don't have to worry about the trash at the roadsides we leave.

Linda Winchell

# 'Dirty Laundry'

When I hung out my laundry, on the line  
Thinking, 'It will dry in the sun  
Through the day with time.'

But some of it was still dirty  
For all now to see.  
That what I'd thought was clean on the line  
Was only that hidden,  
And still dirty part of me.

Clipped to the line  
By some small wooden tools.  
Dirty now sin spotted of clothing  
Breaking all of God's rules.

To, 'Love thy neighbor as thy self'  
Was part of my dirty clothing  
I was still now wearing of self.

'To speak in love'  
and with God's kindness so pure.  
To show all that I meet  
That I carry God in my heart so dear.

So I'll take each piece down  
And re-wash them, each one.  
And with time and prayer for forgiveness  
I will return, now cleansed  
And dried by the Son!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

\*\*\* We all need to take a good look at what we are hanging on our own lines. Is it really clean as you thought? God Bless

Linda Winchell

# 'Dirty Windows'

I need to wash my windows!  
There is a filmy grey of haze.  
But would it make my view any better?  
then the one my windows now gave?

Would I see the trees green of leaf?  
Would it clean the world of pain and greed?  
If I washed the film from these panes of glass?  
Would it bring my eyes a much cleaner view to see?

I can see out of everyone just fine!  
But my reflection viewed, looks so unkind.  
Might it be my souls window, needs a cleaning more?  
than those dirty windows, that I thought before?

Linda Winchell

# 'Disappointed Me'

I have lived a life full of disappointments,  
They make that stronger part of me.  
I walked in blindness of anothers folly,  
Opened my heart, but did not see.

When my disappointments surrounded me,  
I embarrassed them like a friend.  
For disappointment in a persons life  
Is what we will exsperience till the end.

They are just missed opportunities,  
That life may bring your way  
appoinments in the time of life  
In a disappointing way.

Linda Winchell

# 'Do As I Say'

'Do as I say, Not as I do',  
Has anyone said this little phrase once to you?

What is it revealing of that person who says,  
'You better do as I say, and get yourself off to bed? '

I'm a kid, and I just want to play!  
Your outside in the yard, why can't I have it my way?

'Do as I say, Not as I do', now that doesn't seem really fair,  
But what else can a little kid do?

Can't stand up to my parents and say,  
'I'm going outside, outside yet to play! '

I guess I'm a bit tired, that much is true,  
And I should get too bed,  
I have a lot of tomorrows playing to do.

I promised Johnny I'd come over and play in the sand,  
But if I stomp my feet and with Mom take a stand?

'Do as I say, Not as I do', I guess just for this once,  
It will just have to do!

Linda Winchell

# 'Do We Really Understand'

Do we really understand, what it is to be alive?  
or are we just all trying, in our own way to survive?  
Or maybe just taking up earth's space?  
In this continuum, of time and place?

Are we just breathing in, earth's clean fresh air?  
that was meant, for all of God's children to share?  
Are we really doing what we were made to do?  
Or are we just taking up a place, or two?

Have we all reached out to the needy?  
Have we all helped a person(s) , in distress?  
Are we doing what God made us for?  
Are YOU doing all your best?

Or are we just sitting around, with a helpless feeling?  
and wondering, what's it all about?  
When all one really needs to be doing  
is just a friendly hand of kindness reaching out!

Take a real good look inside yourself!  
Asking the questions, that were posed above!  
And then if you feel your really doing God's work  
then God sends His greetings, and all His Love!

Linda Winchell

# 'Do You Know What You'Re Eating? '

Do you really know what you're eating?  
Do you know where it all comes from?  
That Mc Donald's, " Big Mac" burger  
There may be more hidden under that sesame seed bun.

More than fats and flavor  
More than old, " Bessie", the cow.  
Sure they'll make it your way  
They'll make more for you, and how!

Fries and shakes just wasted calories  
Making most of our nation FAT!  
Hold the burger and give me a salad  
Still hidden dangers with that!

What ever happened to home cooked meals?  
Doesn't anyone know how to cook these days?  
And have talks around the dinner table  
And hands folded to pray.

Have we become a world of, "Fast Food Junkies? "  
With no time to even cook, talk or sit?  
Drive through cars all backed up  
Unwrapping papers from their mystery burger  
Most looking so over-weight and so un-fit.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

## 'Do You Know? '

Do you know how much your friendship means to me?  
Have I even told you so?  
Well listen friend, I'm telling you now!  
I just wanted you to know!

That if I didn't have you in my life  
I don't know where I would be.  
I wouldn't have turned out the way  
your friendship has helped me to be!

I hope that I've done the same for you  
in some small and special way.  
And helped you to become who you are  
maybe more than you were yesterday!

You've taken me as you found me  
but have improved the me I began.  
Do you know I love you, dearest friend of mine  
Because you have loved me always for who I am.

Linda Winchell

# 'Does Anybody Care? '

Road kill on our highways  
carcasses just left to lie.  
Snow melts to then reveal  
what now does not come  
soothing to ones eye.

Mangled, half decomposed  
unrecognizable beasts.  
All left to the elements  
birds and others, which upon do feast.

Why couldn't one at least remove them?  
Possibly transfer them to an unmarked grave?  
What are we all becoming?  
Are their life's worth less than ours?  
For are we not really, somewhat all the same?

Flesh and blood, and same need for love  
rearing offspring on forest fields of green.  
Sorrow when loss of ones taken spouse  
crying silently  
do we humans not understand of these?

I feel deeply sorrowed when this I view  
what may not really affect any of you.

But, if we do not have thought for the least of these  
then why should anyone care more for me?

Lying along a roadside one day  
my life now also, be left just fading away.

Covered by time, now an unrecognizable frame  
Those not caring to bury, who now to blame?

Linda Winchell

## 'Does Sharing It Make It Better? '

Do you call up another, always complaining  
about all the aches and pains you have?  
Or are you telling whomever might listen to you?  
always fishing for the words, 'That's so sad! '

Is sharing, what is hurting you  
going to somehow, make it all better or, go away?  
Or are you just looking for someones sympathy?  
In a child-like, Po- Me, sort of way?

Has this person already heard this song and dance your singing,  
over and over again?  
If it were me you were trying to tell it to  
You wouldn't have my, sympathetic ear to bend!

For my ears have heard of one who had suffered  
more than you, or I will ever experience, or know!  
His name was Jesus of Bethlehem  
He died for our sins, then on the third day, He rose!

So before you think, of calling nexttime  
to describe, all your ills and complain!  
Remember the child born, Christmas day  
Christ Jesus, born in Bethlehem!

Linda Winchell

# 'Dogie Dog Kind Of World'

It seems that we are living  
in a dogie, dog kind of world.  
Where one preys on the other  
causing their lives to come unfurled.

The large prey on the smaller ones  
the strong prey on the weak.  
They ravage all they can it seems  
their always preying on the meek.

They steal what others worked hard for  
their laziness reeks havoc it seems for some.  
They stand on corners selling evil dreams  
stealing lives from all our young.

Dogie dog, that's what it is  
of what our world, complacently allows.  
For one day all those dog's will have nothing to eat  
underneath the earth their bones we've plowed.

Linda Winchell

# 'Don'T'

Don't crush your pop cans  
they won't take those at the store!

Don't put your ashes anywhere but the ashtray  
why do you insist on using our, bathroom floor?

Don't leave the garbage can  
by the roadside all week long!  
Bring it back to the house  
I'm not walking out there anymore!

Don't leave the toilet seat up  
I keep falling in at night!  
Don't say, 'Yes My Dear! ',  
when we are having, one of our toilet seat fights!

Don't throw away this letter  
I'll only write you just one more!  
And honey, Don't forget who loves you  
And I hope, we Don't have to have this conversation anymore!

Linda Winchell

# 'Don'T Be Fooled'

Serpent's venom...truest death from its bite  
In Satan creeps...and steals away ones life.  
Acting clever...and looking great  
In ones ignorance...ones destine to lose their fight.

Dressed in black....standing in heels of red  
In ones lusting...on your soul... he's fed.  
Sexual favors.... false promises to you he'll give  
But what he want's from you...is what in God you've lived.

Don't be fooled...by what your heart now desires  
All Satan wants...is you to burn in heat of Hell's fire.  
Engulfing you...to burn for an eternity  
With confusion of eyes and mind...for what's not seen.

Kneel now in prayer... before it's too late  
Don't let his power...cause your life in Christ... to incinerate.  
Keeping the hope...and the faith in Him who died  
So one day you'll come to live.... by our Father's side.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Don'T Believe All You Hear'

While out walking the other day  
I overheard some disturbing news.  
That London Bridges was falling down  
and a dish ran away with a spoon?

That some kid had a ring around a rosie  
and Jack had rolled down a hill and broke his crown!  
And that the sky was falling too I heard  
there's a chicken spreading this all over town!

How can this be I asked myself?  
Who's talking in this way?  
Then I noticed it was a playground of children  
in their school yard, at recess for play.

I guess I better verse myself  
before this happens to me again.  
Now I've got to get on my cell phone  
and clear up, what I have just told all of my friends.

Linda Winchell

# 'Don'T Block The Blessings'

Don't block the blessings  
That God wants for me and you.  
He's trying to send you them...time after time  
Please allow... all His blessings to get on through.

Don't be so busy... doing what earthly doesn't count  
Let God's blessings... filter in throughout your day  
Let them pile up...amount.

Like the little things...maybe overlooked  
In all the colors... of fall leaves.  
Or the clear and crispness of the air  
Into our God made lungs... we all freely breathe.

The warmth of a home... that you fill with God's love  
And share with all around.  
Don't block the blessings sent to you  
For they are all from "Christ Jesus" found.

His promises never fail us  
His love is tried and true.  
Please don't block and share all the blessings  
That our Lord... "Jesus Christ"  
Wants today to send to you.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Don'T Curse The Darkness'

Don't have to curse the darkness,  
There's nothing to fear in all its black,  
Stand strong and true, in what you believe,  
For there stands God, to walk you back.

Back into the light to a brand new day,  
To the glory of a new and bright majesty of grace,  
With only His eyes to see you through your darkness,  
He wills, all darkness not for you alone to face.

Although, in the darkness you might trip and fall,  
On the things you can not feel or see,  
God's eyes are there to see you through,  
His light is shining, in the darkness for you and me.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Don'T Eat Meat! '

Can't eat chicken,  
Can't eat beef!  
Chickens' got some flu thing,  
And cows' are falling off their feet!

Mad cow disease has hit some farms,  
And I've read has killed some people too!  
What am I too eat I wounder?  
What am I too do?

I think I'll eat my veggies now,  
But I've read their tainted too!  
Tomatoes' got some kinda funk,  
Or is it peppers', I have no clue?

This paper in my printer,  
Is looking really good to me!  
I'm starving, my tummies talking back,  
So paper snacking it might be!

I'll pretend it tastes like a sandwich,  
With some peanut butter and jam.  
Oh no, I'm allergic to nuts I think?  
So I guess it's Jam what am?

I wish soon they would get things straightened out,  
Before I fade away!  
The lawn is looking tender and green,  
Oh my heavens', what did I hear myself just say?

I'm losing my mind, I think I'm going mad!  
I now seem to display what was said those cows' must have?

Just fill my hunger with water I guess, is there anything else too think? But I've  
heard that's not a good idea either, our waters' not safe to drink!

I'm going to bed and forget it all, and dream of steak and fries,  
And hope that all I've read and heard, is just a dream or pack of LIES!

Linda Winchell

# 'Don'T Go To Bed With A Dreamer'

Dreamers can make great bed partners  
Well that's until the sun comes up.  
Then you seem to witness their transparency  
With help of sunlight's bright beams cut.

Dreamers were only made for dreaming  
While they try to suck you in.  
To what it is they say they're going to do  
And use the sweet softness of their naked skin.

They woo you with their smile  
They seduce you with just one look.  
It doesn't take much from a dreamer you know?  
I was there once, and that's all it took.

Falling in love with my bedtime dreamer  
Dreaming all that they wanted me too.  
But soon found out when I awoke from sleeping  
That they brought me nothing  
But dark clouds and depressions blues.

You can never count on a dreamer  
They will only cause your heart to break.  
So don't lie in bed with a dreamer my friend  
If you intend a brighter mornings awake!

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Don'T Have To Say, 'I Love You.'

Don't have to say, 'I Love You.'  
Don't have to take me out.  
Don't need your arms around me now  
If all you want to do is, scream and shout!

Don't need to bring me flowers  
for flowers will not heal my aching heart.  
You should have been what you claimed to be  
you should have done it from the start.

You don't have to judge me  
for something that I've love to do.  
It doesn't have to be to your liking  
of whatever, it isn't doing for you!

Your ranting only pushes me dear  
further and further apart.  
And sets knives pain deeply  
into my now, broken pain-filled heart!

I'm leaving you this letter  
so that maybe you might see.  
That words are how I share  
what your anger has locked inside of me.

But you wouldn't listen to what I wrote  
rather took time to, crab and moan!  
And never took the time to listen  
to the words my poems had formed.

Your loss is not mine my dear  
for I will continue on to write.  
And one day you might see these words  
in a book store, in BIG BRIGHT LIGHTS!

'Top Seller of the year! '  
'Works From The Heart! '  
That's the title I gave to my book of poetry  
The ones I tried to share with you from the start.

Linda Winchell

# 'Don'T Hide God's Words'

Don't hide God's words in your heart  
Away from another's view.  
He gave them to us that we might share  
Them with everyone we met or knew.

His words might heal the broken hearted  
Or fill the spirit of one who's feeling lost.  
Don't hide away God's words my friend  
It will only create life's unpaid cost.

Try and say something about this man named, 'Jesus'  
The one who died while He suffered for me and you.  
Sharing His words and not hiding them away  
Is the least that you can do.

Tell them of God's undying love  
And how He will return for us one day.  
Shout it from the roof tops clear!  
Every word that God's Son, 'Jesus', did say!

Show them kindness and unselfishness  
Then give all your life to your fellow-man today!  
For it benefit NOT anyone my friend  
If you don't with love, give it all away.

Linda Winchell

# 'Don'T Let The Sun Go Down'

Don't let the sun go down on anger,  
For its' darkness will never fade.

Anger eats at the Soul of man,  
And sends us early graves.

God's Mercy and Love, shall set one free,  
From the bonds of angers wrath.  
Taking the scars of all mankind,  
Placed in God's hand, for Him to graft.

Don't let the sun go down,  
While the daylights still in view.  
Forgive your fellow-man their sins,  
And letting you sleep anew.

Linda Winchell

# 'Dont Live In The Past...Of A Memory'

Don't live in the past of a memory  
All the past tragedies...and pain of your life.  
For all the things...that once was  
Will only bring memories strife.

God wants us to remember... of course  
But to know... just when to let them go.  
In order that He can do the work in us  
In our lives... that's needed so.

Wars will come and wars will go  
That's the way the world has always been.  
The nature of the sinful heart caused  
To bring the world... such painful sin.

But to sit and dwell on what once was  
Of maybe this or maybe that you would have changed.  
Just look forward to God's rewards...my friends  
And you will never need to look back again.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

## 'Don'T Need To'

Don't need to read any further  
if the title does not, for me to read well!  
Don't need to taste what's in a bottle  
if its lable warns, ' To drink you'll go to hell! '

Don't need to read that email received  
if it doesn't agree with my view.  
Don't need to be a friend of yours  
if you think, I need to think the way you do!

How can I be God's witness  
to others that I might meet?  
If the product of what they see in me  
is not God's source to feast?

So I didn't need to go any further  
for the first line, had me at a dead stop!  
Thank you for what you think was cute to you  
and I'll pray, that you will stop!

Linda Winchell

# 'Don'T Overshadow My Sunshine'

Don't overshadow my sunshine  
that glow that the heavens bring.  
Don't block the rays the warmth of my soul  
that allow my heart to sing.

Don't try to make me something  
that I do not wish or want to be.  
Don't overshadow my sunshine  
please just let me and it just be.

If everyday be overshadowed  
then how would earthly green to grow?  
It is like that with my spirit you see  
and that is all you need to know.

If overshadowed, I would just wither up and die!  
And our this child born will not grow her wings too fly!  
For the sunshine that brings me joy  
it lay deep within my heart.  
If you continue to overshadow its glow  
from you we then one day may depart?

Linda Winchell

# 'Don'T Think I'LI Make It In'

I don't think I'll make it in tomorrow  
Got something growing on my neck!  
Don't ask me what I think it is  
My doctor says he really doesn't care!  
Said I look like that green fella, 'Shrek! '

So I won't be coming in tomorrow  
No matter how much I'm going to be missed!  
But if you can find it in your heart  
Slip some extra pay please in my check.

You see my wife has recently left me  
And my baby needs a new pair of shoes.  
And the rent is over two months late!  
And my bills are way, way over due!

I hope you get this letter today  
I handed it right on over to my mail man!  
Oh, I didn't have a stamp you see  
So would you pay him if you can?

Linda Winchell

# 'Don'T Throw Away Tomorrow'

Written on a piece of paper  
was my tomorrows list of things to do  
I mistakenly crumbled it up, you see  
threw my tomorrows away, of what I knew.

Please don't throw away your tomorrows  
For they are ones visions from your todays.  
They may never be gotten back again  
those tomorrows list of things to clear away.

There's not anything greater, that one has to do  
while making their tomorrows lists  
the ones you've written down for you.

They're bits and pieces of a picture  
That our tomorrows see to fix.  
I didn't mean to throw it out  
They were to be, my honey do sort of list.

I think I can remember, some of which I wrote  
So I'll write them down once again  
and never throw away my, to do's tomorrow notes.

Linda Winchell

# 'Don'T Try To Drive The Car'

Don't try to take the driver's wheel  
When someone is spinning out of control.  
Just let them make their own wrong turns  
And... let the wheel go!

If we're always sitting in the drivers seat  
One will never know how to drive.  
Just sit and be God's passenger...and pray  
And allow that driver to drive.

They're in the best of hands you know  
God is sitting in the back.  
He oversees just what we need  
So just enjoy the trip...relax!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Don'T Waste Your Heart On A Dead Man'

Don't waste your heart on a dead man  
You've still have a life of your own... to live.  
It's ok to let him stay... embedded in your memory  
To feel the love... that his life did give.

But to mourn your days... and nights for him  
Is not what he would really... want you to do.  
But to get on... with getting on....  
Is what you really need... for you.

Hanging on to his once worn clothing  
His colognes...his brush...his hat.  
They're all just things... that will one day fade away  
That's where all of that is at.

Take his memory with you in your mind and heart  
But let his spirit...go to rest.  
Get on with the life ahead of you  
It is really...what's now the best.

Let God fill your heart...maybe with the love one day of another  
Not keeping your head buried...  
Deep underneath...your beds darkened forbidding covers.

In time...all wounds will heal themselves  
Giving room... for much more of love to come.  
Taking away life's endless darkness  
Giving room...in order to feel the warmth of the Son.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Down God's Garden Path'

I took some seeds of Peace along with me  
Down God's Garden path to plant.  
The Lord God designed His garden for us  
With a prayer bench where I rested at.

For our Lord is the, 'Master Gardener'  
With His planted, 'Morning Glories' for mankind's glory to be.  
As read in the scriptures written  
By John, in verse 1: 14.

I entered His gates with great thanksgiving  
The air was scented with fragrant prayer potpourri.  
We are to God the fragrance of Christ  
'Search Me O God, that I might live in Thee.'

Create in me a rich fertile heart soil  
Where I can plant my seeds, 'O Lord' for You!  
Sowing faith, and reaping thy blessings  
In my faith planted seeds of flowers red and blue.

Seeds of, 'Peace' I wish to plant, 'My Lord'  
As written in, 'Colossians 3: 15'  
'For blessed are the peacemakers  
With Life, everlasting.'

We are like the flowers in your garden Lord  
'So we, being many are one body in Christ.'(Romans 12: 5)  
Many flowers all in one bouquet, many different personalities  
All sadly do pay sins price.

I noticed one thing that was missing  
God's Garden was cleaned out of every weed.  
For they would only keep me from enjoying the flowers  
And sowing the Peace, that I so desire for mankind to seed.

Linda Winchell

## 'Down Mexico Way'

Invited out to share the night  
with some ladies from my church.  
The theme of the dinner was down Mexico way  
people all dressed with sombreros, ponchos and skirts.

The food and conversation was the best  
I was happy to have been one of their invited guest.  
The speaker shared her testimony of hope  
and displayed her painting on an easel as she spoke.

Tables were set up displaying what money they'd bring  
silently auctioning treasures, of a variety of things.

I shared a story and the ladies shared theirs  
then were all given fairwell blessing and dismissed from our table and chairs.  
Taking away much more than in we had come.  
Was the good news of God and Hope in Jesus the Son.

Linda Winchell

# 'Drifted Away'

Drifted away from the shore...far out to sea  
Wasn't securely anchored to the shore.  
Set adrift...all alone  
Towards a land called..."Never More."

Drifting away...from my spiritual journey  
Embarrassing and... most deadly of a trip.  
Didn't know what would ever become of me  
while I was set adrift.

Without electronic global positioning  
To maybe guide me along my way.  
Wandered from God's word... to rightly position me  
His steering me right....throughout my days.

"My days of wandering...on unfamiliar territory  
In my life without you Lord."  
Washed up upon... the ships deck of despair  
With no one else...but me aboard.

Now as my ship seemed sinking  
I felt a tug... upon my sea drenched sleeve.  
There standing upon the bluest of waters  
Was the Lord... calming the raging sea to rescue me.

"Do not fear my child", for I am with you until the end  
Even though you've for a while...have drifted away  
The forgiveness of your sins...I send.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Dust Of The Rabbi'

Clouds of dust surrounded him  
As the boy followed in his Rabbi's steps.  
While listening to the words of God  
Tears scarred the boy's dusty face as he wept.

His garments now covered in mud and dust  
As he followed close behind.  
Listening as the Rabbi spoke  
Learning, while digesting every spoken line.

'Why do you walk so close to the Rabbi son? '  
Came a shout out of the crowd.  
But the boy didn't seem to hear the man  
As he followed closer to his Rabbi's dusty shroud.

For he'd rather be covered in the Rabbi's dust  
Than to be clean as another might wish to see.  
'For I follow in my Rabbi, 'Jesus' footsteps  
While He teaches His Father's words of Love to me.'

'We should all be covered in the dust of our Rabbi.'

Linda Winchell

# 'Early Spring'

Early Spring flowers,  
Poke their tiny colored heads up from the ground,  
But winter has not yet decided to leave,  
For another week or two,  
Old man winter will stick around.

Covering up flower's tender petals,  
With its white fluffy form or morning dew,  
Putting once more all fast asleep,  
Those flowers that tried to spring out through.

Time enough for all of that,  
Spring is around the corner to come,  
When it will burst forth many fields of greens,  
And flowers that bask in the daylight of Springtimes sun.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Earth Year 2100'

While watching a special called, " Earth 2100"  
Of what may come one day to pass.  
Made me do some deep soul searching  
Of what we have seemed to Earthly trash.

We all are truly responsible  
For the ruination of this, " Planet Earth"  
A planet that God had provided for man  
A planet God the Father had given birth.

Viruses now plaguing all nations  
Famine causing migration now to other states.  
What have we done to ourselves?  
What has become, of what we once called?  
Called" The Human Race? "

I don't know now if we have the time  
Time to maybe turn all this mess around.  
Un-doing what we've created on Earth  
Now looking back, seems so profound.

Asphalt jungles now under water  
Whole ways of life now in ruins.  
No where to bury the countless dead  
No one to build America's needed tombs.

Communications now but a past memory  
No high tech, " Truth now realized too late."  
Maybe learning from our ancestors  
For those who have overcome Earths deadly fate.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Easter Devotional'

Devotional: 'Easter', The First Fruit Of Spring'

Easter will soon be here. Hopes of a bright and sunny day and a new beginning, in Christ's Resurrection. It also is a lesson of teachings for all of us. One, Easter should remind us that God loves us ordinary folks. With all of our flaws. Jesus Loved Peter, John and Mary. They had some issues. (Luke 8: 2) Jesus forgave Mary and then asked her to, 'go and tell the world'. Then, you have living proof that God blesses those who seek Him with all their heart. Here again, Mary's persistent faith and love was rewarded. Wasn't she the last to the cross and the first to His tomb? 'Great is thy faithfulness; his mercies begin afresh each day', (Lamentations 3: 23-24) Then, there was the promise that God will more than meet us halfway. Mary was a woman who was weak in her faith but strong in her love. She came to Jesus with what she had, her sins, and Jesus met her half way. Then, last but not the least of these is, Easter gives us hope for now and eternity. The fact that Jesus rose from the dead means that there is hope in this life and after death. Apostle Paul said, 'He will give life to your mortal body, (Spirit living within you) , (Romans 8: 11) . The same Spirit that Jesus gave to His disciple's, is living inside of us all. It will enable all of us to become what God has called us to become. 'Jesus is the First Fruits of Spring! ' Do we need any other food to feast on? God through Christ conquered sin and death, and provided us with eternal life with Him in Heaven.

God Bless, God's Servant, Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Empty'

There is an empty birdcage  
hanging on now an empty hook.  
It has some empty cups of food  
of some empty eggs I'd cooked.

It has an empty bird, with now her feathers falling off  
she had gotten an empty cold, and an empty birdie cough.

She might have gotten sick  
in the cool of that dark and empty night?  
When I finally went to cover her up  
I got an empty birdseye fright!

I seen her laying down  
at the bottom of her empty cage  
Feeling all my empty guilt  
and filled with an empty rage!

How could I have done such a thing?  
To leave that window open?  
Now my empty birdcaged bird  
is nothing but a featherless empty birdie broken.

Linda Winchell

# 'Encouragement'

Remembering a great time in my life  
When life... was full of many joys back then.  
Thinking about that time...reminiscing  
And I rejoice in it all again.

Then there were those times...that things didn't go so well  
Who of us hasn't needed help from a friend?  
We all have times like this...  
And I'm sure.... we'll have then over and over again.

But God the Creator... created us to be together in community  
Where there are some who need encouragement.  
Maybe from someone... just like me.

Sharing God's word of encouragement with someone  
Will benefit you... as well.  
It will go a long way... keeping your heart from turning away from God  
And ending up...headed towards Hell.

Words of encouragement  
Will travel further... than we will ever know.  
So take some time if needed  
And let... your encouragement flow.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'End Of The Story'

Each page reads like a mystery  
Of another place and time.  
Each page filled with color and beauty  
Scented with a poets... stanzas' rhyme.

Tickled my fancy...shivered my timbers  
Each line...better read that the first.  
Don't want the story ever to end  
Want to add just one more...writers' inspired verse.

Reading on up to the stories climax  
Heart now... beating like an Indians' drum.  
Anticipating what the outcome will be  
End of story....on my minds adventure  
Still...further more... and yet to come.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Energies Responsibility'

We all are responsible  
for the energy we emit.  
That energy generates the atmosphere  
and sometimes it might not fit.

If you're feeling happy or feeling sad  
you may share that energy with all had.  
If they are up and you are down  
it takes away their smile  
and makes one frown.

Be a responsible energy giver  
share the good and omit the bad.  
Bring everyone you know today  
all your happy energy and not your sad.

The positive energy that you emanate  
will turn lights on in every room.  
It will remove the darkness, which looms within  
and take away the gloom.

But if negative is what you share  
beware of your energies return.  
Energy is electricities current  
and can leave you one nasty burn!

Linda Winchell

# 'Energy'

I'm pulling energy out of the air today  
going down roads less traveled.  
In somekind of mysterious and angelic way  
that was at one time so unraveled.

It flows right out my finger tips  
getting them quickly down to type onto paper  
As if I am on some secret mission it seems  
some spy like double-o-seven movie caper!

The words of energy are all around me  
they are bombarding my every minute.  
I seem to be living them out in a dream  
and I am the main character in it!

I hope this surge never stops to flow  
for the moments energy I have found.  
And thank the energy God's above  
for all this energy of words now bound.

Linda Winchell

# 'English Language'

I could if I couldn't,  
I wouldn't if I should.  
I wasn't if I wanted too be,  
I'm really not that good!

I hadn't if I had too,  
I mustn't if I must.  
I shouldn't if I should have,  
I think that's a bit too much.

I oughtn't to but ought not,  
I think'ist if I might.  
I don't know where I going with this,  
My brain has taken flight!

I think the English language,  
Leaves a lot to be desired.  
How to figure out where one uses words,  
When your brain is so inspired.

I guess I best get to learning again,  
To re-learn what I should still know.  
About when to use words in my work,  
Like shouldn't, Couldn't, 'you know? '

There are nouns, proper and common,  
Then there is or(Are?) , collective too.  
Then pronouns, like, I we, she, it and you.

There are adjectives, they somehow modify a noun,  
Then adverbs and prepositions, conjunctions,  
It all seems to me so profound!

I just want to write,  
What normally I might hide.  
And don't want it all tied up with English red tape,  
Restricting my minds words inside!

My words make sense to me, and others', I've been told,

Am I just seeing what I want to see?  
Being stubborn and much too bold?

Its' been years since I was in school,  
Forgot most of what I had learned.  
I was off fighting a war, raising a family,  
Working a job for small wages that I earned.

I just want to write, tell the world what I feel and see,  
And forgive me of some grammers mistakes,  
Which is only a flaw in the realness of me!

Linda Winchell

# Eternal Sacrifice

With Jesus in our hearts and lives  
We can overcome any of... life's obstacles.  
Son of God...Son of man open doors... pedicel.

Lamb of God...whose blood would cleanse  
All of humanity... yet to come.  
All who call upon the name of "Jesus"  
Salvations gift...from our Father God and His only Son.

For Jesus is the effective cause  
From which the new creation rises.  
Offering only His sacrifice for sin  
In our lives...with no surprises.

Take heed to hear and understand  
The wisdom He shares for all.  
Come forth into a new creation formed  
Letting old parish... unto deaths fall.

Linda Winchell

# 'Etiquette'

Tuck your shirt into your pants!  
Close your legs when you sit!  
Don't talk with your mouth full of food!  
And PLEASE when you talk, DON't spit!

Hold out your little pinky when you drink!  
And keep elbows OFF the table!  
DON'T EVER pick your teeth while out in public!  
Etiquette is life's most necessary staple!

Use only the little fork when eating salad!  
Chew with your mouth SHUT!  
And for heavens sake DON'T belch!  
And NEVER make a butt, rutta, tut, tut!

NEVER be seen picking ones nose!  
And NEVER blow it while at the table!  
This is some of Etiquette, '101! '  
Your life's MOST necessary staple!

Linda Winchell

# 'Every Sunday's A Little Easter'

Every Sunday to me is Easter,  
Don't need it to roll around but once a year to see,  
For I look forward to Christ's Resurrection,  
And what He gave on a cross at Calvary.

Don't need to see the cross before me,  
Or see the stone that was rolled aside.  
For Christ lives within each of us,  
If only we'd only allow Jesus to come inside.

To warm our hearts... to quench our thirst,  
To bring us joy that no man could ever do.  
To be all that He is and will ever be,  
To shine His glorious love through and through!

So put on your best bib and tucker this Sunday,  
And every Sunday thereafter and on,  
For little Easter's come each Sunday,  
For all of God's children everlasting to feast upon.

Linda Winchell

# Everythings Affected

Everythings affected, affected in everyway.  
A Nation filled with, 'Got to Have Folks',  
Now, WE all have too pay!

People starving, unemployment rising, gas prices out of sight!  
Everyone seems to have their needs, from little girls who walk the night.

It comes from ones shameful pride, lusts and greed.  
We all have in our power, what the world really needs.

To embrace one another, give a hand to the poor,  
Is this too much to ask?  
Or are their cries not heard anymore?

Everythings affected, affected in everyway,  
So go about your life my friend,  
Walking blinded through your day.

For if we don't take a stand to help,  
You may become one of them yourself.  
Someone who's life needs and fears,  
Have been placed upon a shelf,  
And no one seems to care.

Linda Winchell

# 'Existence'

I came into existence...it's been about sixty two years now past  
Didn't think at times... I was going to make it...  
But I was meant to exist...to live...to last.

To accomplish what it was... I am made for  
To find my purpose and way... in this life.  
To maybe become more than I have already accomplished  
As a mother...friend and wife.

To add a bit more joy and happiness'  
To another's life and time.  
To somehow get my message out and across  
If only in words that rhyme.

But however it is I've accomplished it  
I'm glad that I was able to.  
In order that I could bring God's message of love  
To everyone...such as I have to you.

To show each in poetic words...so divinely orchestrated  
That each has their purpose...living for.  
To live each day... as if it were to become your last  
And never ask God... for anything more.

To place your daily trust in Him  
For our provisions of.  
The peace... joy and understanding  
Of our Lord's ...Holiest of Spirits' love.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Explain This To Me'

Do you get chickenpox from chickens?  
And Rhino Virus from a rhinoceros?

Explain this to me would you please!  
I'm getting really all mixed up!

Are hot dogs made from puppies?  
And cat tails in the marsh, are they Kitty tails?

Do black cows give chocolate milk?  
Or is daddy teasing me?

I need to have someone explain  
Explain all this confusing stuff to me!

Linda Winchell

# 'Face Life's Challenges'

Face life's challenges of what life brings  
Face it head on, it will give lift to your wings!  
Challenges are not really obsticals  
They are but one step forwards and up!  
They tend to make you much stronger  
Challenges bring you out of life's rougths!

The nice thing however  
You'll never face life's challenges alone!  
God's right there besides you  
Walking and guiding your way home.

Linda Winchell

# 'Faces In The Crowd'

Faces so sad with no smiles seen  
Others angered which seemed so mean.  
Crowds of people... just passers-by  
Took me to a place... where I wanted to cry.

What's so important that they haven't of joy?  
Of the faces seen...on those young girls and boys?  
Showing the world what they only wanted one to see  
I hope that they don't have that view of me.

I wear a smile for all to enjoy  
God gave me this joy to share.  
He wants the world to see His light  
And to show others that God and I care.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Fall At The Feet Of Jesus'

Fall at the feet of Jesus  
Leave all of your cares there with Him.  
Bring your stripes and burdens carried  
Be forgiven... of all your sins.

Humbling as this moment may be  
That's what He has asked of me and you.  
It's all what He wants of us  
Releasing that little child... inside of you.

When we were but mere babies  
We learned to crawl...before time to stand.  
Our steps were made very cautiously  
Before we took off and to our Father or Mother ran.

But to fall at the feet of Jesus  
Now that's not really a fall at all.  
For God will help you stand in Him  
Standing up...and standing tall.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

## 'Fall Harvest Dinner'

Picked the last of my Acorn squash today  
fried up some onions, celery, cranberries and ground deer!  
Put some fresh chicken broth in the pot  
add some course bread crumbs butter and simmered.

Stuffed them in my cleaned out squash  
and then covered them up at 300 to slowly bake.  
What a delicious meal my honey and I will have  
and it didn't take that long to make!

I added a bit more sage to the meat  
two eggs, some salt and pepper too.  
And made some yeast raised biscuits  
Fall havest dinner just for you!

Linda Winchell

# 'Fall Is On The Way'

Fall is coming early,  
There is a scent of it in the air.  
Sounds of black birds calling its' arrival,  
They can be heard most everywhere.

Darkened clouds seem to be preparing,  
Winters' snow within their depths.  
I have always had a way of feeling seasons change,  
These old bones haven't failed me yet.

Farmer's corn almost ready to harvest.  
Pumkins reaching color and size for Halloween.  
Repeating it over and over again,  
Seasons repeating majestic every scene.

With Spring there comes earths newness,  
With Summer violent summer storms.  
With Fall brings out its' colorfull show,  
Leaves again to fertilize the ground.

With Winter comes her snow falls,  
And the sounds of Christmas sleigh bells in the snow.  
Then repeating it all over again,  
Mother Earths beauty to grow.

One year not like the other,  
All new in some small way.  
Making way for changes,  
In the simplest, the simplest of ways.

A lot is never viewed or heard,  
In silence it all takes place.  
Changing mans' enviroment,  
Life and death in our human face.

We too are like the seasons,  
Just going about it in a more complicated form.  
Trying to contol what we can not,  
And seeking more then what was born.

When is man ever going to learn?  
What earth has been doing from beginning of time?  
That man should let the flow of earths seasons,  
Orchestrate each season in its' time.

Linda Winchell

# 'Falling Away'

Layer upon layer...of myself  
Is peeling fast away.  
Falling to the earth below  
Mixing with sand and clay.

Stretching to a new length of existence  
Of once all my..." Never Moers"  
Brilliance of re-birthing star now formed  
Then has ever...shinned or been seen before.

With high celestial matter  
Revelations predicted doom.  
Falling away...now one layer at a time  
Unfolding like a new flowers petals bloom.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'False You'

Paint false nails, brightest of reds!  
Toe nails too, when our homeless need fed!  
But you'll complain of gas and food prices that rise!  
Yet that bodies unhealthy image your showing  
should seem of no surprise!

False nails and false colors of hair  
eyes tinted with contacts, a must have to wear!  
Clothes with all kinds of some designers name!  
Sun glasses too, in signed expensive frames!

False you, false me, shame on us!  
Why do we need to make such false fools of us?  
What is the point, I'm asking you?  
If your marriage is failing?  
and your kids are too?

God's watching what we see as need  
In our every false sense of greed!  
Stop before it's all way too late!  
For that false picture your painting  
won't get you through God's Gates!

Linda Winchell

# 'Farm Livin'

I never wanted to be a farmer  
I haven't ever had the heart or time for it.  
But I have three goats that tear my yard up  
And they dump piles and piles of (manure) .

The price it takes to raise my chickens for eggs  
Is much more than it's really worth.  
I'm lucky to even get an egg these days in their coop  
Because they're now in the pines high perched!

If they decide to get down to the ground to eat  
Over head there lurks a villain.  
Red tail hawks looking for some eats  
So all my birds they are now a killin!

Now I had two ducks or was it four?  
But the weasels killed all but one.  
And he likes coming up on my deck  
Leaving his larger dog turd size dumps of dung!

I've decided that when they're all dead and gone  
I will just tear down all their copes.  
Then I might be able to walk out barefooted  
And not have to worry about all their POOP!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Fear Can Slow Us Down'

Fear can only prove to slow us down  
"Gideon", was proof of that!  
God asked him to fight an army of men  
However, Gideon couldn't see himself in that task.

He questioned God many times  
To see if God was really there.  
As many times as God did prove to Gideon  
"Gideon", still was filled with fear and despair!

"How can I, "Lord", defeat an army? "  
Of over 100,000 strong?  
For I have not many men at my disposal  
Something, "My Lord" seems I fear wrong.

The fear that Gideon was feeling  
Was slowing Gideon's challenge down.  
For God was the Master and would supply  
All that Gideon's army needed, to be strong.

So take a tip from Gideon  
Let God guide you through your fears  
Remember, God always promised man  
That He would always be oh so near!

Linda Winchell

# 'Fear Of The Invisible'

I have not seen you in your visible state  
I've only seen the words you write.  
Your name is foreign in my world  
that of this Great United States.

You might well be a terrorist  
you might kill us all in our sleep?  
Although I have never met you  
that vision creeps in dreams of sleep.

Why do you hate us Americans?  
What is it we really have done to you?  
Has our Government possibly been lying to us?  
Is what they've been telling us all untrue?

Do you really want to harm us?  
kill our parents and our kids?  
For those things I know not about  
for the things, I do not believe or live.

I want our worlds to get along  
and all working side by side.  
Doing the work for all mankind's good  
so in this world God's Love and peace reside.

Please understand, I mean you no harm  
or to any of your kind.  
And hope that you might feel the same  
in these visible words, in my poem of rhyme.

Linda Winchell

# 'Feed Me Lord'

Feed me Lord  
Fill me up with your Grace.  
Engulf my Spirit  
Feed this starving soul's empty space.

Drench me Lord in the Love of your Son  
Help quench this thirsting  
Of this dry sinful swollen tongue.

Feed me Lord when I hunger and thirst  
For the wisdom of your undying love.  
Let me dine with your Son, 'Oh Lord'  
In the sacraments of His body and blood.

Feed me Lord take away this hunger inside  
Let your Holy presence, 'Oh Lord'  
In me now reside.  
Amen

Linda Winchell

# 'Feeling Of Empowerment'

The feeling of empowerment  
Comes coursing through my veins.  
With every heart beat-beaten  
Its sound and feel of strength remains.

Now there are days that this is not felt at all  
And I can't explain or understand just why.  
But when I feel empowered  
It is the greatest of my emotions highs.

It takes me to a higher mountain  
Than I would have ever tried to climb.  
It brings me to the peak of peaks  
Sticking my flag in as if first to find.

Accomplishing tasks unheard of  
And venturing where none would tread.  
This feeling of my empowerment  
Is for my life e'er to shed.

Linda Winchell

# 'Field Of Dreams'

"Field Of Dreams"

Last night I saw you running frantically  
Running in, " My field of dreams."  
Where on earth were you running?  
And why, were you screaming all those screams?

Was there a horrible monster chasing you?  
I didn't see one in my dream, not anywhere.  
So I just thought I'd drop in  
Just to let you know that I am there.

I have never dreamt about you before  
And was wondering why you were even here.  
I guess I needed you in my dream  
To wash away any of my nights dreaming fears.

It's hard to say where all my dreams come from  
I just have them, that's all that I can say.  
But sometimes they are so real to me  
When I awake, I can't shake their hold on me all day.

I tried to catch up to you  
But you ran as fast as the wind!  
I then seen a funny tall man standing next to you  
Like a, " Genie of the Gin."

Was he the one who made you scream?  
He was quite horrible I must admit.  
But just remember it's just a dream  
And I should be awakening soon, I hope from it.

Now if I somehow don't awake that quickly  
Please, just give me a little push or a shove!  
Then you will be safe from any harm  
Or just until, other field of dreams to come.

Linda Winchell

# 'Fine-Tuning'

God's the Master of our fine-tuning  
Like the strings on a hand made violin.  
He plucks the strings of our hearts  
And fine tunes for His love music to begin.

He never needs a tuning fork  
He never needs to strum out a tune.  
He knows just what all of us need  
He is the Master of fine tune.

The harmony of His finished product  
Is of purest sweetness to the ears.  
His fine-tuning never fails to please  
And will last through out the years.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'First Fruits Of Spring'

The first fruits of Spring  
brings a joy to all mankind.  
And the greening of the grasses below  
And in trees of everykind.

The air is filled with its sweetness blend  
It is perfume to ones nose.  
Rising sun of each Spring moring breaks  
more than just another day to unfold.

For one day is unlike any other  
It is in the rememberance of our Jesus and King.  
For on Easter morn this man did rise  
giving hope to mankind, of a newer life He'd bring.

Just as in the Spring of flowers bloom  
reappearing with fragrance and color abound.  
We too can find a new life in Christ  
From the pain of sin that we were bound.

It is said, 'We reap what it is we sow'  
For that was never truer said.  
But this man named, 'Jesus' gave us life with Him  
As His Father raised His body from the dead.

So if your fruits only wither and die  
With each dawning of the day.  
Go to Jesus and ask His forgiveness  
For that is all one ever needs to say.

Linda Winchell

# 'First John, One Nine'

"What I've tried to cover up in my life I'm left with"  
As written in, "First-John, one through nine."  
But no matter how well... I think I've hidden my sins  
They will all be unearthed... with time.

Revealing all the sins we've harbored  
The skeletons hanging secretly... behind closed doors.  
No matter how well we try and cover them over  
There always seems... to be added just one sin more.

God suggests we let them lay... out in the open  
For all too... gaze their eyes upon.  
And don't waist your time...trying to bury  
Those things... mankind is not so fond.

God sees all of what we've tried to hide  
He sees them...and cries out to you.  
For He came and died... that man should live  
That was... what He was sent to earth to do.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'First Physical Exam' (For All You Men)

I'm headed off to join the Army today!  
I'm as proud as I can be!  
They're gonna make a me a United States soldier!  
Dad said, They'll make a real man, out of me!

While in a line, for my boot camp physical Exams  
all the men, were standing in line!  
They called us by our names and numbers  
My number was, Private Murray,00-55-99!

Then the shots were given out to us  
some guys fainted, just at needles sight!  
But I was not going to faint, No Way!  
I'm a soldier, and was off to be trained too fight!

I made it through, all fifty injections!  
piece of cake! Is what I thought!  
But then the Doctor told me, 'soldier, bend on over! '  
then pull my britches down, And COUGH?

What the heck was this Doctor thinking?  
And where was that gloved, greased finger going to go?  
I did what I was asked to do  
and then, 'OH MY GOD! YOUR NOT! , OH NO! '

He said, 'You did fine young man! '  
Fine? As FINE, as WHAT? ! !  
You just had me pull my britches down!  
In front of everyone, then placed your dang finger!  
while coughing, UP MY BUTT!

Well, If this is what I'm suppose to do!  
To serve my country, like Dad said!  
I think I would have rather stayed at home!  
Not here sharing, my BUTT and FACE of Red!

Linda Winchell

# 'First Snow Of The Season'

First snow coming down, really hard today!  
kids want to get dressed up warm  
to go outside and play.

Building snowmen, all over the yard!  
Isn't too much trouble  
fresh snows, packing down hard!

Put dads' old hunting cap  
on the head, of the largest one made.  
Give him that long scarf  
gift from Grandma, who's colors now fade.

Give him some eyes  
so that he can be able to see.  
The yard filled with other snowmen  
of a snowman, like he.

Place a smile on his face  
with some colored marbles  
of Brother Neds.  
Watching snows creations  
out the bedroom window  
when your suppose to be asleep in your beds!

Morning sun comes and that snows melting off  
and soon all those snowmen built  
will be Mr. Ducky's, snowmans water troth.

But winters not over!  
no there's more snow to come.  
And you'll make them all over  
or maybe just one?

Linda Winchell

# 'First Step To Forever'

Stepping out with such surety,  
To a place called "Forever More"  
Was mans first step to forever,  
With the word "Forever" underscored.

Yet with each step placed upon,  
Of hardened earthly crust,  
Came more than mankind's ignorance,  
In everything that they touched.

Footprints were all we were asked to leave,  
But we've left much more than that.  
Chipping away at earths fragileness  
Stripping forests of trees and life,  
Leaving a barren and dead land plat.

Now the world is trying to fix its mistakes,  
Too late for that I think.  
We've killed off most of what once was,  
And the waters pure are no longer fit to drink.

God however will come one day,  
To reclaim what in His hands was formed.  
And make again a brand new world  
First steps to forever reborn.

Linda Winchell

# 'Five Star Meal'

There's a place I know of that serves  
A five star meal all week long.  
There's one in your neighborhood  
The food is Star rated and so much fun.

The specialty of the days somewhat the same  
In just the mention of God's Holy name.  
This Spiritual meal can not be beat!  
It's His much needed, Spiritual meat.

I hear you don't need reservations  
Just stop on by and see.  
And if they need to know who sent you  
Please tell them, that this meals on Me!

Linda Winchell

# 'Flawless'

Looking through my window  
Seemed clear to me... when first shown.  
But when I took a much deeper look....  
I saw the imperfections... once unknown.

Tinted streaks of muddy colors within  
Bubbles of air...scattered here and there.  
The deeper I gazed... now into it  
Its imperfections... it did share.

Like the faces we look at every-day  
Some have... false smiles upon their face.  
But as one takes the time to look at them  
It reveals... its imperfection's trace.

No man alone is an island  
No one is without their imperfections... flaws.  
Everyone who lives for, "Christ Jesus"  
Has ever died... really for that cause.

Blessed are those who are persecuted for Christ  
For they shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven one day.  
With all our flaws...we are forgiven by, "Christ Jesus"  
Come to, "Jesus"...He will wash all of our flaws away.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Flight 1549'

Gaurdian Angel had set you safely down  
Down into the Hudson River today.  
Flight 1549 suspected hit by some birds  
Plane US of American way.

All 146 aboard safe and dry  
Plucked from the Hudson River  
After your fall from the sky!

Happy to hear all of you are safe on land!  
We give the pilot a cheer!  
We give him a hand!

Linda Winchell

# 'Follow The Tracks'

We use to play, " Follow the tracks"  
To see just where they led.  
We never really found out of course  
They were further than one said.

We'd walk those metal rails  
The ones steel trains ran on, all night and day.  
We sometimes told our stories  
About the day we'd  
All hop a train and run away!

How we'd travel to the end of the line  
And live just as we pleased.  
We'd have no adults to tell us what to do  
We're grown ups now which all did see.

Then we'd hear the trains whistle blowing  
Coming fast on down the tracks.  
We get all scared we'd somehow get stuck!  
And get run over and cut in pieces flat!

So we'd forget about our visions  
Of how grown up all of us became.  
The, " Follow the tracks", was not real you know  
It was just our childhood made up game.

Linda Winchell

# 'Follow Your Rainbow'

Go and follow your rainbow  
travel it from end to end.

Go see just what awaits you  
in the colors of the beams it sends.

The reds and blues the greens and yellows  
purple, orange and pinks.

There is every color God has made  
all you could ever envision, or even think!

God's paint brushes dipped in colors  
mixed and blended until just right.

Then He places a rainbow after every storm  
each one, for mankind's hearts delight.

Linda Winchell

# 'Food Aerobics'

I found a new way to exercise  
Now while I might not lose a pound!  
It is easier than jumping and skipping rope  
Or doing those sit ups, while lying on the ground.

I take my fork and stab it in!  
Almost everything I can!  
I start with a plate of eggs, toast and bacon  
Then end up with, 'Cheesy Mac and Ham! '

I've found this to be a lot more fun  
Than being as SKINNY as a BONE!  
I can sit and enjoy every stabbed bite I take  
In the privacy of my kitchen at home.

I'm not like, ' Miss Oprah Winfrey', who has again.'found herself! '  
Telling her, ' Best Life', of over eating to everyone!  
I think that eating what you want  
Seems to me, really a lot more fun!

So if you want to join me  
Write me, I will send you my personalized Aerobic plan!  
And get ready to start enjoying life lifting your fork!  
With some Cheesy Mac and Ham!

Linda Winchell

# 'For Me'

For me.... His body was brutally broken  
For me.... His life's blood was gladly shed.  
For me... He was nailed to a wooden cross  
Then died...from the grave He rose again.

For me... He now offers souls salvation  
For me...His forgiveness of all my sins.  
For me...this is what man longs for in life's journey  
We just need to let... God's works in us begin.

For me...humbling of self was not that easy  
For me...it took too many of sin filled years.  
For me...the Holy Spirit came and touched my heart  
And caused my once closed heart and ears to hear.

Just for me.....

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'For The Love Of Plastic'

Plastic this, plastic that,  
Molded from chemicals' in a vat.  
Forming lives' in their plastic state,  
Plastic breasts' for pridefull eyes' too appreciate.

For the love of plastic is all around,  
It makes up our homes,  
Filling waste dumps' in cities' and towns'.

Less steel, glass, and wood, too exspensive these days.  
Plastic cars' replace art, from a long forgotten way.

We make it to serve, yet now it doesn't fit,  
Broken and thrown away, can't seem to rid of it!

Can't recycle it all, for other ways to be used,  
It pollutes our streams and oceans,  
And now is killing seas' and you!

All for the love of plastic, and those dollars' that it brings,  
Little toys' for our childrens', favorite gumball machines.

We walk on by what's been tossed aside,  
No art in that made, just our disposable plastic pride!

Linda Winchell

# 'Forever Mine'

In the memories of a much distant past,  
I thought our love was truly meant to last.  
But something happened early on,  
To shatter my hopes and dreams so fond.

Still your memory lingers on through out the years,  
Which sometimes wells up its loss and tears.  
Yet in my heart if ever I need to find,  
You're there for me to love,  
Forever mine.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

## 'Forever Yours'

Although time has passed my dear  
I am forever yours.  
We've shared so many of lifes indifferences  
of what two lives shouldn't have endured.

I loved you then and still love you now  
even though you were not right for me.  
Forever yours my dearest one  
forever in my heart you'll always be.

Linda Winchell

# 'Forgive And Forget'

Once I found myself angered and frustrated,  
I called it my 'Hall of Shame, '  
Jotting down their licence number,  
Saw each number so clear and plain.

I was going to call the athorities,  
Report what they had done,  
But set it aside, alone with my anger,  
All my anger whiced weighed on me a ton.

I could never fully understand as time had passed,  
The importance of the numbers I'd jotted down,  
My 'sin no more' as in (1 Cor.13-5) ,  
'Love keeps no record of wrongs.'

By: Linda winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Forgive Me'

I didn't see your hidden hurt  
You hid it so very well.  
I wasn't showing kindness to you  
I was only adding fuel to your silent hell.

I thought I was being funny  
In some of the things that I had said.  
But now I see they were hurtful and unkind  
And all of them I now have come to dread.

How does one say, 'I'm sorry? '  
After the knife was thrust so deeply in?  
I guess there is no other way to do it  
Other than for me to just begin.

May you find it in your heart  
To forgive the sins that I've committed.  
And to take the life I have yet to live  
Working that I might one day be forgiven.

Linda Winchell

# 'Forgot To Turn The Light On'

I forgot to turn the light on,  
When I walked into your view.  
I God had given it to me,  
But I didn't share it with you.

I was too busy talking about myself,  
Pushing you aside.  
I could have shared this light He gave,  
That light that lives inside.

I will remember next time,  
But if you'll give one more chance to me.  
And I'll remember to switch the light,  
And show you that better part too see.

Linda Winchell

# 'Forgotten Faces In A Book'

While digging through my chest of things  
I ran across an old Photo Album book.  
They were pictures that were taken of folks  
that my Mother or Grandmother must have took.

There my name was written  
at the bottom of them all.  
Some were taken with my Grandma  
when I was so very, very small.

But then there were some taken  
with faces I have no memory of.  
Did I really ever know them?  
I didn't see that expression on my mug.

I wish that I could remember  
go back to the days of these photos took.  
Then maybe I could enjoy all their memories  
of those forgotten faces in a book.

Linda Winchell

# 'Forgotten Marine'

I served my country now it doesn't serve me,  
I was and I am a Marine, and always will be.

I am dieing of a disease I did not earn,  
Now I am dieing slowly,  
My insides hurt and they burn.

I live alone in a home not my own,  
The roof is leaking, and money, have none.

The V.A. hospital does what they can,  
But there are so many sick,  
More of them then I am.

I make it each day, with a dream and a prayer,  
That is all that I have left,  
Seems that nobody cares.

I hope to make it another winter but then,  
I will be all alone another year,  
I'm that Marine who served in Vietnam.

Linda Winchell

## 'Form Or Content? '

I may look at poetry in a much different way than you,  
For my form is not too much of what really seems to matter,  
Just like our shapes change over a period of time,  
We grow older and somewhat wrinkled and maybe fatter.

But it doesn't change the content of,  
What time has carved inside of us to be,  
For its form is only externally viewed by most,  
What remains in the heart of man is in what we truly see.

The heart of a loving parent,  
That of a child's gentle caring touch,  
All of this and so much more of life,  
Is what truly means so much.

For time will remove all of what we now own,  
It will be replaced by another's felt needed wants,  
But the matter of what remains in ones heart left,  
Is in the content of what really counts.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Fountain Of Youth'

We all seem to be searching for...  
That widely sought after “, Fountain of youth”  
You see it... advertised everyday.  
But all that we... nip and tuck  
Will all but in time... fade away.

What really is left...in the heart of man  
Are those memories...now left behind.  
In the hearts of loved ones remembering you  
In those thoughts of you... left in their minds.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Four Witches From Nowishes'

On broom sticks road four young witches  
from a far off land of Nowishes.  
They wore tall hats upon their heads  
in their hands, were apples they'd painted red.

To tempt the children on Halloween night  
of candies from neighbors they'd gleaned.  
For these four were not allowed you see  
in the land of Nowishes, candy was never tasted or seen.

They wanted a taste of all those sugary delights  
thoughts of candy danced in their heads  
while on their broomsticks flight.

Swooping down, grabbing bags of tasty treats  
leaving red apples, then flying off to eat.  
Beware on Halloween night to hang on to your bags  
you may be visited by four young witches  
with rotted teeth of old hags!

You may see them as you glance at the moon  
Coming from the land of Nowishes,  
with painted apples on brooms.

Linda Winchell

# 'Fresh Isn'T Always Best'

Had me some fresh cut asparagus  
Had me some Brussel sprouts too.  
But even though I liked them a lot  
The ended up making me very blue.

They didn't settle in too well  
In my tummy that is.  
And all night long  
I played Fresh Veggie's song  
With a poof, a putt, and a fizz!

I guess I should have stopped  
Stopped, while the gettin was good.  
But all I could think of, was how good they tasted  
Tasted much better than they ever should!

So take some of my over eating advice  
And don't mix any of the two together.  
Unless you wish to sleep alone  
Or don't wish to sleep comfortably, NOT EVER!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Fresh Meat On The Table'

Platters full of freshly killed  
Meats, now upon the Forum table.  
Come pick the bones of those who rhyme  
Sweeter towards the bone, if you're able.

Salt or pepper if you must  
But leave some scraps for but another's lips to taste.  
Don't gorge, until your stomachs burst  
Just eat what's needed, to plate.

There's more of feasting to be had  
Others of us, all partaking in.  
To comment on the poets' choice of flavors  
The freshly cooked feast, of ones poetic sins.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Frozen Red Berries'

Frozen little red berries, still on the vine  
nothing but poison you'd make  
if your berries, were to be crushed into wine.

What then is your use, of your berries, deepest of red?  
the birds don't seem interested  
that they might feast on you, to be fed.

Bright red on the bush, you now sit, frozen still!  
Not one berry dropping to the ground  
I see your bush, is still filled.

Frozen little berries, what then is your use?  
The deer won't eat you  
only given a slight sniff , by my goose.

Now frozen in time, you hang from the limbs  
Maybe fuller you've become, after that much needed trim?  
To see you in Spring, leaves brightest of green  
will the birds eat you then, of leftover berries, they glean?

They say your a Honeysuckle?  
I really don't know, just why?  
I haven't a green thumb  
and if I pick and eat your berries  
I was told I would get sick or die!

So why then even make them?  
are they just your jewels, red and such?  
Or are you just tempting, all to come eat and to touch?

Linda Winchell

# 'Fuddy, Duddy Hall Of Fame'

I took a trip the other day  
To a place... they call the "Fuddy, Duddy Hall Of Fame"  
It wasn't too impressive to me  
When on the wall... was chiseled my entire name.

It was listed under, " Old Geezers"  
"Old Farts", was the column nearest to that.  
But I didn't see a category... for who I thought I really was  
Now what was up with that?

I saw however my "Father's" name  
But the category that it was listed in.  
His was the only one seen... under the title  
"Creator Of All" Who came and died for all man's sin.

I wish my name was under His  
And not in the category I had been given.  
But I guess it was the list I had earned  
For the life... that I had once been livin.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Games I Use To Play'

There were games I use to play as a child  
like hop scotch, or tag, ' your it! '

Red Rover, Red Rover let someone come over  
breaking through childrens hands linked like some broken stick.

Then ball and jacks, trying to grab them up  
and marbles, drawn circle in the dirt.  
Riding bikes as fast as our legs could pedal  
no helmets then, no one really seemed to get that hurt.

Then Red Light, Green Light, and Mother made a chocolate cake  
it's where someone stuck their finger in it!  
Then you turned around and tried to find  
the one that really did it!

Then jump rope singing songs about a girl named Mary  
jumps counted of the many times she was kissed.  
Until you jumped not high enough  
feet caught in the ropes try you've missed.

The games I use to play, so very long ago.  
When children knew how to be children  
not rushing their lives then to grow.

Linda Winchell

# 'Garbage Pick Up'

Place your garbage at the side of the road  
all that was treasured at one time.  
Bikes and some exercise equipment  
they had seen their better of times.

Your child has grown up  
and your now growing out.  
He 's worn off the rubber riding his bike  
clothes hung on yours, cause it got too tuff!

Golf clubs never used at all  
because dad had that heart attack.  
Maybe if he let you come along  
you both wouldn't have got so fat?

Garbage pick up man is looking  
at all that lay aside the road.  
He's looking at it likes it's Christmas Eve  
with wealth of gifts untold!

One mans junk is anothers treasure  
I've heard someone say.  
I guess we shouldn't buy false man made hopes  
It's all ends up, Garbage on pick up day!

Linda Winchell

# 'Gearing Up For Black Friday'

I'm gearing up for this Black Friday!  
Bought a crash helmet, knee pads and mitts!  
I'll be ready for those bone headed shoppers!  
the ones that always seem to throw  
their Black Friday, bargain shopping fits!

Last year someone snatched my water bra!  
Now it's been leaking all over, ever since!  
I've tried to patch up all the holes  
but as of yet, haven't had any real success!

So bring on those nut balls this Friday!  
I'm all geared up for that day!  
No ones getting the best of me, I'll tell ya!  
and no bargains are they going to cart away!

I stopped in early Thursday, to the mall  
checked out all those bargains, I want to buy!  
Then stashed them in some good hiding places  
so I can buy them on my, Black Friday's fly-by!

Didn't we just celebrate, Thanksgiving?  
giving thanks for all we remember to be near and dear?  
And then we turn around the next day  
acting like some animals to be feared!

They can take away Black Friday  
We won't need it anyway!  
After our newly elected Government gets in!  
we won't have a need for Black Friday  
because I've heard, their taking Christmas away!

Linda Winchell

# 'Get Rid Of Toxic Friends'

Get rid of all those Toxic friends!  
they will only drain you of your joy!  
You'll never ever please them anyway  
they can play your emotions like a toy!

They moan and groan to you about their life  
and crab about most everything!  
Noting seems to ever please them  
no matter how much time of you, you'll bring!

Stop! Before it becomes too late!  
See them for who they really are!  
And reach out for better friends in life  
lifes friendships, bright and shinning stars!

Linda Winchell

# 'Get Up And Dance'

Get up and dance  
...get on your feet  
Hear God's music in your souls  
... Feel its Heavenly beat.

The harps are playing...  
The songs sung... by thousands of Angels above.  
Come on and dance together....  
Come on and feel God's love.

One step forward...  
Now don't take any back.  
Get up and dance for joy...  
Get your life... on the right track!

It's not that hard...  
All the steps are there.  
Don't worry if anyone's looking at you funny  
God's really the one that cares.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Get Your Act Together'

Get your act together  
read the script, lines written verse.  
Your audience is only that of one  
judging everything you've rehearsed.

Do not wait until show time  
when your curtain rises up.  
Trying to remember what lines you've read  
that will never be enough.

One day you'll be called onto the stage  
to parade your skills of given task.  
And then the words of judgment  
questions of you, your God will ask.

Did you practice your script my child?  
Did you read the book I gave?  
Did you come to Me for forgiveness?  
Of which to you, was a promise made.

Or have you waited till the call was heard?  
Then tried to cram in every word.  
For now your curtain call has come  
For I am your judging audience  
the supreme audience of one.

Linda Winchell

# 'Getting In God's Way'

Some of us seem to want to always help,  
Jumping out to those opened hands of prey.  
But you may be interfering with God's plan?  
And just be getting in God's way.

There are lessons He wishes too teach us all,  
And never learned if we do not stumble and fall.  
So when someone in need does come your way,  
Let God guild your decision, when you pray.

Pauls' infirmities God did not heal of bad health,  
And that of Job, God allowed Satan to rob him of his wealth.  
This was done to show God's lessons work in play.  
Please don't be getting, in God's way.

God does not mean for us not too help,  
The hungry, lost and the poor.  
But think and go to God in prayer,  
And you might see it different then before?

Linda Winchell

## 'Getting It Off My Chest'

I am glad you stopped over to talk to me  
I have something that I've needed to get off my chest.  
It was that flippant way you looked at me  
When I thought I was looking all my best!

If looks could kill I would now be dead!  
What was that look really all about?  
Did you not like the way I dressed?  
When we were about to go out?

I had tried my best, as I have always done  
To present a pleasant view of me.  
But that night mister, your look took the cake!  
And didn't leave a crumb on the plate for me!

Linda Winchell

# 'Getting Married'

You called to share your good news!  
That your getting married, on March fourteenth!  
You knew that is my Birthday?  
who would, or could ever think?

That you would have both planned it that way  
in some sort of honored memory to me dear.  
I'm blessed to know you both love me that much  
for your wedding day with me to share.

I remember the first day they handed  
your little precious body over to me.  
Born in another woman's womb  
but always felt you were, a real part of me.

You grew up with such sweetness  
that you have shared now with your wife to be  
and I'm honored to be now a part of you both  
on your wedding day, and My Birthday this March fourteenth.

God Bless, Love Mom

Linda Winchell

# 'Getting Use To Yesterday'

Just when I was getting use to yesterdays  
along came my todays.  
I got myself through them all  
of those tomorrows their part in my life played.

I've tried to brush them under the rug  
or place them at the back of my mind.  
But they come in on my todays  
they keep coming back every time!

Now there are some times I wish yesterdays  
would never go away.  
But it only becomes my tomorrows,  
because it needs to become my todays.

Linda Winchell

# 'Ghost In The Darkness'

There's a ghost in the darkness of my room  
which I only seem to see.

It lurks in those darkened corners  
and I always know he's watching me.

Mom said I shouldn't be afraid  
it's just my child's imagination, she said.  
So I'll pull the covers up over me  
while safe now in my parents' bed.

Mom and Dad won't mind I guess  
If my Ghost comes to visit them.  
I'll just tell them it's their imagination  
it's all just make believe and pretend.

Linda Winchell

# 'Girl'

Long coal black hair  
With fusha purple streaks.  
Gothic shell of covering  
Her true self somewhere hidden deep.

Silver grommet buckled belt  
Sitting low upon her hips.  
Darkest of midnight  
Painted on her lips.

Trying to find who she is  
While following the crowd.  
What is it you're covering?  
That's silently screaming out so loud.

Is it the fear of recognition?  
That holds you in its fear.  
Feelings of rejection in which  
You feel.  
Is that what you're not saying here?

Linda Winchell

# 'Give Up On Perfect'

You have to give up on perfect!  
For perfect does not on earth exist!  
So what if the dinner isn't ready on time  
or you haven't that written life rehearsed!

You have to give up on perfect!  
Before it gives up on you!  
You need to be just who you are  
and do the best with it that you can do!

You have to give up on perfect!  
It's a fantasy of someone else's idea, you see  
It may end you up in a crazy house!  
and you'll never achieve, that perfect you've planned to be!

You have to give up on perfect  
airbrushing and filling, the flaws on your face!  
Just take the wrinkles that your the laughter brings!  
and just be happy, perfectly, imperfect  
for heavens sake!

And if you somehow reach that perfect you!  
You'll only be less than perfect than someone else!  
So put your idea of what you think is perfection aside!  
And just be perfect with your imperfect, perfect self!

Linda Winchell

# 'Glass Ceiling'

I have a home... that has Glass Ceilings  
So I can always... gaze up and see the view.  
Of all the stars and clouds.... in the Heavens  
The ones... God has made for me and you.

To watch the birds as they fly on by  
And all the rain drops... when they fall.  
I don't want to ever miss the beauty  
The beauty... of it all.

They don't seem to ever get that dirty  
I haven't had to clean a pane... to get a better of view.  
The rains come... just in the nick of time!  
And make the glass all clean and new.

And when the nights get frosty cold  
I can watch... as all the crystals form.  
One by one... God's art begins  
With each crystal flake that's born.

Then the sun comes out and melts them  
And I watch them... all slowly disappear.  
But I never seem to have the same old view  
God changes it always for me... from year to year.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Go'

Seek go Seek, what you will never own  
work go work, hard works pay never taken home.  
Love go Love, with those feelings of the heart  
Seek, work and love, giving your life that needed spark.

Try go try, as if you've never done before  
fight go fight, in endless greed-filled wars.  
Die go die, rise again from ashes one day.  
Kneel go kneel, posture yourself and pray.

Lie go Lie, of what you say you have  
laugh go laugh, for your lives are really sad.  
Live go Live, as you think you should  
Die, fight, kneel and laugh,  
for it won't do you any good.

Fall go Fall, as other nations have  
earth filled with sins of man, designing a master plan.  
End go End, as the world we know will one day  
All go All, back to dust in which it came.

Linda Winchell

# 'Go Away To The Manger'

I was told to, 'go away to the manger! '  
Because, all were dead, in the crib!  
Not even that, little baby Jesus  
could say, He knew what was did!

All were partying hard last night!  
Harder, than was ever seen before!  
So most are now, all drunk dead!  
laying on the kitchen floor!

So onto the manger, Yep! , that's what I just said!  
I guess I can find, some clean straw  
where I can lay my, sinus stuffed head!  
But wait! I'm alergic!  
To such animals, as these!  
'Ah, Ah, AH, CHEW! ' Sorry, I just had a wet sneeze!

Linda Winchell

# 'Go Deeper With Your Roots'

When troubles seem to come your way  
and there seems nothing that you can do.  
Plant your roots much deeper  
and God will always nourish you.

Just like trees, when drought comes upon  
they're thirst drives roots ever deep.  
Your roots if planted in the Lord  
should be all ones life need keep.

How deep is your darkness?  
How lonely has been your road?  
How painful has been your journey?  
God knows, of all these things untold.

So if you thirst or hunger  
place your roots much deeper in.  
So that God can feed all your needs  
Of your hunger and thirst for Him.

Linda Winchell

# 'Go Down To The River Jordan'

Go down to the river, "Jordan"  
There is a man named Jesus there.  
He has a story to tell you  
Words from His Father sent to share.

He came down to have, " John" baptize Him  
In the waters of the Jordan River, you see.  
Now He wants to do the same for you  
Baptizing you in His Fathers name to be clean.

He is a man whom was born of Mary  
In a manger, some time ago.  
King Harrod tried to kill Him  
But an Angel told Mary and Joseph  
To take the babe Jesus and, " Go! "

He now walks amongst us  
For how long no man will ever know.  
Only His Father in Heaven  
He to Jesus shall soon show.

Linda Winchell

# 'Go To God...He Understands'

Don't worry about these worlds demands  
Go to God.....He understands.  
No need to fret or worry....  
Coming from the fire...into the frying pan.  
Go to God.....He understands.

When sin you're faced with...  
And there are many challenges at hand.  
Go to God...He understands.

Nothing to small...nothing to big for this man  
Go to God with everything....  
He understands.

If life just seems...to be weighing you down  
And those facial expressions...are not pleasing to man.  
Go to God...He understands.

He takes us at...our worst and our best  
He reforms our lives...  
And gives us the rest.  
There is nothing that He judges...or unexpected demands.  
Just Go to God...He understands.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'God Always Answers Prayers'

Prayers are always answered  
Even if you think they're not.  
If it's in your best interest  
God will give it to you  
Or He may not.

But don't stop your praying  
Even if you see no results to come.  
Because God will answer all of them  
And the battles if any shall be won.

Our Father knows what's best for us  
Even if you think you know it all.  
We just need to surrender to Him  
So as not take our human of a fall.

Surrender your all to Him my friend  
No need to hold anything back.  
And you will see the results given you  
For God's wisdom and love  
Is always where it's at.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'God Is In The Details'

God is in the details  
every detail of our lives.  
Seeming to tie, our loose ends up  
in a heavenly bow, of detailed ribbons tied.

He rounds off, all our rough edges  
He then, smooths out their pointed, jagged tips.  
He rewrites our every sin committed  
before we ever, profess them with our lips!

Yes, God is in the details  
His work in us, still too sharp, too its best!  
Then now feeling all of God's love inside  
Knowing that we are, divinely detailed blessed!

God is in the details!  
So will you let Him, do His work in you?  
And you shall have the best, that this new life can offer!  
God wants to detail, YOU!

Linda Winchell

# 'God Stuff'

I've got a lot of God Stuff,  
That I tend to put aside.

I need to see I get too it,  
And not from thine eyes do hide.

I've placed it on a shelf of sorts,  
That I seem to have built myself.

It's not too sturdy now I look at it,  
With all the God stuff I have stored.

But it may be too late and then,  
I'll only be pilling on much more!

So I'll take it down, one by one,  
And do as my Father asks.

They're really not that hard to do,  
They're not that hard of task.

God never gives us more you know,  
Then we're too bare for Him.

He carried it all to Calvary,  
It was that God Stuff of mans' sins.

Linda Winchell

# 'God Told Me Not To'

God told me not to work so hard  
There's plenty of time for that.  
So I raked for two more hours out front  
And then washed up, laid down and took a nap!

When I woke up the leaves had blown  
Blown where I was once raking them to.  
I know God had His hands in it  
He always knows just what to do.

The winds were pointed in the direction  
The direction I was raking to.  
But I know that God has made everything  
So that's what He did, He BLEW!

Now that I'm all rested  
I think I better be getting back to work  
Can't have God do all my chores for me.  
I'll thank Him for all His help  
That He blew in for little old me to see.

Linda Winchell

# 'God Will Leave The Light On'

God will leave the light on  
for you to see your way.  
He will always have it lit you know  
in case you lose your way.

The sign says, 'Vacancy Always! '  
White blankets turned down on every bed.  
And Angel filled feather pillows  
hand made, to comfort your weary head.

Not a motel six, no, it's much more than that!  
It's was built by the Father of us all.  
The sinks and tubs made of purest marble  
and gold lined walls in every hall.

And if you call for room service  
God sends His angels to fill your needs.  
They whisper words from God above  
to dine on scripted songs for you to feed.

Music of harps will fill rooms air  
gently strumming you off to sleep.  
Always follow that light God leaves on  
on the sign marked, ' Heavens street.'

Linda Winchell

# 'God Willing'

God is always willing  
but I think it also takes me and you.  
He is always just a prayer away  
not too hard for me or you to do.

I think God is always willing and able  
to help us when we call.  
I've done it more than I can tell you friend  
and He's answered I'm sure them all.

Sometimes I didn't always see the answer  
and felt like maybe He didn't care.  
But then as time revealed to me  
I could see God was willing, and always there.

Sometimes He helped me make some changes  
in the way I was doing some things.  
Like how I treated others perhaps  
and what that sin in me had to bring.

Somethings I will never understand  
in my earthly given mind.  
But one day it will be made clear to me  
In each Godly understandable line.

Like why did my Father have to die?  
Upon a cross for me?  
Couldn't it had been done in a nicer way?  
God has that power to make it be, you see.

But I understand through my faith and walk  
that it is all in my Heavenly Father's plan.  
That He allowed His Son Jesus to suffer and die  
for every woman, child and man.

Linda Winchell

# 'God's Basket'

Placed my sins into God's basket,  
As it slowly was passed around.  
It had no bottom in it,  
But yet no sins fell to the ground.

Our sins were woven into it,  
Every thread, strand and cord.  
They were woven by the hands of God,  
And forgiven by our Lord.

The basket needs no bottom,  
For the worlds sins are much.  
They are forgiven by our God above,  
With a dropp of His cleansing blood when touched.

Place your sins down inside,  
So that God can forgive them too.  
He wove this basket for all of us,  
He made it for me and you.

Linda Winchell

# 'God's Crayons'

Color your life with God's Crayons  
Each color a bit brighter than the last.  
Go and outline your life's journey  
Let God color in all uncolored gaps.

Don't worry now about breaking them  
For they are unbreakable you see.  
God has coated them in His Blood shed  
The blood He gave at Calvary.

Now go and hang it in a picture frame  
For all to come and view.  
For God has colored a different picture  
With His crayons He gave to you.

Linda Winchell

# 'God's Cross Roads'

While out walking down the road one day,  
I crossed a path and went astray.

It was rocky and dirty,  
And I stumbled and I fell.  
When I looked up and seen the sign ahead,  
It read, 'This Way On Your Way To Hell.'

'I don't want to go down this road, ' I cried!  
This must be a dream, I didn't want to die.

Wasn't ready I thought, to go as of yet,  
The drugs were just a first for me,  
I did it on a bet.

'God forgive me, I cried out! '  
I am sorry for my life.  
I wasn't the best of a husband,  
I wasn't the best of wife.

Then a light came out from behind some trees,  
I felt the presence of God, and fell down to my knees.

Getting up again, I began to walk,  
I could hear Angels' calling me.  
But I couldn't say a word, I couldn't talk.

Then all of a sudden, a cross roads appeared,  
Had signs that read, 'Salvation, Heaven Draweth Near.'

Then another and another, pointed straight as you could see,  
They were God's signs to Heaven He had put there for me.

My walk has now continued,  
Continued now with thee,  
Walking down God's cross roads,  
The ones He helped me see.

Linda Winchell

# 'God's Crossroads'

While out walking down the road one day  
I crossed a path, and went astray.  
It was rocky and dirty  
And I stumbled and fell.  
When I looked up I seen a sign,  
It said, " This way to Hell'.

I don't want to go down this road I cried,  
This must be a dream, I didn't mean to die.  
Wasn't ready I thought, to go as of yet,  
The drugs I just took were just on a bet.

'God forgive me', I cried out!  
I'm sorry for my life.  
I wasn't the best of husbands,  
I wasn't the greatest wife.

Then a light came out from behind some trees,  
I felt the presence of God, and did fall to my knees.  
Getting up again, I began again my walk,  
I could hear God's angels' calling me,  
But a word they did not talk.

Then all of a sudden, a cross roads did appear,  
Had signs that said, Salvation, Heaven draweth near.  
Then another and another, pointed straight that I could see,  
They were God's signs to Heaven and He put them there for me.

My walk has now continued,  
Continued now with thee,  
Walking down God's Crossroads,  
The ones' He made for me.

\*\*\* Intersection: All roads point to Him, for those who seek Him.

Linda Winchell

# 'God's Eyes Don'T See As Your's Do'

God's eyes don't see as your's do  
They can see deep with-in your soul.  
He has Spiritual Xray vision  
Seeing beyond all things  
Hidden or just untold.

It's more than just normal 20/20 vision  
Where He can view what we try to hide.  
One glance from God's, 'Baby Blues'  
He can view all of your sins inside!

God's view comes only from His love  
Which only our Father can really make.  
No matter what you pretend to be my friend  
He can see what you hide or fake.

Linda Winchell

# 'God's Grace Is In The Darkness'

When you're feeling hopeless, down and blue  
And the darkness seems to be engulfing you.  
Where hope feels lost and your joy seems much less  
God's grace is in the corners, the light in your Darkness.

Jesus can handle your darkest of nights  
While shining His brightness of His Holy light.  
Don't lose hope for God's grace is best  
God's grace is in the blackest of your darkness.

Linda Winchell

# 'God's Love'

God cannot stop loving us  
No matter what it is we think He'll do.  
With our stripes of sins He loves us still  
While on man's quest... to maim and kill.

He forgives us when we need forgiveness  
He loves us through it all.  
So man can now walk upright  
Not hanging of head...and standing tall.

He scolds us yet... when needed  
But in such a loving Fatherly way.  
No man could ever love His children more  
Than our Savior does today.  
\*\*Romans 5: 5

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Gold Fever'

We are in a Gold Rush fever time  
where our dollar isn't worth a nickle!  
But gold and silver dollars are rising daily  
while our economy is in a pickle!

Our Government has borrowed from Peter  
to pay some guy named Paul.  
Now Peter's become a pauper  
And Paul is sitting on it all!

Will we ever turn this nation around?  
Getting back to what really matters.  
Or are we destine our History to repeat?  
while the fat cats keep getting fatter!

Some things got to give you know  
tax payers have given more than their fare share.  
While banks look for Government bail out plans  
this kind of thinking is just unfair!

Is there really all that gold and silver  
which we base our dollar from?  
How stupid does our Government think we are?  
Do they think we are that dumb?

Rise up yee mighty Nations people!  
Let's take back what we have earned!  
Has history not taught us anything?  
about our corrupted Governments lack of concern?

Linda Winchell

# 'Goldy Locks And Baby Bear'

'Goldy Locks is missing! '

Screamed out old Pa, Pa Bear!

Where could she have gone Ma, Ma, Bear?

After Baby Bear pulled out, her long golden locks of hair?

'They got into a scuffle it seems! '

said Ma, Ma bear with an undertone of glee!

I'm glad it was Baby bear and Goldie's Locks!

and not this beautiful auburn long hair on me!

Seems Goldy said some bad things in the woods!

and got angry for being, called out!

So she thought she would have some words with us

but that didn't seem to ever work itself out!

No one in the forest will miss her!

she was always strutting, her golden Goldy Locks stuff around!

Talking all her trash mouth garbage!

None of which had the nicest or sweetest of sound!

Maybe she needs this time out?

To go and lick her wounds.

Then maybe if she decides to return

she will sing a much sweeter and different Goldy Lock's of tune!

Linda Winchell

# 'Good Poetry'

It amazes me what others call  
really good or great poetry!  
I try to see them as others do  
but they don't ever appeal to me.

I don't see their humor, if any  
or if they are said to be filled with love.  
It's not because I'm without feelings  
I just don't get what the poem is trying to plug!

How have all the greatest of poets?  
How have they made it to the shelves?  
Were they all self published writers?  
Did they have to do it by themselves?

I read some poets on this site and others  
and most are great, I must admit.  
But then there are those which get rave reviews  
I guess I'll never catch their poetic drift!

Linda Winchell

# 'Grab The Pen From The Poet'

Grab the pen from the poet's hand  
and write your own ending lines.  
No one should have such control  
that they can write your lifes story  
in their poetic rhyme.

Take control, go and write those words  
now carefully chose the ones you use.  
And with the stroke of pens stain of ink  
live life as you've written to.

Silver in the poet's bullets  
not blanks, as well you would have wished.  
Marksmen all, their penned words stand tall  
as they've added your lines to a poet's list.

Takes courage to stand and pay words price  
of what anothers thoughts might be.  
Placing down on paper all there is  
of what maybe the poet, now wants to be.

Living life one word at a time  
of letter by letter spelled.  
All falling into minds order of things  
all where the poet's words have fell.

Linda Winchell

# 'Grandma Said That She's Moving'

Grandma said that she's moving this week  
That God found her a much better home.  
Grandpa's already gone ahead to welcome her in  
He's been living there now, not too long.

Grandma said her time is almost up on earth  
She's done what God had in His plan for her life alone.  
Soon she needs to be moving on, to be with Grandpa  
In their sweet and beautiful, Heavens home.

She told me that if she stayed around much longer  
That there wouldn't be room enough for you and me.  
I guess Grandma knows what's she's saying here  
She always seemed to know  
What God wanted for her life to be.

So now, I'll say my, "fair-thee-wells"  
Giving my Grandma, one last kiss good-bye!  
In hopes that I will see her and Grandpa one day  
Up in their Heavenly home  
In the sweet, " by and by."

Linda Winchell

# 'Grandma's Apron'

My Grandma always wore an apron  
something we don't see much anymore.  
She would put it on over her dress  
the first thing when she got up in morn.

She would carry eggs from the hen house  
cupped in her apron pulled up tight.  
She would also carry apples in it too  
then washed her hands and on her apron did wipe.

Her apron hangs in my closet now  
as a reminder of those days.  
And sometimes slip it on over my clothes  
and pretend I'm my Grandma for that day.

I go to the same old hen house  
gather eggs for my apple pies.  
I wash my hands and wipe them too  
and with Grandmas' apron, swat a pesky horse fly.

Nothing I have seen of yet, will replace those aprons worn  
they were from those days of long ago  
in the day when my Grandma was born.

Linda Winchell

# 'Grandma's Claw Legged Tub'

I remember when I was just a little girl  
Skinny, with skin seemingly stretched over my bony frame.  
While soaking in the tub, taking my evening bath.  
Soaping up, getting ready to take a short but memorable ride.  
Sliding down the back of my Grandmother's, "Claw Legged Porcelain tub."

Perching my bony backside up to the rim  
With anticipation of the journey ahead.  
Grandmother now calling to me,  
"I hope you're not making a mess of my bathroom! "

Floor and throw rug now drenched  
Grabbing towels to soak up my mess.  
Every minute thinking, "What a wonderful ride that was! "  
If only for a brief moment in my small childhood existence.  
All well worth the scolding I was in store of receiving.

I miss that old, 'Claw Legged Tub.'

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright": 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Grandma's Pain'

You've now taken the Grandkids from me  
you hit me where it did the most harm.  
The arrow went into my heart  
and then entered out of my arm.

The pain runs down so deeply  
of which I hope you will never know.  
Why did you have to hurt more than me?  
It is hurting your sons too, you know?

It was all over some candy  
and a comment that you said I had made.  
You sent to me an email  
and nailed my backside to the grade.

You told me how I had done this!  
and then you told me how I'd done that!  
I never knew I was hurting anyone  
I never knew all or any of that!

My son has just stopped to visit me  
and told me of what you've said.  
That you will never let the Grandkids come to visit  
to Grandma's and Grandpa's, Farm homestead.

I guess that choice is yours to make  
make it if you must.  
But the damage will be irreversible  
and most painfull for anyone to touch.

Your jealousy is outrageous  
and might add, VERY immature!  
I hope you have a great life dear  
with this pain of loss I now must  
untill my lifes end endure.

I hope that you are now happy  
to hear that you think you've won.  
But believe me when I tell you Daughter-In-Law

you too have two sons!

I hope you don't have to feel  
the pain you've now inflicted, you see.  
Because one day your sons will take a wife  
And you may end up hurting like ME?

Linda Winchell

# 'Grandma's Rocking Chair'

My Grandma owned a rocking chair,  
Where she would rock me fast to sleep.  
She'd pick me up when cranky I'm told,  
And then rock, till ner a peep!

I can hear the words she last spoke to me,  
That when my feet hit the floor.  
'You will be too big to rock my dear,  
And Grandma won't rock you anymore.'

I now have my Grandma's chair today,  
It was willed for me to own.  
I have rocked my children in my arms,  
As Grandma did me long ago.

It creeks a bit as I rock I've noticed,  
But it's music to my ears.  
For I still remember Grandma's voice,  
As she whispered prayers into my ears.

Her voice was soft, I remember now,  
Of the love she professed for me.  
I miss you Grandma very much,  
And the love I shared with thee.

Rock-in chair, don't fail me now!  
For there is more of me and you.  
My children's feet don't yet hit the floor,  
We've got much more rockin yet to do!

Linda Winchell

# 'Grandma's Sewing Box'

Spools of thread and needles  
Slipper cushions filled with pins  
Some tipped with colored beads.  
Grandma's sewing box was filled  
with everything she seemed to need.

She would sit and darn Grandpa's stockings  
Or maybe sew a button on a shirt or two.  
She always seemed to know what color of thread to use  
She always knew just what to do.

She would place a thimble on her finger  
And with needle strung of colored thread.  
She would push the needle very carefully in  
What ever had needed, Grandma's special mend.

I would rummage through Grandma's sewing box  
It was like a treasure chest she saved for me.  
She would let me play with all the colored buttons  
And tried to show me how to needle point  
A butterfly and bunny scene.

She would take my little fingers  
And thread my needle with thin pastel yarn.  
I will always remember my Grandma's sewing box  
And the times, I would visit her on the farm.

Linda Winchell

# 'Grandsons' Laces'

While bending over... to tie my Grandsons' shoe lace  
I saw what looked...to be a part of my face.  
It wasn't a smile... looked more like a frown  
My Grandson shouted..."Grandma"... your face is falling down! "

I was shocked at what...this little one had said  
All I wanted to do was... go and bury my head!  
How could this happen?  
How could I've... gotten so old?  
That now my Grandsons' words  
Can... feel so cold.

Guess time snuck up.... while I wasn't aware  
And now my young body and my youthful looks  
Got up and went somewhere.

Shocked though I was at what was relayed  
I continued to tie his laces...so he could go out to play.  
With a hug and a kiss my Grandson in a soft loving voice did say  
"Grandma I love you ...and wouldn't have you any other way! "

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Great Divide'

Some shall Apostasies from you Lord,  
Satan's grip upon their souls.

Sheep from goats' wandering, in confusion of self.  
Wonder what now to become of them?

Drifting as sailless ships' upon the seas.  
Departing from the faith they once knew,  
Foretold by Paul through first Timothy.

Yet not taking heed to the message written within,  
Caught up in a spiders' web of ones' aimless desires.

Soon to be devoured by their own wants and lusts.  
Some faithful so deeply on fire for you my Father.  
Yet those that sit in a well of confusion of your word.

Spitting out all that is of God and the Holy Spirit.  
Now swallowing and gorging down sin,  
Replacing their hunger and thirst for you.

Satan's great divide now in place.  
His plan unfolding as written so long ago.  
God forgive us, for we know of what we do.

Linda Winchell

# 'Green Bananas'

Does anyone eat green bananas?  
then why have them in the stores?  
By the time you think of eating one ripe!  
they're full of fruit flies, in the hundreds or maybe more!

My husband loves green bananas  
he says, cause they're solid and much more flavorful.  
I think they taste kind of green and bitter  
with every green and bitter mouthful!

I wonder if monkeys eat them green?  
Or do they also wait until they're ripe?  
Just peeling them when they're green  
leaves those long stringy things of white!

I've taken to freezing mine now  
in plastic bags, for my daily protien shakes!  
Now I don't have to worry about the ones that turn black!  
From the green ones that I wouldn't take!

Linda Winchell

# 'Green Eyed Monster'

I met my Green eyed monster  
while out the other night.  
I thought I'd seen my husband  
holding another woman to him tight!

I rushed on over to confront him  
but when I got close to see  
It was just my Green eyed monster  
showing me things to trouble me.

The man and women glared at me  
as if to say, 'What's Up? '  
Embarassed that I even thought that he  
could have ever done of such.

I rushed on home to my surprise  
stood my husband to greet me at the door.  
I never want to see that Green Eyed monster  
In my minds eye evermore!

Linda Winchell

# 'Green Side Up'

Never claimed to have much of a Green thumb  
But I thought I'd try it maybe some day.  
So out in the back yard... I began to plant  
Tried my hand at this planting thing... anyway.

Don't know my ups from my downs  
But thought I had this planting thing licked.  
Yet when I took a gaze out of my windows  
Nothing was growing...it all just looked like a bunch of dead sticks.

I planted right...at least I thought I did  
Was told ..."Now don't forget Miss Millie ...to plant everything green side down."  
But now that I look at all I've planted  
I don't think it should be looking... so dead...so brown.

I think old man Roy might have been just playing with me?  
Some have said... he's a bit deaf and feeble in his head.  
Might be right ...because all of what I've planted now  
Looks a bit like Roy's yard....all brown and dead!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Grey All Around'

Today outside is grey all around  
with a cold dampness in the air.  
One glance in the mirror as I arose  
was enough to give any ghost a scare!

It looks like a huge grey Brill-o pad!  
And accompanied by dark rings beneath my eyes!  
For heavens sake what did I do?  
to deserve this grey damp morning surprise?

Linda Winchell

# 'Grieving The Loss Of Stuff! '

I just heard on world news tonight  
that this generation of children  
are grieving the loss of STUFF?  
I couldn't believe what my ears had heard  
they think they're all having it all so tuff?

Would they have grieved or missed it all?  
If we as parents would have just given less?  
And maybe not gone and filled their lives with STUFF  
and given them, our parental best!

Grieving the loss of STUFF?  
I can't believe what we have now become!  
To place a price on the stuff in life!  
and not that of what our lives  
have given to the world and done!

So let this generation weep awhile!  
they need to know what is really tuff!  
And then they won't have time to moan  
about not having all that STUFF!

Linda Winchell

# 'Guilty Feelings'

You make me feel guilty  
when you come home moping through the door.  
I can't help it I'm not suppling that extra income  
to our household anymore.

I didn't mean to fall  
and now, not be able to work!  
I feel bad enough you know  
without you acting like a jerk!

I give you what we can afford  
and I don't eat much to survive.  
If I cut back anymore on things  
I'll be eating grass and flowers outside!

And how your acting when I come home  
from shopping at the store.  
Makes a person not want to go out  
I can't stay home, seven and twenty-four!

I have applied for all kinds of jobs  
but the market doesn't want someone, it seems my age.  
All they want to give you for work consist of  
greeting at Wal\*Mart, or behind a glass enclosed cage!

I guess you'll just have to get over it  
or get a second or third job!  
And I think folks still get arrested dear  
if they go to banks, with masks and guns and rob?

Then I see that banks are folding  
but the Governments bailing out their butts!  
So they give the rich a helping hand  
but they don't seem to care about poor us!

Maybe I'm making too much of this?  
And just feeling a bit stressed?  
So forgive me honey if all this Recession and me not working  
has gotten you all depressed.

Linda Winchell

# 'Gullible Gully'

There was a man named, "Gullible Gully"  
Who just had to buy everything he seen.  
If watching one day, on the T.V. he'd say  
"I just have to have some of those things! "

If a commercial was on for a diet pill  
He would run out and buy up the lot!  
But never tried it, and wasn't really too fit  
And in time the fatter he got.

He'd buy every gigot and gadget  
He'd buy them out almost every single day.  
Then one day he was broke  
And went to jail for the bad checks he wrote  
And that was the end of, "Gullible Gully! "

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Hair Styles I Remember'

There are hairstyles I remember wearing  
oh so long ago.  
My father had a fit with most of them  
told me, 'go comb that mess out before you go! '

I'd rat it up with the small toothed end of comb  
so the base would hold it up.  
Then took a brush to smooth it some  
and then I sprayed it so it stuck!

The wind could blow its hardest  
but my hair withstood its gail!  
When anyone would touch my do  
they said it felt as hard as nails!

There was one do called the, Bee Hive  
It was hallowed out in the center.  
Some gilrs would hide their smokes in there  
and have a puff or two after schools dinner.

Then there was the bouffant flip  
it was the smallest flip you'd ever seen.  
Your head looked like this big balloon  
with a small hat rim of hair flipping up, was keen!

Then the Pixie and the Bob  
boxed off hair cut for cool guys  
long hair for the slobs!

Then the Beatles made their hair debut  
my father hated them.  
Everyone wore the Nauru jackets  
and their pant legs tight and slim!

Then Farra Faucet, that's a funny name  
but her hairstyle look, was in the hair book hall of fame!

Not too many new looks I see now a days  
just long or short, no curls, no waves.

No teasing of hair, no spray or thick gels  
But highlights for sure, all look swell.

I'm glad those days are over with  
took forever for you to get ready.  
Now it's just blow and go, and sprits or two  
and your off on a date with your steady!

Linda Winchell

# 'Halloween Party'

I went to a Halloween party  
all the witches and goblins were there!  
When they looked at each other  
they all ran for cover  
because they gave themselves quite a scare!

Wolf man was there with his face full of hair  
teeth coming out, in full moon of night!  
And Dracula dripping blood, from a midnight snack  
he must have given someones neck quite a bite?

There was even Casper, he's a friendly ghost  
Frankenstein and the Blob!  
It was a great ghostly party, with lots of dead bodies  
was a great Halloween party, scary mob!

I won first place prize for my costume  
They all said it was the best one they all did see!  
I was dressed much different than all the rest  
Because I went to this Halloween party dressed as, ' ME! '

Linda Winchell

# 'Hand Me Downs'

I loved all my childhood hand me downs,  
They were the best a young girl could ever have.  
Even though they were once someone else's first,  
They were now my gift of second hand.

They may not all have fit that well,  
Some of them were a bit faded, and tattered from wear.  
But when you haven't anything much,  
They were riches from someone who'd shared.

Shoes that had a scuff or two,  
But all comfortable just the same.  
My hand me downs protected me,  
Through harsh winter's cold and spring rains.

Coats that had to be belted up,  
So that they would fit my tiny frame.  
No matter what other's thought of them,  
I loved them just the same.

I've grown up now and could afford,  
The best that money can buy.  
But still I find the joy in shopping hand me down stores,  
While loading up on things that get me by.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Hand We'Re Dealt'

Sometimes we don't fee that we're dealt  
The cards that we thought were in our deck.  
They somehow tend to fall in a different order  
And choke us, like a noose around our neck.

Tightening its grip at times  
Suffocating all of what we thought we knew.  
Cards now placed face down on the table  
Hiding their value from your view.

Then one by one you turn them over  
Revealing cards fate finally dealt.  
Realizing that their face value shown  
Was, and had already been painfully felt.

But this may be only one hand or two?  
There are more in life yet to deal.  
And maybe with your next set of plays  
A pot of gold you may end up to steal.

Linda Winchell

# 'Hang On Loosely'

Never grasp to tightly  
of what you wish not let go.  
Hang on to it loosely  
don't tighten your grasp so.

If it leaves your hand  
just blow a kiss as it flies away.  
For if your love is strong you'll see  
It returning to you one day.

Gently stroke and caress it  
so it feels your palms love do hold  
nothing is greater given than love  
it is purest of God's gold.

Linda Winchell

# 'Hang Out Your Dirty Laundry'

Go and hang out your dirty laundry  
so that all the world can see.  
What dirt lies in the weave of what you've worn  
those hidden parts of what's not cleaned.

Pull each piece from your basket  
go ahead, clothespin them on the lines.  
For the sun will never bleach their stains  
of what others eyes and ears will find.

Yet we parade them on the air waves  
if they were some Military badges of honor and such.  
Faceless, changed names of a hopeless people  
who's lives have been tormented with their own discuss.

Does it give one some kind of pleasure?  
To share the dirt's pain that is imbedded there within?  
Or is it confession they're looking for?  
that approved cleansing of their dirty laundries sin?

Whatever the real case may be  
go if you must, and hang them on the line.  
And maybe with cleansing rain, time and sun  
they will all fade from your view and mine.

Linda Winchell

# 'Happy In My Skin'

I am happy in the skin I'm in  
I pull it up an over my bones weakened frame.  
It's the only one I have for now  
ain't getting another I know of again.

My skin is black, brown, and sometimes white  
it's my Love that shines through that differentiates.  
It's the character of who I am when no one else is looking  
It's the truthfulness of my words, of the me it makes.

It's all of this and much, much more  
that I hope I've shown you.  
Being happy in the skin your in  
I hope your happy with the one God gave to you.

Linda Winchell

# 'Hard Rain'

Beating down on my truck and deck  
ice pellets came down, just rains regret!  
Pelting all that lay below  
Ice that might if colder, turned to snow?

My chickens ran to take their cover  
shivering in a group  
to protect one another.

The hard rain left as quick as did come  
and then out came old Mister sun!

I'm glad I wasn't out on a walk when it came  
I might have been beaten up  
by all that hard rain?

Linda Winchell

# 'Hard Times Are A Comin'

Got's no gravy in the skillet  
Got's No bacon, maybe a spoonful of week old grits!  
Got's me two stale red, "jelly, belly beans"  
Four, " M& M's"  
Bout all for dinner, you's goanna gits!

Paw, I'm tryin to make a go of things  
But the further I go's, the deeper that I gits!  
So make the best of this meal Paw  
And don't hand me none  
Of your, down South flappin lips!

Now it might help if you was a workin!  
And maybe bringin some monies into this humble house.  
I haven't a crumb to offer anyone  
And I'm getting real tired of being your faithful  
And lovin spouse!

Paw, your just gettin lazy, old and smelly!  
All I hear is the groanin of your fat belly!  
So if yaw wanna better meal than this  
I suggest you go  
"So Gits on with ya paw, " now gits! "

Don't be lookin over at, "Old Yeller"  
He's gots real problems of his own!  
He's gettin so old and feeble Paw  
He's forgotten where he's gone and buried all dem bones.

I was tell him just the other day,  
"Old Yeller", now you go and fetch me one thar bones."  
But all he did was lay there paw  
Rolled over lookin up at me  
Then just died, with one last doggie groan!

So hard times, they is a comin Paw!  
In fact, I think thar already here.  
I hope yawl finds a job real soon Paw  
Now gits a move on Paw

And gits on out a here!

Linda Winchell

# 'Haunting Memories Of You'

Haunting memories of you... cross my mind  
Memories...once then faded to black.  
Clenching fists till blued...in fear of remembrance of it all.  
Not wanting to go there again...releasing all of my past pains inflicted.  
Yet, I long to remember you.

The smell of your neck...as I lay my head next to your pillow while asleep.  
Etching each pore of your cheek and nose into my then... child like needy heart  
and mind.  
Wanting so...that maybe you'd return the feelings of that moment...but do not.  
Yet, I continued loving you.

What was this attraction felt...that I clung so dearly to you?  
What did I see in the monster you always became?  
For it was not the lust of your pleasures...for there were none had by me.  
Giving only the empty shell of me to your needs and desires...each one too short  
lived.  
Yet, my body ached for you always.

The years have passed...but the memory of you is still very real  
Nightmares at times...but my form of real just the same.  
What a sickness...your disease given me...  
Is this the best you've left me with?  
To live my life out... still in the wanting-ness of your touch?  
If only for this fleeting moment.

God take this from me...let this cup pass from me Lord!  
Erase all the memories of this man from my heart and feeble minds desires.  
Yet, I crave who you were not.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Have Love For All'

It is easiest to love those, it seems  
who only love us back!  
Yet, not it seems for those, who don't!  
we don't or won't, cut them any slack!

But God's golden rule  
is too 'Have love for your fellow man'  
I guess this is easier, said, then done?  
and always try, to love them if you can!

Sometimes we all seem to harbor  
a spirit, much like those, of the Pharisees.  
Pointing all kinds of fingers at others sins, not ours!  
and feeling, holier than thou, with ease!

The test of real love, however  
is an unselfish heart and mind!  
To give to the bad as well as the good  
to be generous, and Godly kind.

One gift of growing older I've found  
is ones humility, now much easier achieved.  
A tenderness grips our souls and hearts  
and comforts fully, our spirits needs.

Linda Winchell

# 'Have You Ever Questioned God? '

Have you ever found yourself questioning God?  
The way that Moses once did?  
Unsatisfied with his flock of wailers  
And thought... how could God manifest what He did?

To be able to produce the meat...Moses' followers need  
Was a feat Moses could not...  
Could not humanly believe.  
Yet Moses had seen the Red sea parted...  
Saw plagues ravage the land  
Until barren of every leaf.

But you see Moses was human and flawed  
He was just a mortal man.  
So to question God the Creator of all  
Was expected by Moses...and not considered bad.

So don't feel bad when you may question  
Just need to walk closer to God... so you can better understand.  
What in all His wisdom  
God may be sending to man.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'He Came For You! '

If you think that God's not working in your life  
Just take a real good look at all surroundings.  
He's in the air you're lungs are breathing in  
His hand is in all creation... abounding.

He's in the songs of all the birds that sing  
His hand is in the blue of skies above.  
His work can be viewed in everything  
All created... from His Fathers' undying love.

Now when you think that you're all alone  
Look around and take a much closer look.  
If only to sit and read His word  
As it was written... in the Holiest of books.

He will take you on a journey  
To lands never viewed.  
Of a time... that He did walk the earth  
If only but...in His thirtytwo.

A babe born... in a lowly manger  
Born of a Virgin... and a carpenter.  
A young man who went into the entire world to teach.  
In a manner of parables divinely... did this man "Jesus" speak.

"To know the Father is to know the Son."  
His words were understood but by a few.  
Until one day...when He picked up OUR cross  
Then everyone to late then ... sadly knew.

That He was sent from a higher source  
To live in love... and walk amongst us all.  
So that we could be washed clean of sin... through His blood  
And one day with Jesus ...walk His Father's halls.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009



# 'He Could Have'

He could have spared... His death upon the cross  
But if not... our salvation would have now been lost.  
The power did lie... within His Father's hands  
But you see my friend...that was not His plan.

Sin was the cost... of why He suffered so  
And then to His Father God...third day was rose.  
If it were not for...that faithful day  
Mankind would have now...no real need to pray.

Asking for forgiveness....from our God above  
Allowing Him to fill us...with the Holy Spirits' love.  
To shine now to all...what God has sin's confession ridden  
To remove what should have been...our cross then bidden.

We need not suffer all the pain...of which He endured  
But obey His commandments...every God given word.  
So that one day...when it is our turn  
We will wear those jeweled crowns...of which we've earned.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'He Held Me'

God saw I wasn't able to stand  
So He reached down to me  
To give me a hand.

As I grabbed out to take His grip  
My fingers seemed to miss in doubt  
And began to slip.

His mighty hand had never moved  
And my strength though prayers and time  
Did much improve.

I reached again and this time it took  
Then God placed a Bible in my other hand  
Of which I humbly took.

Your hand my Lord was really never my need  
For you were there through it all  
You had placed your seed.

In my heart so I could learn it well  
All the time you were there  
It was me through it all  
Which you had held.

Linda Winchell

# 'He Rolled Away The Stone'

"Why do you search for Him, He is not there?  
For He has rolled away the stone."  
It was told that Jesus would rise from the grave  
And in three days ascend, unto His Father's home.

Mary walking in the gardens yard has seen Him  
While others were in such deep, self-despair.  
The stone had been rolled away silently  
As the king's guards on watch, slept unaware.

The King of man has risen!  
He did the job He had been sent to earth to do.  
He died upon a cross one day at Calvary  
He seen that His mission was complete  
He did that for me and you.

So if you too are searching for Him  
You needn't go to a tomb to see.  
Just kneel down in prayer asking  
God's forgiveness of your sins.  
Then He shall always live in thee.

Linda Winchell

# 'Heart Of Peace I'M Searching For'

"Heart Of Peace I'm Searching For"

There is a, " Heart of peace I am searching for"  
To ease and take away this pain in which resides.  
I try to place it all into words in poems.  
But the pain seems, not too easily to subside.

The loss I feel is more than words can say  
But I write them down somehow, anyway.  
In hopes this will unburden from me  
This pain that resides, from this loss, you see?

I pray to, "You Oh God ", that I will soon not feel  
What in my heart and that of others  
Is now so real.

So young was he, to have been taken away  
Why couldn't, "You my Lord", just let him stay?  
I know I should not question in Him  
What I feel inside, to be my weakened doubt of sin.

Please forgive me Lord  
but this pain I feel is real.  
And it tugs at my joy  
This sin now tries to steal.

I would ask one favor of You, " My Lord"  
That you give me, this" Heart of peace I'm looking for."  
And I will try, with all the Love I have in You  
To not search for Your peace, you needn't give no more.

Linda Winchell

# 'Heart Of Thorns'

"God please place a thorn deep within my heart,  
To seed itself inside,  
That I might feel the pain of your inflictions,  
The pain of sin that man tries so hard to hide.'

I need to remember daily Lord,  
Of all the pain that you went through,  
The pain you took so willingly,  
That pain I never knew.

Place it as a test of my faithfulness,  
My faithfulness to only you,  
A reminder daily of what I need to know,  
That reminder Lord... of only you.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Heart Prints'

I went to the cemetery to visit my dear friend  
She passed away some time ago.  
I knelt to share some things with her  
I thought she just had to know.

This was the first time I had visited her  
and on her headstone were words carved deep.  
'Glad to see you dropped on by to visit  
Thank you for your heart print that you weep.'

I never knew she could ever feel this way  
To have had someone place this message on her stone.  
But she was the dearest of friend I ever had  
And I always felt with her right at home.

As I left her grave side after sharing  
The deepest of feelings from my heart.  
I made sure to leave my heart print with her that day  
And will take a new little piece of her's as I part.

Linda Winchell

# 'Heavens' Marathon'

The race to which God calls us  
Is not a sprint...but a marathon.  
No matter what road you've taken to walk  
God's is the road you should be running on.

Cast off every encumbrance  
Permanently give up any obstacle that hinders.  
Ashes to ashes they all will all become  
Your forgiven sins...now cinders.

Your motivation springs now ...out of hope  
The hope... our Lord God can only give.  
All that life entangles...now allowing you to live.

Focusing on the finish line  
Of Heavens' golden gates.  
Come on... sign up for Heavens' marathon!  
Before... it is too late.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Hell In A Hand Basket'

I've heard it said, that when you're not Heaven bound  
that you are, 'Going to Hell In A Hand Basket! '  
You're going down, down, down!

But wouldn't the fire burn the basket in flames?  
And possibly cause your decent to miss your Hell's aim?  
Then causing the rope to break from heat  
and you're decent into Hell you would defeat.

I would rather the rope and my basket be held  
by the maker of all, earth, Heaven and Hell.  
So that He would pull me up, one day at a time  
Then up, up, up to Heaven, my Hell's basket would climb!

Linda Winchell

# 'Hell's Kitchen'

I wonder what's on the menu?  
In Hell's Kitchen tonight?  
Could it be, it would with me agree?  
With every single taken bite?

I've heard that fella, 'Satan'  
Cooks up a WICKED kind of meal.  
He doesn't spare the HEAT I'm told.  
He likes to keep his dishes appeal.

I'm told they will BURN your inners  
As you swallow each bite down.  
And boy when satan throws a party  
All the demons come on down.

They belly up to the tables  
All set in FLAMES of BURNING red.  
It's also told that they like to bite  
At the flesh of others who are dead.

So if you are intending on dining  
At Hell's kitchen sometime soon.  
I'd suggest that you re-think your desires  
Or you'll be on their menu, where  
Satan will be serving up, 'YOU! '

Linda Winchell

# 'Help Me Find My Way Back Home'

Sir, could you help me find my way back home?  
I've been gone now for quite some time.  
I was overseas in a war you know?  
Helping others to live in freedom  
like those of mine!

I've seemed however, to have lost my way  
to my home, I once lived and knew.  
I spent the best years of my life there  
in that home in which I grew.

I know I may look kind of strange to you  
and you may not wish to help.  
But I was blinded from, some cross fire fighting  
and am getting use to this, helping myself.

Is this ten, ten, fifty Harbor street?  
Can't seem to read the signs.  
And am trying to get use to  
the darkness I'm in  
it's a real pain, this being blind.

I just want to make it home to my Mom and Dad  
and my sisters and cousins and Aunts!  
But I'm lost and need some help from you  
but now I heard you whisper that, 'I can't! '

Well then, if you would do me one big favor?  
call this number,555-7777 on your phone?  
And tell them their son Billy Mc Nally  
is out here, and just needs to make it home.

So the man, did dial the number  
and heard this reply, when he told them of this soldiers request  
'I'm sorry sir if you were bothered by Billy  
but he has long gone, to his death.

He seems to always appear, around the Holidays  
and stops, strangers on the street.

And asks if they can help him get home  
to ten, ten fifty Harbor street.

Linda Winchell

# 'Helping Mother Nature'

Painted flowers on my bushes,  
Colors everywhere.  
They didn't seem to mind at all,  
They didn't even care.

It rained so hard it knocked them down,  
Flowers of color, now lay on the ground.

So with glue in hand, I stuck and sticked,  
A flower on every branch, and stick!

I hope that Mother Nature doesn't care?  
Of what it was I did?  
I would never try and do her job,  
Just a helping hand did give.

I love my bushes now, that color has arrived.  
I'm glad I saved that basket of flowers,  
The ones' I set aside.

Come smell my garden if you would,  
I've sprayed them with pefumed scents,  
It took all day to make them sweet,  
A day in which God had sent.

Linda Winchell

# 'Here Comes Another Hot Flash! '

Here comes another Hot Flash!  
I seem to be getting them now  
more and more!  
This change of life thing, is killing me!  
I'm just a wet puddle, of hot flash sweat and more!

My mood swings are never ending!  
I'm an Angel, but then wait!  
and I'm a witch!  
I've taken to sticking mini pads to my forehead!  
But with all this sweating  
they just don't seem to stick!

Did my Mother ever have them?  
I guess all of us ladies will one day!  
But I wish that I didn't have them ever!  
and that they would soon all go away!

First I'm at that, boiling sweaty point!  
Clothes come off, then they go back on!  
My husband tries to get frisky, between swings!  
but is fast reminded, I'm not finding him, all too fond!

I cry at the dropp of a hat!  
At everything, I see or hear!  
Is this really happening to me?  
And why pick, this Holiday time of year?

I've got our Holiday shopping to do!  
and the presents need to be wrapped!  
I'm tired and just want to shower off this feeling!  
and maybe, lie down and take a nap!

Oh no! Here one comes again!  
as I run to stick my head in the freezer door!  
But I didn't get there fast enough!  
now I'm another puddle, of Hot flash  
in front of my, refrigerators freezer door!



# 'Hidden Blessings'

There are many hidden blessings',  
Within everything we do.

God gives them to each one of us,  
He made them just for you.

They are found in childrens' laughter,  
Or from birds' that sing.

They are right there in front of us,  
They are in every birth of Spring.

They are in a new found friend like me,  
So many miles away.

But yet, right in front of you,  
To help you through your day.

So when your feeling down and out,  
And have no one to call.

Know that God and I are here for you,  
Sharing lifes' rhyming with you all.

Linda Winchell

# 'Hidden Danger In A Cloud Of Smoke'

Years ago, in my very small town  
there were those city trucks, which would come around.  
Calling out, 'that they would be spraying! '  
a cloud of smoke, to keep those mosquitoes down!

We didn't know, that it was D.D.T!  
as children, our lungs would breath inside!  
In the clouds of spray, for us was childs play  
on our streets, hidden dangers, did hide!

More powerful than any weapon!  
used, in all of our past wars!  
Now as adults were paying the price, of ignorance!  
for what was not ever told, to us before!

Immune systems, now failing  
cancers of every shape and type!  
But not known to little innocent children back then  
dangers clouds playing, in D.D. T., throughout the night!

Now there's not too many of us, left around  
some like myself, a victim of a hidden danger!  
Dieing because of an ingnorance, back then!  
it makes me now, so fast to anger!

What other hidden dangers?  
Have they, pumped into our veins?  
What other horrible side effects of these poisons?  
maybe lurking now, inside our brains?

'God forgive them, for they know not what they've done! '  
The killing off of us innocent children!  
maybe a mother, or someones father, or his son?

We must look before we leap out, my friends!  
For every action, is a reaction too be!  
I can only tell you how I have suffered  
from the hidden dangers, in those clouds of D.D.T!



# 'History In The Making'

World history now in the making  
for the new President of the United States elect.  
I voted already, for who I felt White House ready  
and hope I don't live four years in regret.

It is not about the color of ones skin  
yet some say, ' Oh Yes it is! '  
I just want to see, whomever has victory  
that they know what a great President is!

Not someone that kowtows to bullies!  
A President that won't be pushed around!  
A God fearing man, with a Bible in one hand  
and will get us a buck for our pound!

This is History in the making  
greatest voter turn-out the polls have ever seen!  
Black and white, trying to make things right  
hopefully working together for a Govermental team!

Our worlds future lie in the balance  
of what numbers at the end of this race will tally.  
Then we can say, we did it the American way!  
while around our President, Under God we will rally!

Linda Winchell

# 'History Of A Nose'

I made a comment the other day  
on a photo that I'd seen of you.  
I wasn't trying to be rude you see  
and I didn't want to come off sounding rude.

I said I'd never seen you  
in a side profile your photo was taken in.  
But it didn't do your nose any justice  
it looked as if it protruded past your chinny, chin!

But now, there have been many larger noses in history  
like Serrano, Durante who gloried in their big schnozzolas!  
And I've always wonder, if when they blew them things?  
If they trumpited sounds like a large trombonea?

I'm sorry if your nose to me seems quite large  
and this might now sound like a bash.  
But I can't help but say to you my friend  
'Inka, Dinka, doo, ' and, 'Goodnight Mrs Calabash! '  
Hee, Hee!

Linda Winchell

# 'Holes In My Quilt'

As I faced my Maker...at the time of judgment  
I knelt...in front of my Lord...with others there... along side of me.  
In the distance hanging... on golden lines  
Quilts...some as beautiful as beautiful could ever be.

My pile of squares now lay in front of me  
As an Angel... took each piece to sew.  
But mine were quite ragged and lacking color  
And filled... with giant holes.

Each piece had written... labels on them  
Indicating parts of my life...that had been difficult.  
The challenges and temptations...I faced everyday in my life  
Each one now...the Angel took.

I glanced around...and no one else had squares like mine  
Other than a tiny hole... here and there.  
Threadbare and filled with holes  
Was mine... as I gazed upon each square.

Finally the time came when each life was displayed  
Held up to...Heaven's holy light.  
The scrutiny of the truth...  
In each viewed...tapestry  
Those faded...ragged patches... of my life.

My gaze dropped to the ground in shame  
Of all earthly fortunes... had.  
Yet love and good health... were some of mine remembered  
Which made me feel proud... and yet so sad?

I had spent many a night... on my knees  
Asking God for guidance in my life.  
To muster up the strength I needed  
To be a better servant...a better mother...a more loving wife.

While I stood and lifted...the combined squares of my life to the light  
The light filtered through each hole  
There viewed was the face of Jesus Christ.

For all present to behold.

Then our Lord stood before me

With warmth and love in His eyes.

“Every time you gave your life over to me... my child

Each point of light...was when you stepped aside.”

“Allowing my light to shine through

Until there was more of me... than you.”

May all God’s children’s quilts... be filled with holes

Allowing the light of Jesus Christ... to shine on through.

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Home Made Peanut Brittle'

I hate homemade peanut brittle!  
With its peanuts and buttery crusty crunch!  
My Mother in Law always makes it  
And gives my husband and me a bunch!

She knows that I can't eat peanuts!  
But she makes it anyway!  
I think she gives it as gifts for Christmas  
Or she'll have to throw it all away!

I guess I wouldn't mind the crunchy part  
If that was all there was!  
But those peanuts they taste really offal!  
Why didn't she just leave them?  
In their shells just where they was?

Linda Winchell

# 'Hope'

Hope does not have a number,  
At the disposal of each man.

It means rather to be open,  
As open as dare can.

Despare does not bury,  
Hopes or illusions one prepares.

But to harmonize with itself,  
Of mans' enviroment, as birds' to air.

He is a world known creature,  
Who himself lives everywhere.

Hope is mans' breath of life,  
And God's breath of purest air.

Linda Winchell

## 'House Wife Affair'

I been having my housewife affair for awhile  
which my husband doesn't even care about!  
They are all performed in the comfort of the home  
And I never have to ever dress up, or go out!

These men that live in our home  
are Kenmore, and then that other fella, Hover!  
They're my kind of secret men!  
They are shakers and, real movers!

One takes me around and around the house  
as he sweeps me across, clean floors!  
The other pampers my clothes in bubbles  
and sometimes, even helps me, clean above the doors!

Then one can be as cold as ice!  
But does take me to the kitchen to dine.  
And sometimes makes me coffee  
Aromas, waking me up, before the stoke of nine.

I don't think I'll let my husband in on it  
these other men I have in my life!  
I'll just pretend, that they're my secret lovers  
helping just another, imaginative, overworked, housewife!

Linda Winchell

# 'How Could I Love You More? '

I never thought I could love You more  
But I was mistaken to even have thought that way.  
But when I let you into my heart  
Your love took my breath away.

You filtered Yourself into my life  
As if you'd always been.  
You found a way to love me Lord  
Even though I was filled with darkened sin.

You have shown me a different way of life  
One that I'd never known before.  
And all the time you were right there waiting  
How could I have ever asked for more?

My heart now overflows with love  
A love purer than I'd ever imagined.  
Love devouring all my sin within  
Washed with Your blood it now has ravaged.

Cloaked in the Armour of Your Holy Spirit  
Filled with a light shining brightly through.  
I never thought I could love someone  
The way Lord that I now love You!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'How Do I Gaurd My Heart? '

How do I gaurd my heart  
when the arrow already struck its mark?  
Piercing the one who loved you so  
directly in their heart.

Draining their life within every beat  
that it beat and pumped for you.  
Placing nothing but sadness  
where there was, the deepest of Loves blood so true.

How do I guard my heart now?  
From the hurt it might feel again?  
How do I let another love me?  
love this now barred gaurded heart again?

Linda Winchell

# 'How Do You Find Your Way Back? '

How do you find your way back home?  
when you are lost in a sandy desert of life's dispare?  
When you think, you no longer can go, even forward.  
wondering if anyone but you really even cares.

You want to turn, things around  
driving back from where you came!  
But fearing all that your return might offer  
is nothing but what you've known the same.

Yet forwards even look bleak to you!  
No light seeming to be shinning through.  
But sometimes with the help of another  
you can reverse this past of what you once knew.

But it all starts with those first steps taken  
One baby step, at a time.  
Then one by one your steps grow easier  
keeping your footprints straight in that sandy desert line.

Linda Winchell

# 'How Lucky You Really Are'

A man without legs unable to ever walk, yet you complain about the way yours look.

How lucky you really are.

A blind man, never able to see the beauty of a sunny blue sky but you complain about the glasses slipping down your nose.

How lucky you really are.

A child without shoes wrapping rags around their feet yet you complain about the twenty you have to search through to wear.

How lucky you really are.

A child cries from hunger, yet you complain about the meal you were being served was cold.

How lucky you really are.

A land without war, yet you complain about the lack of freedom you claim our Government does not give you.

How lucky you really are.

A family without a home, yet you complain about how old your home is and want new.

How lucky you really are.

A family without work, in dump sights scraping for something to sell yet you can make it to work on time and complain.

How lucky you really are.

Your freedom to worship, yet you complain about giving ten percent of what you make to help others.

How lucky you really are.

All of these God see's and will bless in the end!

How lucky THEY really are!

Linda Winchell

# 'How Much? '

How much am I willing to sacrifice?  
For all that You've done for me?  
How much will I let go for You, " Jesus? "  
So that You can make me all I am to be?

How far am I willing to go?  
To reach all that I can for You?  
How much... and how far my friends?  
God is asking this now of you.

I thank God that Jesus... was not holding back  
All that He was meant to do or be.  
For if that was the case my friend  
How could His Love and Mercy set us free?

Would our lives then just be for naught?  
Would we never know the meaning of?  
All that the Father sent His Son to do  
Because of all of our Father's Love.

Take some time now to ask yourself  
Have you given all that truly now could give?  
Or are you just giving in to your desires of the heart?  
And not for, "Jesus Christ" that you live?

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Humanity Is Never So Beautiful'

Humanity is never so beautiful  
Then when they are down upon their knees.  
Begging God's forgiveness  
Or maybe forgiving  
Another's wrong of deed.

We should all approach God  
With a sincere genuine, honesty,  
And an unaffected heart.  
This is just mans beginning  
It is where it needs to start.

(Heb.10: 22a) " Let us draw near to God  
With a sincere heart in full assurance of faith."

Linda Winchell

# 'Humble Pie'

While eating breakfast,  
I sat down and prayed.  
That this feeling of sadness,  
Would please go away!

Each spoonful a chore,  
To place in my mouth,  
What was I feeling?  
What were my tears all about?

A humbling feeling did fill my heart,  
One spoonful at a time,  
From end and its' start.

Why was it me, that God chose to feed?  
When the world is starving,  
And in much more of need?

My tears welled up,  
And fell to puddle the floor,  
As my bowl was now empty,  
There wasn't anymore.

Looking inside the bowl in my hands,  
Prayed, 'Dear God fill this bowl,  
So I might feed it to man.'

Linda Winchell

# 'Hungry Kitty'

My kitty tries to suckle,  
On my doggie when they lay down.  
My doggie doesn't seem to like it much,  
And gets up and then gets down.

But kitty is determined,  
To get that nightly snack.  
But my Mommy says, 'doggie has no Mommy stuff.'  
But kitty ain't thinking about all that!

My kitty kneeds and pushes,  
As hard as little kitty paws can.  
To get something for all of kitties' hard work,  
What kitty doesn't seem to know, is our doggie's name is, 'SAM! '

Linda Winchell

# 'Hunting Season Is Open'

Gun hunting season opens tomorrow morning  
my husband is gathering his hunting gear around.  
He'll be getting up really early in the morning  
way before the break of dawn.

He's trying his special orange hunting cap on  
so that he's not mistaken for a deer.  
Us wives always worry about that you know  
it is one of a hunter's wifes greatest fears.

The weather is suppose to be very cold and rainy  
my husband says that is the best weather for hunting in.  
Because the deer are on the move much more  
then when it's warmer like some recent days have been.

I will say a prayer to our Lord above  
asking that He protect all hunters, on this opening day.  
And that they all come back with that Buck or Doe their after  
and no bullets from their guns shot go astray.

Linda Winchell

# 'I Am An Intercessor'

I am an Intercessor  
I have been sent to earth by God.  
If you don't know what gift this is  
you may think me and it, pretty odd!

I feel anothers pain and hurt  
and then I take it upon myself.  
It is hard to know when it will all appear  
anothers pain and not myself's.

It may be with just a touch of the hand  
or a glance into anothers eyes.  
For all at once their pain appears  
and my heart, with pain, it dies.

Brought to prayer, I then ask the Lord  
to release whatever, it is inside.  
That is hurting this child of God's  
and that they might, from another want to hide.

Then like a flash, like some mystical light  
the warmth of Jesus, does appear.  
Then He takes away, all doubts and pain  
removing what was felt so near.

I am an Intercessor, of the Holy Spirit within!  
Yes, I will help take away, your sin's pain!  
This is what the Lord has made me for  
God's intercession, it is only, heaven's gain.

Linda Winchell

# 'I Am The Other Woman'

I am the other woman  
that's now in my husband's life.  
He doesn't go and see his mom too much  
now that he's taken me, for his wife!

His mother seems to be jealous  
of this love relationship, we have.  
I've tried to include her in our lives  
but she seems to, just get mad!

She can't smoke in our home  
My husband and I won't, that allow!  
But she can at least come to, Holiday dinners  
and have her smoke, when she leaves somehow!

She never seems to like what I've cooked  
say's it's, 'UGLY' and it taste like Poo!  
So what is me, the other woman I ask?  
now, what am I too do?

I've tried going over to her place  
bought her candy and great gifts!  
But she asks, 'Where is my son these days? '  
and throws a, tantrum childish fit!

I have never stopped her son from visiting  
or calling her up, on the telephone!  
I know she's getting old and frail  
and is tired of being, left all alone!

I think I need to gently ask  
my husband to, stop more than he has!  
Because one day, I too might be acting like her  
with that other woman feeling, that's so bad!

Linda Winchell

# 'I Am The Queen Of Everything'

I am the Queen of the land called, 'Everything! '  
I govern all of what I own and survey!  
For a Queen's jobs are by far, many!  
And it has with it, a huge of price too pay!

I cannot be to any man or woman, a friend!  
For they may want, to really, cut off my head?  
An army of soliders at my beckon call!  
They protect my kingdom, or I might lose it all!

I am the Queen of, 'Everything! '  
But the cost of that power, has an ill effect on me.  
I can now not trust anothers motive!  
for they may really want to steal, my, 'Everything? '

Why couldn't I have just been born a commoner?  
and have a large family and lots of true and loyal friends?  
And not have to always worry  
if today might be, my stories end!

But for now, I am the Queen!  
the Queen, of the land of, 'Everything! '  
And with that brings a duty, ' MY ALL! '  
in the Kingdom of, 'Everything! '

Linda Winchell

# 'I Can'

I can love enough that you can hate me  
I can live enough that now I die.  
I can forgive enough that I might be forgiven  
I can, I can, "say I. "

I can take enough that I'd then be giving  
I can eat enough that I might hunger more.  
I can knock and yet not enter in  
I can, I can, and so much more.

I can fall and yet my end will stop me  
I can walk and yet choose to be still.  
I can cry through all of my laughter  
I can, I can, I will.

I can go to God for His forgiveness  
I can stay within the comfort of my sin.  
I can have the joy and peace God's love brings me  
I can, I can, I need just begin.

Linda Winchell

# 'I Climbed That Mountain'

I have climbed to the top of that mountain  
I have clung to every word given by my Lord.  
He has shared His life and death of the Savior  
He has showered me... with an unquenchable love.

He brought face down and to my knees  
So humbly did my broken self... genuflect.  
To be in the presence of my "Lord Jesus Christ"  
In His Loving arms... I took my rest.

"Bring me your humble ...bring me your poor"  
"Bring me your weak... and your dead.  
For I shall give them the breath of "Christ" our risen Savior  
For I am... the worlds daily and ONLY "Living bread! "

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'I Couldn'T Love You More'

When first I fell in love with you,  
I find that now I couldn't love you more,  
From the depths of this deep love felt,  
My heart to yours is weld.

Could I ever have imagined?  
To the heights my love for you would climb,  
I'm just glad I gave my whole heart to you,  
I love you more deeply,  
Please remain my 'Valentine'.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'I Cried Yesterday'

The last time I cried was yesterday  
Don't know just why I did.  
Wasn't feeling sad or down  
Just tears... my eyes chose to give.

Sometimes I do travel back in time  
To a sad place I once was at.  
Now maybe this has something to do with it?  
Maybe that's where those tears were at?

No matter what...tears must fall  
Because if they're all held inside.  
I would burst like... an overfilled balloon  
If I were... to push all of those emotions aside.

So forgive me when I am blubbering  
Or maybe to you...somewhat immature.  
But my eyes are now filling up with tears... you see  
And my sight of your expression...is now a blur.

Don't need your consent to feel  
What time and life have in my heart placed.  
Just need for you to understand...  
Or maybe wipe a tear... from my tear stained face.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

## 'I Did Too! '

I started to talk about my day  
and you said, 'I Did Too! '  
Why is it every time I speak  
you have to say 'I did that too? '

I told you that I had a cold  
you said, 'I do too! '  
I told you about the bargain I got  
then you said, that's funny, 'I got one better than you'

I told you that I lost a pound  
you said, 'I did too! ', but two!  
I told you where I ate for lunch  
and you said, ' that's crazy, 'I just ate there too! '

I do this and you do that!  
But it always seems to be much better, or the same!  
Why is it you have to copy me?  
like in some, 'I do too, ' kinda game?

I told you that my hair had changed  
that I'd cut it, and colored too!  
And guess what, you my dear came back with?  
You'll never guess what, 'I just changed mine too! '

I can't seem to get away from you  
no matter how hard I've tried too!  
You will always do me just one better!  
because you've possibly  
even tried to, 'Do that too! '

Linda Winchell

# 'I Do Not Understand'

The words in which you speak at times  
most of I do not understand.  
It's hard for me to figure out their meanings  
If not placed in, understandable poetic rhymes.

It seems as that we think on different planes  
yours is out in space somewhere!  
I am more of a down to earth gal  
and have my feet and mind planted there!

So if it is something you are wanting me to know  
then could you maybe bring it down a bit?  
And then maybe I would be able to  
understand just what it is you'd writ!

Linda Winchell

# 'I Don'T Want Summer To Go Away'

I don't want summer to go away.  
And I know it will return, again one day.  
But I hate the cold that winter brings  
I bites my nose and gives my fingers a sting!

I like it warm where I can lay outside  
in my lawn chair with a cool drink by my side.  
To work on my tan and wear shorts and no sleeves.  
Oh hurry summer, hurray back please!

Snow is pretty when it first does fall  
and it makes neat snowmen  
and those kids snow balls.  
But I'm not as young as I was long ago  
And I don't go out and play, in the cold of snow!

I could hop on a plane and go to where the sun always shines  
it seems the thing to do, it's done by most friends of mine.  
But all they do is stay in all day.  
Say it's too hot to go out for them to play.

So I'll sit and wait for summers return  
and drag my lawn chair in the house!  
Then I'll sit and tan under a sun lamp and dream  
and wait for the warmth of summer, before I go back out!

Linda Winchell

# 'I Fell Asleep For Twenty Four Years'

I was twenty, when I fell asleep  
gone and slept for, twenty four?  
When I awoke, I didn't recognize  
anything, I had seen or known before!

All the streets, seemed very different  
some homes I knew, had been torn down!  
The people that I met on the streets  
looked at my style of dress, as if I were some kind of clown!

I felt as if I had only slept in for a day!  
But as I viewed the paper, it said, 'December of 2008! '  
But how could that, have happened to me?  
I fell asleep, in late of, ' December of,1983? '

Am I like that fella, 'Rip Van Winkle? '  
Who fell asleep, under an old apple tree?  
No, that couldn't have been the case!  
That would have never, gone and happened to me!

While I was passing by a store window  
I glanced at my reflection, in the glass!  
My hair was down to my shoulders, and greasy!  
and my clothes were really, lacking some kind of class!

I had on some, funky bell bottomed trousers!  
And a skin tight, silky kind of shirt!  
A beard and mustache, framed my mouth and chin!  
I looked like some bum like, kind of jerk!

What was I doing? And why did I fall asleep so long?  
For now my life, is now a mystery to me.  
Was I the same, as I can even remember I was?  
Would anyone, even recognize me?

Then out from an apartment window, echoed to me this call!  
'Hey mister! what's your name? '  
'Aren't you that fella, that said he wanted it all? '  
'Then began to drink, and brought his family, so much pain? '

So that was where, I've been those lost years!  
Not sleeping, but numbed from all that drink!  
Wanting more, but giving less!  
What a stupid way, that was too think!

'Forgive me Lord! ', ' And Help me now to be! '  
'The man, that you once had made! '  
'For I promise to change my life, from here on out! '  
Returning those twenty four years!  
Which I had not really slept, but had chose to throw away!

Linda Winchell

# 'I Found The'U' In Jesus'

I found the..." U "in Jesus'  
It was always there... you see.  
God spelled His name out... very carefully  
For the entire world... including me.

But for some unknown reason  
I had forgotten to look and really view  
Just focusing on... the J...the S's...the E  
And never seeing the true meaning... in the "U."

Jesus wanted us all to see  
What the letters in His name had meant.  
He is super great with things like that  
In every word...His messages sent

His sacrifice was far from none  
No one else would or need now do the same.  
It was spelled out in the name of "JesUs"  
He placed U in His Holy name.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'I Got To Get Out Of These Pajamas'

I've got to get out of my pajamas  
been in them all week long.  
Sitting at my computer writing  
all these divine and heavenly poems.

I see the chickens are getting a bit skinny  
the dog wants to go out to potty and play.  
The duck is pecking at the slider door for food  
And the goats need some water and hay.

I like my warm pajams  
but I've noticed I'm starting to stink!  
I wonder what the hubby's thinking?  
When he sees all those dirty dishes in the sink?

I'm not being couterproductive  
I think I'm doing the world and me service.  
They can't see what I look anyways  
Looking like some crazed, nervous mervous!

But I guess the hubby's right.  
I should at least get out of my chair.  
Stop to eat, maybe brush my teeth  
and possibly run a brush through my knotted hair.

I think I'll just go and do that  
sounds like a winning idea to me.  
But my pajamas are so warm and comfy  
and they've sort of gown on me.

Just one more line or maybe two  
before I close this computer down!  
Oh, that's a poem if I ever heard one  
I need to get that one written down.

Linda Winchell

# 'I Hate Getting Old'

I just hate this thing called, 'getting old'  
I have hated it from the very start!  
The doctor say's, "Watch your cholesterol"  
It will only hurt your heart!

Then he tells you, you can't have something  
That you in your old age can now afford.  
So now, what's a gal to do with her time and money?  
Sit and eat greens and become thin and bored?

I've tried all kinds of things to eat  
But not too much do I really like.  
I don't like to walk a lot  
And really can't stand those new fangled bikes!

I hate those old farts that play, " BINGO! "  
Seems all they do is eat and smoke.  
I still think this getting old is horrible  
And it's a real dirty kinda joke.

I waited all my life and saved  
To be, ' foot loose and fancy-free! '  
But all I have now is bunions  
And this sore hip  
Is getting the best part of me!

Therefore, I'll eat my greens and hope one day  
To lower what is affecting it seems, my heart.  
But all of you, had better steer clear!  
Cause here comes another old ladies, FART!

Linda Winchell

# 'I Have A Bladder Infection'

I think I have another bladder infection?  
I have been running last five minutes, about ten times!  
And It has a strange funny odor to it!  
Smells like I've swallowed a roll of pennies or dimes!

I went onto the internet  
to make sure this was, what I really had!  
They said to call my doctor, were they think I'm really that bad?  
So I did just what they'd suggested!  
Now the doctor wants to have me come in  
and have my urine inspected!

Now peeing in a jar, is really NOT my style  
As I sit and wiggle in the waiting room for awhile!  
'Mrs. Winchell? ' the doctor will see you!

'DID YOU BRING IN YOUR PEE, IN THAT JAR FOR ME? '  
Well I just wanted to crawl and hide under a chair!  
'NO, It's a cup for you, would you care for a sip or two? '  
I could have just hit her with it, but I didn't dare!

My urine sample was tested  
seemed I had it right the first time!  
The doctor said, that the reports had read  
said that my urine had the color of red wine!

Medication should cure what ails ya!  
Said that sweet witch doctor to me!  
But I hope that no one took me up on that offer  
to take a taste of what looked like red tea!

Linda Winchell

# 'I Have A Bounty To Get Rid Of'

I have a bounty, that I've collected over time!  
Of diamonds and of gold!  
But I got the flu and a pirate lover read about it  
and now he's sailing the ocean blue, I'm told!

He's heading towards my ship I've heard  
to steal it all away!  
I've been trying to send him my flu virus  
but he keeps getting out of its way! !

So I'll just hide it in my treasure chest  
and he will never know!  
That it contains all the germs one stomach  
one sick stomach could ever hold!  
ARRRRRRRRRRRRRRR MATE! ! ! Got it yet?

Linda Winchell

# 'I Have A Tiny Hinny'

I have a tiny hinny,  
One would never know it's there,  
Most people when they first see my hinny,  
Say, that's sure a cute tiny derriere".

Mom says I got my hinny from her side,  
But dad says, she wishes she did,  
Seems Mom's hinny has gotten out of control,  
From all those wasted calories and what they give.

I hope that when I grow up some day,  
That my tiny hinny stays with me,  
But for now I'll just appreciate it,  
Because I'm only three!

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'I Hope That They See Jesus'

Our lives may seem to be  
The only Jesus some will ever come to see.  
His likeness...thus shining forth in thee.  
I hope that they see Jesus.

Any rooted bitterness left  
Will only be one's regret.  
Without holiness outwardly to shine  
Jesus they shall...never find.  
I hope that they see Jesus.

So in our living of holy walk  
We all need to live the life...we talk.  
If only to bring one soul to know  
I hope that they see Jesus.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'I Just Had To Cry'

Last night, I just had to cry it seemed!  
Why the need? I don't know why?  
The flood gates opened, just wide enough  
then here it came, my eyes waters rush cry!

I really tried to keep, myself from bawling  
but it came on so sudden, like my name it was calling!  
In such a tearful gush, did start my rain!  
I was so embarrassed, and felt a little ashamed.

This is not like me, to just start a bawl!  
I think my nerves and mind, just had, HAD IT ALL!  
To many things, to think of and do!  
That sometimes this happens  
has this ever happened too you?

My husband listened, as I blubbered some!  
About this and that, one by one!  
Wasn't really saying anything, not making scense of too much!  
By the look on my husband's face, I thought he might, think me touched?

Oh, the joys of these, Christmas Holidays!  
Makes your heart and mind, start to wander.  
Of what was once, of Christmases' past  
guess I really shouldn't, on them need to ponder?

Now I can't assure, that this won't happen again!  
This is more commonly accepted of woman, than with men.  
It's done more, with us female types  
because If my hubby did it, it just wouldn't look right!

I guess I just had, to go and let it all out?  
Didn't hold my tears back, nope! I'd let open each spout!  
Now I feel so much better, that it has happened, you see?  
Don't really think it's coming back?  
We'll just have to, wait and all see!

Linda Winchell

# 'I Like Dressin Like A Cowgirl'

I like dressin like a Cowgirl  
with my boots, Cowgirl clothes and chaps.  
Then toppin off my bright red coiffeur  
with a genuine Cowgirl hat!

Ridding into town, all gussied up  
for all those Redneck fellers to see.  
Just what a real Cowgirl looks like  
they should all look like a Cowgirl like me!

I go through town just a struttin  
struttin to a country song, playin in my head.  
If looks could kill, I'm tellin ya true  
I think all them fellas would all dropp dead!

Their tongues are hagin from their mouths  
wide open lookin to catch some flies!  
This is what ya get, I'll make ya that bet  
when yawl see a real Cowgirl walkin by!

Linda Winchell

# 'I Married A Cowboy'

One day I met this Cowboy  
while walking into a store.  
I fell head over heels in love with him  
don't need to say much more.

His smile took my breath away  
His shoulders looked so big and strong.  
Would this Cowboy come and rescue me?  
With his Cowboy like Western charm.

I've been married now, it's about five years  
they've been the best I've ever known.  
I am so glad I went shopping that day  
In one of the worst of winter storms!

Linda Winchell

# 'I Need That Special Number To Call'

I've been thumbing through the, 'Yellow Pages'  
For that special number, that I really now need to call.  
I haven't found that number yet  
But when I do, I will surly make the call.

I need some light and hope from this darkness in  
And someone said, that all I needed to do is call.  
So I'll keep turning these pages until I find it  
Hoping it's not long distance, and not too costly of it all.

It seems my burdens have gotten much heavier lately  
Which I now cannot seem alone to bear.  
I hope that when I find that right number  
That whomever it is that answers  
Will show me that they understand and really care.

To speak the kind words of encouragement needed  
That will hopefully help get me through one more day.  
I think I've found the number needed now?  
It is written, ' Call On God To Pray! '

The advertisement reads, 'If your down and out  
and looking for someone who really cares.  
Just dial the letters, 'Between God And You'  
He will surly answer any request you care.'

'You won't be placed on hold ever!  
Or have a lot of personal questions that you need to dial in.  
And the person on the other end of the line  
Will give you God's, ' Holy prescription'  
For the forgiveness of any of your sins.'

Dialing! .

Linda Winchell

# 'I Never Imagined'

When I was younger I didn't see,  
What in my future would be those special parts of me,  
I don't mean to sound as if to boast,  
But there are some parts of me I really like the most.

The God like part that I know comes only from knowing Him,  
And those parts I now... recognize as sin,  
I never knew all these things before,  
But day by day...God reveals much more.

How to treat a fellow broken woman or man,  
And to be God's servant... as best I can,  
To open up my heart and mind,  
And to give all I meet...all my love, prayers and time.

There are many more parts of this puzzle you see,  
That are now making up a completed picture of me,  
But for now I'll only share these few,  
And let you be the judge of the me you view.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2010

Linda Winchell

# 'I Played A Game Of Crazy Eights'

Today I was asked to play this number, do it box and do it straight.  
Because it comes but only once in a lifetime,  
Eight, eight of two thousand eight.

The eight is said to be symbolic, of mans eternity,  
Now that is so crazy and really big news to me.

So I played that number on two Lotto tickets today,  
I played them for me and my honey.  
And if we win I won't have to worry,  
If my poetry ever makes any money!

Linda Winchell

# 'I Post My Poems'

I post my poems, they're all a message  
so that whomever reads them, they might hear.  
Of the message that's most needed, from God  
and that they understand, them loud and clear!

I pull not punches when I type  
the words, that He wants me to convey!  
I tell it, like it is ya know?  
In my, kindly sort of way.

Some may not understand their meanings  
nor even read them, that's ok!  
I just have to write, what God tells me to  
In this, poetic sort of way.

So if you, the reader  
have to read them, more than once.  
Please do! go right ahead!  
For God doesn't want you to miss a thing  
in the message, that was said!

Linda Winchell

# 'I Think'

I think I'll write a poem for me  
I think I'll write one for you.  
I think I might write one done a while ago  
then I think I might write one that's new.

I think I might do it in rhyme  
then again I think I might not.  
I think I've thought more than a thinker should  
I think I've thought this out a lot!

I think we think way too much  
of the things we think we should.  
Then again I think my thoughts should express  
what a thinker thinks they should!

Well enough of all this thinking stuff  
I've a poem to write I think.  
Then again I think I will forget it all  
and store them for later in my head I think.

Linda Winchell

# 'I Think I've Got The Flu? '

My stomachs growling and popping!  
my head is spinning  
I think I got the flu?

Cause everything I 've tried to eat  
comes up to revisit me, hung over my toilet  
Tidy bowl of blue!

At first I thought I had swallowed a critter, in my sleep!  
with all this commotion, in my stomach going on!  
But once I ate, I realized real fast  
that I was harboring, the stomach flu!

I thought those flu shots, that they were handing out  
were suppose to do the trick?  
But all they did was take my money  
and seem to have made me now, flu sick!

I will never take that shot again!  
I'll take my chances, that's what I'll do!  
So that maybe I'll not be here sick in bed!  
And out having fun Holiday shopping, like you!

Linda Winchell

# 'I Think My Bladders Falling? '

I think my bladders falling!  
I can't seem to hold my wee at all!  
I dripped all over the store while out shopping  
and almost caused some old guy to fall.

'CLEAN UP IN AISLE FOUR! ' was called  
And I knew it had to have come from me.  
Now I tried to make it to the womens room  
but I couldn't seem to hold my pee!

This getting old stuff  
isn't cracked up to be all that they've said.  
Your bladder drops, your teeth fall out  
you go stupid, and then your DEAD!

Why not just put me in a diaper now?  
and place me, in a nursing home?  
It is better than hearing it advertised  
in the grocery store, of what I have done!

I guess I could have maybe waited  
and not drank that extra cup of tea.  
So I maybe wouldn't have felt my bladder dropping  
and dribbled in the store, all that made me wee?

Linda Winchell

# 'I Thought I Was A Disco Queen'

Hadn't been out, for a very long time  
to a night club, to cut a rug!  
Then I was asked, to join my sister  
for Disco dancing and some fantastic grub!

Well I've been a happy, but bored homemaker  
for about now, twenty years or so.  
Didn't know, just what Disco was all about  
but thought, that I might just want to go!

So I looked at some old Disco movies  
the one with that, John Travolta fella and all.  
I saw what they were all wearin  
and proceeded, to shop the malls!

I found me a cool lookin, flared out skirt!  
and a shinny top, too match!  
Then on to the shoe department  
then drove off home, to try on all my stash!

I did my hair up funky like  
ratted it high and sparyed to the hilt!  
Drove to my sisters, for our big night out  
but strangers reactions, gave my big ego, a gilt!

That night, as my sister and I walked towards the restaurant  
cat calls and honking, was comin, from everywhere!  
'Hey sweet thing, how much do ya cost? '  
And, 'Are wearing, any fancy underware? '

I took one look over at my sister  
she had this questioned look, upon her face!  
She said, 'I think they think we're two Hookers? ! '  
and felt my cheeks turn red, with such disgrace!

'This ain't gonna stop us Sis! '  
Was for her, my quick reply!  
While, I tried to keep the tears from comin  
I didn't want my Sis, to see me cry!

We ate our fanstastic dinner  
although, all who were eating whispered  
and fellas, gave us both, a wink or two!  
But this wasn't gonna stop me at all!  
from having our Disco dance night, fun for two!

Linda Winchell

# 'I Tried To Write A Christmas Story'

I tried to write you a family Christmas story  
you know, like the ones others send around?  
But I couldn't seem to find much joy  
in the memories of this year that were found.

Stories should have happy endings right?  
They should be filled with joy the read brings.  
But everytime I started to write  
I couldn't think of too many family joy filled things.

My children don't seem to visit!  
my favorite dog ran away!  
I fell and broke my ankle!  
and had to quit my job along the way!

My best pet rooster Doodle Boy  
got killed by some bird or such!  
I guess there isn't anything to write about  
It's filled with misery, death and hurts discuss!

My cholesterol is now reading off the charts!  
everything I eat gives me indigestion, cramps and farts!  
My hair is short and looks like a rats lived in nest!  
I'm in the hospital, and my health isn't really doing its best!

So I haven't really much to say  
other than have a, 'Blessed Holiday! '  
May peace on earth and good will towards man  
be better then sitting in a hospital, on this cold metal bedpan!

Linda Winchell

# 'I Want To Have'

I want to have a heart that's Holy  
I want to have a heart tuned into God.  
I want to have a heart that sends love  
With each beating hearts muscle throb.

I want to have a heart of pure Mercy  
For all of God's children here on earth.  
I want to have a heart of Joy in abundance  
From which God's power was Virgin birthed.

I want to have a heart of true compassion  
That opens up for all in need.  
I want to have a heart that spreads God's word  
In each word which planted seed.

I want to have a heart of Christ  
That it beats but only for Him above.  
I want to have a heart that is filled with Him  
To bring to Him one day, to Heaven above.

Linda Winchell

# 'I Wanted To'

I wanted to send you roses  
but I haven't a penny to my name.  
I wanted to send you a card or letter  
but the postman never came.

I wanted to call you on the phone  
but everytime that I did.  
Your line seemed always busy  
so I hope you can forgive.

I wanted to bake you a cake  
and send it so brightly wrapped.  
But all I had in my cabinets dear  
was a box of poison for the rats!

I wanted to make you a sweater  
of the finest quality of yarns.  
But everytime I went to knit it  
I got the sharpest pains running down my arms!

I wanted to so many times to tell you all of this  
but everytime I write it down.  
I seem to always misplace my list.

Linda Winchell

# 'I Was'

I was going to cut some flowers,  
But you never showed.

I was thinking of shorter hair,  
But now, I think I'll let it grow.

I was thinking about the days,  
We had so very long ago.

I was thinking of the love we had,  
I was just thinking, don't ya know?

I was praying for a better world,  
Of a peace beyond compare.

I was praying for the words' of God,  
So that all mankind could share.

I was going to cut some flowers',  
But you never came.

I think I'll cut them anyway,  
I'll cut them just the same!

Linda Winchell

# 'I Was Hoping'

I was hoping I'd find that person  
The one I once knew you to be.  
But the one I found that your life has made  
Is not the one I thought that I would see.

You're not anything like I'd remembered  
You're different in many ways.  
I can not place my finger on it  
But I know I will some day.

I might have changed in your view too  
However; you've never mentioned so.  
But if I had and it wasn't good  
I hoped that you'd tell me so.

I know that years do change a man  
Can make them better or maybe worse.  
But with God in my life now my dearest friend  
I choose to take Him over any friendship first.

He has always kept his promises to me  
Something you I'm sorry will never be able to say.  
He never tells me good bye, fair well  
His love for me doesn't work that way.

So all I can do from here on out  
Is to love you from afar.  
Because I am the way I am now  
And you are now the way you are.

Linda Winchell

# 'I Was Just Dancing'

There can be injury from sin while you're dancing  
Needn't touch it directly you see.  
It sort of rubs off on us in some way  
And can cause you grave unseen injury.

Like when you catch your mind wandering  
To those places it shouldn't really go.  
Even though you might not commit the deed  
Your mind has already suffered it so.

"But I wasn't touching it, "Father"  
"I was just dancing around and around.  
And somehow I reached out my hand  
And that sin was what now is bound."

We can't dance around sinful thoughts or deeds  
Eventually you're going to get stuck!  
It will leave scars unseen by others  
From the needles of sins cactus now plucked

Linda Winchell

# 'I Was Looking For My Ministry'

While I was looking for my Ministry  
I found one on this site!  
When I place God's words, in their poetic forms  
then their mission's meanings, hit those just right!

I've told them of, the love of God!  
and how the earth began.  
I share God's dictated, words in rhyme  
With every woman and eye of man!

I get a return, on God's and my investment!  
Not the, in hand tangible type that is.  
But all of what the returned postings say  
Is what God now uses, to forgive!

Sometimes we all dig too deep, in searching  
of what is right in front of our very eyes!  
Is it any wonder I discovered my Ministry?  
My poems messages, are now not, returns big surprise?

Linda Winchell

# 'I Will Go Ahead'

I'm going ahead of you my darling  
Need to get there before you do!  
I have lived a long and love filled life  
and it was all because of you!

I need to go ahead you see  
to straighten up some things.  
Of what I lacked in this life  
and with what, sins in my life did bring.

Don't cry for me when I go  
just know that one day we shall live again as one.  
So meet me at the tree of life  
just relaxing in this after life, with God's Son.

If you had to go before me  
You might not know just what to do?  
So I'll go ahead of you my dearest  
I need to get there just before you.

Linda Winchell

# 'I Wish'

I wish that I had written a poem like yours,  
That subject matter has always been on my mind,  
But for some odd known reason it seems,  
I never found the time or the words to rhyme.

Then you posted yours today,  
And it truly blew me away!  
How it was you'd found the words,  
And knew what I'd always wanted to say.

I guess it wasn't meant for me,  
To be the writer of these words,  
But only to sit back and read your poem,  
And digest its every word.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2010

Linda Winchell

# 'I Wonder How Long I Will Live? '

I wonder how long I'm gonna live?  
How long my life is going to be?  
Will I suffer when I'm going out?  
I wonder what the end for me will be?

I've used more than seventy five percent of life  
I'm in my sixties now ya know?  
And I've really been thinking about some things  
like just how I'm going to go.

Don't mean to sound morbid  
But it is just a fact of life.  
When your getting up there in your years  
you start to feel deaths fear and plight.

You start to listen to your heart beats  
wondering just when or if they're gonna, 'STOP! '  
Or if something in your head or body  
is finally gonna to, 'POP! '

So if one day you notice I'm not posting  
all of the poems that I once did.  
You will know that something happened  
and that I had loved the life I lived!

Linda Winchell

# 'I Wonder What Kind Of World'

I wonder what kind of world it will be?  
In the next forty years or so?  
Will it still be struggling with its deficits?  
I would really like to know.

Will it have homeless still living in the streets?  
And poverty the world around?  
Will it still have drugs and human abuse?  
Will this be something that's still found?

I just hope that I leave this world  
A bit better than where it was before.  
I wouldn't like to be looking down from Heaven  
And know that I haven't done so.

Will sin still be in the world?  
Or will the earth not even exist?  
Will God have come to take all of His faithful home?  
I want to know all of this.

I guess the things I seek answers to  
Will just have to be.  
And continue to just do the best I can  
Sharing all of God's love  
That He's given to me.

Linda Winchell

# 'I Would Like To Be'

I would like to be... what the world wants to see  
But I'm happy... just as I am.  
I would like to make...everyone happy and smile  
But I'm just doing the best that I can.

I take each day now... more as it comes  
Taking one step... gingerly at a time.  
All the steps most not planned at all  
But they are all the steps taken... that are mine.

God has shown me which way to walk  
Where there are lessons... to be learned.  
Each step that I take...along with Him  
Is all of what... with Him in life's walk I've earned.

Sacrificing what I need to sacrifice  
Giving to others what they might need.  
Showing them all... what God deems important  
Thus keeping away...all life's greed.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'I'D Give It All Away'

Why do you want to steal from me?  
I would give it all away.  
It means nothing if you want it more,  
So take it, and go safely on your way.

I would give you the shirt off my back,  
And the money I have too.  
If this is what would fill your void,  
Then please take it all, please do!

The Lord is my protector,  
He gives me all that I would ever need.  
I never have to steal from Him,  
His love is enough for me.

Now if you knew the Lord my friend,  
He would do the same for you.  
All He wants His children to ask,  
Is for forgiveness to be made anew!

So steal if you still have to my friend,  
I'll help you carry it to your home.  
For if this will ease your sorrow and pain,  
God doesn't want you to walk alone.

And if someone steals from you,  
Remember of this day.  
And please help them carry their burden too,  
While you both fall to your knees and pray!

Linda Winchell

## 'I'D Like'

I'd like my teeth to be sparkling white  
I'd like no gray hairs upon my head.  
I'd like a body that was made to kill  
One look and you'd dropp over stone dead!

I'd like a million dollars  
I'd like to spend it all on me!  
I'd like to have the bluest of eyes  
That everyone wished that they could see.

I'd like to wear designer clothes  
I'd like a mansion and the finest gold.  
I'd like a yaught to just cruise about  
To far away islands with hidden treasures untold.

I'd like to have all these things  
But most of them are out of reach.  
So I'll just keep on dreaming all of them  
And giving my, 'I'd like', to have poetry speech.

Linda Winchell

# 'I'D Love To Be Whole Again'

Cancer has changed my life forever  
cutting parts of my body away.

Where once I would bind, those embarassements of mine  
as a young girl noticing her development that day.

I would try to hide, what had fought to poke outside  
for all prying eyes to see.

Now that they're gone, I try to go on  
scars now where those body parts use to be.

Linda Winchell

# 'I'D Rather Be Who I Am'

I'd rather be who I am  
than look and talk like someone else!  
I would find no solace in becoming  
what God and I couldn't manufacture in myself!

I would be just a cookie cutter of shape and design  
and never really stand out in a crowd.  
Then I might be obnoxious or rude?  
And be overly confident and tad bit proud!

God has blessed me with all the gifts I have  
and another might still be working on all of theirs.  
I might be someone who know one enjoys to be around  
and they may show me, they don't even care?

So I'll stay the way God made me for now  
untill I am given an Angelic style and form.  
Because this is the way I was meant to be  
it's the way that I was born!

Linda Winchell

# 'If'

If God knows every grain of sand, then why not take the time for Him?  
If God hears all the prayers we pray, then why not say one for me?  
If God knows every hair that lay atop our heads, we so carelessly brush away  
Then why is it you never visit Him, or take the time to kneel and pray?

If only, could I understand what makes up the human spirit, of humanity  
If only, could I see what really lay within men's hearts and in their minds  
If only, to know the answers to these questions of which I pose  
If only, If only, If all these things in life where those IF's I've known.

Linda Winchell

# 'If A Miracle Comes Your Way'

If a miracle happens... to come your way  
Just take its blessings... and enjoy.  
Because it was sent... to you from Heaven  
And was made... from all of God's Love and joy.

I wouldn't go and maybe trade it off  
For something else.... instead.  
But...enjoy all its bounty brought  
Making it now... all of your daily bread.

Find its place within your heart  
I know that's where... it ought to be.  
I know this from...past experience  
Because God gave... a miracle to me.

It came in the form of an anointing  
Of His deep love just for me.  
When He died upon a cross for my sins  
Cut from...a home town tree.

The nails however...were not a gift  
But He didn't see it... just that way.  
He knew just what He was sent to do  
And salvation...was its gift He left  
When He died and went away.

To set down at the right hand of the Father  
The Father, Creator of us all.  
Jesus, Messiah, Abba God,  
Many names... written...in those Hallelujah halls.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'If Given The Chance'

If given the chance... to become much more  
Would you have maybe squandered those moments too?  
Or would you have put it all too good use?  
And done the best...that possibly... you could do.

If given the chance to repeat ones wrongs  
Of what maybe... you've created throughout your life.  
Would you now have a clearer understanding?  
A better ...inner heart felt views insight.

If given the chance to grow in the knowledge  
Of what it is...you now may possess.  
Would you have changed your thinking some?  
And laid all other thoughts and ideas to rest.

If given the chance?

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'If God Could Write A Song'

If God could write a song for the world  
that all mankind might sing.  
I think He'd place some notes in it  
almost impossible, earthly for them to bring.

It would allow us all to rise above  
those other octaves and man had given.  
And we'd see the message written inside  
that message in the notes, God had hidden.

For when the notes in unison are sung  
skies will rumble, and the clouds will open up.  
And out would pour, God's pure love like rain  
overflowing our oceans like it were a cup.

The notes hidden and are Holy made  
they could only have been given by one.  
They are notes that God did orchestrate  
given from His Father and the Son.

We'll be God's Halleluiah singers  
entertaining Him throughout the days.  
When God returns to take us home  
in His time and in His way.

If I could try to write the melody  
so maybe others could hum along.  
It would only be that of preparation for Christ's return  
of melody and notes, God's hidden  
in His Heavenly written song.

Linda Winchell

# 'If I Can'T Remember'

If I can't remember who you are  
Or where I placed my teeth.  
Will you still come and kiss my lips?  
Or just place one on my wrinkled cheek?

If I do a mess in my pants  
Will you say I still smell sweet?  
Or just stand out in the hall and wave at me?  
Or throw me kisses from the other side of the street?

If my hair begins to thin  
Where you can only see my scalp!  
Will it ruin your idea of what's sexy?  
And maybe start to love some body else?

Well I guess we'll have to wait and see  
When we both become old and grey.  
And if it's not me your lovin anymore  
What more then honey can I say?

Linda Winchell

# 'If I Could Be Santa'

If I could be Santa  
If just for one day.  
I wouldn't be big and fat  
and no reindeers would pull MY sleigh!

I'd drive up in, a fifty five Chevy!  
With the windows rolled down  
and have the tweeters and woofers blaring  
Motown music, all over town!

And in my back seat  
would be four hunky tan men, in tee shirts!  
And in the trunk, a big black bag  
filled with coal and blackest of dirt!

I would have these four hunks  
shovel a scoop full or so.  
Laying it under your tree  
so that all of you would know!

That there is more to Christmas  
than just your giving, once a year!  
And you would know it was me  
you would know I'd been here!

Come David, Come Tom,  
Come Patrick and Shawn!  
Get your tight buns all moving!  
there's work yet to be done!

Work them muscles, so that I can see  
what Mr. Clause has placed in the back seat  
of my fifty five Chevy for me!

Linda Winchell

# 'If I Could Have Walked With Jesus'

If I could have walked with Jesus  
so many years ago.  
Would I have listened to what He was saying?  
As others did in days of old?

Would I too have walked on water?  
Because my faith was strong in Him?  
Or would I've been like, doubting Thomas?  
and gone down into waters depths within?

Would I have complained when someone stole my cloak?  
Or when I was hungry and needed fed?  
Would I have complained about my feet getting blistered and tired?  
and having no soft place to lay down to bed?

Would I have been dinning at Jesus' table?  
where there was breaking of His bread of life?  
But I am walking with my Jesus  
I guess I've been walking with Him all my life.

I can take the bread in remembrance  
of this Jesus who had died for me.  
I didn't need to have walked with Him, years ago  
for He is now with and living inside of me!

Linda Winchell

# 'If I Could Write A Song'

I've always wanted to write a song  
So that the world could sing along.  
To the words that I had jotted down  
And most who heard them  
God would be found.

The notes would be very easy to read  
And all of them would plant a seed.  
Into the hearts of those in need  
If I could write a song.

If I could write a song that's good  
It would be everyone's soul's filling food.  
No hunger for searching wisdoms need  
For these songs words would be feed.  
If I could write a song.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'If I Were Born A Man'

If had been born a man  
would I have been better, than I was, as me?  
A woman who raised two sons best that she could  
given her parent's past history.

Would I have been the Father?  
that I wasn't as a Mother to my sons?  
Would I have had the respect deserved?  
Would they have grown up  
with the love of a Father's son?

I think I did a good job?  
well, the best of what I had been taught.  
I know there was possibly somethings  
that I could have done better, and did not.

If I were born a man would I have  
climbed mountains and more trees?  
Would I have chased away those spiders for my sons?  
would I have helped them reach their childhood dreams?

There are things that only a man can do  
that a woman like me can't!  
But I guess I did the best with what God gave me  
Even if I wasn't born, to wear men's pants!

Linda Winchell

# 'If I Were To Think Like Jesus'

If I were to think like Jesus

What would be the first thoughts... in my head?

Would they be of all the miracles I had performed?

Like healing the sick...and raising those from the dead.

Or would it be... what was to become of me?

That look... into those final days of my life and time.

Of how I would... willingly go to be nailed to a cross

With the sins now resting upon my shoulders... of all mankind.

If I were to think like Jesus

I think the first thought...that I might have to bear.

Is the feeling of all the love the Father has for this world

In giving His only Son... for you to share.

If I were to think like Jesus.

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'If I Weren'T So Shy'

Oh, if I weren't so shy!  
I could look another straight in their eyes.  
Not prostrating my chin towards my chest  
but lifting my head putting all shyness to rest.

Always walking with my head facing down  
never seeing anything but the ground.  
Head now raised to feel warmth of sun  
My life rid of shyness has now begun.

A feat such as this I MUST explore!  
For life could only then give me more!  
Taking the pain of my shyness stings  
giving me all that this life can bring.

Linda Winchell

# 'If Only For A Moment'

If only for a moment  
I came... I shared... I heard.  
If only for that moment  
I was sharing in God's word.

Of all the greatness He has given me  
Of all the love... that loving Him could share.  
If only for a moment  
You know that I and He had cared.

If only for a moment  
You looked into my soul.  
If only for that moment in time  
If only viewed...maybe... somewhat bold.

Of all the Joy and peace  
That my Lord... brings me through my days.  
If only for that moment in time  
I gave His love and mine away.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# If There Be A Place For Me'

If there be a place for me  
would it be one I would like?  
Would it have a brook of running water?  
And filled with fish that bite?

Would it have a huge oak shade tree?  
Where I could lay, to rest my weary head?  
Would it have fields of flowers blooms?  
with scented smells that were of the very best?  
If there be a place for me, when I am laid to rest?

Would you come to visit me?  
Maybe pick some flowers to place at my head?  
Would you miss me holding you close to me?  
If there be a place for me, to visit, just ahead?

I need to think of these things you know  
in case it comes to that.  
If there be a place for me  
So you will know just where I'm at.

Linda Winchell

## 'If They Are'

If they're truly hungry Lord,  
Feed them until they are filled.  
If they're sad or lonely Lord,  
Fill them until over sweet love does spill,  
If their hope seems to have passed them by,  
And doesn't seem to be anywhere to find,  
Fill them Lord, do fill them up!  
For I will give them all if needed of mine.

If they're sleeping on earthen floor,  
Give them Lord a soft warm bed to sleep.  
If their eyes are blinded by their carried sin,  
Give them those needed cleansing tears to sweep.  
If they're lost...made a wrong turn along the way,  
Guide them back ...Oh Lord to you!  
And when they're feeling all alone,  
Help them to see... that they can always turn to you.

Linda Winchell

# 'If You Can'T'

If you can't tell me how you feel today!  
then what is tomorrow going to bring?  
If you can't commit to sharing your heart  
what then are you expecting me to be?

If you can't dig deep inside  
and pull out who you really are.  
While your only placing up those walls  
and jailing your emotions with bars!

If you can't be the best, the best that you can be!  
Then how are we to move on together?  
And is it moving on, you want to do with me?

Maybe you have eyes set, on a much bigger prize?  
Is there someone else in your mind?  
Is there someone else in your eyes?

If you can't give me these answers I ask  
and you find that this is such a big task.  
Then I need to tell you, that I need to move on!  
even if you've grown of me, so fond!

I need an open person in my life  
If I am going to be his for the rest of my life.  
If you can't be what I want of you, you see!  
Then I can't be that person you won't give to me!

Linda Winchell

# 'If You Could See The Real Me'

I was gonna email you this letter  
But I know you have been losing your sight.  
So I'll just dropp over your place  
And read it instead to you, if that is alright?

If I've made some spelling errors  
you won't ever know.  
I'll just keep up the pace of my reading  
I'll not stutter or slow!

Now with your failing eye sight  
I must look to you, kinda good.  
You can't really ever envision  
What I look like under my coat and hood.

So if you need to know  
Just how I look one day.  
I will be sure to let you know  
That I look fantastic and have lost ten pounds  
I wouldn't have it any other way!

You say that I look as if  
I have a hallow around my head.  
And my hair looks to you  
a bright color of, 'Red.'

So I'll just let you continue  
Going on to see what you do.  
Because my dearest of friend  
It is better much better for me that I do.

My hair has been colored  
To cover all my hairs of Gray.  
I just had it done  
By my hairdresser today.

Cost a fortune, ya know?  
But I think I'm worth it, I do!  
And I hope that the Doctor doesn't give you 20/20

Or you may have a different point of the view.

Linda Winchell

## 'If You Meant'

If you meant to add to this pain I'm feeling,  
Then your arrows hit their mark!

If you were aiming not to hit me,  
You've missed and struck me in my heart!

If your words were meant to comfort,  
You had them scrambled up somehow.

For the pain of everyone of them,  
Is still felt deep in me somehow.

One day you too may feel this pain,  
And I pray that you do not,  
Where someone comes with not comfort bring,  
And their meanness makes their mark.

Would it have been so hard for you to say,  
'I am sorry for your loss? '  
For the kindness another brings,  
Is so precious and has not cost.

Maybe next time you'll remember,  
Of the damage that you did,  
And be kinder then you were to me,  
Not the sadness that you did give.

Linda Winchell

# 'If You Never'

If you never read what I've written  
then how can you say you know how I feel for you?

If you never take the time to listen to me  
than how can you hear if I'm feeling blue?

If you never take the time to look at me  
then how would you know who your looking at?

If you never walk on over to me  
then how can we start our lover's dance?

If you never fall in love with me  
then how can we give love a start?

If you never take the time, to take the time  
then how can you grow to know this heart?

Linda Winchell

## 'If You Never Had A Dream'

If our minds could never take us in a dream,  
Transport us to a much better place or time,  
Then where would ones hope try to exist?  
If it were not captured somewhere within our minds.

To conjure up a much more colorful world,  
Where all was happy, peaceful and filled with joy.  
Where love was all around us always,  
Where everyone was good and kind.

This may not be the dream you dream,  
But it is the one I have always had.  
For one to live without a dream you see,  
Would make daily living a little more sad.

We'd see the pain that rapes this world across,  
And the devastation that wars present and past have brought.  
But while you're dreaming....if just for that moment,  
It brings ones soul... less of life's realities cost.

Linda Winchell

# 'If You'Re Going To Be My Friend'

There are things about me that I need to share  
That if you're to be a friend... you too must care.  
About the man that I love and truly believe  
He's all I live for, and is the only air I breathe.

He's the Creator of all that is upon this earth.  
He was born of a Virgin Mother  
A most miraculous God created blessed birth.

He now lives and works inside of me  
Due to His death long ago at Calvary.

He is the Father... the Son...and the Holy Ghost  
He is the blood of life...God's given host.

His love grows deeper with each passing day  
And I hope you too will know Him  
For this I shall pray.

He wishes to work inside of you  
To feel His presence...as I do.  
To do His bidding... for His Kingdom yet to come  
For God is my life...He is the only one.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'I'll Be Waiting'

I've been waiting here... for oh so long  
No flowers... do you ever bring.  
I've been lying underneath... the shade of an oak  
Through many winters cold...and many forgotten springs.

I didn't expect you to come and visit  
But was really hoping that maybe one day you would.  
I guess I'm only just a memory?  
And I hope they're all remembered... good.

I know my leaving... was kind of sudden  
Don't know what I could have done different... to stay.  
I hope that you are happy my dear  
And maybe stop by to visit me... one day.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'I'LI Never Forget What He's Done For Me'

I'll never forget what He's done for me  
The pain and the suffering He endured.  
Whipped and dragged through the streets of town  
Where on-lookers' taunted Him, spit  
And in their drunkenness, profanity slurred.

They placed a crown of thorns upon His head  
Claiming He, 'Now the King Of Men! '  
Was nailed to a wooden cross  
And for us His blood, He did shed.

And as He hung taking in His last painfull breath  
He forgave two men on their crosses, of their sins.  
And this is why this story doesn't end  
It is where all of history, in Him begins.

For the story of this man named, 'Jesus'  
Has continued, almost before time as we know began.  
For you see, It only took one Loving soul to die for our sins  
Our Lord, 'Jesus Of Nazareth ',  
'HE REMAINS FOREVER, THE KING OF MAN! '

Linda Winchell

# I'M Back! ! !

I have had several super bugs in my computer for all this time and have had that taken care of! ! ! Praise God! ! I have however been on writing poems. Please check it out if you wish. I sure miss all of my fellow poets' on Poem Hunter. Hope all have been well and receiving all of God's blessings! Love in Christ Jesus, Linda

Linda Winchell

# 'I'M Falling'

I'm falling over, and over, and still over again!  
Can't seem to stop my falling, this falling I'm in!  
No top, nor bottom, nor middle in- between!  
I'm falling, still falling, I'm falling in dream.

I jump to my feet, almost falling at wake!  
I can't believe I've been falling, must be some dreams joking mistake?  
I'm asleep and yet, seem so very much more awake  
I'm falling, still falling, this minds falling I take!

What will happen, when this falling all stops?  
Will I come to my deaths end?  
Or will I still continue to drop?

For now I'm falling, I'm falling  
until someone comes to rescue me!  
Can't they tell I'm falling, still falling?  
in my dreams falling not seen?

Linda Winchell

# 'I'M Getting Real Tired'

I'm getting real tired of your nightly snoring!  
If I had some Tampons', I'd shove them up your nose!  
And that gas you keep letting out when you walk  
yelling, 'Huston thar she blows! '

Do you think that your some kind of comedian?  
You haven't made me laugh a bit!  
Where is that man I'd married?  
Who would open doors for me  
And would pull my chair out when I went to sit?

I think someone's replaced you?  
Cause your not looking quite the same.  
I know that your the man I married  
Because you seem to have his name.

But unless you like these dark circles  
That I am sporting underneath my two baggy eyes!  
I'd appreciate you bring my husband back  
And that you'd remove that, horrible bearded disguise!

Linda Winchell

# 'Im Gone Now'

I am gone now... I am not here  
For the flesh... was left  
Of what you... all loved so dear.

I lived the life...I was meant to live  
And gave it all...that in my life could give.  
Those of fifty years...in song and dance  
All of which now...seems but happen-stance.

Don't look for me here...for I have gone away  
Never to return...my earthly stay.  
I gave you all... of what I had to give  
So let me now rest....and you go on and live.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'I'M Leaving The Stage Behind'

My name is President George W. Bush  
And I am leaving the White House stage today.  
I did the best, and I gave it my all  
I'm leaving the stage behind to another my way.

I tried to clean up our nation's overwhelming poverty  
While holding this great nation gently in my hands.  
I stood up to the terrorist threats and foreign attacks  
Now it is up to our new President to deal with Irac and Iran.

A man named, 'Barack Obama'  
with his hand picked women and men.  
Will try to fix our nations economy  
I know they have a huge job ahead on their hands.

I pray for this great nation to stand behind them  
And support them in every way.  
Obama isn't going to make the changes needed overnight  
It ain't going to happen as some would like in a day.

In the four years he has ahead of him  
I am sure he will prove to do it well.  
He is sure to pull up our United States of America  
I wish our nation's New, ' President Obama', 'fair-thee-well! '  
The stage is now yours! God Bless, George W. Bush

Linda Winchell

# 'I'M On The Other Side Of Broken'

I'm on the other side of broken  
But can only look in from the outside.  
Can't seem to fix what was shattered  
Of my love, my joy, my pride.

I took what was dished out to me  
And it broke my spirit of loving who I thought I was.  
My brokenness I feel now un-fixable  
I'm only feeling this, just because.

Because maybe you had felt so little of me  
That you decided that hurting me would have to do.  
I still don't know why or what it was, I had ever done to you.

I'm on the other side of broken now  
And can only look at it from the other side.  
Maybe you'll come out and mend this heart you've shattered  
And take me back and fix me, on the other side.

Linda Winchell

# 'I'M Ready'

I'm ready to remember again,  
The love that we once shared.  
I'm ready to remember again,  
Of that time we seemed to care.

I'm ready to feel again, you holding me in your arms,  
I'm waiting for those feelings to come rushing back,  
And feel the magic of its' charms.

I'm ready to remember, my skins warmth touching yours',  
I'm ready to listen to the words, only our ears could hear.  
I'm ready to say I'm sorry dear, but it seems I am too late,  
I had it all in my power, now filled with angers fate.

I'm ready to forgive you, hurtful things that caused such pain,  
I'm ready dear, can you hear me?  
I'm ready to take my parts blame.

I'm ready to take our love back, where it first began,  
I'm ready dear, to be that women you married,  
And I'm ready to let you be that man.

Linda Winchell

# 'I'M Really Not Concerned! '

I'm really not concerned you know  
On how often it is you tend to dream.  
And really not interested... in the way your lover makes you scream!

What's more important to me these days  
Is the way one lovingly treats another.  
Like how well you get along with people  
And how you love your family... NOT your sexy lover!

How far that you are willing to go  
To re-shape the things on earth that's needed.  
And how many of God's children you've fed or clothed  
And NOT how turned on you get these days or sexually treated!

So don't ask me to read your silly comments  
And don't say that I should begin to understand.  
I've better things these days to think and do  
And none of it includes YOU... or your lover man!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'I'M Saving The Best For Last'

I've heard it said to eat desert first, because life is so uncertain!  
But I'm going to be saving the best for last!  
Why start off with your favorite whatevers?  
Because when your done that taste will have past!

Like that great big piece, of mom's chocolate cake!  
Or that special email from a dear friend!  
Why eat them first or read them?  
It will be all over, and then it ends!

My best friends don't read my emails  
the first thing out of their box!  
They tell me they're saving, ' the best of whatever I've sent'  
And reading the others first off, that they've got!

It makes me feel all warm and fuzzy!  
That someone would think, that much of me!  
So if I don't get back with you real soon  
I'm just saving the best of YOU last, for ME!

Linda Winchell

# 'In A Ball Of String'

Take all of your pain of life's disappointments  
Now wrap them up into a ball!  
Face up to what your pain has given  
And of its disappointing cost of all.

With string of hope and faith of God  
Twist it around and around till tight!  
Then with the ball you've now created  
You will have contained pains disappointments plight!

Grief is really an example  
Of just how well it was you've loved.  
In the wrap of faiths string now woven  
All formed in the roundness of.

Linda Winchell

# 'In A Cloud'

Mind encased in a dark and clouded mist,  
Trying to focus on the nothingness of it all.  
Staring out into a voided world of empty,  
Not seeing or heeding a much higher call.

Focused on just what might lay ahead,  
Where nothing is expected ever there to be.  
Silly as that may sound to some  
This has been a reality for me.

Crawling forward...one grasping finger at a time,  
Falling however short... from my final goal.  
Telling myself that all is well,  
Yet little do I really know.

That this is it...this is all I get,  
For all my troubles...trials and pain.  
And some have said...that this is not all there is,  
I could come back...in a cloud... to do it all over and over again.

Linda Winchell

# 'In A House Of Strangers'

We live in a house of strangers',  
There are neighbors' never known.

We pass by homes they live in,  
Never hearing their painfull moans.

We close ourselves off from the world,  
As if for protection it would be.

Then once in awhile, we may drive by and smile,  
But never really stop in too see.

What has caused our world this caution too take?  
Was it something from hurt or self learned?

You one day may regret your choices,  
And it may become your turn.

You, ll cry and suffer all alone,  
While your neighbors' now pass you by.

For strangers in your house keep growing,  
Now ask yourselves, just Why?

Linda Winchell

# 'In A Place Called...'La, La Land'

There is a place some call..."La, La Land"  
Where our minds... sometimes wander to.  
Where one can sit... and dream their time away  
In a "La, La Land" just for you.

No one else... can ever enter in  
Many have tried... but all have failed.  
To awaken one from their "La, La time"  
Screaming out your name... to no avail.

Where one seems to stare out into outer space at times  
Or they just close their eyes... as if in some deep of sleep.  
Dreaming of nothing... yet so intense  
Going into their own "La, La Land" so deep.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'In A World Of Broken Dreams'

In a world of broken dreams  
The truth is sometimes hard to find.  
Every promise that you've kept  
There are so many you've left behind.

Even if nobody seems to care  
It will still matter of what you say and do.  
There is always a difference you can make in life  
The choice my friend is really up to you.

Will you be there to answer God's call?  
When all others tend to fall?  
Will you take His light into a darkened world?  
Will you take it to shine for all?

At times it seems so hard to know  
What is right and what is wrong.  
When the battle rages on out of your control  
Will you stand and sing God's Holy of battle songs?

Linda Winchell

# 'In All Those Familiar Places'

You have no need to spend your days,  
Searching behind closed doors to find,  
The love of a man, who gave His life,  
A man of purity and love, so divine.

He's in all those familiar places traveled,  
He's right underneath your nose,  
He's in front of you, and on the top of your head,  
He's even right beneath your toes.

He made you what you are today,  
He's given life to your every cell,  
He can be in your heart, that light that shines,  
If you'll only allow His love there to come and dwell.

So when you feel you need to seek,  
Look in those familiar places, where you've been before,  
So when you stand in front and knock,  
He'll be waiting behind a very familiar door.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'In Order To Be Forgiven'

In Order to be forgiven  
You must first learn to forgive yourself.  
It's a thing so many never really seem to do  
But is something that must be dealt.

We all can ask for God's forgiveness  
That is the first step to becoming whole.  
But you also must learn to forgive yourself  
To healthy, maintain and grow ones soul.

Just tell yourself  
The debts been paid.  
And if God could forgive you of all your sin.  
Then forgiving yourself is but an easy step  
For God's love filling, joy and peace  
To now flow within!

Linda Winchell

# 'In The Art Of Cooking'

There is more to what makes a good cook a Chef  
it's that combination, of art with great food.  
Not just anyone can take ingredients and cook  
and make it so it tastes extraordinarily good!

But the difference between a cook and Chef  
is the passion that lie within their hearts.  
To stand all day and sweat away  
for the love of great flavors combined in art!

Hats off to all those culinary Rembrandts!  
for the art of the dishes they create.  
I now know the difference in the food that I eat  
because I'm now twenty pounds heavier  
from all that I've ate!

Linda Winchell

# 'In The Cushions Of My Sofa'

I was about to replace, our old sofa  
but it had become, my familie's freind.  
But the springs were now popping through the cushions!  
pinching, mine and dad's rear ends!

As I lifted up the cushions, it revealed a life, unto its own!  
It was more than springs and fabrics weave  
beneath those cushions, of soft dense foam.

I had found baby Johnnie's, first teething ring  
and some change, amongst its ruins.  
I even found a piece, of what looked like meat?  
now looking like, some sticky dried up prune!

Then a tiny dirty white sock appeared  
I think it was, little Johnnies or maybe Sue Anns?  
Dare I discard it now, our old family sofa freind?  
Or repair it, with new fabric,  
in my favorite colors, of browns and tans?

We tend to live, in a throw away world!  
replacing and tossing, all we dearly once had loved!  
Instead of repairing and treasuring it all  
the time and comfort it gave  
with its, soft of cushions hugs.

I think I'll just keep, this family relic  
and get those repairs, much needed done.  
Then sit with my family, each night after supper  
placing more memories, between its cushions  
with those, little butt shoves of love!

Linda Winchell

# 'In The Future For Us All'

One day you'll not feel skins warmth of sun  
nor see the moon light shining in night sky.  
Or feel summer or a cool winters breeze  
for that will have all passed on by.

It is the only thing that seems certain in life  
in this most uncertain kind of world.  
It is part of lifes metamorphous  
like a blossom after its life unfurles.

We all have our predestined time  
of this life we've all been living.  
To make the best of what we have  
and to leave behind what we've all been given.

I wonder if I'll miss it all?  
I know I can't take any, where I must go.  
But the thought just crossed my mind  
It was just something I thought you ought to know.

I just hope that the good I've done  
like being a mother, wife, sister and a friend.  
Will remain in the hearts of all I've touched  
till they too, come to their predestined end.

Linda Winchell

# 'In The Here And Now'

Life is only lived in the, 'Here and now! '  
No matter how hard we fight and pull!  
Out will come creativity, joy and love  
Through the alive-ness and present  
Of those many moments our live's fulfill.

We have no control over what we think or do  
For our destiny lie within a much bigger plan.  
The one God gives to all of us  
This is what we must learn  
And come to understand.

When we're not happy  
Because of what we're not getting!  
Our happiness does not come from that!  
It's in the giving that brings ture happiness!  
Giving out to others, not taking back.

So if you think you've scripted out your life  
You had better take a better and deeper look!  
Because whatever your life is going to be  
God has already written it down  
In the, 'Here and now Heavens book! '

Linda Winchell

# 'In The Land Of Ethiopia'

In the Great Land of Ethiopia,  
Lived a small girl named Tsion.  
She was very wise and beautiful  
with coal dark hair, to waist long.

She was noticed by the Prince one day  
he fell in love with her from first sight.  
He was too shy and afraid to talk to her  
but had dreams of her beauty, in the night.

One day this little lady  
while down at the rivers edge.  
Heard noises off in the distance  
behind a tree by the bushes hedge.

As she turned to glance out  
to see what the sound could be  
It was the handsome Prince Nagara  
crouching down on hands and knees.

'What is it that you are doing? '  
Called the little Tsion as she stood.  
The Prince replied, 'Oh nothing really  
just gathering some dry fire wood.'

My name is Tsion, and what is yours little man?  
'Well I can't believe you don't know me girl!  
'For I'm the ruler of this Ethiopia land! '

Tsion bent herself over, to honor the Prince as she should  
But noticed that the Prince had been fibbing, and wasn't gather up any wood.  
For in his right hand were flowers  
and in the left a bunch more.  
He was waiting for his opportunity  
to express his admiration and more.

'What is it you have there in your hands? '  
Ask the sweet little Tsion, with sweet repose.  
Well I know I am the Prince and all

and should have maybe given you  
the finest of a rose?

'Oh no', said sweet Tsion!  
I love these more than that!  
It's the little things you see  
that mean the most  
they show me where a persons heart is really at!

\*\*\*Written for; My Friend, Miss Tsion

Linda Winchell

# 'In The Land Of Scorching Sun'

In days of Poncho Via  
while the West was being won.  
Road the cowboy setting tall in the saddle  
in the blistering heat, of a noon days desert sun.

Cactus pin sharp needles  
scraping horses raw of hide.  
Buzzards circling overhead  
wating with, watchfull hungry eyes.

Bones bleaching in the sun  
as they lay dried upon the desert sands.  
Most of which, died of thirst while crossing  
that unforgiving of Western land.

Men were tough and so were the times  
people all trying to forge out a meager existence  
on lands harshness, to eat and make a dime.

Wagons trails blazed by hearts and dreams  
some died by Indians arrows  
cicling encampments with their warring screams.

Train tracks laid by slanted eyed and black skinned men  
taken and sold a dream of freedom  
beaten and most died in the end.

Buffalo slautered to drive away  
the Indian from lands they called home.  
So more of what they called progress  
just greed of mankind and greed alone.

Not much has really seemed to have changed  
still powered by greed for land, war rages on.  
Just men sitting on steel of horses now  
in a land of sand and scorching sun.

Linda Winchell

# 'In The Power Of Thinking Small'

It's the power of thinking small  
That can grow into the biggest of things.  
Stepping out and taking baby steps  
Is where the growing begins.

At first it starts as a little bit  
And then snowballs into something grand.  
Taking your small idea  
All across the land.

To places never ventured  
To heights never soared.  
Just from one rain dropp felt  
Now opening clouds down-pour.

So when you think you have a small idea  
Just remember what was said.  
That we all have the power of small BIG ideas  
Just waiting to be fed.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'In The Strength Of A Palm'

Outstretched palm to give a shake  
kneading dough for the bread you bake.  
Rubbing ointment on a sick child's chest  
doing what the palm of a hand does best.

Used for jotting down a note or number  
waving hello or goodbyes seen by another.  
Washing, dusting, and scrubbing heads  
fluffing pillows for a loved one's bed.

Washing windows, floors and dishes too  
in the strength of a palm, that strength given to you.  
Sculpting creations with clay in a heart's vision  
palms raised up in praise are risen.

Nails driven deep, palms inside  
in the strength of these palms they did reside.  
No longer again to feel palms pain  
for our Christ has risen and will return to reign.

Linda Winchell

# 'In Truest Of Time'

Truly the time has taken less  
When it should have been given all your best.  
To leave behind a most wondrous of you to view  
Of what's now left somehow by very few.

To take one places never known  
To paint a clearer picture of what had grown.  
From ashes left of mankind's sin  
Was really at the cross, where all did begin.

From Cross, to grave, to Heavens' gates  
But in the hearts of man who still hesitate.  
To know the man who had died for all  
So that in this life on earth  
We now could stand sinless tall.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'In Your Holiest Of Moments'

In your holiest of moments  
When and If they ever come to you.  
Mine come in the late stillness of night  
Then is when I do my best praying,  
This is what I need to do.

Or while outside in the wilderness  
Alone with nature and its sounds.  
Is when I feel God's deepest presence  
I can feel His Spirit all around.

I allow this higher power  
To help control my every thought.  
And sometimes adjust my way of thinking  
Of which most have always been self taught.

I trust in the Lord above  
He is the ONLY one this world needs.  
His wisdom is what you need to ingest for life  
Spiritual love for you to God succeed.

Linda Winchell

# 'Inauguration Day'

Next week will have a special day in it  
No, not Martin Luther King!  
It's inauguration day  
With Obama as the head of the ring!

I sure hope President Bush changed  
Those Presidential bedroom sheets!  
Or Mr. And Mr's. Obama I'm afraid  
Will be sleeping maybe in another suite!

I don't know if I'm going to watch Obama's swearing in  
He wasn't my voted President of choice.  
Just felt it my American duty to vote for someone  
My right to express my American voice.

I heard that the Bush's  
Went and dropped a major bank wad!  
On some new Presidential china  
They thought the other ones  
Were a bit too old and odd.

So while the Obama's are all dining  
Off of \$500.000 plates for their super!  
I hope that the Obama's are happy where Bush's money went  
While so many in Washington D.C. suffer!

Who cares what a person eats off of?  
When there are those  
Who are eating from D.C. garbage cans!  
As far as I'm concerned  
Obama will just be another member now  
Of the elite corrupted, Government White House clan.

Linda Winchell

# 'Indispensable? '

Do you think you're indispensable?  
Irreplaceable... at best?  
Well you've got yourself fooled my friend  
No one could be as good as that!

There is always someone better  
Stronger better looking and younger too.  
Standing in line just waiting  
Waiting to replace..." little old you! "

Jobs use to be a dime a dozen  
It wasn't as much as whom you knew.  
You could get a job without a college degree  
No diploma needed... proving the worth of you.

So take your nose down out of the air  
Get a grip on just where it is you think you're at.  
Because believe me you're replaceable... my dears'  
And you're not... really all of that!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Infinite Love'

(Psalm 103; 8-12)

"As far as the East is from the West, so far has (the Lord)  
Removed our transgressions from us."

Sometimes it seems that no matter which way I turn,  
I hear a voice within me say,  
"My child you're not going in the right direction,  
Turn to me and I'll show you a better way."

Passing through an area,  
Of where my transgressions lay,  
Pulling them back up again,  
Always there to remind me of my sinful way.

God doesn't want us to dredge up our past,  
But give it all to Him to carry,  
And as far as me, I know I was told,  
To dig a deep hole for them and bury!

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Injured'

Injured ankle, hobbling around  
I won't let this get to me,  
I won't let this get me down!

I placed myself in harms way  
paid the price for that choice  
my screams of pain were not heard  
no one heard my voice.

Made me see how vulnerable I was  
feeling so all small and all alone  
just sitting in my bedroom crying  
will someone hear my crying song?

No one came to comfort  
so I laid in pain for now  
then in came my husband screaming  
'Oh My God and Holy Cow! '

I guess next time he goes out  
in the back forty acers to shoot a deer  
I'll send him with a walkie-talkie  
so next time my screams will be heard!

Linda Winchell

# 'Inside Out'

You're more than beautiful... from the inside out  
God's given you this gift...there is no doubt.  
He's placed a special spiritual gift...deep inside  
Where all of His Holy Spirit...there resides.

It shines its beauty...from ones insides... out  
It slowly emerges...then out it shouts!  
Not able to contain...all the love that it holds  
Showing love and the Grace of God...as the wings of His love unfold.

More than makeup...or clothing outwardly ever could bring  
It fills you up...allows the heart of man... to sing.  
Singing a song...only the Lord could write  
Placing inside....shinning out... His Holy light so bright.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Inside The Garden'

While outside the Garden of Eden  
Adam and Eve were not alone.  
Seems old Satan was up to playing his tricks on them  
And God drove...both of them from their paradise home.

Because of their disobedience  
As sinners they were not ready for an abundant life.  
When God told them not to eat... of the forbidden fruits  
From the gardens... tree that night.

One day Adam and Eves' descendants too will eat  
Of the tree... as promised in (Revelations 22: 2) .  
But they can only enter the garden to eat  
You have to... Jesus go through to do.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Inside-Outside'

I knew that on the inside  
that my outside and I were out of place!

I could feel something going on inside  
but it wasn't showing, to others upon my face!

It seemed for all, to look quite normal  
but something on the inside was going wrong!

More than what, I would ever want to admit  
and was doing, so much damage, so much harm!

On the outside my smile looked quite, naturally placed  
but it was way far from, natural at!

I was tormented, to the depths of my soul!  
it was hurting, even more than that!

Not able to place my finger on it  
to address, all this pain I was living in.

It was deep inside, and only God and I shared it  
I felt all the deception, of my sins within!

So I placed my sins, on the outside  
took the smile, of fakness off my face!

Let another in, who understood my pain  
received forgiveness, of God's redeeming Grace.

For now my outside, is what is living inside  
the Holy Spirit, is this smile upon my face replaced.

Linda Winchell

# 'Intellectuals'

I was over hearing some intellectuals  
well I guess they thought they were?  
But couldn't understand a word they uttered  
I don't think they were even sure!

I didn't mean to eaves drop  
but it sounded kind of, interesting to me.  
I was trying to see if I could make anything out, they were saying  
or if it could possibly apply somehow to me.

Educated fools, that what I think they were  
just talking loudly in a coffee shop  
so everyone could hear.

I would rather be a dumb, dumb,  
then sit and have a conversation like them  
So I guess I'm the lucky one?  
that couldn't intellectually understand.

Linda Winchell

# 'Investigating'

Are you still investigating?

The world until its end?

There's so much more... than in the world you live

Suggest... you go and view it with a friend.

Let God take you to those places... never seen

Like where it was He grew.

And in His words... you'll both travel there

And show you things anew.

To mountain tops... where He went to pray

And maybe you'll both sail... the Sea of Galilee.

But wherever it is He takes you

It is where you and He will need to be

The earth is not so big you know

If viewed... through the Father's eyes.

Nothing that you'll investigate

Will come as a big surprise.

For it's been written for us all...until His return  
That all things... have once or twice before been done.  
But for that one ultimate sacrifice given man  
Was the crucifixion... of the Father's Son.

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Investment In Eternity'

Are you making an investment in eternity?  
The only 401k... mankind will ever need.  
For all else... be hay and stubble  
And our bodies left... for birds and bugs to feed.

For our spirit self will rise above  
As we all... will one day stand in front of God.  
And judged for our sins not confessed  
And all of those... who thought religions odd.

Eternity with our "Lord...Savior...Hosanna God" on high!  
To spend our spirits... eternity with Him  
Investments interest...the most high.

So make your reinvestment...  
In the one that really counts the most.  
The Father and His Son....  
And the Holy Ghost!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Invisible Shackles'

Welfare handed out to millions these days,  
Thought slavery was banished long ago?  
But invisible shackles now hold them captive,  
As if most didn't already know.

Kept down below poverty level,  
Dependent upon our Government's monthly scraps!  
It seems as though our Government's plans been set,  
While once again, mankind's newest invisible slavery entraps.

If one tries to make better of themselves,  
Their kind says, " he or she's now selling out, "  
So held down to a slave like dependence,  
Of invisible shackles, they find hard to break out.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

## 'Is That All There Is? '

'Is this all there is too life? '  
I over heard my husband say.  
I worked and slaved my life away,  
And worked for little pay.

Now I am retired, and working harder then, I ever did before.  
Is this all there is?  
I thought there would be so much more!

I am lucky if I'll live till I'm old,  
All my friends I knew did not!  
Is that what we had all worked our lives for,  
And what is it we have got?

Cars' not paid for, the morgage still due,  
Had to take a loan on the house,  
For those braces for son Drew.

I am walking a bit much slower,  
My legs and feet have pain.  
How much longer do I have too work,  
I was'nt looking at doing this again!

Retirement is not as our Fathers' knew,  
When they retired, and sailed the oceans blue!

Mom and Dad got a ticket and traveled,  
They enjoyed those Golden Years,  
Only enjoyed and known by few!

Is this all there is?  
Because I wanted to enjoy my end years with you,  
I guess I'll make the best of what we've got,  
You have me, and I'm blessed to have you!

Linda Winchell

# 'Island All Alone'

I'm stranded on an island  
Was cast out by my family  
To drift upon an open sea.  
Landed ashore to live alone  
Only have me to talk to me.

I wasn't one to play along  
With the game, they wished to play.  
So they took their anger out on me  
And set adrift to float far away.

Most families have seemed to done the same  
To their parents or family others.  
Fighting and angered with sisters or ones brothers.

I guess I'm domed to live this way  
On my island all alone.  
I'll have a lot of time however now  
To reminisce of my once family and my home.

Linda Winchell

# 'It All Comes Tumbling Down'

We all strive for contentment  
with all things bad and good.  
But sometimes it all comes tumbling down  
tumbling down on us if it could.

No matter how we try to prop it up  
it wobbles and leans to one side.  
Then eventually crumbles to the ground  
seeking to destroy our human pride.

Failed banks and homes foreclosed  
With our governments hands in all.  
Tumbling down on us it seems for some  
crushing our economy and spirit in the fall.

It has happened to others throughout history  
those mistakes lessons that should have been learned.  
But like days of old, empires all focused on gold  
And to ashes and ashes did burn.

Linda Winchell

# 'It Depends On Where You Sit'

We all at times have different views on things,  
It really depends on where you sit,  
Looking at the same subject matter,  
But somehow your viewed pieces don't seem to fit.

Your sight is where your placement is,  
Just another angle of where you are,  
But just turn a bit to the right or left,  
And possibly see it different than first viewed by far.

No need to argue ones different view points,  
Doesn't really matter all that much,  
Just as long as you're viewing from where you sit,  
If only viewed from within your heart.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'It Pays To Pray'

If you think prayer doesn't matter  
Go on and think again my friend.  
It can change the world we live in around us  
And then if needed, do it all over once again.

So when you're down on your knees  
Ask yourself this question.  
What is it that I should pray for my Lord?  
That wasn't paid in your resurrection?

Linda Winchell

# 'It Will All Happen Again One Day'

It will all happen again one day  
It will all come back around.  
One minute... up so high you soar  
The next....crashing like a rock to the ground.

It will all happen again one day  
It will all come back... you see?  
Nothing new...which hasn't already been thought or made  
Most of which... we all have been formed to be.

It will all happen again one day  
It will all... come to pass.  
For it was written... many years ago  
In God's words...the ones that ever-last.

It will all happen again one day  
When God's children...will see Him face to face.  
It will all happen again one day....  
Man will not know.... the time nor place.

It will all happen again one day  
Be prepared to heed the call.  
It will all happen again one day  
It will be the last of, " call...to all."

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'It's A Long Way Home'

It's a long way home...if you don't know the way  
It's a long way home...when your steps goes astray.  
You must place your feet...firm to the ground you know?  
Down on the right path...then off you'll go!

Straight and narrow...tried and true  
The walk you're walking...is that really the walk that will do?  
Did you trust in the Lord...to guide you along?  
Did you ever think...that your walk without Him  
Might just be wrong?

So if you're going to go and walk the walk  
Check in with God and see.  
Just where it is...and which way is right  
For that's the only place for you and me to be!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'It's Hard To Say, 'Im Sorry'

It's hard to say, 'I'm Sorry'  
quite humbling at best.  
It takes a lot of strenght for one to muster  
those two words, of challenging request.

It makes one feel like a child  
and embarrassment for some.  
We have to let our EGO go  
and maybe for but a moment  
feel a wee bit dumb?

But it is such an easy fix me up  
when there's anothers heart that's broke.  
It will only fester inside of you  
holding back those words you choke.

I'm sorry, if I've hurt you  
I'm sorry, if you feel that way.  
I'm sorry, it didn't work out the way you'd planned  
I'm so sorry, your having a bad day.

I'm sorry, just because I'm sorry!  
I needed to tell you so.  
I'm sorry, that I waited so long to say  
'I'm sorry', just wanted you to know.

Linda Winchell

# 'It's Not'

It's not where you come from.  
It's not where you want to go!  
It's not who you think you are,  
It's not, really not, you know?  
It's not how much money you make,  
And not those opportunities,  
Those ones that pass you by.  
It's more about how deeply you want to win,  
And your passion lying deep inside!

Linda Winchell

# 'It's Not Over Yet'

Go and revel in the upward swing  
there only numbers on a board.  
It's not over by a long shot  
the rest have yet to be scored!

Your not good for this Great Nation  
One Nation under God!  
You will run it into ruin  
will all be plowed under with the sod!

You say your not this or that  
but your association with some is in question  
You hang with known terrorist  
and in a church of great Spiritual desception!

How can anyone believe you?  
You have been lying from the start!  
At least your opponent  
Is telling it from experience and his Love for our Nations broken heart!

Linda Winchell

# 'It's Ok To Let Go'

Stop hanging on to... your-self control  
It will never bring you any peace.  
Just splinters of rope... as you cling  
Of life's hopeless strands...in each.

God is truly the one in control  
You may not see that... right now.  
But when He takes control of your heart and life  
You'll be sure to feel His glorious... "WOW! "

He will steer you in the right direction  
Not guide you down... some primrose promised lane.  
His promises are never broken  
His promises...throughout time... have remained the same.

So let go of your earthly pride...  
Let God now... step on in!  
He will give you more... than ever hoped or dreamed of  
And the bonus is... He will forgive you of... self controlling sin.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'It's Really Ok To Cry'

It's really OK to cry you know?  
If you didn't I think  
your head might just blow!

And your eyes would fill up with its overflow  
and it would douse out the flame  
of your hearts inner glow.

Don't apologize for what brings on your eyes rain  
It's OK to show others, all your joy or your pain.  
I think it's God's way, like a tea kettles whistles steam  
and it's much better appreciated than if you let out a SCREAM!

Linda Winchell

# 'It's That Time Of Year'

Here it is, that time of year again  
with it's coco and cookie time!  
Store windows all in their holiday dress  
people on corners, ringing bells chime.

Shame we couldn't have this joy  
of giving and good cheer!  
With every day of every month!  
and with every single year!

Christmas spirit shouldn't be but once a year!  
Should always be something one carries in their heart!  
Spreading good news of Christ the King!  
And giving God's present of Love from the start!

After New Years, has come and gone  
and all those resolutions have seemed to fail!  
Does the need end there, still ringing sounds of despair?  
Is there no need for filling of ones empty pail?

Christmas should be all year long  
giving to help with God's love and joy!  
To help bring all of God's goodness to man  
and to every little girl and boy.

'Peace on earth, good will towards man! '  
those words seem to have been forgotten.  
While in man's heart, their care seems not!  
and all else tossed away to rotten.

Linda Winchell

# 'Jesus Canceled Christmas! '

Well kids, Jesus canceled Christmas!  
He emailed me, and this is what I read.  
That His being born on Christmas Day  
Has seemed, been replaced  
with some fella, all dressed up in red!

He said, that you've got that fella, Santa Clause  
and he gives you, pretty presents under your tree!  
So why in the heck, would you want a Baby Jesus?  
being born in a dirty manger style, Nativity?

He said, He only could give one gift  
and He had done that, once before!  
So why then would, His Christmas Birth  
be something you would want, much more?

He also said, we don't seem to like His  
Ten Commandments displayed or school prayers!  
So why then, would He expect us now  
to celebrate His Birthday  
or too come to Him, in Prayer?

So kids, I guess this means, NO presents!  
Yes, you heard me right!  
So if you're expecting a gift wrapped present, under the tree  
It isn't gonna happen, this Christmas Holy Night!

Linda Winchell

# 'Jesus' Credentials'

Jesus' credentials... for His job  
Were that of ..."pain and suffering"  
He didn't need to bring a resume`  
Just brought the sins of the world ...and died with everything.

This job was never applied by anyone else  
They couldn't have filled the bill.  
To give ones life... nailed to a cross  
High upon that lonely... Calvary's hill.

Jesus met all, "God's" job requirements  
Mastered temptation and ... and was crushed for our iniquities.  
Because Jesus mastered this...He is able now to help you and me.

Just step into His office and ask  
The job is still open for Him to do.  
He will help you through those temptations  
And is always there.... Forgiving me and you.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Judge Me By'

Judge me by the content of my character,  
And not by the color of my skin.

Judge me for the man or woman I am,  
Not by that of the skin I'm in.

Judge me by the walk, I walk,  
The walk, I walk with Him.  
Judge me by the Saviors' love I show,  
And leave my sins' for Him.

Better not that you judge at all,  
For it is thee that will be judged.  
Sins' of man seen forgiven,  
From the Father of us all.

Others' sat in judgement,  
Over two thousand years ago.  
Of God's Son, an innocent man.  
We need not repeat this today,  
By placing judgements on our fellow man.

Thinking twice before pointing fingers point,  
Towards another then yourself.  
For your sins' very carefully are looked at,  
And are being judged by someone else.

Linda Winchell

# 'Judgment Calls'

Looks can be deceiving  
You see that proven most every day.  
People judging the way others look  
As very different...an unusual of way.

But what is not seen you see  
Lay really deep in the heart of man.  
For that is where ones true beauty lie  
It is where... beauty really began.

For how can we see the splinter of wood?  
When there is a plank within your eye... now owned?  
Pre-judging one on an outwardly appearance  
When it's the heart of man...yet to be shown.

Judgment calls...yes... we too one day shall see  
By the Maker of all Mankind.  
Unseen lumber in thine own eyes... my friend  
For the entire world now to see.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Just A Whisper, Oh My God'

Just a whisper, oh my God  
Is what I eagerly await to hear.  
Just that whisper, oh my God  
so I know that you are near.

Just a whisper, to tell me God  
that everythings alright.  
Just a whisper, oh my God  
to now just get me, through one pain-filled night.

Just a whisper, of hope and peace  
that is what my ears long to hear you speak.  
Just a whisper, of this, oh my God  
and then I promise you  
I shall then fall, fast asleep.

Just a whisper, before oh God  
I come to be comforted, in your arms.  
Just a whisper, oh my God  
it shall not do me, now any real harm.

Just a whisper, I ask to hear  
where I know I could be asking, you for more.  
Just a whisper from your lips, to my ear  
this should settle, all of my life's before's.

Just a whisper, before I leave this earth  
that is all I ask of you, my God.  
Just a whisper, to know you hear me  
you may now feel, this request so odd.

Just a whisper, oh my God  
I am now ready to let this life's body rest.  
Just a whisper, oh my God  
for I have given it, and you my very best.

Linda Winchell

# 'Just About The Time'

Just about the time,  
that your kids have all flown the nest!  
you and your partner are getting ready  
to take a vacations much needed rest!

Just about that time,  
in walk all the children again!  
Because they can't handle the world on their own!  
Now your empty nest once thought  
is now an adult filled, foster home!

Just about the time,  
you've made your mind up to diet, and eat wise!  
In roll all those Holiday dinners out!  
And you've put two extra inches  
back on your hips and thighs!

Just about the time,  
you are ready to retire  
and collect saved up money!  
Your wife pipes up  
with her shocking news!  
'I want a Divorce,  
and I'm leaving you honey! '

Just about the time,  
you have finally gotten ready to live  
someone brings the bad news to you  
that you, haven't much time I'm afraid to live!

Linda Winchell

# 'Just An Image'

Little girl with your long brown hair  
Sleek jeans with a look  
Like they've been spray painted on.

Where are you going with that image you show?  
Do you think that's the, 'In look? '  
So called, 'In look', you know?

You've just barely turned sixteen  
But you look twenty one.  
Out on night streets alone  
Looking for what you say is, 'Just some fun! '

But what might be awaiting you  
Is some unwanted advance.  
With that image you're portraying  
You're really taking a big chance.

Chance of innocence loss, with that grown up look  
Of all the images you're seeing  
In movies and books.

Take care my dear  
For I'm watching you.  
I'm that evil which now stalks  
Just that sort of Image you do!

Linda Winchell

# 'Just Another Birthday'

Today another year has come  
and like all others, it soon shall leave.  
Adding just another number  
to which my last years date exceeds.

It doesn't really matter the number  
just another digit on my life's notched post!  
Can't get all excited over it really  
like some others, who choose to cry or mope!

For I am focused on God's Kingdom!  
and celebrate my Kings Birthday!  
So if you want to send me a wish my friend  
send it with your prayers His way.

Pray for Peace and Love on earth  
and for God's quick return.  
Pray for that my dearest of friends  
that is the only Birthday wish I've earned.

Linda Winchell

# 'Just Because'

Just because I'm pretty  
doesn't mean that ugly isn't smart.  
Just because you smile at me  
doesn't mean you have a heart.  
Just because your wealthy  
doesn't mean that you give  
Just because you are in the world  
doesn't mean that you really live!

Just because you dress real fine  
doesn't mean anything, other than you can  
Just because you wear the pants  
doesn't make you now a man!  
Just because you say it is  
doesn't mean it really is  
Just because, your just because  
doesn't mean just because it is!

Linda Winchell

# 'Just Feed One'

If you can't feed a hundred,  
Than maybe start with just feeding one?  
Not so hard of a task for anyone to do,  
And you might find the rewards returned fun.

There are so many out in the world that are starving,  
Not only of nourishment for the body but the soul,  
Just go about doing God's work as soon as you can,  
He has commanded all of us to "Go! "

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Just Going Through The Motions'

Most are just going through the motions?  
In a non-productive, productive way?  
Back and forth, here and there,  
To and fro they sway.

Making not much of anything,  
Just doing as they please,  
What comes easiest is tackled first off,  
And the hardest seem no time to squeeze.

Life is such for many,  
Sad but so very true it seems,  
Not doing much of much these days,  
Not doing much of anything.

Breathing in then breathing out,  
Over and over again,  
This is how most spend their lives,  
And will spend it until the end.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Just Hang In There'

Sometimes you might get depressed  
and may not be able, to sleep at night.  
You may not feel, one ouch of strength  
With worries and fears, and no energy to fight.

Just remember it was God, who gave you life  
and He shall now provide you with peace.  
If you just pray, when you're distressed and low  
Your heart will find, your answered prayers release.

Linda Winchell

# 'Just Let It All Hang Out'

Just let it all hang out  
Let it wiggle too and fro.  
Let the world see your goodies  
From the head down to your toes.

Nothing to be kept secret  
Just let the whole world view.  
What should be placed under wraps  
Those more personal parts of you.

Is nothing left for the imagination today?  
Do we have to let it all hang on out?  
Do we have to is the question  
Where we leave nothing to even doubt?

Our girls look like grown up women  
Way before their time.  
Boys looking at their parts exposed  
Of what through marriage  
They would come to find.

No white dresses at weddings today  
No legs kept closed at all.  
Everyone just letting it all hang out  
Everyone just having a real sin filled ball.

We all will pay for these mistakes  
If we continue on this way.  
Nothing kept as a big surprise  
In a more decent and respectful kinda way.

Linda Winchell

# 'Just Let Your Air Come Out'

I try to talk to you all the time  
but when you open up your mouth.  
All I hear are large belching noises  
'Go on! ', just let all of your air come out!

So what if you can belch?  
Out the entire alphabet, A on through to the letter Z?  
And why do you think that is cute, my dear?  
you are really confusing me!

You tell me that this is much better  
than your other alternative!  
But is this how other husbands act?  
And how their wives have to live?

I just think your acting silly!  
When you belch out, in the ways you do!  
'Oops! ', you got me doing it now!  
Belching out, my words like you!

Linda Winchell

# 'Just Living That American Dream'

Deep in dept up to my ears  
After getting my first, 'Credit Card.'  
The guy who signed me up for it  
Said if I wanted to buy a house one day  
It would be without having credit, VERY hard.

I wanted to be like everyone else  
Just wanted to be living that.' American dream.'  
But everytime those bills come in  
I get the sweats and want to hide or scream!

Just living that American dream has its hidden risks  
I found that out the good old American fashion way.  
Living off of borrowed money  
You find out real soon that you must repay!

All the new designer clothes and shoes  
And those hand bags with all their bling.  
Just living that American dream is a lesson  
A lesson charging on all that plastic will bring.

Linda Winchell

# 'Just Mom's Memories'

It wasn't till of late, that I really realized  
just what my life, has meant to me.  
It was more than just being a wife and mom  
They were all my irreplaceable, past memories.

Like watching you, take your first steps  
being there to catch you, if you fell.  
And watching your first tooth come in  
that's what I remember, oh so well.

Then the memory of, your first day at school  
and how I missed you, and hated to let you go.  
Or just watching you play, with your toy cars  
lining them up, in your toy car, lane of rows.

The first day that your daddy, took off your training wheels  
and how I covered up my eyes, as you road away!  
I remember all of these, my past memories  
as if they had happened, just yesterday.

When you spoke your first word  
even though it was, 'Da, Da', that you said.  
Or sitting to help you read through a book  
the first book, 'Mr. Pines Purple House'  
was what you read.

Just Old Mom's memories? Oh no son!  
They're much more than that!  
They are a piece of my life's story, with you my son  
taking me, all in my years ago, way back!

You're grown now and married  
your brother with two son's now, of his own.  
And you? Not a father wanting to be  
making memories now, only for you and your wife alone.

One day you too, might wander back in time  
if only to some, forgotten, distant past memory.  
And I hope that you'll remember my son

Just what MY memories, have meant to me.

'Merry Christmas'

Love Mom

Linda Winchell

# 'Just One Of Those Days'

It seems that today is turning out  
To be just another one of those crazy days.  
When facing my mountains seem to high to climb  
While waiting for faith to re-appear  
But the waiting is making me lose my mind!

I know I've climbed over or gone around  
Many of my mountains long before.  
But for some odd reason and I don't know why  
They seem larger and harder than climbed and more.

Pray me over my mountains tops  
Peaked to steep for me to see my way.  
Pray my friend, please take some time for me  
For I am in a broken and weakened day.

For this weakness I am feeling now  
Is deeper, darker and more.  
I need the help of my Brother's and Sister's in Christ  
Like I have never needed them before.

If you think that my faith is not secure  
Then I ask you, if you please.  
Just to show this fallen soldier of Christ  
The greater of my weakened faith in need.

Linda Winchell

# 'Just Take It On The Chin'

Housing crisis, rising costs!  
People are desperate!  
Families are lost!

How did this all begin?  
Our Government did most of it!  
So, come on, take it on the chin!

Take your medicine!  
You didn't ask for or need!  
Because of our complacency!  
And big business greed!

So what's the BIG problem?  
It's just man's sin!  
So come on my friend  
Be a sport, and just take it on the chin!

Linda Winchell

# 'Just Take Me As I Am'

Don't need to psychoanalyze  
don't need to patronize.  
Don't need to look for the covert message  
I'm just being me, is that such a big surprise?

Why do people want to analyze?  
All of what I say and do?  
Why can't they just accept who I am?  
The person that they thought they knew?

They all think that they're Doctor Phill's!  
asking all kinds of off the wall questions  
when all they need is to let me be!  
All I wanted from a friend in life  
Is one that will Just let me, be me!

I'm not a crazy who needs to be put away!  
I never killed or hurt anyone!  
So what's the deal with all these questions asked?  
Can't we just be friends?  
and have some friend kind fun?

Maybe your too deep for me?  
And your not the friend I need in life?  
Your giving me a headache!  
and causing me too much strife!

I think I'll just move on  
If you really wouldn't mind?  
I guess your not the friend I need in life  
and just one of those analyzing kind!

Linda Winchell

# 'Just Turn Around And Come Back In'

When you've come home after having a bad day  
And go and snap at the head of someone that you love.  
Turn around and come back in the door  
And start your entrance, all over again, now don't shove!

No need to take it out on them  
They'd nothing to do with  
What has happened to you at all.  
One day you might come in and snap at them  
And then have nothing again to come home to at all.

It only takes a minute's time  
To leave all your troubles outside your door.  
Then you will see, that all is much better  
Than it may have been a moment or two before.

Linda Winchell

# 'Kaleidoscope Of Colors'

The worlds a kaleidoscope of many colors  
Black, White, Yellow, red and Browns.  
Every way you seem to turn it  
you see different colors all around.

Some may seem to be quite different  
From what you see, in the color of yourself.  
But no matter how you look at the Kaleidascope  
It was and is the hand in which was dealt.

We need to gain an overall acceptance  
Of those colors which we view.  
All are really just God's Kaleidascope pallet  
And one of His colors He painted on you.

Linda Winchell

# 'Keep Your Mind Wide Open'

You've got to keep your mind wide open  
Believe in what it is you come to see.  
Don't let anything in life pass you by  
See all that you can possibly see to be.

You've got to live with all of your emotions  
Keeping your eyes and mind... open wide.  
Not a blink of your lids  
Or it will all just pass you by.

See all the beauty... there is too see  
All that God has made for you  
Now that's not too hard if you try  
Just make your mind up...do.

It isn't rocket science you see  
Just open up your eyes and heart.  
Then you'll find out in the interim  
That was where it all must start.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Keeping Up With The Joneses'

Spent four dollars on a fancy, 'Decaf latte'  
But all I did was pee it out and bloat!  
Had a salad piled high with all the fancy trimmings  
But felt like some grazing old, " Billy goat! "

Wanted to keep up with the Joneses  
Wanted to fit into that jet-setting scene  
I wanted to look like the others do  
Slim, sophisticated, cool like and lean.

This living up to the Joneses  
Might seem the in thing to do.  
Well it isn't the game I wish to play  
Now maybe that's what you wish to do?

But I'd heard the Joneses filed bankruptcy  
And were being tossed out of their home.  
I guess the money they spent on Lattes and salads  
Could have been better used and spent at home?

There's a price that we pay for all our wants  
Some are not so kind to us in the end.  
When trying to live up to the Joneses  
And pay the price they now had to spend.

Now I'm going to take what I would have spent  
And let it accumulate in a jar.  
Then send it to someone who needs it  
I'm sure God will show me who they are.

I'll stamp the envelope and mail it out  
To a needy persons home.  
And I think the first one I'll send it to  
Will be addressed to dear, " Mr. and Mrs. Jones! "

Linda Winchell

# 'Kick The Can'

Found a can in the street  
got to kicking it for all I was worth!  
To a kick the can, kicking beat  
And my foot didn't even hurt!

Kicked it high! Then kicked it low!  
I watched it fly, I watched it go!

Kick the can was always my childhood treat  
one would start the can off kicking!  
with a hard kicking motion of their feet!

Then your turn to kick it!  
sort of like some socker game.  
We had always called it, 'Kick The Can'  
I don't think it had another name?

I guess I looked kind of silly?  
when my neighbors drove on by?  
To see a grown woman out in the street  
kicking a can like a little child  
high up into the sky.

Linda Winchell

# 'King Of The Hill'

I remember playing, "king of the hill"  
When I was so very young.  
Jumping and pushing to be on top  
All in the name of fun.

But as I grew much older  
I found that others in power do the same.  
Pushing and shoving the weak and the small  
All to gain money and fame.

It's not however a game to them  
"King of the hill" is played for real.  
Climbing to the top of the hill  
Some of which was built of economical STEAL.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Kitty In My Pillowcase'

Put my kitty in my pillows pillowcase  
in order to take him for his shots.  
I tied the end of his cotton room  
in a big, but fancy pillowcase knot.

He screamed and howled all the way  
I tried to comfort him, but all would not  
then I realized what all the fuss was about  
I had gotten kitty's tail tied within the knot!

I told him, 'I'm sorry little kitty',  
as I held and rocked him in my arms.  
I didn't mean to make you angry  
or cause your little tail any harm.

Then the vet pulled out his needle  
stuck it in my kitty's little backside.  
Kitty looked at me with watery eyes so big  
and went back into my pillowcase to hide.

Now my Kitty won't come out for anything  
I feed him in the pillowcase, he has made his home.  
Now I have to sleep with my head in bed  
on Kitty instead of my pillow filled with foam.

Linda Winchell

# 'Knocking On Heaven's Door'

I went knocking on Heaven's door today  
but no one came to the door to see.  
Who was making all that knocking noise  
for it was just, little old me!

I guess they might all still be sleeping?  
Or maybe out shopping, at Heaven's Grocery store?  
So I guess I'd better continue  
just knocking, knocking on Heaven's door?

As I gazed in through leaded glass windows  
of those golden Heaven's doors.  
There on knees was seen an Angel crying!  
who cried out, ' God doesn't live here anymore! '

'He went to earth yesterday  
to fight earths war, with His Angels you see!  
And left me here to man Heaven's doors  
but I've seemed to have misplace their keys! '

I can't seem to let you in right now  
so can you come back maybe, another time?  
I will let you know if I find the keys later  
I'll be sure to send you, an Angel's Knee Mail line.

Linda Winchell

# 'Laughter'

If you need to heal what ails ya  
go and laugh a hour or so.  
Then all your aches and troubles will flee  
you'll be much better off you know.

Take some time to make a funny face  
that's all ya need to do.  
Then someone might be watching  
and they'll make one back at you!

Find a funny movie  
go and share it with a friend  
Then all your problems won't seem so large  
and maybe they will even end?

See the brighter side of things  
it's better then the dark.  
Let one fly in a grocery store  
go ahead let it rip, and give the world a fart!

Laugh you fool laugh and run  
for the store managers after you.  
See I made you laugh didn't I  
that was all I was trying to do!

Linda Winchell

# 'Laughter Makes Me Feel Younger'

There were times when I use to laugh  
where I had felt so much younger.  
Feeling the joy of its pleasure well down in my soul  
From far beneath its down and under.

It took me to a special place  
Where I once always loved to go.  
But with time and age it seems  
I remembered it less to know.

I try to laugh now every chance I get  
If only just to chuckle at myself.  
Bringing up all the youth once known  
Of my younger special kind of self.

Linda Winchell

# 'Laundry Day'

Go and sort it out!  
Fold it and press!  
Lay it neatly in a drawer  
Hang some clothes on hangers  
Like fathers' pants and shirts  
He must look his best!

Make sure you shake them out first!  
Some you maybe will hold under your chin!  
Then slide your hand down firmly  
Making each of their creases, very thin!

Place a pillow of dried flowers  
In each drawer to give them sweet scent.  
Glancing back at all of your efforts  
The ones you just graciously spent.

A mother's job seems never complete  
When doing their loved ones laundry  
When washing and folding it so neat!

Linda Winchell

# 'Layback Kina Day'

My dogs layin on the sofa  
starin out the window in a doggie kina daze.  
My little kitty is under a blanket  
last week over the chair, I had laid.

My other kitty Brutty, is layin in a big fat fur ball of hair  
he's huggin on his favorite stuffed toy  
he seems to drag it everywhere!

I'm still in my robe since I've gotten up  
nothin else much fun ta do.  
Just a Layback Kina Day  
writin poems in thoughts of you.

The thins I ought be doin  
before winter sets itself in.  
But too layback to even thinks right now  
much less, to even start to diggin in.

I hope I've not many more of these  
I'll be a real mess come Spring.  
Excuse me, I guess I've got to move  
I heard the door bell ring.

It better be important!  
Got better thins, then to see who's at the door!  
For it isn't easy doin Layback Kina thins  
Don't get much time to do them any more.

I know the dishes are pillin up  
and the house sure could use a sweep.  
And the laundries still in the washer  
it's been there for now two weeks!

I'll get to it, I'm sure of it  
but when, it's hard to rightly say.  
Cause I'm sorta enjoyin this easy chair livin  
on just another, Layback Kina Day.

Linda Winchell

# 'Laying Heaven's Stepping-Stones'

When you walk the path with Christ  
You are laying for others, Heaven's stepping-stones.  
Laying down the life that God's commands of us  
And the life of Salvation  
That will stand the test of time alone.

When you place down each stepping-stone  
Those others will see in you.  
That the path is not that hard to walk  
Even if you stumble, God's Grace will pull you through.

The stones you lay will haven't a crack  
And they will stand all of life's pressure on.  
Not chipping or losing their color  
For they have been made from, more than earthly stone.

So lay them down very carefully  
Don't just scatter them around.  
And others will see that the path you're on  
Is truly Heaven bound!

Linda Winchell

# 'Lazy Boy Christian'

Just a Lazy Boy reclining Christian  
reclining back in a Lazy Boy Christian way.  
Pulling the handle on the side of my chair  
on a sunny calm sabbath Sunday.

I know I should get up and out  
got a lot of stuff I need to get done.  
But stretching back in my recliner chair  
is my Sundays reclining kind of fun!

My chair has become so comfy  
It's a real big part now of me.  
Although my spiritual body is falling apart  
so are these earthly body parts of me.

All I do in my Christmas given chair  
is just kick back, with my feet high in the air.  
While the world seems to take care of itself  
I relax in my chair my tired working self.

Linda Winchell

# 'Leave..'Well Enough Alone? '

Have you ever heard...that you should?  
Just ..."Leave Well Enough Alone? "  
Never to help those... who are in need of help?  
Rather... just stay to yourself alone.

Well that's just what... the world is doing these days  
Not bothering to help their neighbor's... in need.  
So then how will God's love be shown them?  
When you haven't taken the time... to plant His seeds.

The earth will one day lay barren... just because  
From the words ..."Leave Well Enough Alone"  
Seems to be...just exactly what we're doing  
What now is... that which was.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

VI: Beatitude:

"Blessed are the merciful...for they shall obtain mercy."

\*\*God approves those who extend mercy to others, for the capacity to forgive and be lenient to those who have wronged us is a true sign of being ruled by God, who has done the same. Amen

Linda Winchell

# 'Let's All Take A Ride'

Let's all take a ride, back in time  
come on, why don't you, get yourselves on board?  
To a time when earth was with out life or substance  
void, of anything from our Lord!

He took but seven days to make the earth  
what we've now, seemed to try and destroy!  
We need to go back and view  
what God made for all mankind, to enjoy!

Hurry up now! This train is leaving soon!  
Don't want to miss, getting a seat  
by the window with a view!  
It won't cost, but some time, you see  
For God told me, to save some seats for you!

He just wants to show us all  
what the earth, had the meaning of.  
It is more than terra firma, you know?  
Or just soil to plant and sow!

All Aboard! We're leaving now!  
No time, don't hesitate!  
We need to see what can be done to reverse  
this place called earth, we all now osculate!

Linda Winchell

# 'Let's Make A Coca Cola Cake'

Let's all make a Coca Cola Cake!  
There isn't much that you'll really need.  
It's ingredients are so simple  
two cups of self rising flour  
two cups of sugar, to sweeten, please!

Three tablespoons of Coco  
One cup of Coca Cola, got to have this stuff!  
Two sticks of butter at room temp. to soften  
one and a half cups of Marshmallows fluff!

Two eggs now slightly beaten  
one teaspoon of vanilla, same on baking soda too.  
One half of a cup of butter milk  
now that's all one has to use.

Mean-while grease and flour  
a 9 by13 baking dish.  
Now remember it needs to be clean and dry  
and free from the scent  
of your last nights dinner of fish!

In a large bowl provide the flour  
then add your sugar in.

Place now in a sauce pan  
all the Coco and Coca Cola  
then butter and marshmallow  
bring to a boil until it's blended thin.

Now combine the flour and sugar  
to this boiled mixture, stirring it, really well!  
I know now you'll want to dip a finger in  
and get a taste, from what you now can smell!

In a seperate bowl mix up eggs, buttermilk  
baking soda, and vanilla, 'Oh wow! '  
Then add all of the above you've boiled till thin  
I hope you're getting all of this, I'm giving you now?

Pour it into your baking dish  
that was greased and floured too.  
And bake it at 350 degrees  
for thirty five minutes and then  
then sit down and kick off your shoes!

Now if you want to frost it  
you'll need to make sure that you have.  
Half a cup of butter, one tablespoon of coco  
six tablespoons of Coca Cola, one box of confectioner's sugar  
and a half a cup of fresh chopped, pecans!

Now that's going to make the frosting  
rich, deep and thick!  
So if your taste is, ' less is more.'  
Then reduce what I have given you, please!  
and it will make less than I've said before.

I hope that you like this cake  
and will make it this Holiday.  
I'm going to make one for my friends  
I'm making mine today!

'Happy Holidays! '

Linda Winchell

# 'Liar, Liar, Pants On Fire! '

Government is a bag of liars... in a nutshell!  
Some nuts are much harder for us to crack.  
But no matter how you cut them friend  
They seem to keep on coming back.

Back to claim they have the answer  
To what now plagues our great land.  
Stretching out their arms to the needy  
With nothing but empty hands.

'Liar, Liars... pants are on fire! '  
Went a child's playful song.  
But what they didn't know way back then  
Was that they were not singing those lyrics wrong!

By: Linda Winchell

\*\*Inspired by A Blue Bird.

Linda Winchell

# 'Life As I See It'

If you think you have life figured out  
You're headed for a real shock.  
Because the reality of it all...will hit you hard  
Showing you all of what it's not.

Those people on the big screens  
And all those songs...that they sing.  
They really have no idea ...of the real world  
They don't not know much of anything.

For they're blinded by their fame and fortune  
I wish those blinded... one day might see.  
The truth outside their protective gates  
Are but...their false security.

As a child still I know not much  
Some say... that I'm the lucky one.  
For I've only had a small taste of life  
Of which... has only just begun.

Some take life in different ways  
Like anger, fear and tears.  
Mine however... is thought of much differently  
And may change as I face...my oncoming years.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Life Can Change In A Second'

Life can change in a second  
a second of your lifes day.  
Something can come and altar it!  
in a most unexpected way!

It might be tragic, it might be joyfull?  
It might not come at all!  
Then it may hit you like a bomb!  
And take you with it, as you fall!

So take life's seconds as a blessing  
for your second is almost up!  
There it went! gone you see!  
In that second of another minute!

Linda Winchell

# 'Life Is A Piece Of Cake'

I've heard it said many times before  
"That life is like a piece of cake! "  
Now I don't know how you slice yours  
But sometimes it may not be up to taste.

My favorite cake is dark rich chocolate  
With creamy whipped icing goo.  
And maybe some kind of custard filling inside  
For no other cake for me would ever do.

Slice it into quarters  
Slice it into thirds.  
Slice it into halves if you wish.  
And may the largest piece of cake be yours.

But no matter how you slice it  
It will all go down the same.  
Maybe a tad bit easier with milk or tea, or coffee  
But may take you to where it was you came.

For life is more than flour, sugar, eggs and water  
It is made up of all of God's ending, mercy, love and grace.  
For He is the only one, that can spread the icing of forgiveness  
On that slice of cake, your sinful life might bake.

Linda Winchell

# 'Life Is Unfair'

Life isn't always fair it seems  
taking you out of ones view of norm.  
to some wild and crazy extreme  
placing you in a life of storms.

Get on board for the ride of your life!  
Life will haunt you in the day  
life will haunt you in the night!

You can try as hard, as hard as one can  
But life will bite you in the butt!  
with its pain-filled death, then end!  
then if that isn't quite enough.

For all you've worked, sweat, and saved up for  
now remains to be devoured,  
amongst those attorneys that represent  
those vultures of family members  
that you've only known for about an hour!

Life isn't fair, my life can contest to that  
but I intend to spend every penny!  
So when I die I will hear the cries  
of them whom I didn't leave any!

Linda Winchell

# 'Life Seems So Far Away'

Life seems so far away,  
But it is closer than you know.  
It has always been right in front of you,  
Right underneath your very nose!

Life has away of slipping by,  
And for some it seems so slow.  
But believe me when I tell you friend,  
Look away, and there life goes!

We need to live each moment that we have,  
As if they were the last minutes of our lives.  
We are given only a certain length to live of it,  
Only a certain length of time.

So make each moment as if it were your last,  
And do the world some good.  
It is all that time will allow us,  
If you lived the time like you should.

Linda Winchell

# 'Life.....Time'

Life, I have found.....is more than the minutes.....  
of the day it takes up.....  
But the things..... accomplished or learned in-between the seconds.

Time, well spent.....with a loved one.  
Time, given..... to those who are in need of comfort  
For they now..... have less to share.

Life, is..... something never tasted  
Now savored..... passing past your lips.....  
placing all of its unknown gifts.....for your mind to.....  
recount and again relish.

Life.....should be longer.....was once my thought.  
Now.....just less of it.....and so much more.....in it to do.

A prayer.....once waiting to be said for another.....  
yet somehow.... slipping through the cracks of a day.....yet not forgotten.

Life, is.....that last perfect poem.....never written.....  
That song.....you've..... yet to sing.  
Where..... does all that time go?

More than hands.....on a clock.....  
More than mankind will ever grasp..... in time.

Linda Winchell

# 'Life's Dreams'

Don't base your life on what you dream,  
The majority of which...are just Satan's schemes,  
He'll pull you in and give a false sense of self,  
Then leave you dangling,  
Stealing your youth your wealth.

He'll pull you away from true goal ahead,  
He'll drain your life...and leave you for dead,  
His main objective is only evil of deed,  
To ruin mankind...to rot any of God's planted seeds.

The seeds of God's kingdom for everyone,  
To feel the love of our Father and His Son,  
The forgiveness of sin through His saving grace,  
Complete fulfillment of your Holy Spirits space.

Dream if you must... if that's what you need to do,  
But don't let it run that biggest part of you,  
Seek the Lord and you will bind,  
The real truth that a dream can't find.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Lifes Pill For Everything'

Life seems to have a pill  
a pill for just most anything.  
There's a pill for this, and a pill for that  
one to help you gain weight  
or remove some unwated fat?

There's a pill when your down  
there's a pill when your up!  
There's a pill for a tooth ache  
they've even made one for hiccups!

They've a pill to fall asleep  
and one to wake you up.  
Is there anything they don't have a pill for?  
are they ever going to give up?

There's a pill for sweating  
there's a pill for bed wetting.  
There's a pill for a pill  
they've even one made specia, I for my Uncle Bill!

There's a pill to remember  
then there's one to forget.  
I might need one of these later  
but not just quite yet.

Life's a pill if you really think of it  
while swallowing all that pill goobely gop.  
And then you forget to spit it out  
and wind up in a hosp!

Well I'm not one for taking pills  
I'll leave that for another.  
So instead of taking a pill for cold feet  
I'll just throw on that extra cover!

Linda Winchell

# 'Like A Tree'

"Like A Tree"

(Ephesians 4: 11-16)

In the quietness of my final years  
I planted a tree, to watch it grow.  
A tiny Birch sapling  
I'd planted, now some thirty years ago.

It stands in its mature, majestic splendor  
Just outside my window large.  
Its part of what I've nurtured and cared for  
That stands tall and green, in my front yard.

So beautiful throughout every season  
Stands this treasure of beauty called a tree.  
It stands here now as a reminder  
That only God could have made this tree for me.

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Listen To Thine Enemy'

Listen to thine enemy  
They may have something for you to hear.  
Don't get angered and eternalize  
Everything that was done or heard.

When anger gets the best of you  
Go to God kneel in prayer.  
For only He can overcome  
Any anger that still is lurking there.

Nothing good comes out of anger  
This has been proven of mankind  
Time and time again!  
Its part of mans past and present history  
However, with God, anger always loses in the end.

So listen and embrace  
Any enemies you may seem to have.  
Thus showing God's love and light from within  
Producing hearts of past enemies  
Now forever so Godly glad.

Linda Winchell

## 'Little At A Time, 'Oh Lord'

Had a job ahead yesterday to do  
Had let the outside chores pile up  
Now there was more this spring than I knew.

Leaves and branches all over the ground  
No help when you need it  
No help of another to be found.

I asked my God as I toiled through it that day  
"Please help my Lord", were the words I prayed  
"Just a little at a time, "Oh Lord" please!  
I know with you're help, I can battle these leaves.

As I looked around I saw what lay ahead  
And at times I felt, my arms almost dead.  
But a little at a time, I did rake and bend  
It seemed easier at times  
For God's hands He did lend.

Leaves all burnt, sticks ashes now too  
Now the other part of my task, today, again I must do.  
With rake in hand and wheel barrel too  
We're off to do the job, just us two.

Linda Winchell

# 'Little Blessings'

Be happy with the little things  
leave the larger to themselves.  
Then embrace their timeless blessings  
don't just leave them on some dusty shelf.

For the littlest of these pleasures  
are unseen fulfillment of a human need  
Such as the lilies fragrance in a valley  
or sweet honey from the bees.

A little daisy plucked, by some little hand  
given to you with purest of thought.  
By some small, smiling little lad  
with that little green bug he caught.

Those echoed songs of morning  
from the birds God gave to you.  
Find all these things in the littlest of blessings  
they will be the largest of blessings for you.

Linda Winchell

# 'Little Bug'

Little bug still alive  
I swatted you twice where you lie!  
Now on your back  
with legs kicking in the air!  
How can something so small, be alive?

I see your trying to right yourself  
so I'll give you a little bug helping hand.  
But when I did you gave me a bite!  
should have left you were my swat  
on your back had you land!

Linda Winchell

# 'Little Mr. Hinkle'

I knew a young boy named; Little Mr. hinkle  
who loved to use his hose to sprinkle.

When he goes out side, his mother screams out a cry  
'Little Mr. Hinkle please use the hose to sprinkle! '

'The bushes are not the place to go  
do you know that Little Mr. Hinkle? '  
He didn't hear, as his mothers voice grew near  
and continued to sprinkle with his tinkle! '

Linda Winchell

# 'Little Paper Boats'

Make a paper boat  
go sail it on a pond.  
Little tiny paper boats  
of which, you'd sail around.

Make them any color now!  
red, green or maybe blue.  
Then sail them off  
to some dreamt up distant land  
just like a little child at play, would do.

If they fall apart or sink  
you can always make, one paper boat more!  
That's the fun of paper boat making  
of that inner child, like you'd done before!

Linda Winchell

# 'Little Plane In The Air'

Little plane in the air,  
doing your little swoopy, swoops!  
Jetting through every cloud,  
making holes with every swoopy, swoop!

Wings spread out wide  
coming from your small plane sides.  
And a nose with four blades that propel all.  
Aren't you afraid with all that swooping made  
that it might not cause you to fall?

Your engine seems to be singing  
as you swoop the skies above!  
I'm watching you play in the sky from the ground  
wishing I was there with you, above.

How fun it must be for you  
to fly close to the sun and God.  
And then swoop to the earth, with one great burst!  
Must feel strange, and to me quite odd?

I hope to see you one day again  
in the skies above my home.  
Swooping and diving like you do  
wondering if you know your being watched from the ground?

Linda Winchell

# 'Little To No Time At All! '

We have little to no time at all  
To make things as they should be.  
To live a life as good and pure  
As God had made it and commanded it to be.

To do unto others as we would have them do unto us  
To live a life of love and peace  
That our neighbors and strangers would trust.

The clock is ticking away  
Faster than you might know.  
All awaiting their departure  
In time we all will have to go.

Yet we pass up the greatest gift  
The one Jesus left for you and me.  
To come and ask His forgiveness of sins  
So we could start a new life to be.

Living for the moment  
Not paying attention to anything but ourselves.  
Placing what really matters to God  
On some dusty forgotten self shelf.

Well you just wasted some more time reading this  
And still haven't got a clue.  
That the time you have on this earth  
Was already decided by God for me and you.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Little Turtle'

Hey little turtle with your legs so short,  
Are you trying to cross the road, it's an obstacle course?

Your necks too long, your bodies too wide,  
What's that thing on your back,  
Does it protect your insides?

Wouldn't you rather have hair, legs and feet?  
Your head is like a pencil, and you haven't any teeth!

Your not a chicken, so why then lay eggs?  
Wouldn't you like a pair of hands to clap,  
Or a nice long set of legs?

Now, get yourself across the road,  
Before someone comes driving by.  
I'd hate to see your cute little self,  
Flattened turtle road pie!

Bye, bye my little turtle friend,  
I do hope we meet again.  
Then maybe we could go fishing,  
At the lake around the bend?

Linda Winchell

# 'Lives Within Our Hands'

Our children's lives lie within your hands  
as it ever has before.

Our country is electing our new leaders  
and our future will pay what's scored!

Our vote gives us the power  
to vote in or out what we feel right or wrong.  
Abortions and Gay marriages on ballots  
it will change all that follows, and comes along.

Is it right to take an unborn life?  
Is it wrong to take same sex for a wife?  
Is stem cell research the way to go?  
Do you check, box YES, or do you check box, NO?

Consider the ramifications of all that's checked  
search your heart, then think through what you feel is best.  
Our children's, children's futures, lie in what you decide  
and will have its impact on every present and future lifes.

Linda Winchell

# 'Living For Someone Else'

Most woman give up their lives they feel  
to live for everyone else!  
Not understanding that the mountain they walk around  
is their bondage, and not for self.

There's no freedom in emotional bondage!  
Until you understand that it's alright to change!  
Now walking around that mountain for yourself!  
just a bondage broken, your freedom in exchange!

Linda Winchell

# 'Living Waters'

I went to the well, for I was thirsting  
But I found not a dropp to be had.  
There I saw the face of an old woman  
She had a look towards me so sad.

“Why is it you come to this well my son?  
It has been dried up for many a year.  
It was only flowing with water so cool  
When my, “Lord Jesus”, came to drink from here.”

“Yes, I’ve heard of this man named, “ Jesus”  
He was a man sent from the Father God.  
I wish that I could have met Him  
But I felt He would think me sinfully odd.”

So I went to walk away still thirsting  
Yet for some reason my tongue was not dry.  
Then out in the distance I heard a call  
From that little old woman’s cry.

“Where is it that you are going my son?  
There is water, but it is not flowing in there.  
For God has replaced it with His Living waters  
Come and I’ll give you a drink of that water so pure.”

Linda Winchell

# 'Living Within Our Means'

The world is tightening up their belts  
with less food now belts their wastes can fit.  
There is less money to toss to the wind  
and fewer marks for them now to hit.

Markets dropping down to depressions low  
less spending by us all.  
World watching it all happening daily  
death of our great nation, prosperities fall.

Teaching us to live within our means  
allowing us to see, the blessings of less spending.  
Taking time to help our neighbors in need  
a hand long needed, now are lending.

The world has done this to themselves  
living higher upon that fatted hog.  
Now living on streets and in shelters  
some sleeping on park benches  
while others glance over, out walking dogs.

Life has a way of bringing us to our knees  
when hitting us below our belts.  
While now living within the means we've created  
taking us down a knotch or two, is felt.

Linda Winchell

# 'Long Walk'

When I was young I use to walk to church  
But the road never seemed so long.  
I tried it Sunday, was just this week  
But the shoes I was wearing were wrong.

My feet hurt so that I could not move  
Not one step further take.  
That road was long as long could be  
The road walked as a child I would make.

We never see when we are young  
The true length, nor the height of things.  
But when we grow older the tasks seem harder  
Of what lay ahead for us might bring.

What was in my mind as that child?  
As I walked that long road ahead.  
I skipped and sang a childhood song  
Made the road become shorter to tread.

Maybe that's what is missing,  
The joy that was in those child footsteps.  
Then my journey wouldn't seem so long.  
So next time I decide to walk to church,  
I'll wear better shoes and in my heart I will place a song.

Linda Winchell

# 'Look Inside For Me'

I know I might look dead to you  
in my catatonic state.  
But look inside for me.

I lay here silent trapped  
not able to speak to you  
but look inside for me.

My eyes glazed over  
staring out in space  
but look inside for me.

Don't talk to me like I'm a baby  
I still understand you see  
just take some time to look  
look inside for me!

Linda Winchell

# 'Looking At The Moon'

If you ever take the time,  
To gaze at Mister moon tonight?  
You'll see a smile he seems to display,  
When he's full and all stars are bright.

Have you ever seen a falling star?  
And went to see of where and just how far?  
And ships that sail on the open seas,  
They navigated too lights like these.

North is North, and South is South,  
West and East guiding directions same.  
If Mister Moon could tell us all he's seen,  
In years of earths miraculous change.

I hope the moon keeps shinning,  
And is always there to guide.  
So when you look up at our heavens,  
Please thank our maker, the next time you step outside.

Linda Winchell

# 'Looking Back To Forward'

No one can try to move forwards in life  
Without eventually taking a quick look or a thought back.  
Seeing just how far it was you've traveled  
And relishing as to where it is you're at.

Learning from all life's possible mistakes  
Or just seeing all those long steps you have made.  
Through hardships and self-doubting criticism  
Standing firm to your beliefs and remaining brave.

It really isn't something  
We all haven't done maybe once before.  
But when you take a good look back  
You now may see your future  
As like, you've never seen it before.

Those challenges met around every corner  
You may have stumbled and tripped along life's path.  
But whatever you do, you need to take some time  
To take a real long and good look back.

Then take sometime to thank your God  
That's the least that one can do.  
For your given path forward  
Could have only come from Him  
As He walked your past  
Now your forwards through.

Linda Winchell

# 'Looking Behind Our Mirror'

There is more than just glass and wood,  
As we look into our mirrors.  
There is more of what's reflected back,  
Unseen pain from all those years.

You may want to flip it over,  
And see what lurks behind.  
Ones' discontentment of it all,  
That lay deep within ones' mind.

Painted eyes, lathered faces with creams.  
We seem to stare at our lives,  
When there behind are silent screams.

Years may come and go,  
But your view still remains.  
In a piece of glass reflecting lifes' image,  
Held in an old, tattered wooden frame.

Linda Winchell

# 'Looking For A Friend'

I am looking for a friend who will join me on this journey of my life  
I am looking for a friend who will see the love I have within my heart  
I am looking for a friend who will find the joy that lay in all things pure and small  
I am looking for a friend who will always be there to hear God's call.

I am hoping for the sun to shine in every day that passes in my life  
I am hoping for the rain to fall on all the flowers that bloom within my heart  
I am hoping for a peace that will flow all of its' goodness cross the land  
I am hoping and looking for all Gods' made us with His mighty hands.

I am searching for that end of time where I will grace the gates of Heavens' golden doors.  
I am searching, deeper searching in my walk with Christ to see the wisdom of His plan  
I am looking and I'm hoping and searching can't you see?  
I am looking for a friend that will take this journey, this journey along with me.

Linda Winchell

# 'Losing My Grip'

Up and down and up again,  
Trying to fetch what I had dropped,  
Now needing to take out my broom and pan,  
Everything now needs a mop!

Tried to pick up what I had dropped,  
But with each attempt have always failed,  
Just made more of a mess than at first,  
I could sit right down and wail!

What's happened to my steady hands?  
For they don't seem to grip things as well,  
With every attempt they only drop,  
Where on the ground it once fell.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Lost Joy Of Baby Steps'

When we were but a babe  
taking our first, little wobbly baby steps.  
Our parents applauded and beamed with joy  
with outreached arms, they stretched.

Then with time we raised our own  
and when they stepped out, you praised.  
Always there, to bring them up safely  
and instilling them, with standards raised.

In those little blessed first steps  
was a joy we've seemed, to have forgotten or lost.  
We don't seem to find, or see our blessings  
in the baby steps we now walk.

Where is that joy and excitement?  
We should all be walking in everyday?  
They're just a bigger stride we're taking  
but in a baby first step, stepping way.

One step closer to our Father's arms  
which are outstretched just for you!  
To catch you if you fall from grace  
and make things, all the new.

Reminded of your first child's steps  
and the ones you are taking now.  
Just know that God the Father and Son  
are there, supporting your walking now.

Linda Winchell

# 'Lost That Happy Feeling'

I seem to be losing my happy feeling,  
You know, the one you carry so gladly throughout your day,  
I don't know where it's gone to hide  
Or how it even got away!

I noticed at first, my bounce had left my steps,  
And then along came, a deep hearts aching pain,  
I hope that I find my happy feeling soon,  
And get it back and more, once again.

Wish there was a cure,  
For what seems to be ailing me,  
Like a pill or something I could swallow quick,  
To cure what's my eyes can't see.

If anyone has a known cure for this,  
Please, by all means let me know!  
So that I can get my happy back,  
So I can enjoy the days as once I'd known.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Love Comes Softly'

Love comes softly,  
When it's softly learned.  
From the hands of ones care-givers,  
And to what they for your life discern.

When love is given softly by another,  
One can't help but pass that feeling along.  
In helping out one in need,  
Or loving words written in a song.

So pass some gentle love along,  
Give it all away to those you meet.  
Show them how great it feels to be loved,  
And then hopefully they too will love repeat.

Linda Winchell

# 'Love Is All'

Love is all I have to give,  
Love is all one needs to live.  
Love is all you see in me,  
Love is all I need to be.

Love is more than words convey,  
Love is more than, 'I Love You', say.  
Love is more than you should keep for self,  
Love is that giving of ones self.

Love is spelt in many forms,  
Love can be two hearts reformed.  
Love is a babies breath and scent.  
Love is something much better sent.

I'm placing it all in; L, O, V, E,  
And sending it out to you from me!

Linda Winchell

# 'Love Is In The Air'

Hearts are rendering their love today  
Cupid's arrow has with precision struck its mark.  
Taking two lovers to this place called, ' love'  
Deeply felt within each heart.

Beating now as one for each other in perfect stride  
filled with a love like no other, ever felt deep inside.  
Honeymoon pangs of the deepest of love  
Hanging on to every word their lips of love do form.

Lasting love?  
We will all just have to wait.  
But for now it's Valentine's Day  
With two lover's great love to anticipate!

Linda Winchell

# 'Love Mom'

Do you know who I am?  
Do you know just who?  
I am that other part you see  
I am that relation part of you!

I use to wipe your runny nose  
I even cleaned your diapers too.  
But most of all the joys I remember  
was the one I had of loving you.

My blood has run through your veins  
from the time of your conception.  
My name is also shared with your first  
I'm the per in your perfection.

You use to call me once a week  
stopped by when you were feeling low.  
I've tried to figure out my son  
where did all that seem to go?

You never call me anymore  
nor do you stop in just to say, 'Hi! '  
I know your not that far away  
and I know you've had to driven by.

If your out this way stop in and see  
just how it is I am.  
I'm not getting any younger you know  
and your still Mom's favorite little man.

Love Mom XXOO

Linda Winchell

# 'Love Night'

Jumped into bed ready to sleep  
hubby rolled over, has his male need to meet!  
'It's Saturday honey, let's get going! '  
I didn't feel too amorous, and it sure wasn't showing!

Had on long warm stockings  
and a long Granny gown on!  
Had my hair set in rollers!  
face creamed up, and knew I looked like a clown!

Was wondering how, this man could even feel?  
Couldn't believe that my husband wanted IT!  
Does this man even see, what he's really going to get?

'Ride em cowboy! '  
He yells, as he Jumps in the saddle!  
My dentures weren't out yet to soak!  
and you could hear them begin to rattle!

Was over in a minute  
didn't think it would have even, taken that long!  
It's usually like when washing your hands  
humming, that Happy Birthday song!

Rollers spread all over the place  
face cream now missing, now on my husband's face!  
Up I got, to shower and rearrange some things  
from all of this Love making, this Saturday night did bring!

Linda Winchell

# 'Love The One You Hate'

If you want to love someone  
Start with someone that you hate.  
I know that sounds impossible  
But believe me friend it ain't!

God ask's us all to love one another  
As He so loves all of us.  
Not fight, kill, abuse making all that fuss.

Take hold of what you're saying  
You're about to go and make an enemy.  
Instead start by giving them all of your love  
And see what God will do in thee.

Linda Winchell

# 'Love Today'

Hearts are rendering their love today  
Cupid's arrow has with precision struck its mark.  
Taking two lovers to this place called, ' love'  
Deeply felt within each heart.

Beating now as one for each other in perfect stride  
filled with a love like no other, ever felt deep inside.  
Honeymoon pangs of the deepest of love  
Hanging on to every word their lips of love do form.

Lasting love?  
We will all just have to wait.  
But for now it's Valentine's Day  
With two lover's great love to anticipate!

Linda Winchell

# 'Love's A Special Gift'

Love's a very special gift to give  
one can give it every day!  
It doesn't cost a penny spent  
just go and give your love away!

Take some time today and send  
that special gift of Love.  
It will bring others joys untold  
and in return give your heart a hug.

So when your looking for that special gift  
to wrap up this Christmas year.  
Go and fill a box with all of your love  
and bring anothers that love so dear.

They'll never know what's in the box  
until they open up too see.  
That you've sent all the love from your heart  
that came from another you see.

God left us all His love to share  
when He went away.  
He paid loves price at Calvary  
so we could, give it all away.

Linda Winchell

# 'Loving When It's Hard'

Loving when it's hard  
For some, is very hard to do.  
But with the love of Christ inside  
He shall pull you safely through.

He gives us strength to move  
Tallest of mountains that lie ahead.  
He softens words that might hurt another  
That are dancing around in your head.

We are one in the bond of love with Christ.  
We have joined our spirits  
with the Spirit of our loving Father God.  
So nothing is impossible for you to achieve  
If your planted in a Godly fertile sod.

(1 John 2: 9-11) 'Whoever loves his brother lives in the light, and there is nothing in him to make him stumble.'

Linda Winchell

# 'Loving You From A Distance'

I 've been loving you from a distance  
I've been loving you from afar.  
while I know you're not here in my life  
only some heavenly distant Heaven's star.

I know that God has made you  
and He's made you just for me.  
I feel your love deep within my heart  
you are all those special loving parts of me.

I know we've really never spoken  
and I know our lips have never even touched.  
But I love you more with each passing day  
I'm in love with you all that much.

I 've seen only your faceless image  
in beautiful dreams I dream of you.  
I hope you're seeing and feeling the same  
In the same ways I'm feeling you.

Take care my dear for one day I'll see  
behind Heaven's Golden Gates  
love that will last all eternity.

You might just see me if just only for an instant  
the one who's been sending you in loving prayers  
Loving dreamt memories of you from a distance, from somewhere.

Linda Winchell

# 'Make-Believe'

Some tend to live in a make-believe world  
Hiding and pretending something that's untrue.  
Maybe pretending they're in a perfect relationship  
While being physically or mentally abused.

As little girls we all pretended  
To be a princess looking for her king.  
But inside our souls are crying out  
From all of the heart ache  
That our make-believe life now brings.

We white wash our picket fences  
Around our perfect flower garden yard.  
It's all pretend and make-believe remember  
And letting go of that dream for some can be so hard.

Our minds never tend to grow up  
going from holding dollies, to babies now of our own.  
And given a mate, that we love to hate  
And not really ever living  
in that perfect life or perfect little home.

While boys are seen playing in the dirt  
Climbing trees and maybe torturing little bugs!  
And all the while little girls stand in line with a smile  
Awaiting a gentle little prince like hug.

Linda Winchell

# 'Making Things Right'

I'm going to take some time today I think,  
For making all things right!  
I'm going to look up all those folks I've wronged,  
And, I think I'll do that tonight.

I'm looking through the A's right now,  
In that little black book of mine.  
I see theres' not much in there,  
Not one name is on any line.

Now I'm all the way to Z,  
And still the pages remain blank,  
I did have one name in the B's,  
But it was the number of my bank!

Guess I made the folks I had wronged,  
So mad that I hadn't known.  
And that could be the reason,  
There's no numbers of their phones.

This job was harder then I thought,  
Wish I hadn't wronged to start.  
I could have been kinder,  
And had a softer more loving heart.

I'll go to God in prayer and ask,  
'Oh Lord what is it I can do? '  
I want to ask them to forgive me Lord,  
And say, that I'm living my life with You.

Linda Winchell

# 'Making Wishes'

Casting coins into a well,  
Making wishes of none to tell.  
Making wishes upon a star,  
Asking it, of who you are.

Breaking bones of chickens breast,  
Throwing salt over ones shoulders rest.  
Making wishes that shall never come true,  
Is this what man or woman was meant to do?

Playing numbers on a hunch or two,  
Laying down life's savings,  
On a horse named; ' Lucky You.'

When luck has nothing to do at all,  
Of where it is the dice may fall.

Take it from me, I've played the games,  
Lost it all, moments flash of fame.  
Found what really matters the most,  
In my Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

You need no numbers, or coins or bets,  
With God in your life, it's as good as it gets!  
So before you wager all you've earned,  
Go to God and see what you've yet to learn.

Linda Winchell

# 'Mall Santa And Mom'

My Mother has gotten on in years,  
And has now a childish state of mind,  
For when I took her to the mall one day,  
She slipped away...and I found her standing in Santa Clauses' line,

She wanted to speak with Santa,  
About what Christmas this year might bring,  
Proudly she sat upon Santa's lap  
It was a most embarrassing thing.

Mrs.' Clause to me looked angered,  
To see a grown woman upon her husbands' lap,  
My Mom had her arm around him tight,  
With her other hand tightly in his clasped.

I couldn't hear what she was saying to him,  
But Santa looked at me and smiled,  
And said, "its ok my dear I had a Mother too,  
And yours can sit her for awhile."

His kindness was overwhelming,  
As this old, frail woman continued to talk,  
Then she gave Santa a final kiss on his rosy cheek,  
And off to the car hand in hand we walked.

I learned a vital lesson that day,  
That I might one day walk in my Mother's steps,  
So for now I'll just be proud to remember,  
And love my Mom with none of life's regrets.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2010

Linda Winchell

# 'Mall Walkers'

Around and around, go the people all walking  
The indoor malls for better health.  
They've all grown a bit wiser  
Taking a closer view of themselves.

A bit more around their middles  
And maybe larger rear ends, I'm sure.  
So they walk around and around  
Passing others just like themselves  
Not really going anywhere.

Have they stopped to say, "How are you? "  
Or shared the words given to us by, "God? "  
They all walk so stiff, eyes straight ahead  
They maybe seem to others, a wee bit odd.

But they all seem to be on the same mission  
Towards the improvement of their health..  
Yet they seem to be missing what's really important  
That part of their, " God-Self."

Why it's true God wants His children to be healthy  
He also wants for man to share.  
The words of His, "Holy Father"  
And not worry so much about their  
Over sized middles and derrières!

You may think I'm somewhat cynical  
Well, I guess you have the right to that.  
But remember where all life really comes from  
And where it ISN'T, that you're fat is at!

Linda Winchell

# 'Mankinds Slumber'

To long has mankind been asleep  
Of the problems  
That are trampled beneath ones feet.  
Then awake and view more of earth's destructive ignorance  
Of what we all seem, neglectingly repeat.

We can not close our eyes  
And sweep what needs attending  
Underneath some imaginary rug.  
For what the world needs from us  
Is Love from our, 'Father God', above!

If our hearts are filled with goodness  
And our tongues speak of kindness and of love.  
Than we can handle what life may throw our way  
Not pushing it back or giving it  
A blinds eyed, shoulder shrug.

For every given negative reaction  
We have a negative reaction in return.  
So what will mankind prosper?  
Of what they've closed eyed  
Wish now not to have learned?

There is no simple answer  
For what mankind has let go on so long.  
We can only hope and pray to God

Of all that we've created, so blindly close eyed  
Thus becoming a nation of Godly strong.

Linda Winchell

# 'Man's Best Friend'

Run me over, flatten me out  
You'll dig me a grave in your garden no doubt!

Drink in my memories with coffee, sugar and cream  
wash me up some, make my coat shinny and clean!

Take me shopping for a funny winter coat  
which smells when I'm wet, like some old dirty goat!

Now hang me up and leave drip dry  
spray me with perfumes to keep off the flies!

Trim my nails, with files, snip and clip  
place a collar on my neck, killing fleas and blood sucking ticks!

Call me with a whistle, hand gestures and such  
chain me in the back yard, go in the house for some brunch.

Replace me with another, much younger, more playful than me  
For I am man's best friend, that's the job given me.

Linda Winchell

# 'Man's Search'

Mankind searches for contentment  
In the things found of this world.  
He seems to fight what God wants for him  
In his flags raised, now unfurled.

We wander around aimlessly  
In search of what is not.  
For mankind already has you see  
What Godly was given got.

Seaches will end up all the same  
If not confronted from their start.  
While placing the real importance  
On a true Godly and loving heart.

Linda Winchell

# 'Marrying With A Heavy Heart'

If you are thinking of getting married  
and you have a heavy heart.  
Don't even go there, my friend!  
please stop before it starts!

I've been there more than four times myself!  
and three were of, a heaviness of heart felt.  
I never should have gotten into them  
but didn't have enough love, for myself!

The marriages were a living hell!  
The hell in which, I had allowed and made.  
Because I wasn't strong enough  
and thought I could change them  
with all the love, to them I gave!

How wrong was I, to have thought that way  
like a little girl, trying to parent please!  
That it took me to another dimension of lifes brokenness!  
and brought me, eventually to my now, weakened knees!

Linda Winchell

## 'May I Borrow Your Faith? '

May I borrow your faith, for a little while?  
I promise you, I'll keep it safe.  
Will you walk with me just one more mile?  
Take pity on this homeless waif.

The hand that you offer is gentle,  
the trust that I feel is complete.  
You speak of a beautiful Bethel  
Rose petals, all strewn at your feet.

Can I see through your eyes, for a little while?  
see the Heaven your taking me too.  
I trust in the warmth of your smile  
And the light, that's surrounding you.

Can I dream of the love, that awaits me?  
That you promised will welcome me there.  
Will the wings that you spread enfold me?  
And the weight of my soul will they bear.

And I ask, as we soar, will they miss me?  
The friends I have left far behind.  
Will they know that now I am happy?  
with the Angels so gentle and kind.

When they borrow your faith for a little while,  
when they follow the path that I've trod  
Will they too feel the calm that I'm feeling?  
when they sit at the feet of our God.

Written by: Laurie Hill  
Friend of Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Maybe We Should Have Listened? '

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure"

I have heard this said... many a time before.

Yet we didn't pay too much attention

When in a hole... we all did go.

We just kept... it seems on digging!

Digging that hole... our world now is in.

All for material gain and status

Masked in what really was mankind's sin.

We can try real hard now to dig on out!

But those sandy sides keep on caving in.

We should have maybe paid attention to that good advice

And not have settled for a hole

The "HOLE" world is now living in!

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Meet Me At The Fork In The Road'

Come and meet me at the fork in the road  
where we can sit, talk and dine!  
Where all the plates and cups are filled  
with foods, which all taste divine!

We will sit and chat about, nothingness!  
And laugh at silly nothing things!  
We will try on each others shoes and clothes  
and exchange our, friendship rings!

No need for plates or napkins here  
and the forks are here for you!  
All I need is you to meet me there  
at the fork in the road, where there's dinner for two!

Linda Winchell

# Memories Of Thanksgiving Long Ago'

I was going down my memory lane  
On this Thanksgiving morn.  
Thinking of all who are no longer with us  
and the memories their lives, in mine had formed.

There was my Grandma Celina  
a real Spanish hot tamale!  
and Aunt Ethel and Cousin Sharon  
and then there was my Mother in laws  
sister Aunt Oli!

Those Thanksgiving dinners, were always the best!  
their scents seemed to permeate every room!  
We would all sit down to feast on it  
while sounds of everyone eating were heard  
as they passed each bowl and spooned!

Mom looked so exhausted  
as she finally sat down to take a bite.  
She had been up early in the morning cooking  
and had prepared some dishes, late last night.

Then there was the clean up  
no men were ever seen!  
They retired to the front room  
and perched themselves in front of the T.V. screen!

All the Aunts would help my Mom  
said Flo, 'Go set a spell! '  
We can get these dishes done for you  
your looking tired and not too well.

Memories of long ago, now repeated  
of our families, Thanksgiving dinner fame.  
With all the memories made in my life  
Of Thanksgiving's just the same.

Linda Winchell

# 'Memory Bank'

God deposits thoughts in your head  
You can take that to the bank!  
He deposits all the good thoughts you think  
And places the rest... in your memory bank.

So if you need a great idea  
To place maybe in to a prayer  
Just withdraw a thought God placed inside  
There is always something deposited there.

No overdraft charges... ever!  
If you overdraw what's been put in.  
Because God's left His protection  
To ward off any left bits of sin.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Michigan Roads'

A blizzard has hit our Michigan roads!  
Came in like a lion, throughout the night!  
The weather men and woman, had predicted it!  
Now our State is buried in, six inches deep, snow of white!

I guess this means, we'll have a real White Christmas?  
And there will be some extra, snow days for all of our schools!  
But for those procrastinating, last minute Christmas shoppers!  
They had better get out their, snow removing kind of tools!

I love when the snow falls like this  
deep and fluffy and of purest white!  
It seems to make, all that darkness drab of winter  
seem to be ok, and really out of sight!

So if you were intending, on driving into our great State  
To visit the relatives or maybe ski and such!  
Take some extra time to get here now!  
Or maybe, just take a train, or maybe a Grey Hound bus?

Linda Winchell

# 'Milk Mans Son'

Some say I look like the Milk Man  
but I can't figure out just why.  
I know he use to deliver milk to our home  
I use to see his Milk truck daily passing by.

My Mother would some times invite him in  
for cookies and a tall glass of fresh milk.  
He would sit me on his knee while visiting  
and bounce me like I was on a bucking horse.

My mom would send me off to bed  
after kissing me good night.  
And then she'd turn some music on  
and dim our front room lights.

I wouldn't hear a peep from her  
as the music put me to sleep.  
But come the morning I would always see  
an empty milk bottle and two glasses in the sink.

Linda Winchell

# 'Mimic'

Are you only mimicing?  
Others' that you know?  
When you should be dancing to the beat of a song,  
A song which is yours' alone.

Why should you care, what others think of you?  
Don't they put their pants on, the same as you do?

Is a carbon copy of others' who you wish to be?  
Then when you look into your mirror,  
A distorted view of you is all you'll see.

We all are made different,  
Would be quite boring if all were same.

We all have different thoughts we think,  
And we all have some different names.

So why then look like someone else?  
Just to please anothers' norm?

We will cookie cut our own doe, ray, and me,  
Of who it is that God did form.

Linda Winchell

# Mind Trap

I think my mind is broken?  
I think my trap has sprung?  
I can't keep anything in it for long,  
It falls out before my thoughts begun!

I've noticed more and more these days,  
That what goes in seems to all fall out!  
So I've taken time to write things down,  
But can't seem to find where I'd paper brought.

By: Linda Winchell

Published today 18.02

Linda Winchell

# 'Mind Your Own Business! '

What better way to tell people  
To...“Mind your own business... and let me be! ”  
Than to quote what Matthew wrote in 7: 1-21  
For the entire world...now to read.

“To judge not...that you be judged”  
Are words so lightly tossed about.  
When what it is really saying to us  
Is you had better first go and check your own closet out!

Jesus used many metaphors...while speaking  
“By their fruits you will know them”  
Not judged by earthly values at all  
But by heavenly values keeping.

Be slow to judge others  
And much quicker to judge yourself.  
There you will see...those sins maybe hidden  
On your own darkened closets shelf.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Mirror, Mirror'

Mirror, mirror on the wall  
Compliment ME... most of all!

Tell me I'm pretty...tell me I'm great  
Don't hold back your compliments  
Don't hesitate.

Some call me... too vane  
Some call me... stuck up.  
Some envy me...I know  
Wising they had such... good look luck.

Mirror, Mirror what was that you've said?  
You say that I'm ugly inside...and that my insides are dead?

How can that be mirror...am I not the prettiest of all?  
Mirror, oh mirror... upon my wall.  
Tell me do...tell me what I wish so to hear.  
Tell me those other comments...are wrong to my ears.

"Pretty is as Pretty does" but these things you clearly lack  
For ones beauty lie deep... within ones heart to view  
And yours my dear maiden... have none of that.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

## 'Mis-Placed Kiss'

He placed a kiss upon the Saviors' cheek,  
To show that He was the one to die.  
Sold for a few pieces of silver coin,  
A kiss from one who he denied.

He denied that he knew this king of kings,  
The one who was without a blemished sin.  
For this mis-placed kiss of betrayal given,  
Was the first placed pain upon His skin.

For Jesus loved this follower of His,  
Had known him for many years.  
But before the kiss was planted on the Saviors' cheek,  
Jesus shed this betrayal in each revealed tear.

For His Father had already shown Him,  
Of all that was yet to come.  
In the garden before the kiss was planted,  
Jesus knew just what was done.

Taken away by an army of men,  
To stand in judgement of the court.  
Yet His fate was already sealed by a higher power,  
All written down in the Holy Bibles' report.

Linda Winchell

# 'Mis-Planted Seeds'

Without care or attention to where I threw,  
My favorite flower seeds.  
They fell between a rocky area,  
Filled only with the thorns of weeds.

Yet long after I had forgotten my folly,  
I turned to see one spring day.  
That my seeds had taken root deep beneath,  
The rocks and earthen clay.

Bright colors of the rainbow,  
Each standing tall and in their chosen place.  
But I will be sure to remember next planting,  
To provide my seeds a much more softer space.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Missing You Even More'

With the holidays fast approaching  
I'm missing you even more.  
Cooped up in this house... all day long  
Is somewhat... now becoming a real bore.

While flipping through...some old family photos  
Of past times...to me... seems now so very long ago.  
Where did all that time go to?  
Where did all of it... and our families go?

I know we all went our separate paths  
Had children...moved...work...and such.  
But how did it all... come down to this?  
Where we got so...horribly out of touch.

Was it my failure to communicate?  
That kept me from... checking in to see.  
Just what the other was doing... with their lives  
And how was the growth... of their family tree.

I think I'd read it somewhere...who knows?  
That the downfall of mankind... would eventually come from within.  
The family unit would break apart  
Mostly due... to family pride...lifestyles and sin.

It seems as though the writer was right  
I now see it happening in families... every day.  
I hoped it wouldn't ever happen to ours  
But I see it's happened anyway.

I'll try to fix...what I have broken  
And communicate more with all of you.  
And if it comes in the form of poetries rhyme  
Then that's... what I'll have to do.

I hope to hear back someday soon  
So the rest of what life... God gives to me.  
Will not be my life's regrets unspoken  
In an un-watered and un- nurtured Family Tree.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Misunderstood'

Lives can be changed  
with just one misunderstood word.  
Taken out of context  
of what you've read or have heard.

Just for a moment  
things seem so unreal  
of what your now thinking  
or what you might feel.

We need to maybe learn  
how to read between the lines?  
Of what another is really saying  
and not that within our own minds.

This is when words won't be misunderstood  
In their can'ts and their won'ts  
when they're cans and shoulds.

Linda Winchell

# 'Moonlight And Mistletoe'

In the moonlight under the mistletoe,  
Stood two lovers who once knew,  
Everything they had felt deep in their hearts,  
Of a true lover's love, brand new.

Time had taken their lives in different directions,  
Where a lot of them, they'd lost,  
Most of which was their time alone to share in love,  
Love lost, was almost these two lovers cost.

The moonlight seemed to cast its spell on them,  
While beneath the hanging mistletoe,  
Their eyes met, as if it was first glance,  
And it caused their hearts rekindled of its fires glow.

Their lips met and this story now written,  
Of two lovers that almost lost,  
The meaning of what true love is,  
And what in life could have been its cost.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'More Harm Than Good'

We sit in front of a screen and type  
To another whose name may not even be their own.  
We type what ever it is we feel at that time  
While never leaving the comforts of our home.

We may never see or meet the person  
That one we are chatting with.  
But this doesn't seem to matter much these days.  
As we in front of a computer just sit.

We get up to get a drink or some food  
Then a bathroom break or two.  
Then back to those faceless people we say we, 'just love! '  
Who really don't care or know the real you.

Do they know that you're still sitting in you P.J's?  
And if they saw your face, would they give a scream?  
I'm not saying this to be silly, mind ya  
And I hope you don't think that I am being mean.

But what the heck does it really matter?  
You're just a name of someone I'm typing to.  
We'll never meet eye to eye  
To shake hands or say, "How Do you do? "

So please type away what's mostly tripe  
And don't place a face to me.  
I'm just a figment of your internet imagination  
And that's all it's ever going to be!

Linda Winchell

# 'More Important Things To Do'

Get out of my way!  
Can't you see I'm busy,  
And have more important things to do?

I have these bills to make out and mail today,  
And the car to wash and wax.  
Then I have to go down to City Hall,  
And pay this stupid tax!

I'm flustered and I'm angry,  
That you seem to want my attention now!  
Can't you go and play or something?  
With your Brother, he'll throw that ball!

I'm only home for one more hour,  
And these things Im' doing can't wait!  
We can throw the base ball later,  
But for now, it's not the time,  
It just aint!

I think I had better rethink this,  
This sounds like words long ago I heard.  
My Father had no time for me,  
And what little time with him a blur.

'Come here my son, I'm sorry,  
I will stop and play with you.  
Sometimes we don't see what is most important,  
Maybe that child that was once you too.

Don't put off tomorrow, what should be done yet today,  
You may wake up in the morning,  
And it all will all be gone away.

Linda Winchell

# 'More Than Another New Year'

More than other year has gone by,  
Quickly as it had arrived,  
Ringing in what's awaited each of us,  
Many of which will find hard to survive.

Birthing offspring with new futures hopes,  
Yet some seem not written in at all,  
The days and months that seems to pass them by,  
Destiny not hearing a life's promised call.

Pain of some memories of 2009,  
Hoping to regain new strength in, year 2010,  
All but to start in newest of yet another year,  
Repeated; over and over once again.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'More Than Numbers'

It is not in the number of poems we all write  
but in the messages that they convey!  
Anyone can place words rhymed  
in some nonsensical kind of way!

Your words must have some meat to them  
something we can dig our teeth into!  
They have to be conveying something  
Something that really matters to me and you!

So what if you have one thousand poems!  
If they not have any real message, in them!  
It is all just a bunch of blithering nonsense!  
And a waste of my time to read, that you seem to spend!

So if it's numbers, that you want to see!  
Go right ahead, and write away!  
But please don't ask me to review and comment!  
because I might, send this poem your way!

Linda Winchell

# 'More Than Words Of Affirmation'

There's more accomplished with words of affirmation  
when you tell someone, ' they look great! '  
Don't hold back what can bring someone joy  
just say it before it, becomes too late!

Just tell them that they look great today!  
Or, 'did you do something different with your hair? '  
Show them that your paying attention to details  
and that someone who's noticed, really cares.

There is so much more in the words we speak  
some, yes hurtful and unkind.  
But just one word of affirmation spoken  
can turn back ones hands, of disapointments time.

Affirmation can place a bounce in ones step!  
It may give them a vision of, much needed hope.  
It may also bring them closer to God  
in the words of affirmation that you spoke.

Linda Winchell

# 'More Than Just An Accident'

I seem to do more on accident  
then most do on purpose it seems.  
Others don't seem to put their all in it  
not doing much of anything!

But they all want same pay  
for what ever it is they do.  
And let others pick up all their mess  
of all the nothingness they seem to do!

They are held up to a greater honor  
in anothers eye it seems  
they can break the backs of those who've tried  
breaking down works selfesteem!

I will continue on the path I walk  
doing more then others do  
and hope to show them just who I am  
and who the others aren't they knew!

Linda Winchell

# 'More Than Just Another Day'

There was a note left behind the counter  
at my job, where I use to work.  
In it were a lot of nasty words,  
but the ones I remember were, YOU JERK!

Seems I got some-bodies blood to boiling  
when I made a mess of their order placed.  
They wanted just a Vanilla latte grande  
and not that of a chocolate mocha taste!

So they took the time to let me know  
how I screwed up more then that!  
It seems they were in a handicap parking space  
where someone decided to make all four tires flat!

I am no longer working there  
for the note was stapled to my pay.  
It seems the persons order I screwed up  
was the Bosses wifes that day.

Linda Winchell

# 'Mr. Empty'

I went to visit Mr. Empty's house  
there was nothing in his home at all.  
He said pull up the floor and take a sit awhile  
Then noticed all of Mr. Empty's, empty walls.

I had an empty feeling, in all this emptiness  
When I asked Mr. Empty a question about it  
he gave me some answers about his, empty emptiness.

I didn't understand him, and turned on heel to leave  
Then he apologized for all this emptiness  
but said, this is all of anything I feel I need.

I use to have millions, but it never did happiness bring  
so I gave it all away in trade for more of less  
that my emptiness now brings.

Now my joys are found in the smallest of lifes blessings  
they fill my rooms with all I need.  
The suns rays are now my lighting  
an open window fills my rooms with a cool breeze.

I finally understood, what Mr. Empty was talking about  
of all that my life had been missing  
so I went home and threw all my belongings out!

Linda Winchell

# 'Mr. Frosts Appetite'

Mr. Frost was a hungry fella  
he bit tomato plants and cabbage heads.  
Most of what I had planted, left  
is now laying in my garden of dead!

He took a bite off of Mr. Pumpkin head!  
And Miss Cabbage head I now see!  
Now I won't have the dinner I planned tonight  
of cabbage, potatoes and some peas!

Next year I'll see I plant some extra  
so when Mr. Frost comes here to dine.  
He can have all I'll leave for him to eat  
because I'll already, have had mine!

Linda Winchell

# 'Mr. Read More'

Mr. Read More, read books a lot  
and had them everywhere.  
He had them on every table top  
pilled in corners, and on every stair.

He changed his name from Mr. Nothing  
so that what he loved, his name could now reflect  
The thing he liked most to do, was to read his books  
while in his favorite chair, he'd set.

He could read ten books it was said  
in one day, all ten he'd read.  
Then when that was done, he'd read some more  
untill all this reading pushed him out the door!

His house was filling to the roof top  
but Mr. Read More knew this not.  
For all he wanted to do was read  
never understanding, not a word of any he got.

He read so much it all seemed the same  
from fiction to History and biography.  
He wore his glasses on the tip of his nose  
all this reading didn't help his eyes, to see.

Wisdom is that of a wise man's experience  
a smart man is nothing but a books, educated fool.  
For reading many books without experience of life around  
does not help achieve a leader to fairly rule.

Linda Winchell

# 'Much Better Than I Deserve'

I wasn't sure if you cared to know  
How I was getting along.  
But since we had parted my friend  
I seem to be humming a different song.

The tune is much lighter now  
Than it use to ever be.  
I feel more at ease with things  
Now touching, a much more Spiritual side of me.

I know we seemed to have had a lot in common  
But I guess that was only earthly idol chatter?  
For what really is most important in life  
Is nurturing a fulfilling Godly matter.

Filling my days with prayers and praise  
Seems all I wish and care to do.  
Not that it wasn't fun you see  
Having a luck warm friend like you.

But God has filled up a spot in me  
That your friendship had never lent.  
It seems to have more purpose now  
Of the time with God, when spent.

So I will love you from a distance now  
Because God would want it, just that way.  
So forgive me now for I must go  
To ask God in prayer while on my knees  
That somehow, He heals your hurting heart today.

Linda Winchell

# 'My Barn Burnt Down Yesterday'

My barn burnt down yesterday  
now I can see the moon  
and the forest through all the trees.  
Don't have to climb up on my roof  
in order to view the things, before not seen.

They were always right there behind Old Red  
that was my barns name, if you didn't know.  
But because of its large wooden structure  
nothing behind it would ever show.

I think this is sort of like some of our lives?  
looking at, but never really seeing true.  
What others seem to block out of sight  
with their sinful blocking point of view.

I thank Old Red, now ashes  
if only to be remembered for.  
The view that is all around our obstacles  
a different view, you may have never seen before.

Linda Winchell

# 'My Box Of Memories'

In my box of memories,  
Are photographs of me and you,  
Hand written notes, some done in crayon,  
With those three words, " I Love you."

Some dried up flowers that you had picked,  
From fields along your daily walks,  
I miss those times remembered now my dear,  
These now more treasured items,  
And of our infrequent, but yet loving talks.

You're still with me, but yet I travel,  
In this box of my most treasured memories,  
To keep my mind and heart on track,  
Of what loving you has really meant to me.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'My Brothers' Keeper'

We are our brothers' keepers,  
And our sisters' too,  
We should give them all we have to give,  
To help see all troubled times through.

The world is such a hurting place,  
Made up of meanness, greed and sin,  
But where does one go to start?  
Where does one try even to begin?

I guess we just have to start,  
Asking God to guide us toward those daily needs,  
To clothe the naked, house the poor,  
And all those in hunger feed.

It only takes one person at a time,  
To fill a need or two,  
But it must begin somewhere,  
And it can only start with me and you.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'My Child'

Have I lost you my child?  
in the darkness of my wants?  
To never feel your arms, embrace me once again.  
Never to feast upon your eyes  
to look deep, into the windows of your soul.

My child, where have I failed you?  
What is my fate?  
When shall I die?  
of this sin I carry, within my empty womb?

My child, end this pain!  
My child, forgive me of this sin, I know not of!  
Farewell my child, for I am no more  
emptiness has now replaced  
my once joy-filled soul.  
For I am no more, my child.

Linda Winchell

# 'My Christmas Package'

Wrap it up, post and send it all out!  
It will arrive before Christmas, I haven't a doubt!  
I took and wrapped it up, just special for you  
but I had to make sure, it was the best one I could do!

I just couldn't throw something in a box or a bag!  
You are worth more than that  
I even made the gift packages tag!

Now when it arrives, and I pray it's in time  
make sure to save, all of its ribbon and twine!  
Then you might use it for the one, I hope you'll send me!  
But please make sure that this time, You don't send it C.O.D.!

Linda Winchell

# 'My Christmas Prayer' (For All Who Have Lost A Loved One)

I can't send you roses  
I've tried that once before.  
I can't see your smiling face  
that use to greet me at the door.

I can't call you on the phone  
to wish you, Merry Christmas, and, Happy New Years too  
I can't even mail you a card  
I have, tried that too.

I can't hear the sound of your sweet voice  
Or the children's laughter, hear.  
While I can't understand it all  
You seem to get, neglected every year.

But I can say that, 'I love you.'  
For you are still, to me so dear.  
But I wanted to wish you Merry Christmas  
and wish that you were, still here.

Dear one, I can't seem to understand why  
this cross that I must bear.  
And I pray that God has blessed you  
'Merry Christmas, ' and may God keep you in His loving care.

Linda Winchell

# 'My Crystal Ball'

While walking down the road one day  
I found a crystal ball, which on the grass did lay.  
I never really believed in such  
but laid my hands upon it  
to give my curious touch.

Then with just a thought in mind to ask  
I began the questions, of this ball of glass.  
'What is the future of the world to be? '  
'And what is going to happen to me? '

With those questions the crystal ball replied  
'I am sorry to say, that you're going to die'.  
'And the world of which you are now living in'  
'Will be destroyed by the hand, of man's greed and own sin'.

So distraught I tossed the crystal away!  
I was in shock of what I had heard.  
I think this crystal ball stuff is just a hoax!  
and all of what it claims is just absurd!

Why was I going to die?  
And the world with own hands destroy itself?  
I'm young and healthy and do good deeds!  
And think of others before myself!

I know the world is hurting  
and in need of so many things.  
But how can just one person conquer  
overcoming all the pain it brings?

I guess someone else had that crystal  
before I picked it up and asked?  
And found out that nothing can predict ones future  
from a clear ball, that's made of glass!

Linda Winchell

# 'My Deaths Wish'

Place my body on an iceberg  
Just set me out to drift let me die.  
Let the critters and beast, upon my flesh to feast  
allowing my spirit self to fly!

I saw it once in a movie  
where the Eskimos' did just this.  
It was respect of such  
where they loved them so much  
that they sent them to God with a kiss.

Linda Winchell

# 'My Final Humiliation'

I've had nine years of physical and mental abuse  
but this one was the final straw!  
I thought you did everything you could to me  
all of what you could do, I saw!

But when you had me stand and watch you wipe  
your butt with your T.P. made postage stamp!  
I repressed my laughter to the point  
where it was giving my face a cramp!

You've been complaining I was using too much T.P.!  
and wanted to show me how it should be done!  
Now I didn't think that this was too cool of you!  
and you were making sure I wasn't having any fun!

You proceeded to take two sheets from the roll  
then wiped and folded it in two.  
Then wiped again, then folded  
then wiped, until you thought I knew!

I could not believe what I was seeing  
or what you had subjecting me to.  
I thought of the vows that you and I had taken  
better or worse and till death do part, of us two.

Well mister, this really takes the cake!  
I think you put me now through it all!  
But to make me stand and watch you crap and wipe!  
I think now I've seen it all!

I've tried ground glass in your oatmeal!  
but that didn't seem to work!  
It only helped your bowels to move  
and act like one of earths biggest jerks!

I will use what my rear end needs to clean!  
I buy it! And have had two babies, and a hysterectomy!  
So if I need to wad it like a baseball mit around my fist!  
You had better not say or do what you've just done again to me!

Linda Winchell

# 'My Fortress Strong'

I thought my fortress walls were strong,  
But I couldn't have been so very wrong,  
For the mortar which I had wood and brick mended,  
Needed more of holier ingredient blended.

The winds came up and battered around,  
All of which I had toiled to make,  
But with one gust it blew it all aside,  
It didn't really take that much to shake.

All that was left standing was my foundation once built,  
The rest of my fortress was now at a ninety five degree angles tilt,  
Somewhere along my journey I had forgotten,  
If not maintained with God's word, it would all fall and be rendered rotten.

I'll make the time to fix and repair,  
And give my Lord His just and daily share,  
I'll rework the mortar down on my knees,  
And ask the Lord to supply all of my daily needs.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'My Friend Has Shingles! '

My friend Sheila has a thing called, " Shingles"  
She says they really hurt.  
They form a rash and blisters  
That pop and liquid squirt!

She said they come for over stress  
And an autoimmune deficiency.  
Well I am glad they're not contagious  
Because I don't want them things on me!

Linda Winchell

# 'My Heaven's Bank Account'

I looked into my Heaven's bank account  
To see how much I had placed in.  
But when I opened up the book  
Nothing seemed to be entered in.

I thought I had invested something  
At least... some of what I thought.  
However it seems I had nothing at all  
Nothing invested....all of it was lost.

Now what was I to use... I thought?  
How would I enter in?  
The gates of Heaven...the price is much  
When Jesus died.... for all our worlds' sin.

What didn't I do...that I have nothing now?  
In my Heaven's savings book?  
I thought I did all I could  
But there was one thing... that it took.

To ask my Lord's forgiveness  
To go and spread His word to many.  
And maybe... my Heaven's bank account  
Would have at least... a penny?

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'My Imagination'

Just my imagination,  
Taking me places in its' minds reality.  
Conjuring up poetic imagages,  
Of what my eyes fear to see.

Deep within its' caverns,  
Are shadows of many things.  
Bubbling up a culdrone of thoughts,  
Only my mind can bring.

Spewing out like volcanic ooze,  
Running down my sunken cheeks.  
Writting words of what I know not,  
And of which I never dare to speak.

Why then is my mind saying these things?  
That I now type out in verse.  
What is it that causes me,  
That words seem to now rehearse?

Brain cells dieing off,  
And replacing them with new.  
Is this the case of a new found intellect?  
That only my imagination knew?

For all of this to continue,  
I must nourish it with stuff.  
That none of what my imagination knows,  
Will ever leave these keys I touch.

Linda Winchell

# 'My Inspiration'

You were my inspiration  
to become who I am now.  
You taught me how to believe in myself  
you taught me with love, just how!

A life that seemed predestine  
to fail and to fall.  
Until you inspired my heart to sore!  
to hear my inspirations call.

It may not have seemed a lot to you  
when you were teaching me how to walk.  
For I was crawling towards disasters failure  
until you gave me that inspirational talk!

So thank you for what you've done  
what you have touched off in my life!  
You were my inspiration to succeed  
And make better of what was my strife!

Linda Winchell

# 'My Joy Is In The Lord'



My joy is in the Lord  
If I'm waking or while I sleep.  
I find His joy in everything  
That joy I shall always seek to keep.

He fills my heart with a feeling of little bubbles  
They're bubbles of His Holy Spirit's love.  
My life I will give to only Him  
For I seek His home above.

No other joy will man ever need  
When you walk with Christ throughout your day.  
Jesus was what the Father gave this world  
He sent His Son who died, to save.

He walks amongst us guiding paths we walk  
He shelters our spirit, from a blood stained cross.  
Don't let life ever take God's joy away.  
Walk with your Savior Jesus, walking with Him every day.

Linda Winchell

# 'My Judge And Jury'

We've all fallen short of God's glory  
We've all fallen short of His grace.  
We've all fallen victim to earthly temptations  
We've all fallen, once or twice in that place.

We've all have sinned in many ways  
Some viewed maybe greater than another's.  
But sin is sin no matter how you spell it  
Can't place it under a basket to cover.

God sees all of what we are doing  
God hears all of what we say.  
God will one day be my judge and jury  
At the end of my life one day.

So go ahead and point your fingers  
At another's short comings, if you must.  
But I only live for God alone  
And in Him, alone I shall place my trust.

For He shall sit and judge me  
For all, of my life's sins committed.  
Not one will be overlooked by the King of Kings  
None shall be omitted.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'My Kitty Has A Broken Leg'

My Kitty has a broken leg,  
The Doctor fixed it with a wooden peg.

Now he clicks' and clacks' around the house,  
And can't seem to catch his favorite mouse!

What is a Kitty Boy to do?  
When he's making so much noise?

Now he has to play alone,  
With all his store bought toys'.

He broke his leg while playing,  
By Mister mouses trap.

Kitty smelled the cheese,  
Which made him sneeze,  
And then all you heard,  
Was, 'SNAP! '

I have heard that Cats' have nine lives',  
I guess my Kitty has eight?

He'll not venture again to have some fun,  
With that cheeze he almost ate!

Linda Winchell

# 'My Life In Just One Email'

If I were to sum up my life... in just one email  
What in it... if any would I tell?  
Would I tell you... some of the bad things?  
How then...could I tell it well?

Would I tell you of all the good I've done?  
For those in need... I had met?  
But right now I can't remember any  
I guess that's... my life's regret?

Could I share with you...of all the hungry mouths I've fed?  
Or maybe those homeless... I've given some shelter to?  
Right now I don't know just what to say  
Guess it wasn't too much... I really did do.

If we're not going to get into Heaven  
On just our good works... alone.  
Than I guess I shouldn't even think...or worry about it  
What it was... I have or haven't done.

But to sum up my life in just one email?  
I don't think or know... just if I can.  
Or if I even want to now  
So I'll just stay... just who I am.

A person... who is kind and loving  
A person... with a heart that really cares.  
A person who knows she's going to Heaven  
And a person...who's almost there.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'My Minds Disease'

Trapped inside... my rapidly aging prison  
Where I don't know... who it is I am.  
Can't dress myself now properly  
I'm reverting... back to where it is my child began.

I'm in a child like situation...  
Placed in diapers... every now and then.  
And I talk sometimes in gibberish  
Feel I'm going...totally out of my head.

Living in the past... I've noticed more  
No future for me seems to lie ahead.  
At this rate that I'm going...  
I think I'd be better off sometimes dead.

This disease is ravaging... my body and mind  
Have nothing that I seem I now can do.  
Family afraid now to leave me alone  
What is a person... with this hopelessness to do?

I know I won't realize... who my children are  
One day I'll wake up and just see.  
Faces that I won't even recognize  
But they won't seem to understand or see.

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

\*\*Dedicated To Mom

Linda Winchell

# My Name Is Love

Hi, my name is Love how do you do?  
I'm happy to have finally gotten in touch with you!  
I've been trying to reach you, didn't you know?  
I thought you needed some Love  
with its loving warmth and glow.

I'm glad to have contacted you with  
this Love that I feel and was asked to share.  
It was something I was told to pass around  
so I'm sending some to you, for you to spread around!

Give it to everyone you meet today  
go ahead just give all this Love away!  
To the butcher the baker and your neighbor down the street!  
This sharing of Love, is really quite neat!

It has the biggest of return on investment  
better than any C.D. or bank account I know!  
Love is all that man was left to give  
from this God fella, I've learned to know.

He came to me one day to forgive  
so that in my heart His love could always live to give!  
I have more than enough inside you see  
so I'm sending you some, of my God's Love from me!

Linda Winchell

# 'My New Years Resolution'

I think this New Years, in '2010, '  
I will make some resolutions that might really work,  
Not like the others made in years past,  
Never kept any, seemed all just silly quirks.

I intend next year to lose a pound or more,  
Putting fiber in every meal,  
And try to walk about three miles a day,  
Just going to try and keep it real.

Maybe take up eighteen holes of golfing,  
Or knitting scarves for next Christmas giving,  
No matter what I chose to do next year,  
I just hope, I'll still be amongst the living!

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'My Old Friend'

Where have you been old friend of mine?  
You've been gone far too long!  
I thought about you the other day  
When they played our old time favorite love song.

'Close to you', do you remember that?  
We use to listen to it all day long!  
Playing it on my record player  
As it turned around, we'd sing along.

I hope that you are feeling well  
And haven't gone and died on me.  
So when you get this email dear friend  
Please dropp a line right back to me!

Linda Winchell

# 'My Opinion'

I have an opinion,  
An opinion that I've got.  
That I'm prolific in the English language,  
And share that, with them who are not.

I write with not an error,  
My life is right on track.  
I like to tell others they are wrong,  
I'm really good at doing that!

But if they were to really know me,  
They would see I am of flesh and bone.  
And in need of some better people skills,  
Of which God has yet to hone.

It bugs me so to hear one say,  
'That they have a flaw or two.'  
They should be as perfect as me,  
But I can't teach that to you!

So I will continue with my opinions,  
Stabbing deeply with one thrust!  
Correcting others with my perfectness,  
Of words I feel, pens paper wrongly touched.

Linda Winchell

# 'My Prayer'

We all must gather together  
In God's, 'Holy Christian community.'  
To pray for all who are lost and searching  
And maybe even say one just for you and me.

Going hand and hand together  
Up to the Altar of our Lord!  
And placing each prayer we've carried  
At the foot of the cross,  
That You my Jesus bore.

Spewing out each cry to you, 'Oh Lord'  
As if it were fire shooting from our lips.  
Reaching high as high as we can  
With folded praying hands and finger tips.

Praising You Lord for Your mercy and Love  
Crying out that You will hear.  
All the prayers yet un-spoken  
All of what we've now carried here!

Tears will fall like a rivers rush  
From our swollen,  
now closed and prayerful eyes!  
Crying out to You, 'Oh Lord! '  
'Lord please hear our prayers, our cries! '

Our world is in such need of prayer  
More than maybe ever as before.  
But one thing we as your Christ followers, 'Oh Lord'  
We can pray much, so much more.

'Here I am, my Lord, My God! '  
I lay prostrated now at Thy throne!  
I have brought others along with me to pray  
I have not, 'Oh Lord', come to You alone.

We've come to ask for Thy Mercy  
We've come to ask for Thy forgiving Love.

We've come to pray for the worlds lost and broken  
Are prayers are to you, 'Oh Lord'  
To Heavens home high above.

'God Hear Our Prayers! ' Amen

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'My Retirement Years' (For Everyone Over 62!)

Has anyone else noticed  
the new working standards and means?  
for those of retirement years, is this what it seems?  
That if your able bodied to still work  
your employer makes your job harder and act like jerks?

They take you aside and tell you your doing bad  
this makes for your day, to be unproductive, quite empty and sad!

You've given them, some of the best years of your life!  
So you could have two and a half children, a home and a wife.

But now the environment, your working in cause  
walking through your humble abode  
with your hands, in outstretching of claws!

I'm over the hill they say, not wanted anymore!  
they'd like to have me get so upset  
That I would walk out their door!

I thought at the end, retirement, would be my choice to make?  
and not that done by some hired henchman  
doing companies, pain in the butt heart breaks!

I didn't give all my best years  
so I would be treated like crap!  
I'll stand my ground, if I have to take it to the TOP!  
And then they'll all see, just where  
this so called old bucks going to stop!

No company is so big, that they can treat me like this!  
I am an American who fought, so this company could even exist!  
If they have a profit to make, don't take it out of me!  
I fought for this country, so all people could have choices and be FREE!

Don't mess with me, I'm an American retirement age man!  
And when I'm darn good and ready!  
I'LL CHOSE, when I blow this pop stand!



# My Son's Christmas Day'

Running through the house  
with cape and makeshift of swords!  
One bent in a curtsy, 'Can I help you my lord? '

Christmas Day morning, with all present's unwrapped  
I myself, was again ready, for a long winter nap!

Boys dressed up in capes like Bat Man or knights?  
playing their games, and pretend bad guy type fights!

Toys of all sorts, strewn all over the floor!  
then as I was settling in, came a, shock knock at the door!

Was the cousins and Aunts and Uncles with bags  
Oh my gosh I'd forgotten, and I was still in my, P.J. of rags!

This day was not over, in fact it seemed just begun!  
all of the cousins and boys were still playing, all having such fun!

House a disaster, and me too for that matter!  
We had eaten all the food, not a crumb, was left on the platters!

Soon came the silence, not a peep could be heard  
the children all sleeping, with the cat as it purred!

My Son's Christmas Day, seems like it was, just yesterday  
that they were all running and laughing, in their Christmas Day  
dress up at play.

Linda Winchell

# 'My Soul Soup! '

I found a huge ham hock, in my freezer!  
Placed it in a pan of water, with onion, garlic and red beans!  
It's bound to warm the cockles, of my old soul!  
It is just what this cold, wintry body needs!

The steam of smell are permeating  
every room and stillness, cool of air!  
I can't wait to dig into it!  
Sipping it so slowly, as if I didn't have a care!

Soup has that kind of a warming effect  
have you noticed that, yourself?  
It is better to make it from scratch you know?  
Than that canned stuff, you might buy off a grocery shelf!

I see I've made more, than I could ever eat myself  
so I'm inviting you, for a bowl or two!  
Now don't be late, but if you are  
I will reheat a bowl of my, Soul Soup just for you!

Linda Winchell

# 'My Special Moment With God'

I have that special moment I take  
To be alone with God.  
I know some may think I'm silly  
A bit strange, and maybe some-what odd.

But the time I spend alone with Him  
Is not just for me alone.  
I am praying for you my friend  
And others that may have  
Just left and gone home.

I turn off the lights in the room  
After you have left for the day.  
And sit, if just for a moment  
before I leave the office, alone with my God and pray,

I pray that you have a safe trip home  
And that I was some-kind of inspiration, in your life today.  
That's all I ever have really wanted to be  
So that's what I ask for  
when I turn off the lights and pray.

My special moment with God  
Is far and always few between.  
I want to be a good servant always for Him  
So that everyone I meet might see.

They might see what it is that guides my life  
That brightness of God's Love in which they see.  
It is all because of this relationship I have  
And you too might like to share in this  
Special moment with God and me.

Linda Winchell

# 'My Trip Around The World'

I never have to leave my home  
to go traveling around the world for two.  
I just have to read the words ones written  
to experience any journey that I take with you.

There's a writer who lives in Sweden  
Who takes me sailing blue of ocean on his ships!  
With another I feel the deep love he shares  
giving kisses placed upon his wife's sweet lips.

Then there's some who write of their countries pain  
the torment of its war, poverty and pain.  
Then a farmer's wife who writes of horses and golden fields  
and riding on an open range.

The trips that I have taken  
Can be taken over and over again!  
All I have to do is read a poem  
in all the words written, from the hearts of a poet's pen.

Linda Winchell

# 'My Wake'

Wonder who will be at my wake?  
as I look down on the body, once occupied?  
Will someone read any of the poems I've written?  
Will it make them they laugh or maybe cry?

Will I be turning over in my casket?  
when I hear some of the things  
they're saying about me then?  
If I haven't really touched their hearts  
with any love, that I'd forgotten to send.

I can almost hear them saying  
'Doesn't she look good, she always did? '  
But I think her personality needed adjusting  
With all of her, ' telling others, just like it is! '

She could have been more forgiving  
and not point out others faults.  
She always wanted to pick others brains  
and tried to analyze their thoughts.

When just a little kindness and love  
would have been all anyone would need  
so I'm at this wake to wish her, God Speed.

Linda Winchell

# 'My Walk To The Stage'

I limped to the stage as the Military band played on  
stabbing pain in my foot is much more than I can bare.  
I want to take my shoe off but I am half way there.  
Would anyone even notice?  
Would anyone even care?

What could it be that is tormenting me?  
I don't remember these shoes before doing this.  
The stage seems almost a mile away  
And why now this on my momentous day?

Alright I've had it I can't stand this anymore  
I'm removing my shoe, why I sit on the floor.  
What is it I see, placed here in a small folded cush?  
It's a letter from our last President, 'George W. Bush! '

It reads, 'I wanted to send you this letter  
But we had already said our, fairwells and goodbyes.  
So I saw your shoes at the door, and  
Dropped this note in one, as I passed them on by.'

I hope you find this before you take your walk to the stage  
And can read my final fairwell note I wrote to you  
All of its ten page.

Bye, Bye! President Jr.

Linda Winchell

# 'My Wallet'

Went looking through my wallet  
thought I would find a buck or two.  
But when I seen there was nothing in it  
just that favorite photo taken of me and you.

I guess it doesn't really matter  
if I haven't money in my wallet to spend.  
I would rather be giving it away to others  
of all that money on myself I'd spend.

'It is better to give then receive'  
I've heard this said before.  
For the riches in my wallet are many  
when I give it to someone who needs it more.

Linda Winchell

# 'My Weeping Willow' (Revised By: Ash Es)

"My Weeping Willow" Revised

Willow branches, weeping low,  
shed no tears for me,  
shading lovers who once sat beneath,  
the brushes of your tree.

buried within the thickened bark,  
the sounds of love's first kiss,  
hold those moments deep within,  
do nothing more than this.

one day you i'll revisit your secrets,  
and sit under your green leaf shade,  
listening to the whisper of lovers,  
a melody that first blush made.

By: Ash es

Linda Winchell

# 'My Weeping Willow' Revised

Willow branches, weeping low,  
shed no tears for me,  
shading lovers who once sat beneath,  
the brushes of your tree.

Buried within your thickened bark,  
the sounds of love's first kiss,  
hold those moments deep within,  
do nothing more than this.

One day I'll revisit your secrets,  
and sit under your green leafs shade,  
listening to the whisper of lovers,  
a melody that first blush of your branches saved.

By: Linda Winchell And Ash es

Linda Winchell

# 'My Yard Sale'

I felt a sadness come rushing across me  
as I put the tables and signs away.  
After selling saved childhood memories I've stored  
discounted price tagged, at my yard sale today.

I seen a man wheel away your first bike  
And remembered when daddy took your training wheels off.  
You were a bit wobbly at first you rode  
but then caught on and took off.

A lady had your Christening gown  
and the sweater your Grandmother knit.  
I don't know why you didn't want to keep it?  
I thought you might too, have treasured it?

Your Halloweens first costume  
you were Spider Man that year.  
Everything you owned till age ten  
It had to be your heros, Spider Man gear.

This sadness is overwhelming  
can't seem to shake it from my mind.  
Childhood memories stuffed in our attic  
sold at my yard sale, for a dime.

Linda Winchell

# 'Naked In The Wind'

Standing naked in the cold of wind  
lives my lonely young maple tree.  
Its leaves all gone, with Autumn now upon  
brings a shivering chill down to my knees.

How do you make it through all you do?  
Standing tall in the cold?  
With all the birds and squirrels that nest in you?  
How do trees make it to become so old?

Bending but not breaking,  
through the gails of winds gusts.  
Bugs gnawing and damaging your skins outer trunks crust.

I'll cover you with an old warm blanket I have  
it will make me feel so much better  
and you won't look so tree nakedly clad.

I can't wait to see you all in your Spring of green  
to fill the nakedness of your branches, now leaf picked clean.  
For the beauty is when you are all dressed you know?  
as I look out my window and see your leaves on the ground  
in their browns and yellow gold blow.

Linda Winchell

# 'Narcissistic Part Of Me'

Oh how I love to see,  
My name, with larger letters if you please!  
In big and bold black print is fine,  
This Is that Narcissistic part of mine.

I even like to catch a glance,  
And gaze at myself in store windows, while walking by.  
And see who might be looking at me,  
And if my overwhelming beauty caught their eye.

Oh how I love me,  
I'm so perfect in my eyes.  
Some say I'm Narcissistic,  
Now I haven't a clue as why?

I think they all are jealous,  
All would like to be more like me.  
That's just their problem,  
I'm a Narcissist you see!

Linda Winchell

# 'Never Said'

Never said that I was brilliant  
Never said that I was great.  
Never said that I was a millionaire  
Because my dearest friend, " I ain't! "

Never said that I was handsome  
Never said that I was fine.  
Never said that I was a poet  
Never said that I could rhythm and rhyme.

Never claimed to be some kind of beautiful  
Never claimed that I could dance.  
Never claimed that I would ever be thin enough  
To fit into your size of pants!

Never meant to show you any bad in me  
Never meant to do that at all.  
Always meant to shine the light of Christ  
But I have seemed to taken a sinful fall.

Always meant to stay on the right road  
Always meant to pray and be good you see.  
Never meant for you ever to witness  
That other side of me.

But I know that you're a good and Godly friend  
That will prop me up when I am down.  
And turn my life back towards Christ  
The man who died with my sins thorn filled crown.

Linda Winchell

# 'Never Thought It Would Come To This'

Who would have thought?  
Never thought it would come to this!  
While sitting in Mom's old chair  
these things I would reminisce.

My mother's hands, my mother's eyes  
My mother's hips, my mother's thighs.  
My mother's teeth, her stale of my breath I smell  
I'm falling apart, my bodies is going to hell!

When I was younger some use to say  
You've your mother's blue eyes, with that hint of grey.  
You've her nose and rosie cheeks and her blond silky hair  
Where is it now I ask you?  
Because I sure don't see it anywhere!

Why is it these things, I think of now?  
bringing me this veil, of blackened cloud?  
Why couldn't I still have what was mine I've earned?  
And not that of my mother's, old she had plowed?

I don't want to live in the image of someone else  
I've always wanted to be, just myself!  
Wonder if this is what my mother had thought too?  
when she reminisced about her mother and herself?

Linda Winchell

# 'Never Underestimate'

Never underestimate the power, of the littlest of things  
such as the bit of a horses reigns.

It can control the largest of horse known to man  
pulling back, the steels bite can control or tame.

Or the rudder of a ship, no matter what the size.  
For no matter how much wind fills the sails  
it's the rudders control, ships journey guides.

Or the spark from a match in a forest  
which when struck, ignites acers blazing out of control.  
For we should never underestimate, all littlest of things control.

Linda Winchell

# 'New Found Home'

A now fenced in yard  
New territories to roam.  
My kitties now explore...  
Their new found home.

Stalking their prey  
Like lions out in the jungle wide  
No more wanting...it seems  
To come inside.

Butterflies and humming birds  
New interests they've found.  
Seeing life as was meant for them  
Loving the newness...and all of its sounds.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'New Life'

Fields of yellow, filled with their dusty tongues of orange.  
While stolling in green fields on a Spring day.

Collecting their life's force on my legs and arms.  
Butterflies and bumblebees  
scurrying around to collect Springs bounty.

Landing softly upon my head and arms.  
Taking time to rest before they once again  
go about doing their jobs.

I stand in awe of God's promise of a new day.  
Feeling so small in just a small piece of the vastness  
of the world.  
On a Spring day.

Linda Winchell

# 'New Neighbors Living Down The Road'

Clip pity clop, of horses hooves  
sounds in the midnight late summers air.  
Of new neighbors who moved in down the road  
coming home from their night at the County fair.

Sounds of an era, of long, long ago  
horses metal shoes slapping, now a pavements echo.  
Coach lanterns lit, to shine as they ride  
cars slowly passing, as they drive along side.

Little heads seen in the carriage, by the glow of moons light  
all dressed in black, with cotton shirts of pure white.  
A gentle people I hear, and God fearing too  
Neighbors living down the road, neighbors brand new.

Linda Winchell

# 'Newest Friends Across The Seas'

I'm now traveling across ocean waters,  
Through the words of my newest friends.  
They will take me on adventures through space,  
Where time seems to never end!

We will share our likes and prayers each day,  
And will do this in our far off ways.  
But still joined together by Gods' kindered love,  
That was given to all, from up above.

I will tell them of my childhood,  
And they might share theirs' with me?  
I will let it all unfold in time,  
And let it be, what it will be.

We may never see one another,  
But for now that will be ok.  
For I know one day in Heaven,  
I will meet with them and I will say.

' I enjoyed our far off friendships.  
And all that we have shared.'  
' I am glad that I could pray for you,  
And that you knew that I was there.'

Linda Winchell

# 'News Release'

\*\*\*News Release: 'The global financial meltdown has pushed the ranks of the world's hungry to a record 1 billion, a grim milestone that poses a threat to peace and security, U.N. food officials said Friday.'

Our world is having an economic meltdown  
Hunger now at a record high.  
Billions pose a threat to peace and security

"My, Oh My, Oh My! "

Can't say we didn't see this coming  
It's been prophesied now for over 2,000 years.  
Now the world is in a panic  
Desperation, strife and tears.

We all were riding the "Gravy Train"  
Now the trains run off the tracks.  
And everyone is credited out  
And can't seem to find their way up or back.

My, Oh My, Oh My!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'No Crime Beyond Forgiveness'

There is no crime beyond forgiveness,  
It is every persons need,  
For all anger that is harbored,  
In not forgiving ones misplaced, misguided deed.

No true crime has been committed,  
Just words said in angers haste,  
Left with the bitters of its spoils,  
For ones tongue, left to taste.

To show another forgiveness's venerability,  
Is not an easy task, I know,  
But it is what God asks of us,  
To all our fellow man to show.

So if you are in need of forgiving,  
Or maybe need some for yourself one day,  
Be sure that you see it's quickly given,  
So you might happily, go about your day.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'No Earthly Good'

Are we so Heavenly bound, that now are no earthly good?  
Are we being so righteous, that others beliefs can not be understood?

Where we now can't bend down,  
To anothers level that we should?  
Are we so Heavenly bound, that now we're no earthly good?

Jesus sat with the poor and diseased,  
Humbled Himself, brought down to His knees.

He healed the sick, ate amongst the poor,  
He chose to have less,  
Where He could have had more.

Are we so Spiritually beautiful, in our own eyes to be?  
That the sin filled ugliness of another, is all that one sees?

Take off our crowns, for they've not yet been earned!  
We still have God's lessons, of God's love yet to learn.

Heavenly bound, this is what mankind should,  
But is empty in God's eyes, if no earthly of good!

Linda Winchell

# 'No One'

No one can bring you happiness  
no matter how hard they try.  
No one can help your heart to sore  
if you haven't grown wings to fly.

No one can see ahead  
what you can not see yourself.  
No one can erase the hurts you've had  
and none of the pain you've felt.

No one can make you smile  
when a permanent frown lives on your face.  
No one can give you the love you desire  
when that past love hasn't been erased.

No one will bring you happiness  
I've said this once before.  
No one can do anything  
where it's never been done before.

Linda Winchell

# 'No One Else'

No one else could ever know  
The pain Jesus had felt upon the cross.  
No one else could ever fathom  
That someone would want to pay that cost.

No one else could realize  
What Jesus had done for every woman and man  
No one, not anyone, but I am.

No one else could be as Jesus was  
And always forever will be.  
No one else could ever imagine  
No one else but, "Me".

No one else could have given their child  
To die for mankind's deepest of horrible sin.  
No one else could ever know  
Unless of course they were, 'Him.'

No one else could be so filled with purest love  
As Jesus was and is for you.  
No one else of course not, could ever know  
Unless that person was, "YOU! "

Linda Winchell

# 'No Room For Prayer'

Why is there so little anxiety?  
To get some time to pray?  
And why so little forethought,  
To secure a portion of your day?

Why is there so much speaking?  
Yet so little time is prayer?  
Why is there so much running to and fro?  
Yet never getting anywhere?

Why so many meetings?  
With our fellow-man?  
Yet so little time is given,  
Too the GREATEST of a friend?

Why so little of being alone?  
To fill that thirsting of ones' soul?  
It is God's filling of these solitary hours,  
That will render joys untold.

Linda Winchell

# 'No Such Thing As A Safe Haven'

I have heard the State of Nevada  
has a 'Safe Haven' law!  
They however realized a huge mistake  
when they didn't put an age limit, in it all!

The law allows a parent  
to drop off unwanted children, at their hospital doors.  
Then the parent will not be held accountable  
of what another State, would see as breaking law!

Parents were dropping off their children  
that they couldn't seem to deal with, or want anymore!  
Kids in their teens were packed up  
and dropped off on Nevada's, Safe Haven doors!

Are we so desperate that we can throw away our blood?  
Instead of standing with them through what their problems are?  
and maybe just loving them and giving them a hug!

No such thing as, 'Safe Haven! '  
if we can treat our children in this way!  
A parent should understand their responsibility  
instead of running and throwing their children all away!

'No deposit', 'No return', should be stamped  
on the bottoms of what we bear!  
So that when someone can't seem to deal with things  
they now have to stand up and show the child they care!

Remember one day you my friend  
will grow old and maybe be in need of help!  
Now what will the State of Nevada do for you?  
When your child disposes you, as you may have dealt?

If you don't want to have the challenges  
that come with, parental territory!  
Just remember there's such a thing as Birth Control!  
And then you won't have to give Nevada  
Your Safe Haven responsibilities!

Linda Winchell

# 'No Tell Motel'

I was told there's a place  
somewhere down an old country dirt road.  
It's called the, 'No Tell Motel'  
where nothing done there is told!

There is no book to sign  
when your checking in.  
No one at the desk  
you just let yourself in.

Take a key from the hook  
and follow the signs.  
There are numbers above each door  
painted in bright yellow and white lines.

You go inside  
with whomever you care.  
There's no one ever looking  
and no one ever there.

Then when you've had  
all the fun that you wish.  
Go back to the desk  
return your key  
and place your money in the dish.

Linda Winchell

## 'None Of Us Live Unto Ourselves' (Romans 14: 7)

None of us live unto ourselves  
For private deflection causes all others  
To suffer around.  
Allowing our physical selfishness  
Only working and living for our own Heavenly crown.

Not sharing the gift of Salvation  
With everyone we may come to meet.  
God has left us all on earth to share His words  
For the unsaved salvation to greet.

So next time you meet that stranger  
Remember who made them for you to know.  
And then plant the seeds of God's given word  
So that the Holy Spirit in them will grow.

Linda Winchell

# 'Not Feeling Good As I Should'

I've not been feeling, good as I should  
Don't really know the reasons why.  
I go to bed feeling sick at night  
And feel the same upon my rise.

Maybe I should go visit the doctor?  
Now would that be money that well spent?  
All they seem to do is guess at things  
Don't need someone's guess, to circumvent!

I think I'll do this one on my own  
Doctor, what illness I seem to somehow possess.  
And pray that God will take care of me  
Or just take me to my final rest.

Don't mean to sound so morbid  
Was not, my intention at all.  
But death is the other side of living  
And I have not done my death at all.

My life was not how long I've lived  
But in the, "LIFE" I had lived.  
How much of me I had given to others  
And how generously to all, I did.

If it be my time to leave this world  
I won't be taking a good look back.  
For my road ahead was paved with gold for me  
Now what do you think of that?

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Not Knowing What To Say'

I started out my morning,  
Not knowing of the day.

I started write of God's pure love,  
And I didn't know what to say.

Would I offend another?  
Who was in conviction of their life?

Could I tell of anothers' problems?  
With ones' husband or their wife?

Do I hold onto God's message?  
Placing it in a bottle for all time?  
Or do I put it in a poem to read?  
Its' messaged poem in rhyme?

'Just go ahead', God calls to me,  
Write just as I say.  
My arrows' hit the hearts' to feel its' sting,  
In my God and loving way.

So write I will, until the day,  
That I can write no more.  
Reaching ALL with God's Holy words',  
Of what might not have reached at all!

Linda Winchell

## 'Not Much Time Before Christmas' (17 Days!)

I've not much time to shop before Christmas is here!  
with roads, all covered with ice and snow!  
I'll have to wait, until they're cleared  
before shopping for presents, I'll go!

What to get for Dad and the kids?  
they didn't like what I got them last year.  
They all have such weird taste these days!  
and really seem not to be in, Christmas cheer?

What then will I get them, this Christmas time around?  
Getting harder, and harder to shop!  
Maybe just a pretty card, with some cash or gift card?  
then possibly, Dad will go get his long beard and hair all chopped!

I've got all the other presents bought!  
and the cards have all been mailed out!  
I think I'll try taking baby Jimmy to see Santa again?  
But haunting memories of last year  
all he did was, fuss, scream and shout!

I guess now all I have left to do  
is to make some of my favorite cookie recipes up?  
The ones with the sprinkles and Gingerbread men faces  
And hope that I've made more for everyone, enough.

Now there is one thing left, that's always a MUST for me!  
It's to wish, all of whom I've made my unhappy past, family and freinds!  
Have a 'Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year! '  
and thank you for all my extra money  
on your presents, I would have had to spend!

Linda Winchell

# 'Not That Important? '

Things for some... are not really that important  
When you're forgotten... or viewed brushed aside.  
A lack of ones attention proves  
That in their mind...you did not reside.

Deleted from their mental address book  
Maybe a Birthday card... that had never gotten mailed.  
Or all of those un-made phone calls...  
Maybe they'd thought of making...but with time... failed.

Where are you on their priority list?  
Were you even penciled in?  
Maybe in someway you didn't meet their expectations?  
Of where a good friend... to them begins?

Whatever the case might be  
You need to... get on with getting on!  
Don't wait around for something my friend  
Something in them...never to be found.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Not That Much Difference In You Or Me'

She wears diamonds on her fingers,  
And rings upon her toes.  
Hair braided in vivid colors of the rainbow,  
With three golden rings, that dangle from her nose.

Tattoos surround both ankles,  
Tattoos around her neck and arms.  
Using all she can to proudly display,  
All of her womanly and many earthly charms.

But those who gaze upon her display,  
Of what she feels is artful and ornate,  
Are those who look upon her flamboyance,  
With true disgust and display of hate.

Yet she doesn't pay too much attention,  
To those who look at her that way.  
For she knows in her heart that she's a child of God,  
Who made each of us,  
In his or her special and unique kind of way.

So when you see another,  
That seems much different than you or me,  
Remember that true beauty is in the eye of the beholder,  
And there is much more beneath than what one sees.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

## 'Not Too Interested'

I'm not too interested, in who you are any more!  
Seems you've become, what I see, as a liar and bore!

Your words make no sense, they're just, gobbley gook!  
Think I would rather be reading, a child's Doctors, what-it's name book!

You tell me of this, then you tell me of that!  
you make no sense at all, to wherever, it is that you're at!

I've tried as hard, as hard as I could!  
But I still couldn't make out, a word, if mis-understood!

Take it from me, a scholar your NOT!  
And you've seemed to have forgotten, all you ever had got!

A friendship is made of having, honesty and trusts!  
And you my past acquaintance, had none of these have musts!

So, 'Sylvie', to you I say, whomever you are, today in your way!  
For I'd much rather spend it, far away for today!

Linda Winchell

# 'Nothing Better To Say'

Is it because you've nothing better to say?  
that you use horrible four letter words?  
Or has it become a habit with you?  
I find all of them offensive and absurd!

Why can't you just talk in a normal way?  
using the Kings' English of your tongue?  
Why is it you always seem to revert back?  
spewing out of your mouth that dung?

I'd like to take a big bar of soap  
and wash out your mouth each time, a cuss word is spoke!

Your to grown up for that  
maybe in some ways your not!  
You think talking that garbage  
others may think your something hot!

It's not what I care for my ears to hear  
so if you consider yourself to be my friend.  
I will have to say this for the very last time  
Please watch your language, or this is where the friendship ENDS!

Linda Winchell

# 'Nothing But My Soul'

Nothing but my Soul oh Lord,  
I'm leaving It behind.

I don't think I will need It?  
For It was only for my time.

I think I'd like It if you would,  
To give it to another?

Maybe it might do some good,  
For ones' sister or their brother?

I loved It well while I had It there,  
And filled it with Your Love and prayers.

It's not too used or battered up,  
It's flowing over with love, of Your blood filled cup.

Please forgive me, if I have rattled so,  
I just wanted You to know, where my Soul could go.

Linda Winchell

# 'Nothing Else Needed To Pray'

Don't need any marble statues of "Jesus"  
Don't need a cross... to hang around my neck.  
For my prayers go directly to Jesus  
Everyone... straight up to Him... He always gets.

He hears my prayers in the darkness  
He hears my prayers in the light of day.  
I don't need images of my Savior  
Of my Savior "Jesus...our Lord"....in order to pray.

He left for all of us... His guiding light within  
So that when ever our prayers begin.  
They will go directly to God above  
And be received...sent with all their love.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Nothing Else To Say'

How is it after fifteen years  
we can't find anything else to say?  
But, ' have you taken the trash out yet? '  
Or, 'are they calling for rain today? '

We use to talk like lovers back when  
it seems like so very long ago.  
Where does conversation go my dear?  
after fifteen years or so.

How did we let it all slip away?  
into an abyss of now seems a trivial pursuit.  
Where we can sit in a room for hours on end  
sitting in silence like a pair of old deaf mutes!

You use to say, 'I Love You! ' When I would head off to work or bed  
now I never hear anything enduring, in anything that is said.

How hard would it be my dear  
to get back where we once were then?  
Where we held each other as we sat on the couch  
when we were lovers and best of friends?

I've taken the crumbs you've thrown me  
but I don't have to like them dear.  
I just want you to remember and see  
that your friend and lover is still here.

Linda Winchell

# 'Nothing To Spend This Christmas'

I have nothing to spend this Christmas  
Don't even have a dime to spare.  
I know your always telling me, 'Don't worry'  
and that you really, didn't care.

But it's myself that wants to give you something  
to show how much I care.  
And that you mean so much to me, my darling  
and that, I really did want, a gift to share.

I wanted to place something under the tree  
but we haven't money, for even that this year.  
We have really run into some hard times, it seems  
and I know your trying dear.

Your working all the hours you can  
to provide us, with a decent life.  
I am blessed to have a husband like you  
who provides me, such a life.

I think I'll give you the gift of this poem  
for it is all I have right now.  
And maybe next year, I will be able to wrap  
a gift or two, somehow?

I count each day my blessing  
and at the top of that list, there's you!  
For it is the only gift, I could ever want  
my gift is in this poem, of me forever dear loving you!

'Merry Christmas'

Linda Winchell

# 'Nothings Really Changed'

There sits an old log cabin in the woods  
A landmark to those who lived some, one hundred years ago.  
And headstones marking two small graves  
Both burried in God's green earth below.

On one was carved, ' Bethie Ann'  
Age four seems when she died.  
There next to her lay her mother, 'May'  
Passed of, 'Small Pox ', it said  
At the age of, ' fifty five.'

A hard life it was way back then  
When the land West was being settled.  
Most fallen from Indian arrows and spears  
As they sat cooking meals by camp fires in kettles.

Some settelers brought diseases along with them  
Spreading them to others like a wild brush fire.  
Wiping out entire communities of people  
Which now are just unmarked graves covered in briers.

Times were hard it seemed way back then  
Not to easy either I guess it seems today.  
Just more cost for mankinds life's conveniences  
Where millions die from a dreaded disease called, 'Aids.'

Will we too one day become as such  
Like that small cabin in the woods?  
For someone to possibly uncover years from now  
And maybe wonder if our lifestyle was also misunderstood?

Linda Winchell

# 'Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep'

I lay my head upon my satin pillow  
While listening to the rhythm of my beating heart.  
As the scent of fresh laundry fills my nostrils  
Wide awake am I, and it seems will not depart.

I dance around tons of words that fill my mind  
Of poems I wish one day to write in rhyme.  
But as morning is quickly approaching  
I have no memory of what I'd thought that night in time.

The sounds of the darkness seem louder and all around  
It is deafening at its best!  
I lay in bed staring up at the ceiling  
And pray to God, I could just get some rest.

These sounds if I heard them in the light of day  
I know they would never, ever be heard.  
But now as I begin my nights approach towards bed  
All the sounds of night start coming, with their unspoken words.

Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray to God please bring me peace.  
And fill my mind with nothingness  
And I pray my soul for this peace of rest.

Linda Winchell

# 'Now You've Gone And Done It! '

Now you've gone and done it!  
Had to go there didn't you?  
Had to push the hands off button on me,  
The one, Mom and Dad always told you not to!

Now you've got all hell to pay,  
For doing that you see,  
I didn't want to go there you know,  
But you've pushed that hand's off button on me!

I wasn't built to ever toy with,  
I'm a time bomb, just ready to explode!  
But you had to push that button didn't you?  
All hell released now on you will unfold!

Ok, I might just be your TV's remote control,  
But if my buttons are wrongly pressed,  
I'll take you into never, never land,  
And you'll just create a big old mess!

So next time when you're told, " hands off! "  
You might pay better attention?  
So that your Television's picture  
Can get a clearer and sharp reception!

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Nowhere'

I live in a town called nowhere  
where there are only nowhere streets and lanes.  
There are nowhere people living there  
all having their nowhere names.

They work at nowhere going jobs  
making nowhere amounts of pay.  
They get up and drive nowhere at all  
each and every nowhere kind of day.

They have two point five nowhere children  
who play in their nowhere yards.  
Their nowhere parents drive them to nowhere schools  
in big black nowhere vans and cars.

If you want to move to nowhere  
you have to be going nowhere you see.  
And not want to be of any use at all  
In the town of nowhere, never to be.

Linda Winchell

# 'Offended'

Why would you be offended?  
By something that I said?  
I was saying that I needed a friend,  
What's the matter with your head?

Now if you were a friend of mine,  
Those words would not sting you so.  
For you would already, if a friend you were,  
Would be a friend of mine to know?

Have you ever called me up?  
Ever asked me over for tea?  
Have you ever taken the time?  
To know that special part of me?

If you had then when I stood,  
Asking for a lady friend to have.  
You wouldn't have gotten so offended,  
You wouldn't have gotten so mad!

A friend comes in your life,  
When all others are going out!  
So please forget what we really hadn't,  
Your offended friendship part of doubt.

Linda Winchell

# 'Oh Dear God'

"Oh Dear God"

"Oh Dear God I pray to Thee"  
Please, "My Lord", hear my prayers.  
That someone who might view this pain  
Will show me that, they even care.

They must see the hunger for You  
And know of my thirst.  
They must see of these needs  
All last and of first.

"Therefore, I cry out to You,  
My Lord above! "  
Send to me now  
All of Your healing love.

That I might too  
Know of pains ease.  
I pray, " My Lord"  
I beg You, "Please! "

I know I'm not alone in this  
But I can't hear but cries of my own voice.  
In prayers in which, to You, " Oh Lord"  
You are the worlds and my  
Only Grace Forever choice.

You've promised never to leave me alone!  
You've said that You would always be there for me!  
Oh hear me, " My Lord", when I say  
That I need so much more of Thee!

Linda Winchell

# 'Old'

I feel I have always been old,  
Not remembering the times of my youth.  
My wrinkles deservingly earned,  
While laying under sunny skies in the grass.  
My knees sore from kneeling in prayer,  
My hands crippling from years of usefull tasks.  
I'm old.  
Have always been,  
Will always be.

Linda Winchell

# 'Old Braided Rug'

I found an old hand made braided rug  
at a thrifty store, the other day.  
It was quite a dirty sight to see  
with some of its edges frayde.

I bought it up and rushed it home!  
to give this little rug, a gentle loving needed bath.  
And when it was cleaned, there was seen  
braided memories of someone's past.

One braided rope weaved into another  
a child's pajamas or maybe a robe?  
Then an old flour bag, 'Velvet Flour'  
was the logo, in this rug they'd sewed.

Then what looked to be a small center piece  
remnants of someone's wedding gown.  
I think they placed it there on purpose  
Sort of like this little rugs, jeweled crown.

Memories of someone's life  
braided into this useful little rug.  
To place in front of a sink or bed  
giving where ever placed, a little braided hug.

I don't know if anyone still makes them  
these journals of a persons past?  
But this little braided rug is now mine to treasure  
to be enjoyed as long as it will last.

Linda Winchell

# 'Old Radio'

I bought an old radio  
like my Grandparents use to have.  
I remember when I stayed over  
sitting and listening to the stories it had.

One was the Shadow, was kind of spooky I thought  
then Amos and Andy, my Grandpa would laugh till he coughed.  
There was a man named Gilder sleeves, whose voice sounded funny  
his laugh sounded, like the voice of Bugs Bunny!

My Grandparents didn't own a Television back then  
most entertainment, was gathered around the radio they'd spend.  
My Grandma would knit as she listened along  
my Grandpa would hum to some old time radio songs.

Now I have noticed that some new radio stations now have  
those old time radio shows, my Grandparents radio played back then.  
As I sit and listen out of the modern one I own  
I'll pretend that it's coming out of this old bought-n one!

Linda Winchell

# 'Old Thief'

One day did wandered an old thief into town  
but all knew what he was up to  
That kind of word got around.

Towns folk locked their windows  
and double latched their doors.  
Placed all their riches in brown bags  
hid them under their kitchen floors.

But this man of age, was good at his craft  
he carried all he needed for thieving  
in the packs on his back.

While the towns folk slept  
the old thief then began.  
Grabbing and stealing, whatever he could and he can.

First he stole the towns dog  
then he stole the towns cat  
then if that weren't enough  
he stole their only town rat!

The bakers shop, was next on his list  
he stole all the cakes and every chocolaty chip.  
Butchered the butchers shop, in one swift swipe  
he stole all their livers and all of their tripe!

Then he went to the hospital, at the East end of town  
he stole all their bed pans and hospital gowns!  
You could hear him proclaim as he road out of town  
'I might be an old thief, but I'm the best thief around! '

Linda Winchell

# 'On A Hill Of Hurt'

I once lived on a hill of hurt  
Always sitting on its peak alone.  
But then one day a man did appear  
Clothed in white, while setting upon a golden throne.

He shared with me His story  
Of His Father in Heaven and all His Glory.  
Of a place where all pain and sorrow end  
And everyone there is each others best of friend.

He then handed me a shovel  
To scoop, if only one scoopful at a time.  
All the hurt that I've accumulated  
I had gathered upon this hill of mine.

Then with His mighty hands  
He began to pull away.  
All the hurt and all my sorrows  
That I and others seem to have made.

Filled now with joy and deepest of love divine  
All of which Jesus Christ gave to man  
So Heaven one day would be mine.

No longer to sit atop a Hill of hurt  
Now looking back, was really nothing more  
Than a pile of my, accumulated un-Godly dirt.

Linda Winchell

# 'On A Pedestal'

Please don't place me on a pedestal  
Of which I'm afraid I might fall off.  
Don't place me so high above my capabilities  
for it will be too much of a cost, if lost.

It is hard to stand where you want me to  
although from here I can see much clearer.  
But if I fall from this pedestal you've placed me on  
your expectaions of me may seem less dearer.

Some seem to want to live their lives  
in whom they've chosen to live them in.  
But your chance has passed, of the lines in life you've cast  
and can never be in anothers, life lived in.

Linda Winchell

# 'On My Drive Home'

Smiley faces drawn by tiny fingers  
on car windows with steam of breath.  
Car windows filled with children's faces  
with their noses on glass firmly pressed.

Long drives out in the country side  
one cold Autumn day.  
These are the things I remember  
while driving the back roads home today.

Smells of corn while passing farmer's fields  
Apple cider scent from some on the floor I'd spilt.  
Flowers ending their summers bloom  
now sit in yards of wilt.

Scarecrows made of straw and corn stalks  
dressed with old coveralls and straw hats.  
Pumpkins lining driveways lit  
trees hanging with black plastic bats.

Rest in peace pretend head stones rest  
announcing their spookiness for Trick or Treat.  
All these thoughts come rushing in  
of those times I wish I could again repeat.

Linda Winchell

# 'On My Path'

You never really know in life  
who God will place on your path.  
It could just be someone in a store  
Or someone on poem hunters that likes to chat.

I've walked my path, now some sixty years  
but never have I had so much fun.  
Then with all of my friends I've met lately  
while writing all my P.H. poems.

There is a lady, who I will not name  
who is just like me and quite insane!  
We chat and share whatever seems to come to mind  
and all of it is so funny, but always kind.

Then there are those that comment  
to say just what a poem made them feel.  
Their comments are much appreciated,  
and very honest and so real.

One wants to stop smoking because of a poem  
the smokers pledge I wrote.  
He is trying to quit, and knows it's wrong  
this habit that makes him choke!

Some have been helpfull and advise me on things  
I've grown in all that poem hunter brings.  
The friends, the poems of others I like.  
And my opportunity to share a bit of me  
in all the words I write.

Linda Winchell

# 'On The Hunt'

The cooler weather has triggered excitement I see  
there are tails of white in the fields near me.  
Bucks and doe's rutting, all placing their claim  
while the hunters hide and takes steady aim.

Bow's pulled back, always ready to shoot  
Dad in his tree stand, all in camouflaged suit.  
Thermos of hot chocolate, and a sandwich or two  
sitting silently watching, and damp from the dew.

There in the distance comes a buck and a doe  
they're ready to mate, so dad lets them do so.  
Don't want to disturb what nature intends  
Dad will shoot him another, before his day ends.

Linda Winchell

# 'Once Upon A Time'

Once upon a time, wasn't so long ago,  
Was a man we named, Old John,  
That some cared less to know.

He had a hump on his back, and wandered through the town,  
He was dirty and old, and on his face lay a frown.

There are stories I've heard, about this man and his life,  
He was rich beyond measure, had a mansion in town  
And a faithful loving wife.

He lost all his wealth while living in sin,  
But this is not the beginning or where this story ends.

His wife was loving, but Old John didn't seem much too care,  
He squandered his money on drink and young girls', firm and fair.

His wife soon died, from the broken heart Old John did cause,  
Then his health took a turn, and his wealth took its' pause.

His business went down and so did his home,  
Old John wanders the streets now, broke and alone.

Now I don't know if this story is true,  
But I've seen where its' happened, too others' I knew.

So for now Old John, I will say a prayer and say, 'Hi',  
And hope that this story, was just someones' bad lie.

Linda Winchell

# 'One'

One vision of  
One life.  
One darkness of  
One light.

One purpose of  
One God  
One pea of  
One pod.

One seeking and  
One not.  
One wisdom in  
One shot.

One enemy and  
One friend.  
One beginning of your  
One end.

Linda Winchell

# 'One Day Soon'

One day soon I think  
Will be the second coming of the Lord.  
He will be riding in on a great white steed  
And yielding His purest of golden sword.

He will unveil us life's long awaited mystery  
Of the beginning and the end of time.  
He will open up His book of life to us  
And reveal its every penned-in line.

Not taking the time now required from man  
To listen to their prayers.  
We had enough time for that  
But it for them, wasn't going anywhere.

Man continued on their quest to sin  
With murderous sinful hearts.  
When Jesus died for man's sins  
Wasn't that enough for Him to impart?

So sad that it even took this long  
For our Savior's earth's return.  
Now there will be so many souls un-saved  
Which will have to suffer Hells depth of its eternity's burn.

Linda Winchell

# 'One Day When My Ship Comes In'

□

□

One day when my ship comes in,  
I may be known the whole world round.  
Maybe from an invention I'd created.  
Or from something historic, that was found?

My ship will sail in every ocean  
And take me to far off lands unknown.  
I will see things never seen before  
climb mountains that ner a bird has flown.

One day when my ship comes in  
That day will be an experience never felt.  
Coming ashore with achievements rewards  
Kissing the ground while humbly knelt.

One day when my ship comes in.

Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'One More River To Cross'

Climb one more montain face  
hold on now don't look down.  
Place your feet securly wedged  
to the top of life your bound.

You've got one more river to cross  
now one less mountain to climb.  
Life is a puzzel of mysteries  
you never know what you will find.

Carve your intitals in a tree  
to prove to others that you were here.  
Become the richest man or woman  
your rivers to cross are near.

Just one more river to cross my friend  
Just one more for you and me.  
Life will show the meaning in all  
in the darkness of deaths eternity.

Linda Winchell

# 'One Seed Can Bring A Harvest'

Remember, " it only takes one seed to bring a harvest"  
In God's fertile soil, of His Holy love.  
He helps you plant and then shines His light  
To grow His heavenly harvest, from above.

Just one seed, that's all one needs  
To reap the benefits that they shall forever keep.  
Just sharing one kind word from God with someone  
In that seed, that is all one needs to reap.

Let God take over from seed planting, there on in  
And see what your planting did.  
Forgiving all heavy burden of sin  
Those sins that they have hid.

Flowers will grow and weeds of sin wither and die  
And all will be made anew.  
It was all because of the seed you had planted  
Sit back now and  
Just see what one seed of God's love can do.

Linda Winchell

# 'One Size Fits All? '

Have you ever had the chance to try on  
clothes with labels that read, 'One size Fits All? '  
Well I think who ever they modeled them on  
must be one hundred pounds, and ten feet tall!

I had to buy a top that had that label on it!  
Because when I tried it on!  
My head got stuck half way in it!  
Now me and it, are permanently bonded!

So don't ever trust those labels!  
They're all made you know, now overseas!  
And those foreign little Gremlins  
only come up to our American knees!

So why wouldn't that sizing work for them?  
They're all Munchkins in disguise!  
And not like we Americans are built!  
not all able, to fit in, 'Fit's all one size! '

Linda Winchell

# 'Only A Shadow'

"The law is only a shadow... of the good things that are coming" (Heb.10-1)  
Unable for one to hold onto it  
But yet under God's shade tree...in the shadows we can sit.

If we cling to anything... other than the lamb  
We are grasping at our own shadows...you see?  
For these things are not Godly given  
For the sacrifice of Jesus...should be all mankind's reality.

While we seem to walk in ten feet of morning shadows  
And yet at dusk...shortness of our shadows seems to fall.  
Shadows are not the real thing  
They're but a distorted image...of sins self in us all.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Only Time Will Tell'

Only time will tell,  
Of what our lives' have been.  
Reaping what we've sowed in life,  
Those seeds of our planted sins.

Misguilted past to present,  
Was this all I had in-store?  
Why wasn't I given a warning,  
Why wasn't I given more?

We all have given blueprints,  
Of our lives' predestined to be,  
You have yours' the way God planned it,  
And I have what was given me.

If I could do it over again.  
Would I change what I have done?  
Or would I go about my daily life?  
Having what I called was, 'FUN? '

Maybe not, I re-think it now,  
For the fun was not as planned.  
If given all to a worthless cause,  
And losing it all to man.

I see it now in a different way,  
Then I did way back then.  
I am living for my God above,  
I will live it until the end.

Linda Winchell

# 'Open Up Your World'

Thank you for opening up your world,  
The world that you're living in.  
Thank you for a glimps of it,  
And letting my new viewing begin.

I have never, ever been here,  
This world of, Vir-tu-all- re-all-ity.  
There are so many different ways of seeing,  
Ones' viewing of things never seen.

I can see why you've hidden,  
Your virtues in your hidden place.  
And also see why you seem,  
To wear to others, a much different type of face.

I must admit it does all seem real,  
But we all know that it's not.  
I guess it could become addictive,  
And it could fill that empty spot.

But it's only a pretending place,  
That we might want to visit at times.  
But I've heard this isn't really healthy,  
It's unhealthy for the mind.

But thank you for the tour,  
And I hope to see you around.  
Take some time to take walk the real world,  
And place your feet back on earths real ground.

Linda Winchell

# 'Our Lives Are But A Vapor'

Our lives are but a vapor,  
And in a blink will vanish away.  
We are only here for tomorrow,  
And then gone in a day.

We all enter into seasons,  
Those seasons of our lives.  
So do with what you want today,  
And leave tomorrows YOU survive.

We once were young and strong,  
Like the notes of a newborns' cry.  
Life gives us not a promise,  
Other than, one day we all shall die.

So place your life in your Fathers' hands,  
That's all of the life we live.  
And with the promise from our God above,  
With Him one day He'll give.

Linda Winchell

# 'Our Self Gratificational Pull'

We tend to gravitate, towards what we enjoy and love  
might be, the attention of another?

Uplifting words with tenderness  
gratifications, pleasurable nudge?

It fills a need, of a self gratificational kind  
Filling its thirst like a sponge  
absorbing its words, so sublime.

We post our opinions on blogs and on forums  
looking at anothers shortcomings, to maybe plunder  
with some, self- righteous like decorum!

Filling our own needs, like you had a, Doctorate or such!  
Placing above another  
what you yourself, have maybe needed so much?

Gravity however has only ONE way, and 'THAT'S DOWN! '  
So watch what you're getting yourself sucked into!  
For your self's gratification  
might come pull YOU, back DOWN to the ground!

Linda Winchell

# 'Out Of Step'

Are you walking out of step?  
Walking out of time?  
Stumbling a bit?  
Just get in line!

Lose a step  
pick it up down the road!  
Dance to a tune  
that tune you well know!

Step out of the box  
go on now, take a chance!  
Your steps will soon become  
another, step in the dance!

Step one, step two,  
now watch where you place your feet!  
The steps you've not paid attention too  
do more than, take one down the street!

They're parts of the walk  
the walk, we all have to make!  
If you just keep stepping out of step!  
Then that's all, you'll ever take!

Linda Winchell

# 'Overnight Freeze'

A freeze is on its way tonight  
Best pull... all your flowers in.  
Said to be going down to the twenties  
Fall weather has now finally entered in.

Pumpkins on the steps of homes  
Stores displaying Halloween array.  
Leaves of every color... floating down  
While others... still keep their colorful displays.

Maybe mow the lawn now... for the last time  
Get those outside last minute chores done.  
Get yourselves all ready...  
For some outside winter-time fun!

Pull your snow shovels out of storage  
And that pail of rock salt... for ice covered walks.  
Hats and gloves... and those scarves stored away  
For those bitter snow days... just a thought.

Nothing will stop it all from appearing  
Nothing mankind has ever designed.  
It has... and always will be...  
Part of "God's" creation....from the beginning... until end of time.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Overstated Words'

Peace and Love both are words of deep meaning!  
Yet so often with no real meaning said.  
If Peace were ALL what mankind strived for  
Then there would be no wars, and its taken dead.

Love is a word often so loosely uttered  
But what of its truest given meaning?  
If Love were what one really had meant  
Then there would be no broken hearts, left bleeding!

We need to place within each word said  
The truest of ones depth of heart!  
And not just say them, 'Just Because'  
A trend someone decide that he or she would start!

Say your words with the heart of a child!  
And wrap it in the deepest, of a child's hug!  
Then, 'Peace', will have truest of meaning spoken!  
And so will the word of, 'Love! '

Linda Winchell

# 'Packaged In A Different Way'

We all are packaged in different ways  
some big, some fat, some small.  
Some skinny, some very short to see  
and then there are those, so very tall.

Some black, some white  
some yellow and brown  
some happy with smiling faces  
some deep of lines, with frowns.

We are all packaged differently  
God made it just that way.  
So we all could see the beauty in each  
that beauty in our different packaged ways.

Black hair, blue eyes  
blonde as corns silk.  
Some deep with dark thick hair  
some white skinned and light as milk!

Whatever the different package you're in  
I will feel you from afar.  
By the love and kindness that you show to me  
It will show just who you are.

Linda Winchell

## 'Pains Pill'

Pills to ease the pain in my fingers and hands.

The onset of summers storm curling my fingers into twisted pretzel forms.

Eyes now heavy as if swollen, trying to keep myself awake. Heart beat slowing as my ears against the pillow reveal.

Rememberance of Mother's cries, inherited genes now mine.

Not looking forward to the future cost of this inherited nightmare.

Tears now well, trying to see some meaning and distorted beauty of what God has blessed me with, for there is none.

My cross to bear alone in days to come. My knees swollen and fill with fluid.

Making the easiest of movement a trial of will.

Did I ever think that this would be my plight? Does one ever know their lifes' outcome?

God forgive me, for I want no pain, no cross, no inheritance of such it is to be. Rid me of it. I will take another pill, ending this journey, allowing my body to resemble normal pose.

Linda Winchell

# 'Paper Airplanes'

Go make a paper airplane  
out of any paper you might have.  
Fold it anyway so it will fly  
to some far off distant land.

I use to make them when I was young  
never had a problem making them.  
But a lot has changed, for I can't arrange  
those simple airplane folds and bends!

How did I make them with such ease?  
Someone please show me all those folds!  
I need to make one to show my kids  
cause they think that I am too old!

If you know how a paper plane is made  
go make one and fly it high.  
Let it pick up speed on the wind it needs  
And send me one VIA the big blue sky!

Linda Winchell

# 'Parent Talk'

My parents had their own kind of language, while I was growing up.  
I guess I understood, because these words with me have stuck.

Like, ' Hand me honey that, thingamagig, and that whachamacollit too! '  
Seemed my Father had an understanding of the language she used.

I have caught myself repeating these words, at times I've know myself.  
Asking my husband to get me that thingamagig, down from some kitchen shelf.

History does repeat itself, if only in our words  
Parents talking a language, of what a child ears have heard.  
So parents watch what you say  
if you care not to have it repeated.  
There is always a child within ears shot of your voice.  
Of an English language whatchamacollit mistreated.

Linda Winchell

# 'Parking Lot For The Past'

Our past shouldn't have a parking lot  
where we can park each one then walk away.  
And when we least expect it's memories hurt  
pull out, burning rubber as we drive in it away!

If we park our feelings in a spot  
marked, 'HURT FEELINGS ONLY PLEASE! '  
'Violators will be ticketed and towed away  
so use another parking place, if you please! '

In order for our past feelings  
to not come back to hurt again.  
We need to lay them at the foot of the Cross  
that is where all of man's grief with God will end.

God takes them and reforms them  
into His vision of Forgiveness and of Love.  
And parks them on a different level  
the one He's the ONLY Vale't of!

Linda Winchell

# 'Patterns In The Snow'

The morning reveals many patterns,  
Of those who've come when darkness falls,  
I can only make out some of them,  
Yet, can not uncover... patterns all.

Three little stick like impressions...  
As if in fingers spread,  
They go hopping on encrusted layers about,  
In the snows white of bed.

Then there are those deeper holes,  
That seem to go all the way through the snow,  
I can't see where they've started,  
Or where it is they even go.

I see my puppies paw marks,  
Her's are so easily defined,  
I should...for I've had her for many years,  
And she is a real good puppy friend of mine.

Here patterns are quite un-uniform,  
They travel the whole yard here and about,  
I see her foot prints in the snow,  
Everytime I let her out.

Soon all the snows' patterns will disappear,  
Leaving nothing but its carpet of spring green,  
Until next year...just maybe,  
More patterns... will in the snow be seen.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Peace Comes In The Morning'

Peace comes in the morning  
When the night seems to have stolen it away.  
When all our doubts, that night couldn't be figured out  
Are soothed, when we kneel to pray.

Peace comes in the morning  
God had planned it in just that way.  
So that when we are low and can't seem to let go  
We come to Him and our pains just drift away.

With the morning comes a new day  
Things are seen in a much different of light.  
With the morning brings us a new beginning of hope  
Then it had within our darkness of night.

So when your nights seem to be closing in  
Look to your morning and see the Son!  
Then all things dark shall pass away  
And a new life with God will have begun.

Linda Winchell

# 'Pebbles Of Your Presence'

I'm placing pebbles of your presence Lord  
Piling them high... upon your solid rock.  
Building your church... in my life  
For where once... you were not.

A pebble here...a pebble there  
Wisdom... of your love and grace.  
Each pebble has its purpose given  
Each pebble... has its place.

Some pebbles are much shinier  
Some are not... but yet filled with many colored veins.  
I know they all have their purpose in my life  
I see that now more than before.  
Building up strength of walls...feet now grounded on your floor!

Mortar...fills in the pebbles....  
Mortar mixed with... your daily bread.  
Words of scripture...line the walls  
Each one of which...now I've read.

When my church is finally built..."My Lord"  
May it then fill up... with those who are in need.  
So they too... can build their church on you..."Oh God"  
With their pebbles... which are all but Heaven's seeds.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Pecking Order'

There seems to be a pecking order of things  
I see it every where and in every way!  
One person feels they have to have it!  
In their pecking order kind of way!

They bully their way into spaces  
where you may have wanted to be.  
But when you get to where it is your were going  
It really wasn't that important for you to be.

For another in the pecking crowd  
seems to have gotten to it first!  
Then all your bells and whistles go off!  
Sounding, A MAD, CRAZY WOMAN ALERT!

I've noticed now, that I have a farm  
with the rabbits, goats and hens!  
They too have their own pecking order  
for their survival, this pecking order they must depend!

Only the strong will survive!  
so that a good blood might carry on!  
So I guess I will have to contend with it  
with this pecking order, I may considered to be wrong!

Linda Winchell

# 'Pen Won'T Work'

I'm looking for a pen that writes  
I need to write out some checks for bills.  
I have a hundred of these stupid things  
You think one would work the ink that's filled.

Everytime I click the top  
then press it to the page.  
The stupid thing springs apart on me  
now my head fills me up with rage!

So I grab another and scribble a circle  
on some discarded envelope.  
It seems to be working find for now  
but not on the bills I wrote.

I shake it as if to make the ink  
come down to its ball point tip.  
Now I see I've only created  
this stupid pen invention to drip!

I think I'll use a pencil,  
or maybe my sons crayon.  
I am tired of waisting all this time  
running in this pen style marathon!

Linda Winchell

# 'People Just Love Being Lied To'

Some people just love being lied to  
They really don't want to hear what's truth.  
When they ask you, "if you think their too fat"  
Some just lie to them  
Afraid that they'll get the boot!

Our President seems to have been doing that  
When he held back what we've now found out.  
When he was running for election  
Somehow his Muslim race didn't spill out.

Now he's overseas proclaiming his Muslim race  
Trying to sell the Muslims a bill of goods.  
Just like when he scammed his brothers  
While he was living in Chicago's high-end hood.

Now when he needs money to bail out the, 'Big Wiggers'  
He just has some Govern-mental puppets print more up.  
He doesn't really care that there are people starving  
His family now drinks from gold rimmed lead-crystal cups.

They all lay their heads on onehundred thread-count linens  
While others haven't even a place to sleep.  
And every September 11th. Anniversary  
America remembers those who died  
At the hand of Obama's Muslim peeps!

Our nation has another four years to go  
Of more lies and Government deception.  
While our taxpayer money is spent on Muslim greens  
At Obama's Diplomatic Muslim Vegetarian  
Overseas reception.

\*\*\*Nothing personal here Obama Voters.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Peter Rabbits Vacation'

Peter Rabbit wanted to take a short vacation  
Into Mr. Harrison's garden plot.  
To go there would be such a treat for Peter Rabbit  
Yet he was an uninvited guest of Mr. Harrison's  
And was only looking at being shot!

In Mr. Harrison's garden lie  
Carrots, beets, and cabbage green.  
Not a bug or rabbit for sure  
Would never in Mr. Harrison's garden  
Be seen!

Electric fencing surrounding it  
To keep furry little Peter Rabbits out!  
And a big black dog, mean as can be  
Would bark out, with an un-invited doggie shout!

Linda Winchell

# 'Peter's Perfect Pickles'

Pick a peck of pickles Peter  
Then place them in the pot.  
Fill them up to the brim, 'dear Peter'  
I'll tell you when to, " STOP! "

Pull the pickles, 'Peter'  
I think that they are surely done.  
Now beat them in to pulp, "dear Peter"  
Our job now almost won.

Now place them into hot clean jars  
Then hot bathe them once again.  
I'm glad that you've helped me, 'dearest Peter'  
And maybe you'll help me, one day again?

Powder a bit more pepper, 'dear Peter'  
So they will be to taste.  
Then please, 'dear Peter'  
Put all the jars  
Please Peter, put them in their place.

Stack them up, ' dear Peter'  
Go on and pile them to the peak.  
So everyone will get a look  
At what they wish they too could eat!

They're perfect little pickles, 'dearest Peter'  
As you must already know.  
I think we need bring some to the fair  
Where we'll for sure  
Win Blue Ribbon show.

Linda Winchell

# 'Picnic Time'

Catsup, Mustard, Mayo please,  
I would like it all, if you please!

Warmed link of meat, to fill a bun,  
It's all a part of summers fun!

Cook it threw, blacken it please,  
Catsup, Mustard, onions, if you please!  
Hold the Mayo, of first I asked,  
I was caught in thoughts,  
Of this great Summers' blast!

Potato salads, Jello molds, chips, and flavored sodas' flow,  
Popsickles', Ice Cream, best of flavors I know!

Fireworks light the skies, celebrating labors work well done,  
I don't remember another day, when I've ever had so much fun!

Smiles all around, on every persons face,  
Baseball games started, and that fun filled three legged race!

Picnic time is here once again,  
Grab your baskets, and please bring a friend!

Linda Winchell

# 'Pieces Of Paper'

She sits in her room ripping pages  
out of a book of old memories.  
Then places in some chronological order  
of only her confused mind can now see.

While mumbling some kind of nonsensical babble  
Of which only her mind understands.  
In a chair, in a home filled with strangers  
where her family had chosen to aband.

She once was a lady of great stature  
had a high place in the worlds society.  
But an illness that hit, where now she just sits  
ripping pieces of what memories she sees.

Linda Winchell

# 'Piggy Diggy's Wiggy'

Piggy Diggy found the farmers wife's Wiggy  
while sniffing with her snout for some food!  
It landed on Miss Piggy Diggy's head  
and she thought she looked pretty  
Piggy Diggy, Wiggy good!

She pranced around all day long  
with her little Piggy Diggy Wiggy, upon her head!  
The ducks quacked, the geese honked!  
'If the farmer sees what you have done  
you'll end up, Piggy Diggy with NO wiggy, on bread! '

Miss Piggy Diggy didn't seem to care  
as she went to take her daily Piggy Diggy mud bath!  
What a suprise, the farm and his wife did see  
when they returned, from plowing the fields out back!

There was Piggy Diggy with the farmers wife's Wiggy  
now it made the farmer and his wife begin to laugh!  
To see what a sight, that they did that night  
of Miss Piggy Diggy in her Wiggy mud bath!

Linda Winchell

# 'Pink Strawberry Wallpaper'

Pink Strawberry wallpaper  
With, cute fluffy little pink drapes.  
Girl with hair soft as cotton candy  
Around her tiny young neck draped.

She was smaller than a beanpole  
Taller than a weed.  
Looking for acceptance from any man  
Just what every little girl seems to need.

She got some from many a stranger  
Got more than she bargained for.  
While she roamed the streets in search of love  
Which in this life, she would never score.

Taken was her child-like innocence  
That childish softer part you'd see.  
Pink Strawberry wallpaper  
Stained now with blood  
For all the world to see.

Curtains half rotted off the rod  
From lack of cleanliness and care.  
This is all she ever had, you see  
But now isn't going much of anywhere.

No one it seems had seen this child  
In over a week, some have said.  
Now she lay in a dark strawberry stain of blood  
With a bullet hole  
In the back of her sad, little child-like head.

Her searching now is over  
While another young child's, crying still goes unheard.  
Seems like such a joke was played on her  
Seems utterly, and horribly absurd.

Linda Winchell

# 'Pinky Promise'

Do you remember our pinky promises?  
We made when my little finger crossed with yours?  
We promised to always be there when needed  
With never a need of words to be heard.

To be the best friends we could be  
Always and forever to be yours.  
To stand beside each other through thick and thin  
Fighting the fires burn with our little pinky courage.

Pinky promises I know wouldn't stand up in court  
But it was a legal binding contract back then for you and me.  
Two friends linked together for just that moment in time  
Promising we'd both be the best that we could be.

Two little pinkies wrapped and bound together  
Making promises probably they never knew they'd ever keep.  
But if for only that childhood moment in time  
Two little pinkies crossed as children did meet.

Linda Winchell

# 'Pity Party'

I'm having a Pity Party  
Hand made invitations are in the mail.  
I hope that if consider on coming  
You'd bring along your own Pity Pail.

The pail is of course for those tears you'll cry  
That's what Pity Parties are all about.  
Rather than setting around and doing nothing  
We all cry in our buckets, we let it all come out!

We moan about those bad breaks in life we've gotten  
You know, the ones others inflicted on us?  
And then we cry over all that spilt milk  
And then we show all of our hatred with life's discuss.

No R.S.V.P's required  
Just show up if you'd like.  
Now don't forget your Pity Pail  
Hope to see you at our Pity Party tonight.

Linda Winchell

# 'Planted Angels' In My Garden'

God planted Angels in my garden,  
So all the world could see.  
Flowers of His divine design,  
He planted for you and me.

Their colors are of whitest white,  
Their wings of silver and gold.  
Scented music comes with the morning dew,  
As each pedal does unfold.

Jewels lay at each their feet,  
To fertilize their growth.  
I've placed them there with Love and care,  
With my Father as their Host.

The tears I've cried moisten their roots,  
They were shed from worlds' pain.  
That's all my Angels' need to drink,  
They crave not drops of rain.

Prayers dust their leaves and blooms from pests,  
My knees are sore Lord, I've done my best.

God planted Angels for the world to see,  
He planted them all, for you and me.

Linda Winchell

# 'Please Don'T Give Me Options'

Please don't give me options!  
Just one choice is all for me!  
I only need one option given  
not two or that of three!

I rather not make any choice!  
I am not too good at that!  
So if given more than one you've picked for me  
I'll only get confussed, with all of that!

I take whatever I'm given in life  
my personality is sort of like that, you see.  
Just rolling with the punches  
even if one is taken, at the expense you or me!

I guess you could call me a, 'yes man? '  
Others have also called me that.  
They knew not to give me options to rebuke  
of comments from mouths, they spat!

Options are only confussing to me  
really don't like to make a choice.  
Now that I've made these opinions known  
Please, never give me any options of choice!

Linda Winchell

# 'Please Put Me Back Together'

Someone put me back together!  
I seem to be falling all apart!  
It started when my lover went away  
leaving a hole in my chest  
where once there had beat a heart.

I'm feeling like the Straw man  
In the movie, the Wizard of Oz!  
Where all of the straw mans straw parts  
all fell off, his legs, his arms, his schnoz!

My head can't seem to stay up  
my eyes are watering all the time!  
My legs are weak, my smile is gone  
I'm falling apart and my parts seem out of line!

Please someone put me back together!  
so that I might live and love again!  
Is there anyone out there who can help me?  
Who might know how, to put me back together again.

Linda Winchell

# 'Poem For: Indiana's Praying Robber' ('A Lesson Learned')

Feel like you've been pushed in a corner?  
Hanging on the end of your life's rope?  
Don't give up...and do something foolish  
It will only rob you and keep one...spiritually broke.

God knows what you are going through  
He feels all your confusion and your pain.  
His promise to always be there through it all  
Is God's promise... and our true spiritual claim to fame.

Holding a gun to someone's head  
Demanding what... was never rightly yours.  
Is the hardest of life's lessons taught  
And only prison time... is all you've earned.

Forgiveness of another... may come easy  
But forgiving ones self...now that ones hard.  
You'll find your lesson... learned my friend  
Served now... behind some metal prison bars.

The world has now viewed you  
Down upon... your knees.  
Begging a strangers' forgiveness  
Asking she and God..."Forgive me... Please? "

Whatever the outcome ends up being  
God and the world have heard your cry.  
Only time will tell your fate my friend  
And the world will know.... God's reason why.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009  
\*\*Dedicated to: Gregory Smith;  
The Praying Robber



## 'Poets' View'

Looking through archives of words we have written,  
Broken hearts hurt, others love smitten.

Traveling in dreams within ones' very mind,  
Venturing through space, in a vastness of endless time.

Unraveling the tangled words, only they can feel,  
Opening self to anothers view, which may not be real.

A moment, a thought, a whispered word of mind,  
Now taken to places, of black inked words in rhyme.

Viewing what one has written to see,  
Of what we wished our lives maybe could and should be.

We wander in type in an email of sorts,  
In lymric of verses, some long and some short.

Take heed not to show too much of your heart,  
Breakage unfixable, of unseen lives torn apart.

Go rhyme if you must, tell the world where you've been,  
For this is the yolk of the beast,  
And a poet's view burdened within.

Linda Winchell

# 'Pointing Fingers'

Pointing a finger  
Go on and point it straight out!  
Pointing seems to be  
What you're really all about!

Picking and pointing  
All of my faults and my scars.  
Makes me stop to ask myself  
Just who in the heck, you think you are?

Do you just sit there all day?  
Plotting my fate?  
Picking and pointing  
Out every mistake?

Don't you have something, better to do?  
Than to sit and pick  
Pick and point as you do.

It seems you've not noticed  
That when you pick  
And you finger point!  
That there are four pointing back at you  
With their four pointing fingers and joints!

So watch whom you point at  
For you maybe the one.  
And your picking and pointing now  
Won't seem like such fun.

Linda Winchell

# 'Pompous Pustule'

Oh Pompous Pustule there on my chin!  
You weren't there last night  
now where then have you been?

Under my skin, lying so deep!  
Popping up in the night!  
But why, SMACK DAB on my cheek?

Your not big enough!  
Or I would pull off your HEAD!  
And then little Pustule, you soon would be DEAD!

But as I see, I must wait a bit!  
For your just a little white head  
and not a full blown, Zit!

Linda Winchell

# 'Power Of The Tongue'

No matter what the world may say  
Life is NOT short at all.  
It's a journey of many experiences... for all mankind  
It will be the longest journey...taken by us all.

God in His divine foreknowledge...purpose and His plan  
Has set in place all the provisions needed  
For all God's children....across this land.

In Ezekiel 37...there were a lot of problems  
In the valley of "Dry Bones" they were wandering in.  
The children of Israel were a mess it seems  
Disconnected...disjointed ...spiritually dead.

Then God said to Ezekiel  
"Speak unto those dry of bones  
Heed the words of your Lord! "  
And up from the dead...the bones came alive  
Spoken words by the tongue...of God's sword.

We've never seen the righteous forsaken  
Or his seed...ever begging for a scrap of bread.  
You have to resolve to make life happen  
In every adversity...that Satan... places in your head.

The journey is very long my friend  
And the problems of life may keep on coming.  
But the power of the tongue must keep on professing.  
"Hear ye the word of the Lord! "  
The words of your tongue... confessing.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Praise'

Praise the Lord our King is born!  
Praise His name Jehovah which God had formed!  
Praise the world for this babes new birth!  
Praise His name shout it throughout the earth!  
Praise should be the worlds word to use!  
Praise will give, good cheer to me and you!  
Praise!

Linda Winchell

# 'Prayer Time'



Begin your prayer time... with adoration and praise  
"To God be the glory"...lifted eyes to Heaven raised.

Organize your prayer list  
List them all... as "number one."  
Every prayer just as important... as the first  
With your prayers... by Angels sung.

As you pray... ask the "Father"  
To reveal...only unto you.  
Just what it is needs saying  
Listen carefully and patiently  
For He will give them all to you.

Not until the daily clamor  
Has been stilled...will you hear.  
The words from our Father given  
Removing... any prayer time fear.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Pre-Holiday Blues'

Well it's getting to be that time of year again  
Where I get into my sentimental...thinking mode.  
Thinking of what use to be  
And a lot of...what was never told.

Wouldn't want to bring you down...you see?  
And share...all of this sadness that I feel.  
You wouldn't want to hear my stories  
You wouldn't want to hear my spiel.

But the holidays get me to always feeling  
A bit lonely...sad and somewhat blue.  
Because you see it was all shared so long ago  
Making holiday cheer... and memories with you.

The smells of mom's cooking turkey and dressing  
The marshmallows browning ...atop her canned yams.  
Boy...weren't they just the best of times together?  
The best there ever was... with all the fam.?

I know we have families...now of our own  
And mom and dad are old... and so far away.  
But it's more than just my memories that haunt me so  
It's not having them all with all of you today.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Prepare A Place'

He came to earth to prepare a place  
Of God's creation...just for you and me.  
Sent, nailed upon a cross to die  
Who of you could have suffered such misery?

So that when we die, we too could enjoy  
Our Father's, Heavenly home.  
To walk amongst the fields of greenest greens  
And view the Master of all, upon His golden throne.

"I go to my Father to prepare you a place"  
These words were so lovingly relayed.  
Upon a cross... hung bloody and broken  
The ultimate sacrifice, His love for us displayed.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Pre-Retired'

Well I'm almost there ya know  
that full retirement kinda place.  
I'm not old enough to collect any money  
can't find a job, with age lines upon my face!

So I guess I'm pre-retired?  
I don't have another name, yet for it!  
But if this is what retirement is like  
where all you do is, just write poems and sit!

Then I'd rather be ten feet under  
or something sorta like that!  
I use to have a great figure  
now all I am is a ball of, pre-retired FAT!

Wife still is working full time  
and she looks a lot better than me!  
She stays out all night after working  
with her girlfriends, not me!

I'm boring I guess, and feel out of place  
no real purpose felt anymore.  
I use to be a manager of twelve employees  
in a large, retail discount store!

So don't tell me about retirement!  
and how great it is for you!  
It stinks to be pre-retired  
and think when my full retirement comes  
It won't feel anything like you!

Linda Winchell

# 'Pretty Poison'

My name is, 'Pretty Poison'  
Come and take a BIG sip of me.  
For once I've passed by your lips  
You'll want another taste, you'll see.

My taste at first is sweet as honey  
Then as it travels is bitter and may burn.  
But it will send you on a high like none other  
Which hasn't an exit for your return.

My name is, 'Pretty Poison'  
You may know me by a different name.  
But no matter what you call me friend  
The results are all still the same.

I'll hook you once you partake of me  
And you would kill to get much more of me.  
My name is, 'Pretty Poison'  
And I am the only one you'll ever want to see.

You will feel my warmth coursing through your veins  
From the tip of your head, down to your toes.  
You need'nt use a needle with me to fly  
Or even sniff me up your nose.

My name is, 'Pretty Poison'  
You may know me by a different name.  
But whatever you want to call me friend  
Your life is mine now  
and you'll never, ever be the same!

Linda Winchell

# 'Price Of Education'

Tiny faces with wide eyes aglow  
at school bus stops, off to school they go.  
Cheeks like roses product of their healthy youth  
with their yellow rain coats, and floppy back rubber boots.

Bus pulls up all shinny and new  
they step on one by one  
while others enter in, two by two.

Like little sponges off to school go learn  
what in life another teaches, for their money earned.  
Then one day after years of twelve  
now seen going off to jobs on trains and cars  
in some hypnotic blank eyed spell.

Where is the joy and that rosie glow?  
That of their youth I witnessed some years ago.  
Does life have to take that all away?  
Is this the price of education, that our children must pay?

Linda Winchell

# 'Prodigal Son'

So you think you are the Prodigal son?  
Well you have a lot yet to learn!  
How to treat others of your family  
and how these gifts, you learn are earned.

Nothing will be handed to you  
you need to prove you've earned each and every one!  
For this is the only way my boy!  
you'll become my Prodigal son!

Linda Winchell

# 'Progress'

Popcorn popping in micro waves  
Instant breakfast now the rage.  
Wash and wear, today a must  
no iron need, well maybe for that special touch.

Designer names on everything  
you better not be caught, without one of these!  
Fast cars, but can only drive posted speeds  
so why then give more than one needs?

Education taken, not all in classroom fall  
but in the privacy of your bedroom walls.  
Cell phone buds pressed into everyones ear  
people going deaf from too much they hear.

Progress seen almost everywhere  
but still so many living in depth of lifes despair.  
Have we come so far, that we've now fallen behind?  
with all that progress give to all mankind?

Now drugs dispensed in the hands of those  
who bought that progress, now emptied pockets owed.  
Stress consumes the life of them  
who's progress ate, when it first began.

Wasn't what we had before?  
Just as much of this progress more?  
A simpler time to create and be  
all that makes up man's History.

What will those see when they uncover?  
if progress ends this life we know?  
In a scientist lab far away made  
consumed by a bombs fiery glow.

Linda Winchell

# 'Promises'

If you make a promise, keep it!  
If just only making it to yourself!  
Don't let promises in your life  
Fade and wither on the vine  
Bottled feelings of un-kept promises  
On some dusty cellar shelf!

If you say to someone you will call them  
Then see that it is just what you do!  
Or if you say, 'I understand, I'm going to pray'  
Then by all means pray, PLEASE do!

A promise is something given to another  
It's a piece of that person you really are.  
And if you're going to give it to someone  
You'll be held to it by far.  
'That's a promise! '

Linda Winchell

# 'Prophetic Words'

Your prophetic words of inspiration  
coming from hard times and perspiration.  
Telling your story in rhyme so all can read  
warm prophetic words like an Apostles Creed.

Touching hearts and depth of souls  
from the very young to the very old.  
Words with meanings one would only say  
through some experience, in an inspired way.

Taking you places you've never gone  
hearing the notes of your prophetic song.  
Pleased by what their eyes have read  
books of your poetry heard before bed.  
I thank God that this art still continues to live  
in those prophetic words, of the ones that you give.

Linda Winchell

# 'Prove It To God'

I have a Spirit that leads me here,  
Doing all that God does say.

I find myself prayer-fully bound,  
With each hour of every day.

For He calls me to prayer, upon my knees,  
Driving home His message deep.  
Yet I find it odd, that to prove it to God,  
Seems but all I want to keep.

Though mankind will never understand,  
God's gifts that we possess inside.  
Calling to His children here on earth,  
For in our Souls He only wish reside.

'To Thine Own Self Be True',  
Commandment which to keep.  
Peace and love for all do share,  
Crying tears of JOY, not of sadness does one weep.

For I'm coming soon, as I've promised you,  
No man will know the time.  
My Bride in veil of white will trail,  
Blinded by Heavens' trumpets' shine.

For it was written so very long ago, of our Lords return.  
Now prove it to God, that you are His,  
And prove to Him of what you've earned.

Linda Winchell

## 'Pull Me Up...'Oh Lord'

Pull me up "Oh Lord" from this emotional muck and mire  
Bring me straight unto light of your peace and love.  
For my heart is heavy... with the world's problems seen  
For which... I can't seem to rise above.

It pains me so to hear and read the news  
Of how our children and elderly are played.  
That they have to suffer at the hands of others  
"Lord"... there has to be another way!

Hear my cries for world peace "Oh Lord"  
For my belly aches... in the pain...from it all.  
My words now seem drenched... in tears of sorrow  
While I await... heaven's call.

Hands tied to help...it seems "Oh Lord"  
So I sit and write...to release my pain.  
Help me "Lord"...Please help me!  
So that I may bask in your loving light again.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Punch My Ticket'

Punch my ticket will you please?  
I want to get these wheels moving, I just need to leave!

Take a chunk out of this ticket  
press that button, just go on and click it!

Take me to where it is I am going  
Can't figure just where this bus is rolling!

But I've heard the ride is beyond compare  
It takes you from here to somewhere over there.

Get it together man, punch away  
Can't you see I haven't got all day?

Wake me up when your ready to click it  
I'm going to take a nap, while you decide to punch my ticket!

Linda Winchell

# 'Puppy Licks'

Puppy, puppy, what do you lick?  
that you now want to share it  
with your puppy tongues lick, ick?

I saw what you licked  
and it didn't look to yummy!  
I think it might have originally  
been in your puppy dog tummy?

Some say that your tongue is cleaner than mine  
but I think I'll skip the lick  
you want to give me this time!

I just can't seem to shake  
from my head, what your licking seemed to enjoy.  
I know you love me puppy  
at first I thought it was your orange puppy toy.

I think it might have been  
that baloney sandwich I dropped?  
It was all soggy and wet  
from my spilled orange soda pop.

Its been laying out here, for a day in the sun  
but the way your tongue was licking  
it look like you were having puppy fun!

So I'll pass on that puppy lick  
if you really don't mind.  
And take a puppy lick from you  
maybe some other puppy licking time?

Linda Winchell

# 'Put Away Your Baggage'

I asked you put away your baggage,  
Before you walked into my life.  
I had enough of my own to carry  
before you asked me to be your wife.

Conquered failed marriages,  
those romantic battles in life had won.  
I lived in silence through most of them,  
But God blessed me with two sons'.

I've learned to lay it at the Altar,  
And give it to my Father above.  
His healing grace and mercy,  
Was my refuge and my love.

I cried myself to sleep at night,  
As God rocked me in His arms.  
His warmth of touch lingered in that Souls' embrace,  
Leaving past baggage, and their harms.

Linda Winchell

# 'Put On Some Holiday Pounds'

I'm trying to eat healthier now  
after putting on, Thanksgiving Day, holiday pounds!  
While shopping in the gourmet aisle  
I found some pasta, that was, colored brown!

It said, it was low in calories and carbs!  
and was made, with real whole wheat!  
But when I cooked it up, for about an hour!  
It was dry and really horrible, to eat!

So then I made some, Tofu burger things  
I heard that they were healthier, than meat!  
But when I fried them, in some soy butter  
They got so tuff, that one broke off, my two front teeth!

Now isn't there an easier way?  
To lose the pounds, I've earned?  
Than to eat things, that look and taste so funny  
I'm growing suspicious and really, product content concerned!

Isn't there something out there,  
that doesn't have weird names, and cost so much?  
I need to eat something healthy, don't I?  
So why does it all have to taste, like cardboard dust?

I guess I'll have to go and exercise?  
to take off, what I've put on.  
Maybe next week I'll just do that?  
But for now, I'll eat what I want!  
and live with these extra, couple pounds!

Linda Winchell

# 'Put On Your Helmet! '

Put on your helmet for protection  
You never know when you'll take a fall.  
Place it on top of your head and strap it down  
It will protect you from it all.

This helmet was casted by God's own hands  
He poured each and every mold.  
We were given His direction to wear it  
This was what we've all been told.

To wear it when you're sitting down  
To wear it when you stand.  
To wear it everywhere you go  
To protect you from the evil thoughts of man.

To wear it when you're talking  
To wear it while you drive.  
To wear this helmet of God my friend  
Will protect and keep clean all of your thoughts insides.

Linda Winchell

# 'Putting Summer Away'

I'm putting all of summer things away  
storing them in the barn, for another of summers days.

Summers gone, so the mower gets a good cleaning and stored  
Lawn chairs too, won't need those anymore.

Barbecue grill, I think I'll leave that out still  
might have a taste for a steak  
If my sweetie can stand winters chill?

Tables umbrellas, washed and store in my old nylon socks.  
Placed up in our barns rafters, still room there up top.

The rake the hoe, spade and wheel barrel  
bird bath and houses  
for the blue birds, cardinals and sparrows.

Hate to have to put my summer away.  
But I always know with some time, it will return again one day.

Linda Winchell

# 'Putting Things In Order'

I'm putting things in order now,  
Of the things I've bound self of.

I'm matching up the socks I own,  
And my hats with scarves and gloves.

I seem to have one of this and that,  
Seems nothing really matches.

I need to toss some out I know,  
But my mind this dilemma snatches!

I need to get my life in tune,  
With what really has matter.

Though sometimes I feel my life's run amuck,  
An Alice in Wonderland's Mad Hatter!

Making changes to it all,  
So that a more Godly view you'll see.

Getting things out of this path I walk,  
Is really all God wants of me.

Linda Winchell

# 'Rainbow Maker'

Gods made me earths rainbow maker  
I pour the colors from His paint cans.  
He gives us all this beauty after a storm  
colorful beauty across blue skies and green land.

He leaves the stars to another  
to dust and polish them bright.  
So that they adorn our evening skys  
stars glistening in the heavens bright.

Now the blue in the sky and the clouds of white  
are but anothers job you see.  
They are blessings from our Lord above  
for all God's children to enjoy their majesty.

I am God's rainbow maker  
so look for me after the rain.  
Each color will always be vivid  
God's promise, He shall never flood earth again.

Linda Winchell

# 'Read The Fine Print'

Did you take the time to read the fine print?  
It is what it is you know, and ain't what it isn't!

So many people get caught in the trap  
of the fine print that's written very small  
and typed in light black.

They know what they're doing, when they add in that clause  
they're greed pushes forward, then they dig in their claws!

When you least expect it, expect my friend!  
because if you sign on the dotted line  
in court you might end!

So take the time and read, then read it again  
the fine print is there, it is there at the end!

Linda Winchell

# 'Reflections Of Christmas Past'

'I can hear sounds of bells, of that Christmas Day'  
Another poet wrote, in their poetic way.  
Of 'Peace on Earth, Good will to men.'  
And still our earth seeks, that peace again!

Like Him, I bow in great despair  
And pray that peace, be everywhere!  
'Tho hate is strong, and mocks peace songs  
Of Peace on earth, to those seem wrong.

But as the poet wrote, in time of yore  
'Hate and greed shall be no more.  
God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!  
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail!  
with, ' peace on earth Good will to men.'

When men put away all their hate and greed  
And return to love and faith, for another's need!  
Then we shall truly have again  
'Peace on earth, and Good will to men! '

Linda Winchell

# 'Reflections On My Refrigerator Door'

On my refrigerator door  
Hang some clippings of friends  
That have in time passed.

I thought they would always be here with me  
But there live's just didn't last.

Two were women I had worked with  
Who's live's had normal, pains of wear and tare.  
But the times that I remembered most  
Was the ones that we would sometimes share.

How the kids were doing in school  
A shoulder maybe for at times to cry.  
I will miss them as my life goes on  
I will miss them as my years pass by.

I use to hang the children's drawings  
When I was a mother with two young sons.  
But now my refrigerator door holds much different memories  
Of penned those Obituary column clippings, now hung.

Linda Winchell

## 'Rejoice, Rejoice! ' (Early Easter Poem)

"Rejoice, Rejoice! " "For Jesus has risen from the grave! "  
His Father placed Him in the womb of a virgin  
Then His life for us on a cross one day He gave.

His Father said that He would rise up  
Then, in three days ascend, unto His Father's home.  
He is not where you now look for Him  
He has rolled away the tombs, heavy stone.

While Mary was in the garden's yard  
She had seen Jesus walking there.  
While others were in such deep sorrow of loss  
As the King's guards on watch, slept un-aware.

"The King of man has risen! "  
He did the job that was meant for humanity to do.  
He died upon a cross at, "Calvary"  
He seen that His mission was complete  
And He did this all for me and you.

So if you too seek after Him  
You needn't go to the tomb to see.  
Just kneel down before the cross in prayer  
Asking God's forgiveness  
Where He now, can always live inside of thee.

By; Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009  
"Happy Easter"

Linda Winchell

# 'Remember Where You Come From'

I notice that you've made it to the top,  
Successful beyond compare.  
You don't come here to visit anymore,  
We think you have stopped, and really don't care?

I know we live in run down homes,  
And are clothes are not the best.  
And we don't have a fancy car like yours,  
And have to take the, boog-a-loo exspress.

The highscool where you graduated,  
Is in need of some repairs.  
The windows and doors are broken out,  
And gangs' are living there.

I'm writing you to ask, that no matter how big you've become,  
Remember where it is, remember where you've come from.

You can take the P out of Poor, and replace it with D.  
That's what was placed infront of you,  
The Door of; op-por-tun-ity.

Some of us have not made it yet,  
But we pray are not too far behind.  
Just thought I'd write and remind you,  
Of those forgotten you've left behind.

Linda Winchell

# 'Remember White Castle Hamburgers? '

How many of you remember?  
These tasty little treat?  
'White Castle Hamburgers'  
some say, they weren't made with real meat!

When I was little, I just couldn't wait!  
to go out and buy me some!  
I would savor every bite I took  
and have White Castle boxes of fun!

My sisters and I would build houses  
out of the castle boxes, those burgers came in!  
We would pretend that we were Queens and Kings  
and in the little castle boxes, we lived in!

But as I grew much older  
those burgers had a different affect!  
I loved them and ate a dozen  
but then, they would give my belly heck!

Some called them, Misery Biscuits!  
Some called them Sliders, and Gizzard Grenades!  
But I have always loved their flavor and texture  
and would wonder, how they were made?

I see where you can now buy them frozen  
but I won't buy them anymore.  
The price of those tasty morsels  
will only prove to make one poor!

They use to be affordable  
when they were family owned.  
Now that they are a franchise  
they've become more costly to afford.

I guess I'll just have to remember  
Their taste, from way back when.  
For unless some one buys me a few  
I won't be eating White Castles again!

Linda Winchell

# 'Remembering My Childhood Jingle's'

I was remembering some, of my childhood jingle's  
from, a long, long time ago.

Like 'I wish I were an Oscar Meyer weiner  
or that Oreo, and Tootsie Roll song.'

Good and Plenty, was a fun song to sing  
as you shook the box, an ate!  
And wasn't that Tony the Tiger fella  
with his sugar frosted flakes, for breakfast  
really, GRRRRRRREAT? !

Advertiser's made commercials fun back then  
they made life, seem somewhat easier.  
To hear A child singing and maybe dancing around  
to, 'I wish I were an Oscar Meyer Weiner! '

Toy's placed in your cereal boxes  
which you opened, from the bottom to get!  
But Mom wasn't really to happy with that move  
and her scolding, I would fret!

A much slower and fun, life, it seemed way back then  
as I reminisce, of those days gone by.  
It almost makes me sad at heart  
and, I feel like I'm going to cry.

I tried to give my son's, that kind of joy  
with every breakfast they had.  
So that they too, might remember  
their childhood jingle's, and memories  
and the fun times, that made them glad.

Memories take us out of our own little world  
and place us where, at one time we once were.  
So that it will be easier to live each day forward  
if only in a child's Jingle, that was heard.

Linda Winchell

# 'Reservation' (Quote)

(Quote)

'God's gift of salvation  
Is my Soul's reservation! '

Copyright: 2008

Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Resting At The Cross'

I'm sitting her Lord just resting at your cross  
I am laying down my sinful life  
I am willing now to pay sins cost.

I will lean against your now unoccupied burden of  
In hopes that with some time and prayer my Lord  
You will heal me with your never ending love.

The cross now brings me so much comfort  
Before I was blinded by sin and didn't see.  
Just what the cost was given, " My Lord"  
When you sent your Son, "Jesus", to die for me.

I am sorry I'd wasted so much time  
Doing things that would only cause You pain.  
I swear on all that's Holy, " My Lord"  
I will never cause you that pain again.

Linda Winchell

# 'Rich Or Poor'

Some seem to strive for money and success  
Then forget about all of what it tends to bring.  
For the price of wealth and position of  
A worshiped god to whom they do cling!

Forgetting all of the poor in spirit  
And those who hunger and do thirst!  
Placing ourselves ahead of others needs  
And putting ourselves first!

Be you rich or poor  
God see's your every need!  
And if your blessed to enjoy God's given fruits  
You also need to share in the fortune  
That their nourishing juices bring.

Linda Winchell

# 'Risen To The Occasion'

We've again risen to the occasion,  
Gathered...grasping hand in hand,  
Reaching out to a suffering nation,  
All across a horribly impoverished beaten land.

Music sung by earth's angels',  
Raising awareness in our minds and hearts,  
Sending aide to feed the poor in spirit,  
Giving many hurting people...life's brand new start.

How can one begin to say, " Thank you"?  
To a world who has gathered yet again,  
To help once more...every child, woman and hurting man.

God sees what we are doing,  
To help raise a nations people from depths of its pain,  
He is standing right beside all of you,  
Wiping away the tears of a nations...once viewed as hopeless rain.

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2010

Linda Winchell

# 'Rivers Flow'

Life is like a river  
Flowing fast or slowly along.  
Making ripples as it passes over rocks.  
Singing its river rippling song.

Liquid life for creatures  
That live within its deep.  
Providing them with shelter  
Protecting the rivers keep.

Linda Winchell

# 'Rock Bottom'

Some of us...just have to hit rock bottom  
In order to feel that sudden... thump!  
It isn't always just getting over something  
Like your roads barriers...or your life's bumps.

While lying on our backs... the only view now seen is up  
No one said that life was going to be easy  
For at times... for some...it's more than tough.

So anchor yourself in.... "Jesus"  
He's the one that will get you over and get you through.  
He's made a difference in my life  
And He WILL do... the same for you.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Rock Soup'

I Knew a woman who had not meat  
nor did she have any veggies or broth.  
She found some yummy moss covered rocks  
and in a pot of water, she did toss.

She hung on a hook in her fireplace  
and stirred her noisy mixture with all her might.  
Then sat to feast on her rock soup creation  
at her kitchen table, one cold winter night.

As she poured each spoonfull in her bowl  
it shattered in many a piece.  
So hungry stayed this woman of means  
who had only rocks for her winters night feast.

Linda Winchell

# 'Rocks In A Hole'

I placed rocks in the holes, of your house enterances today,  
Blocked you in was my thought, your not getting out to play!

Then I seen your tiny head, poking up from beneath the ground,  
Wonder what I was thinking, those rocks wouldn't hold you down!

As small as you are, you have a strength untold,  
You store up your summers harvest,  
And then await onset of winters cold.

I think I'll put nuts next time,  
Down the holes of your house.  
You'll sleep and eat plenty now,  
My little friend, Mr. Mouse.

Linda Winchell

# 'Rocky Road'

The road we walk can be rocky  
Where Satan loves to see us fall.  
His power on earth grows stronger  
With every soul fallen he calls.

Wage your war against this demon  
With the Armour of the, " Lord God Head."  
For Satan will then become helpless  
On your sanctified soil... he tries to tread.

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Roller Coaster Ride'

Life is but a roller coaster of rides  
signs reading, 'Keep Your Hands and legs Inside! '  
First it rises up, up, and away it goes!  
To the top of lifes structure  
to the top on lifes ride you rose.

Then down it flies, picking up all your speed  
while it tosses you from side to side.  
You need to hang on, roller coaster rides aren't long  
then up to the top once again you rise.

If you learn to ride and somehow survive  
lifes roller coasters can be a lot of fun.  
But if you fight it all the way,  
you I'm afraid are doomed to fail  
And may get tossed out on your bum!

Linda Winchell

# 'Root Of All Evil'

They say that money can destroy  
if not handled with wisdom and with care.  
It can provide the comforts of our needs  
then again not get you anywhere.

Some never seem to have enough  
then there are those that haven't any.  
Some squander thousands at the dropp of a hat  
while some hands beg for just a penny.

There are those that work to earn it  
there are those that do not.  
Silver spoons in mouths of many  
some by blood and sweat have what they've got.

If money is the root of all evil  
then we are living in a world of hurt!  
But we will all end up with none of it  
when they place our body in the dirt!

Linda Winchell

# 'Rude Awakening'

Got up at dawn, was five A.M.,  
Now this was not my style.  
Put on my shorts and running shoes,  
Then went out and ran three miles!

Washed the car, mowed the yard,  
This isn't so tuff, this isn't too hard!

Cleaned the house from stem to stern,  
Baked a cake from scratch, of which was not learned.

What has happened to me, was my thought?  
I must be losing it for sure!  
Maybe I have some brain disease,  
Of which there is no cure?

Soon I learned the cold hard truth,  
Of which I was not aware.  
That I was only dreaming,  
And still asleep in my bed upstairs!

Linda Winchell

# 'Sand Castles'

I've been working on our castles',  
Made of white sands upon the beach.  
But every time I get one done,  
They wash away by the oceans reach.

You should have seen the one I made for you,  
it was as great as ever done!  
But sitting on the beach all day,  
Mom said, 'You're getting too much sun! '

I know it all was worth it Sis,  
If only for awhile.  
Passers by would wink at me,  
And some would even smile.

Guess that meant they really liked them,  
Oh how I wish that you were here.  
I know you've gone to be with God,  
But I feel you oh so near.

Mom says you're always with us,  
In our memories and my prayers.  
The next castle will have some windows,  
And a special place for you upstairs.

So I'll build you a bigger castle Sis,  
And keep it from oceans reach.  
And visit you everyday while vactioning,  
Building our sand castles on the beach.

Linda Winchell

# 'Satin Pillow'

Placed a satin pillow beneath his head  
While lying in a metal white lined satin bed.  
Face of peace as his family said, 'goodbye'  
While he held a large rose given, of deepest red.

Does he know that he has passed over?  
To the other side, of his now a different life?  
Will he be able to remember me?  
When I meet him, will he remember that I was once his wife?

A wife that loved him more than life itself!  
Who shared her dreams and love with him.  
Who raised two sons and a daughter  
Little Johnny, Mary, and Jim.

Will our eyes meet as they did once here on earth?  
So very long ago?  
I guess I'm going to have to wait and see  
For all of this I now want to know.

Linda Winchell

# 'Save Some Time For Me'

Have our lives become so busy and taken up  
that there's no time to save for me?  
When once, not too long ago  
You were that babe, I did bounce upon my knee.

You joined the Army and use to write a lot  
and sent sweet cards, to let me know that you cared.  
But now you'll not take some time for me  
not one minute can you seem to spare.

I'll be here if you still one day might need me  
I'm your Mom for heavens sake!  
I'll always make room for you my child  
That is if you can spare a minute to make.

Well I have to say in closing  
I've not felt so good of late.  
I hope you'll save some time to say goodbye  
Before it ends up, in time a regretted mistake.

Linda Winchell

# 'Scared Of Losing You'

I read your email where you said  
that you were having a pain in your head.

You tried some ice but it didn't seem to do  
what it was you thought, it would do for you.

You decided to take your blood pressure reading  
it was higher than normal, it was exceeding!

You said you've never felt like this before  
and I hope you'll not feel that way anymore!

Your friendship means the world to me  
our future together and our past history.

So take care of yourself, please I pray!  
So that our friendship will see many more days.

God Bless you dear, you'll be in my prayers  
I just wanted you to know that I love you and care.

Linda Winchell

# 'Scents Of Christmas' Past'

When just a small girl, I seem now to remember when,  
There was a special scent of Christmas in our home,  
How the Christmas evergreen's pine perfume,  
Room to room, would seem to roam.

Even sounds seemed different back then,  
Then they do somehow today,  
Don't know if it's because I've grown accustomed to them,  
Not filled with that child-like excitement,  
In my remembered, childhood Christmas way.

Maybe it's because the nest is empty now?  
Of my children's laughter and joy,  
Somehow that's what Christmas Day sounds should be,  
Filled up with little children,  
All playing with their Christmas toys.

So when on Christmas morning,  
As they all would rise,  
They'd all run down to view the miracle,  
Of Santa's Clauses' big surprise.

Then mom would brew some hot cocoa up,  
Float some tiny marshmallows on their tops,  
And every child would place their presents aside for awhile,  
While they drank up every luscious drop.

Then all the relatives would arrive,  
And share in the Christmas feast mom always had,  
This is what I remember  
All the joy the scents of Christmas  
That always made me glad.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Scratchy Post'

My kitties have two scratchy posts  
Yet don't seem to ever use them.  
They prefer to rip and tear at things in the house  
And really do abuse them.

I opened up my curtains  
To only find them shred!  
I was so mad at them kitties  
I wanted to shoot them dead!

So I took them both to the Vets  
And asked him to do me a favor.  
"Please remove the claws from these feline brats  
Because of their bad behavior."

He said; " no problem Miss, I'll be glad to do just that."  
But when I turned around to leave.  
One Kitty was clinging to my back!  
And the other one was on my sleeve.

They promised to be good you see  
In their kitty kind of way.  
And if spared their fate ahead  
They wouldn't my curtains and sofa fray.

So now my kitties have discovered  
How great it is to use.  
Those scratchy post I bought them  
Now my things the Kitties don't choose to abuse.

Linda Winchell

# 'Searching'

Calm and peace hit the air current,  
As it whipped through the soul of one searching in the night.

Yet not a smell of its fragrance, did fill the nostrils, lost senses.  
Time had but erased all past moments in time.

Its numbness now replacing all he once knew and felt.  
For its' loss was too great to remember.  
The pain of its' sharp blade too deeply placed.

Trying to remove its' hold, gripping tighter as he fought to remove.  
It suffocated all that he dare to now breath in.

Gasping for a breath of freshness.  
Forcing out the staleness of old.  
Replacing manufactured newness of self worth.

Folding his arms in a protective embrace.  
Now falling to his knees, crumbling into what life had  
So cunningly molded him to be.

Masks worn to hold back unfolding waves of tears,  
He one day wished he could rid.  
Hidden words, of an invisible blackness of hurt.

A crying out of self worth, a wanting of; Just To Be!  
Forcing out a smile to those who felt that appropriate, for their own needs.  
Yet not allowing him to suffer,  
To all who might take the time to know him.

Share in his suffering of that which was lost, and still in search of.  
Holding onto what he felt a nearness and depth of being.

A childhood memory, of someone who might have cared.  
All but to betray his guarded openness of love.

He will continue his path of self denial,  
Till one day, seeing that it was all but a cruel game.  
A game he will one day have to end, but win after all,

His search now ended.

Linda Winchell

# 'Searching For An Answer'

I 've been searching for an answer  
an answer to your pain.  
I am asking God to end this war  
and all the death and destruction that it reigns.

But will your country ever forgive us?  
For what you've been taught to be the truth.  
Of the sounds of American boys and girls  
Armies marching in your towns in boots.

Will any of this ever go away?  
after the bombs stop and dust has settled.  
Or will it take us but to another war of sorts?  
Now in your homes of caves, sand and nettles.

I pray for peace that may not, in my life time come  
where one day your daughters can walk with pride  
with only sun glasses reflecting off rays of sun.  
No veiled faces, smiling faces and laughter in your streets  
girls and boys now marching, in boots of love, harmony and peace.

I can only hope and pray for this  
that is all as an American Mother I can do.  
And I'm hoping that your nation of Mothers'  
are praying for this too.

Linda Winchell

# 'Searching In Vain'

I've searched in vain through history  
for the mystery of it all.  
I haven't found it yet you see  
on the mountain I've climbed was tall.

If God meant me to uncover  
what He plans to show one day  
then all of what I've searched and learned  
would have been lost to me some way.

I will just take what I now know as truth  
and teach it to another.  
They may not be my sisters in blood  
or that of my blood brother.

To learn the mystery of it all  
would be no use you see  
for my life would have meant nothing  
nothing but my searching for a mystery!

Linda Winchell

# 'Secret Place'

Get to a quiet and secret place  
Where you and God...can be all alone.  
Sharing what is in your heart  
And the Lord God... will there make His home.

Residing in the center of your chest  
Like a fire burning...deep inside.  
There is where the Holy Spirit will live  
In your heart... He shall reside.

Be alone with God... your thoughts to share  
With the one... who understands.  
He's always there waiting to hear your prayers  
Next to you... He always stands.

Kneel down... begging God's forgiveness  
Totally surrendering... completely to His mercy and grace.  
And then my friend...only then...  
Will you see Him... in your secret place.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Seeds Of Emotions'

Emotions are seeds of the heart  
They're roots planted deep within your soul.  
Welling up when you least expect them  
Bringing emotions sometimes  
Hard for one to control.

Like anger and tears of sadness or joy  
Like depression which can lead to suicide.  
Whatever the moment's emotion felt  
Some are better off left deep inside.

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Seek First The Kingdom'

Seek first the kingdom,  
Let all else fall as stubble to the ground,  
Hear God's calling in your life,  
And gather it all around.

Find and see where God is leading you,  
Then make the best of what gifts have been given,  
Feed your spirit with God's daily bread,  
To continue on towards His holy kingdom driven.

He stands and looks down upon all His creation,  
His children are what He sees,  
In hopes that you and I are following,  
In His mighty footsteps towards eternal victory!

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Self Proclaiming World'

We seem to be living... in a self proclaiming world  
With our personal agenda..."Face Book"... twitterings' and all.  
Showing the world all of just who we are  
"Look at me! "  
"I am the greatest of them all! "

Self indulging...self proclaiming  
Selfish... natured human beings.  
Nothing witnessed...and much of nothing gathered  
Of the Lord if any.... is what it seems.

Fast fixes... for un-addressed long term problems  
Like the addict... hiding on some darkened street.  
Children left alone to defend for themselves  
Much of which... alone in life there can only come defeat.

Parents off working for their own financial gains  
But what is it... that they will in the long run come to lose?  
Self proclaiming... they made it to the mountain top  
Is this what...we are willing to choose?

Take down those signs... of self righteousness'  
Throw away your self photos...hanging on the wall.  
For nothing matters...but God Himself  
For in the end... you will come to lose it all!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Sense Of Entitlement'

Why does God seem to allow?  
All the pain and world suffering?  
When all it would ever take  
Would be a word from the, " King of Kings! "

Prayer doesn't always entitle you  
To whatever it is that's asked.  
Because it's dangerous to always get  
What we think... is that.

It can create a sense of our entitlement  
It can spoil us for things to come.  
It could cause us always to expect  
And make our sense of prayer...become humdrum.

So if things don't seem to be going your way  
Just continue to ask the Lord....and pray.  
So as not to lose your desire for Him  
To bring answers and ever cleansing... of mankind's sin.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Shadow Boxing'

I took up shadow boxing  
It seemed the thing to do.  
Had no one to spar with really  
So I punched at a shadow or two.

I felt that I had met my match  
With every drawn blow I threw.  
But it was just a shadow  
Of the shadow me I knew.

I'd turn around and there it was  
Bigger than myself at times.  
But when I opened up the drapes  
It disappeared when I'd raise the blinds.

I was working up a sweat this day  
As I had many times before.  
Wasn't paying much attention  
And the shadow placed a punch  
Which threw me to the floor.

Now how could a shadow do that?  
It was just an image of only me  
But I guess there's more to my shadow  
Much more of me to see.

Linda Winchell

# 'Shadow On A Screen'

A photo taken in the depth of a womb,  
A life now lives, in its' darkened room.

God breathed His breath into its' lungs,  
And now creation of man and God has begun.

With tiny fingers' on each hand,  
It reaches out to woman and man.

And places its' trust for years too come,  
To be that special daughter or son.

For God could only make such joy,  
In creation of this girl or boy.

To you intrust this life inside,  
For nine months, in you reside.

And then one day to reveal to all,  
The miracle of God, the wonder of it all.

Linda Winchell

# 'Shoe Shine Boy'

Chicago train station, midst their porcelain tunnels  
You would hear this young voice cry.  
' Shine! ', 'Fifty cents! '  
As daily commuters rushing home would pass on by.

Sitting on a shoeshine box  
In the cold dim of this porcelain maize.  
While down a bit, was a man who would sit  
and on his torn violin, some old time tunes he'd play.

These sounds are as I remember them  
of an era long now passed.  
While at that time, I thought these days  
cries of a shoe shine boy  
and violin old time music would last.

How naive was I then, to have ever thought this way  
for all eventually will fade from view.  
I shall always remember, the cries of the shoe shine boy  
and the violins oldtime songs, of the Chicago that I knew.

Linda Winchell

# 'Shoes Of Good News'

Put on the shoes of good news,  
Then start your long walk towards victory,  
Spreading the good word... that God is king,  
And His word will live for all eternity!

Lace them up tightly now,  
Don't want Satan to grab a hold,  
For he is in the world we walk,  
At least that's what I've been told.

Don't worry about your colors matching,  
The outfit you have on,  
Just place the shoes of good news on your feet,  
And go walk the world around.

So many of God's children,  
Have yet to hear about God's grace and love,  
And if a brother takes a liking to your shoes,  
There are more where those come from.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Show And Tell'

Little feet running ....off to school to catch the bus  
It's, " Show and Tell" and each has their story  
Little children... with their treasures  
All... making such a fuss.

Then one by one the children are called  
To talk about what they've brought to show.  
Stumbling over the right words they've rehearsed  
All forgotten...where did all words now go?

Frightened beyond measure  
As they hold their treasures in their hands  
A book, a train, a buckle, a doll  
That one gotten from, " Aunt Nan."

Then up was called, little "Jimmy"  
He had an old tattered Bible pressed to his side.  
As he started to open it  
He had a look... as if he was going to cry.

"This was my "Grandpa Tom's" Bible  
He left it for me when he died.  
He wrote all kinds of things in the front of it"  
Then Jimmy shared Grandpas' words... with pride.

"I fought in the Civil war back in 1861  
Lost a lot of dear friends back then  
Lost almost everyone."

"My son's birth was in 1902  
But he died just...shortly after.  
So many tears replaced our joy back then  
Took our hearts warmth and all its laughter."

"But God was always with us  
No matter what the circumstance.  
He filled our hearts one day again  
Filling it with laughter, joy and dance."

"I now am a Great, Great Grandpa  
And remember my days of schools', Show and Tell"  
Now I wish this story of my life be told one day  
In hopes that all will understand it well."

"Never forget God loves you  
He is standing always... there right by your side.  
He lives within the heart of man  
And in my, "show and tell" now resides."

(Gal.6)

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Shut Out'

Son...I've tried to send cards to you  
But they keep on coming back.  
Even the ones I tried to email you  
There is always a..."Not accepting E-cards" now attached.

Don't know what it was...that I may have done  
To make you turn to this.  
I've tired to figure it all out in my head  
While I sit... to reminisce.

Time is quickly... now passing me by  
And I still can't figure it out.  
Why it was you've chosen my son  
To close... your poor old mother out.

I guess you have your reasons  
Maybe I sent you... too many of these silly poems?  
But you see...dear son of mine  
I didn't want... you like me... to ever to be alone.

But to one day sit... as I now do  
Trying to figure your life's mysteries out.  
Why you my child...decided  
To shut your own mother's love... in her poetry out.

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

\*\*Dedicated to: My Son

"Happy Thanksgiving, "

Love mom.

Linda Winchell

## 'Sick Friend'

I went last week to see a friend  
he had a head cold and really a bad cough.  
I made him some hot food to eat  
and a card that I dropped off.

I rang the door bell twice I think  
didn't intend to stay and chat.  
Didn't want to catch whatever it was  
whatever it was he had.

I really do worry about him  
his wife is gone, he lives now all alone.  
I know I didn't have to drive all that way to see him  
could have called him on the phone.

But It's that friendship part in me  
and have to see things for myself.  
A phone call doesn't prove to the heart  
what your eyes may reveal, as needing help.

He sounded all stuffed up  
and was coughing as we talked.  
I said Green Tea and Honey was great  
and was cheaper then some Doctors cost.

He's better now when I saw him at church  
he just had some trouble hitting the songs notes.  
But I rather he sing out of tune, you know  
then have a stuffy nose and a froggie in his throat!

Linda Winchell

# 'Signs'

Shut up, sit down, and hold on tight!  
Don't walk, don't spit, no smoking, no public telephone!  
Don't stand, don't talk, don't enter, no exit,  
Hush! your now entering a Hospital quite zone!

A sign for this, a sign for that!  
Do they think we wouldn't otherwise, somehow know?  
I think we all know how to walk when we should  
And I know what the word means when told, ' NO! '

Why does our Goverment have to spend this money?  
With all those silly metal signs!  
When it could be better used I'm sure  
I think it is all, a big waste of taxpayers dimes!

When I was growing up  
the only signs I ever knew!  
Where the ones my parents, waved at me  
when I was doing something I shouldn't do!

Remove the signs so we can see the trees!  
And the cars that are turning in my signs blocked view!  
I think that what's our Goverment needs  
I think that's what they really need to do!

Now, do we need to make a sign for that?  
So that they will know just how we feel?  
To remove the clutter of all those signs!  
And make something better, out of all that wasted steel!

Linda Winchell

# 'Signs On A Fence Post'

Saw an old farmer... taking down his fence posts  
And nailing some signs... upon each one.  
I stopped to ask him..."What ya doin? "  
"All that work....doesn't look like too much fun."

There seems to be nothing wrong with the ones you have  
Why then are you replacing the entire row?  
Did your prize bull get out or something?  
Tell me sir... I'd like to know!

Well... you see my little curious child  
You're right...there is nothing any one can see.  
But the problem lay within me dear  
Those...sinful and disobedient parts of me.

I'm hanging up signs of what our Lord commands  
Like Piety...Love and Grace  
And nailing them all to some newer posts  
In my life... I needed to replace.

While I was looking at my neighbor's fence posts  
And commenting... on just how awful they had looked.  
It was God who showed me...all of my rotting ones  
And that's really... all it took.

So rather than replace just one  
I am taking time to...replace all with new ones in the ground.  
So that when I take a look...and judge another's sins  
I will see only mine...  
In which I've.... planted in the ground.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Silence Of A Winter Day'

Must be about folks dinner time?  
Not much activity goin on here  
Not many poems written I've seen in rhyme.

No new postings on my Inbox or Forum  
Everyone gone?  
Theres sort of a silent Poet decorum.

I never however, seem to be at loss for words  
Not to say anyone  
Would want to read mine  
That's so absurd.

Some do and make a comment or two  
And I do really appreciate.  
But tonight they all must be settling down  
And feasting or resting from whatever they ate.

Just the silence of a winter day  
Will only turn into Spring time too.  
And then to summer, where no one is rhyming  
Not Anyone, but maybe me and one of you.

Linda Winchell

# 'Silent White'

City streets now empty  
Deepest of white lay on the ground.  
Deadness of silence hush now heard  
Caressing all of city sounds.

Birds are all tree nested tucked silently away.  
Waiting for the warmth  
Of a warmer mornings day.

Seeds and berries now buried  
Deep beneath grounds blankets cover.  
No meals for God's creatures today  
Just the warmth of one another.

They all await patiently for the onset break of Spring  
Renewing feasts calling back all on wing.  
Calling, 'Come home, come home to all, and sing! '

Linda Winchell

# 'Silent Winds'

A deep winter chill is in the air,  
It's way down South, It's everywhere!

It blew in deep over night,  
While bringing in an Arctic winter bite.

I didn't hear it creep on by,  
The clouds didn't warn me, I wonder why?

The silence now is all around,  
It's in the trees, It's on the ground.

No birds are singing,  
No barking of dogs are heard.  
It is dark and overcasted,  
No sun light appears.

I'll cuddle up in my warm downs bed,  
And think I'll read that book I'd never read.

My husbands down, with some bug he caught,  
I pray I don't catch what home he brought.

I will make some chicken soup for him to eat,  
That always works, to render germs retreat.

I'll give him all my tender loving care,  
And ask God to heal him through my prayers.

Though winter silent winds do blow,  
Springs' around the corner, this I know.

Where flowers will scent the air I breath,  
Where birds build their nest amongst pond reeds.

So go and do God's job, Old Winter winds,  
Nipping and cleansing away earths sins.

Cleansing the lands of satan's cruel hands,

Of spreading his germs of sin throughout the land.

For the maker knows what He has made,  
He knew this before His Son to man He gave.

It is all from the wisdom of His plan,  
Until He returns to claim this land.

Linda Winchell

# 'Silver Sneakers'

I bought a pair of silver sneakers  
So I could run on God's golden road.  
The laces were spun of shinny silver thread  
And tipped with the purest of purest gold.

I could run faster than the speed of light  
Everytime I placed them on my feet.  
The feeling they gave me when I ran  
Was a feeling noting could ever beat.

I joined in running Heaven's marathon  
With my number placed on my back and chest.  
To be viewed by all God's Angel's  
Cheering me on to finish my spiritual quest.

I worked so hard to get to see this day  
The one where I could run on God's golden streets.  
And to hear the Angel's playing Heavenly music  
While wearing those silver sneakers upon  
My now Angelic feet.

Linda Winchell

# 'Simply Because He Loves Me'

I was asking God one day in prayer,  
'How come you died for me? '  
Why was I so special, what-ever did I do for thee?

Were the nails in your hands my doing?  
Did my sins bring about your death?  
And the words, 'Forgive Them Father',  
Were they said for me in your last breath?

I.m sorry my Lord that my sins, did cause you such pain,  
If you had it all to do over Lord,  
Is it true, you would do it all again?

'Simply because He loves you child',  
Is why He died for thee.  
Simply because He Loves us all,  
When Jesus died at Calvary.

Linda Winchell

# 'Sin Mars The Creation Of God'

Sin mars the creation of God  
it takes all pleasures away!  
God made them all for mankind to use and share  
and not be destroyed in such sinful ways.

The scars that mankinds sins have caused  
that now mar God and this earth we're on!  
Was never God's intention, you see?  
Now God is marred by what mankind has done!

Polluting air and water!  
And mans mind, filled with filth and greed!  
When our Heavenly Father, Creator of all  
said He would provide for our every need!

See the Lilies of the field, they not toil  
nor do they need too spin!  
But mankind has taken and destroyed what God has given!  
destroying everything with the wages of our sins.

The wage of sin is death, you know?  
couldn't be, but any other way!  
For all God's Children were to live in peace  
In a peace-filled and loving way.

Instead we chose to do our own thing!  
we have to go and, 'Find Ourselves! '  
It's all just a big cop out!  
It's just one big foolish human sin-filled Joke!

I would hope we could turn this all around!  
make some good come out of all sins bad.  
And take what God has given us  
And not mar anymore, than what we already have!

Linda Winchell

## 'Sin's Ending Curse'

Worms tear flesh, from bones!  
deep within my tomb, laid cold.  
Darkness now, my surrounding death of view  
This is what can happen to you!

When will I go to be with my Lord?  
Has my life's garden, been so poorly sowed?  
Please, Oh my God, please take me soon!  
remove my soul, from this darkened tomb!

Rid me of the curse, my life had made  
take me my Lord, from this depth of grave!  
Bring me to, your side tonight!  
Free me from hells, earned of plight!

Linda Winchell

# 'Sin's Shadow On My Ceiling'

Take this shadow down from my ceiling  
it reminds me of what I am.  
When I'm not being the woman you may see in me  
while I am making love, with a strange man.

It's only a job that I see of course  
when I take those men into my arms.  
And then share what was given me  
while getting money, for my loveless charms.

But in the night while all alone  
as the dark comes creeping in  
I see within that ceilings shadow  
the darkness of all my sins.

I can't seem to shake it  
or wipe it from my ceilings view  
it has become my lifestyle  
and I'm now sharing this sin's truth with you.

I never wanted to go this far  
that now my ceiling reflects what I have become  
I know I could have stopped before I started  
but this is what life has forced me to become.

Linda Winchell

# 'Skeleton Key'

While visiting my Grandma's home today  
I came upon an old treasure chest of drawers.  
I tried to pull one small drawer open  
but it was locked, as I pulled it towards.

It had a funny kind of golden colored lock face  
sort of like a skeleton I once saw on halloween.  
It was not like anything I remember viewing  
like nothing I'd ever seen!

Later that night I asked my Grandma  
why this chest of drawers was locked?  
She said she didn't remember just why  
but she would get the key for me to unlock.

That night, right after dinner  
Grandma came to me  
With something clutched in her hand.  
It was a long slender piece of a metal thing  
with a face on the top, that looked like a skeleton man!

She said it was called a Skeleton Key  
and possibly an antique, she thought by now.  
It was a gift for her and Grandpa, on their wedding day  
filled with Grandpa's old things and her mothers  
handmade embroidery and crochet.

As I placed the key into the lock  
there was a pile of photos of me and Grandpa, when I was small.  
Grandma said that Grandpa kept them of me  
and when he was sick, would sit and look at them all.

There were many other treasures, lying in those drawers  
but the best one that I could see  
Was the gift of opening up this treasured chest of drawers  
and the memories viewed, with Grandpa's old Skeleton Key.

Linda Winchell

# 'Skeletons In Our Closets'

We all have skeletons in our closets  
Of untold sins we hang about.  
We only share what we want others to see  
But leave the others for others doubt.

Skeleton bones hanging on their hangers  
Bleached white with the ones of black.  
Those are the ones we don't care to think or talk about  
They are the ones we've pushed to our closets far back.

But God sees what is hanging there  
God sees what you've not really cared to share.  
He wants us to surrender our all  
So He can start our life's repair.

I'd suggest you get into your closets  
And get ALL of those skeletons out.  
Giving them to God in total surrender  
Getting all of your skeletons out!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Slippers'

Slippers sitting on my bedroom floor  
placed by bedside, awaiting mornings ride.  
Feet slip in, and off we go  
for the morning news paper outside.

Stepped in a puddle, but they don't complain  
always there protecting my toes  
from the cold, falling morning rain.

I've never stopped to thank them  
for the job they've done for me.  
And appologize for the way Fee, Fee kitty treats them  
when I'm not wearing them on me.

They never get the same attention,  
that my shoes seem to get  
My slippers they're only one pair  
one slippers pair, they're the best.

For nothing will replace the comfort that they lend  
I will always have my slippers on the floor by my bed  
while taking my first mornings bend.

Linda Winchell

# 'Slow Down This Christmas'

With all the holiday hustle and bustle  
We tend to overlook the importance of.  
What the true meaning of Christmas is all about  
The truest gift of a small child's purest love.

Not a child's bright red trains or toys  
That are colorfully wrapped and set beneath a tree.  
But the birth of child that came to save mankind  
One day...at Calvary.

To offer mankind away...forgiveness of sin  
While his broken body was nailed upon a cross.  
Slow down this Christmas, so you too can feel the truest of love  
Of our Saviors' birth... in your Christmas haste, might have lost.

Linda Winchell

# 'Smallest Of God's Creatures'

The smallest of God's creatures,  
Create their tightest bonds.  
They curl inside their self made homes,  
And share God's purpose for them around.

Some form their bonds in armies,  
Some in schools, flocks and prides.  
But the neatest one I've ever seen,  
Comes bonded Butterfly life inside.

Their home is made of finest silk,  
Some used to make dresses and shirts.  
And some of them live in the ground,  
In their homes beneath the dirt.

Mans' bond I am sorry to say,  
Sometimes hold is not that strong.  
Some kill and hurt, and get divorced,  
Shredding all bonds that were formed.

Children go with Mothers',  
Fathers' left out in the cold.  
Fighting for their survival,  
Some dieing of broken hearts I'm told.

We need to take a lesson in life,  
From those tighter natured bonds we see.  
This is man's only hope, bonding tighter our legacy.

Linda Winchell

# 'Sneak A Peek'

If you could sneak a peek into where I live  
and see all the things of which I did  
would you like what your peek allowed you see?  
Would you like any part of that me of me?

Or would you stand in awe of the person you've viewed?  
Would I be all you thought of the me you knew?  
Would you rub your eyes or shut them tight?  
Would you wish not to peek?  
Remove me from your sight?

Go on and sneak a peek, if that you must  
but if I sicken you so, or cause discuss  
I'll not apologize for who I am  
shouldn't have been peeking in the first place  
of the who I am!

Linda Winchell

# 'Snow Day'

Mom said, 'they've called a Snow Day Son! '  
You don't have to get up and out of bed!  
I'll stay snuggled up, in these warm blankets today  
and pull the top cover, over my sleepy head!

It snowed all day and night, I guess?  
but I'll have to get up, to go shovel for my paw!  
And maybe give a call, to my friend next door  
so we can make some, snowmen in the yard?

I'll grab the sled, right after we're done  
and walk go up to Cherry Creek hill!  
And sled as fast, as fast I can!  
with hopes of not, taking any major spills!

Then I'll ask my Maw to make me some coco  
she makes the best I think, I've ever had!  
I'm so happy that I have a snow day today!  
for I'm a snow guy, kind of lad!

Linda Winchell

# 'So Many Questions'

I have so many questions  
that I want the answers to.  
I didn't know who could answer them  
that's why I'm writing Lord to You.

Why'd you have to place the stars so high?  
Was it because they'd burn me if I touched?  
And wouldn't ten stars to light the heavens Lord?  
been just our heavens skies enough?

And I learded there's some bug like thing!  
That's made their home at the base of my own lashes?  
Is there any living on my dads face too?  
When he grows his tickly face mustaches?

Why did you have to make mosquitoes?  
For what purpose might those pesky things have?  
My Mom has to spray me to keep them off!  
then it makes me smell up really bad!

Why are there fleas that jump and bite?  
They only make my dog howl, and scratch all night?  
Well Lord that's some questions I needed to ask of You  
I'll be awaiting an answer back my Lord,  
Love You!  
Signed; Little Becky Sue XX

Linda Winchell

# 'So Much More Than That'

'So Much More Than That'

I'm so much more than flesh and of bone,  
I feel the sins of which I have owned.

Prayers to God,

'please remove them from me',

I'm much more than that,

Of what you can't see.

I cry in secret

Of the things I have done,

Not visible to you,

But God knows every one.

I smile and I grin

As if I were free.

There's much more,

So very much more, of me.

You've taken it for granted

I am what I am.

You see me as strong,

But there's a much different man.

I hide in the shadows

Of a past I did make.

I shiver in filth

Of each heart, I did break.

Thank God He forgives me,

He forgives me of sin.

So I need not live,

In this torment I'm in.

Reborn of the King,

He died for me on a cross long ago.

He left me His words,

So that I might know.

So I'm much more than

Of what you can't see.  
I'm a new child of God,  
He died to give that to me.

So when you look in my eyes,  
You now will see a different of man.  
I'm much more than that,  
I've been cleansed by the Lamb.

\*\*\*Sometimes we see others and really never see what they might be going through. Get to know people, from the, 'inside out.' You may be surprised what you'll find.

Linda Winchell

# 'So This Is The Meaning Of Christmas? '

Saddened by what I veiwed  
not able to write now, a word unto you.  
To express the pain I felt within  
when I was a witness, of anothers sin.

While shopping at the store today  
I heard the cries, a victim preyed!  
Stollen of a purse, of which she clung  
pushed to the ground, as her assailant run.

My heart not in fear, but that of discuss  
'Why my Lord, ' was that such a must?  
To feed their young? Or drugs, must have?  
I felt the worlds sins, and I still feel so sad.

Has life pushed us, to things like this?  
That we could all fall victims  
to anothers wish, hit list?

Taking away, the true meaning of the season  
crushing anothers Holiday Spirit  
what was really the reason?

I know I will find, my Christmas Joy once again  
but the sight of that sin, will haunt me within.  
I'll pray for the world, and the sinner's I see  
and thank my God up above, for it could have been me.

Linda Winchell

# 'So You Think You'Re Going To Heaven? '

If God were to maybe ask you one day  
If you felt you're Heavenly bound.  
What would your answer be?  
So you think you're a good person?  
Is that what you're wanting?  
Our Father God to believe?

Ask yourself if you've ever stolen  
Or if you've ever told a lie.  
Ask yourself if you've ever lusted  
Or ever given someone that, " evil eye."

Ask yourself if you've used God's name in vane  
And I think you'll get the drift.  
That you're not going to make it to Heaven my friend  
If you think just doing some good deeds  
Is really accomplishing all of it.

If you've answered, "Yes" to even one of these things  
That you're a, "liar, thief, adulterer, blasphemer", or all the rest.  
Then you're not going to see those Pearly Gates my friend  
Hell will be the best it gets!

But if you humbly ask God's forgiveness  
Something Jesus died on the cross to achieve.  
Then you will see the Kingdom of God  
When you're spirit this Earth leaves.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

## 'Social Security? '

Now I'm reading where Lorraine is in her Twilight Years  
and you've read where my bladders dropping!  
And I just received some paper work from the Government  
from Social Security which Obama may end up stopping!

What is an old gal like me to do?  
With this problem you all know I've got?  
I won't be able to go out at all  
no depends for my bladder drop!

Twilight years my girlfriend?  
Are you crazy in the head?  
I don't know if the lights are even on now!  
And soon I'll be panty wet wrinkled, and dead!

They say that your sixties are your Golden years?  
Well I think someones giving me that golds Shaft!  
I want what I had when I was young!  
I want my bladder control and my youth to come back!

Linda Winchell

# 'Sold On Down The River'

He was sold on down the river  
Without a rudder or an oar.  
Set adrift... handed over to the enemy  
Do I need... say any more?

Nails far driven into His hands  
Wounds deep... pressed in His side.  
Yet He knew His only purpose for coming  
Was to live... and then for mankind die.

His boat needn't have had... a rudder or an oar  
His life was created by His Father of all  
Coming to earth and settle... Old Satan's score.

No one need feel sorry for Him  
For the ONLY, King... of you and I.  
He knew from the day... He was created in Mary's womb  
His Father made Him... so that sin would die.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Some Little Bug'

Some little bug is going to find you someday  
No matter how hard you try to keep it away.  
You can eat all the right foods  
Try and keep a happy, joyful mood  
But some little bug is going to find you someday.

All those fruits and veggies with their vitamins  
Are not enough to keep the smallest of bugs away.  
No matter what good you eat  
These bugs you'll just not beat  
Some little bug is going to find you someday.

Mom's chicken soup is said to cure what ails you  
But it can't fight every bug you're trying to keep at bay.  
No matter how hard you try, for these super bugs to pass you by  
Some little bug is going to find you someday.

Linda Winchell

# 'Someone Who Believes'

Sometimes it's hard for one to achieve  
if someone doesn't in you believe.

To shoot for the stars and that golden ring  
to become someone famous in life may bring.

But there are those few that make it to the top  
achieving more than they could have ever thought.

Because someone believed as you  
That it was achievable of your lifes, cando's!

Fair shakes aren't always given to those  
who sacrifice for all your dreams to grow.

But one day luck and faith come through  
and there comes someone who believes in you.

Linda Winchell

# 'Something Going On At Our House'

There is something going on at our house  
every day, of the year!  
But I see that there's much more than normal  
going on in our house, I see and hear!

There are lights and sounds of singing!  
And sweet smells, of ham and cookies in the air!  
I think this means, it's Christmas time!  
And old Saint Nick, will soon appear!

I think I've hidden a tasty treat in the yard?  
that I need to wrap up and top with a bow!  
And place it under the Christmas tree  
from their best friend, named, Fi-do!

I hope they don't clean the refrig out, too well!  
I like, the left over stuffing and ham!  
My master always gives me some off his plate  
when I do some tricks!  
He says, 'Yar the best dog that ever was, ya am! '

'Merry Christmas! '  
Love Fi-DoXXXX

By Linda Winchell  
copyright: 2008

Linda Winchell

# 'Something Got In My Garden'

Some things gotten in my garden!  
It ate all the fixins for that pot of succotash!  
I don't know why those critters would do that  
when there's so many fresh berries tall green grass!  
If I see them there eatin in there again  
what they should not, I might shoot them dead!  
then I can have my long awaited succotash dinner  
with critter meat and homemade bread!

Linda Winchell

# 'Something So Delicious'

There is something so delicious  
In all the words, that I say to you.  
For they ring out a sound so beautiful  
In addition, in colors of bright iridescent hues.

The words I never quite know just where they're going  
When they once pass by my lips.  
However, delicious just the same I'm sure  
Each and every one placed to fit.

They're taste each to fit ones pallet  
Spiced sweetly with all God's sweet love.  
Sent for you in each heart felt prayer  
To our God above.

God's love is, as nothing ever tasted  
As sweet as an Angels blessed song.  
To give you less of Gods very best  
Would seem to me, so very wrong.

Yes, it's something so delicious  
This tasty love that God has given man.  
He's taken all of Heavens' best ingredients  
Then blended them all with His loving hands.

Come take a taste of what you're sure to enjoy  
No seconds needed please.  
You'll love all that your taste buds savor  
While in prayer upon your knees.

Linda Winchell

# 'Somethings Never Change'

They say you can take the stripes off of a tiger,  
But its wild beastly meanness may still remain,  
Living to place your head into its mouth,  
Sucking the life force from ones veins.

Many have tried to tame the beasts inside,  
That rules a much darker side, most knew,  
But as I see it has but failed again,  
Trying to make a silken purse,  
Out of a sow's ear, such as you.

I can only hope that in time to come,  
You will try and turn over another leaf,  
But for now I'll keep to myself,  
So as not to feel the sharpness, of your blood thirsty canine teeth!

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Sometimes I Need To Get Away'

Sometimes I need to get away  
From all my friends and family.  
And find a place and quietly rest  
Underneath, our old maple tree.

I need a place of solitude  
where I can just sit, on deep green sod.  
Where I can pray, and just talk  
with a deeper understanding, of my God.

I often need this special place  
where I can thank God, for everything.  
For my home, my health, my family  
and all the joys and comfort, that they all bring.

I sometimes take a walk at night  
Beneath the star lit sky, so bright.  
And listen to the animals and bird calls  
as Mr. Moon, gifts me with his light.

I know that I can talk to God  
about my every, need and care.  
For when I seek this quiet place  
I am assured, He's always there!

Linda Winchell

# 'Sorry I Wasn'T There'

I'm sorry I wasn't always there  
To lighten every carried heavy burden.  
To maybe wash away your tears of pain  
Remove that veil of life's dark and drawn curtain.

To hold and rock you when needed in my arms  
Tell you everythings going to be alright.  
To sit beside your bed and pray  
At the hospital that last pain-filled night.

I tried to be the best I could for you  
While you were in my life.  
Asking God to spare taking you from me  
Taking you, from me your loving wife.

Hope you knew how much that I loved you  
Even if we didn't get to say our last, 'Goodbye.'  
But know my dear you will always live in my heart  
Until I am with you one day by your side.

Linda Winchell

# 'Sounds Of A Distant Past'

As I listen Indian flutes, warbleing out their tunes,  
With a softness not a bird could sing, to the sun, stars' and moon.

Now filling my Spirit, with sounds of a distant past,  
How much of this flows in my blood, that bekons me further back?

Where buffalos' once roamed,  
And many tribes' made this land their home.

For what did man gain, to bring these people death and pain?  
Blankets' infused with a White mans' desease,  
Infested with a plauge, not given to ward off winters' cold and freeze.

Our heads' should hang so low, that not an eye would be seen,  
Now the past is reversed, bringing us now to our knees!

But yet another villain, has risen once again,  
From the nations of tribes, of Indian women and men.  
Where the damage is done by the hands of their own,  
Taking pride from their people, with free money and homes'.

They suffer inside, with a lack of purpose and Indian pride,  
Taken to drinking, and sniffing spray cans', new drugs,  
And their children in gangs of killers and thugs!

Yes, the paychecks' come in, but nothing is there,  
Your now stripping them of self, and now seeing them bared.

Christians' thought they had God's answers you see,  
To rip children from their parents, and burn down their tepees'.

Then put them in White mans' clothes, and cutting their hair,  
Then placing a Bible in their hands, and saying, 'We cared! '

How ignorance has proven, only but once again,  
That whatever man touches, has a deep affect from his hands'.

Drums' will beat out one day again I am sure,  
Reclaiming all God's goodness by its' meek, and its' pure!

'Oh Mother Earth, hear your childrens' call!  
' Across this land, to be heard by one and by all! '

Linda Winchell

## 'Special Gift'

I have received so many gifts,  
But one of them was new.  
The others were covered in paper,  
Some of green, red and blue.

One stood out amongst them all,  
It was adorned in a way not known.  
It shined like diamonds,  
It glowed as if the sun.  
It was a gift that God had given,  
From His Father and the Son.

I quickly took it to one side,  
Unwrapping slowly to see.  
But I noticed there was writing on the wrapper,  
'You Need Not Open To Be'

This gift was given to you my dear,  
For all mankind to hold.  
Inside us all is My gift to you,  
It is more precious than silver or gold.  
The gifts of life, the gifts of love, and joy,  
From your Father God above.

The other gifts looked as nothing now,  
For they one day all will disappear.  
Of their earthly value we seem to place on them,  
Given only that moment of cheer.

So I'll keep this one if you don't, mind,  
It is God's special gift to me.  
And will remember His words there written,  
'You Need Not Open To Be'

Linda Winchell

# 'Spidy On The Wall'

Spidy, Spidy on the wall  
your spinning so fast  
I'm afraid you'll fall!

Repairing what the storm did bring  
Tearing down your home  
you've made of fine string.

The nip of winters chill came late last night  
and on your threads  
I see now lay some ice!

How do you do it?  
From that thin thread you swing?  
Bringing each one together  
in a Grandma doily type thing.

To catch a fly, how can that now be?  
For winter doesn't supply, the food you need.  
I might find a feast or two for you  
In our basement or the attic room.

I'll dropp them in your web one day  
but for now I see your busy repairing.  
So Spidy, Spidy, please spin away  
just wanted you to know, that someone was caring.

Linda Winchell

# 'Spirit Of A Man'

Although I may have scared you off,  
By the numbers which mark my birth.  
For youth is in the Spirit of man,  
Not represented by the first.

You too shall be where you think that I am,  
Of which surly you will be one day.  
Then see how you might come to feel,  
When someone comments on your hair of grey.

The Spirit of man lives on through time,  
And before anothers view.  
I hope one day that you will see,  
What my Spirit had left in you.

Linda Winchell

# 'Spiritual Cleansing'

When I go and take my shower at night  
there is much more that I wish to have washed off.  
For during the day I tend to brush up against sin  
Those sin's of another, who are in pain and lost.

This is my time for a Spiritual cleansing  
In which I offer those sins up to God in prayer.  
While soaping up and scrubbing my skin  
And shampooing off, dirt caught in my hair.

As I let the waters rinse over me  
I envision those who I feel are in need of prayer.  
And let my Lord God know  
That someone for their sins does care.

Then when my shower is over  
I feel more than soap and water clean.  
But now have a deeper cleansing of time just spent  
In my shower filled with soap, prayer, water and steam.

Linda Winchell

# 'Spirtual Haunting Of The Soul'

There may come the time in someones life  
that a Spiritual Haunting creeps in the night.  
Steeling Souls Spiritual level of where your at  
Then finding it harder to get all earned back.

To regenerate the faith one needs  
feeding the soul, filling up those haunting spaces.  
Capturing all in the web you've woven from doubt  
of past times and dark deep places.

Spiritual haunting of the soul  
we all may have throughout our lives.  
But know that God is in it all  
In all those faulse hauntings, in the night.

Linda Winchell

# 'Splendid Situation'

It's a splendid, 'Situation'  
This thing they call, 'Consecration'  
It wins all world, 'Nominations'  
For all of Mankind's, 'Inspirations.'

It perpetuates all of life's, 'decisions'  
Of which mankind has been given.  
It helps us all to become more driven  
Of what it is from God, we've all been given.

Linda Winchell

# 'Spreading Seeds'

We all should be God's gardeners  
spreading seeds across this land.  
Planting in the hearts God's love  
giving them a helping hand.

Telling them about our God  
seeding and watering for a greener sod.  
Sharing what we have with others  
sharing with all Christs sisters and brothers.

Not hard to share you know  
you just have to give a little for a lot to sow.  
Sowing the seeds that were spread about  
that is what spreading God's seeds  
are all about!

Linda Winchell

# 'Spreading Your Butter Too Thin'

Sometimes we spread lifes butter so thin,  
That the true flavor can loose its' taste.  
Go about spending every sent that's made,  
And creating mountains of human waste.

Prospering on ancestors energies,  
Who had founded this great land.  
We have taken all their spoils,  
And squandered most of what was had.

Apprenticed in the ways of those,  
Who gladly gave their lives.  
Building artistic creations with sweat of brow,  
Now few but of relics have survied.

Antiques for some, collectables for others,  
Once used by Great Grandparents,  
Their Grandparents', parents Fathers and Mothers.

When will we too become,  
But that disposable part of life?  
Forgetting all the blood, our sons' and daughters' have shed,  
Now relics of wars painfull strife.

Spend not too much,  
Save not of it all.  
By spreading the butter too thin,  
You may loose the real meaning of it all.

Linda Winchell

# 'Spring In The Air'

How can it be, I'm smelling Spring in the air?  
There's snow on the ground  
and on the trees, everywhere!

Yet the smell of Spring  
entered into a sniff of my nose.  
As I stood at the sink  
up the scent, of Spring had rose.

Is it my girlish heart?  
that is wanting this so?  
That I smell now it's freshness  
in the morn of the air?

I'll keep looking for it  
no matter how long it seems to take!  
And eventually it will be here  
four months of time, and Spring again will awake!

Linda Winchell

# 'Springs Arrival'

Buds now bursting on tree branches  
Snow has almost now melted away.  
Springs arrival soon to appear  
In all of its fine display.

Colors of flowers all sharing their scents  
Birds building homes for their young.  
Springs arrival reaching out  
New life again on earth has sprung.

Warm breezes blow from far down South  
Ushering in its comfort  
For all new life to begin.  
Pumping life forces only given by God  
All life which was made by Him.

Linda Winchell

# 'State Of Economy'

Belly now hanging over...where his belt use to be  
Crack of his bottom he bends... for all now to see.  
Five-O'clock shadow...now turned into ten.  
Regretting the life he has now...this life that he spends.

No job to do...in order to feed manly of pride  
Both his health and his worthiness  
Have been...now tossed aside.

State in the worst of shape...a downed economy  
All that's left is despair... lost hope...  
For large numbers ...of our humanity.

Some turning to God...while others are turning away  
Lost their will to believe in a higher power  
No earthly reason.... to pray.

Murders by suicide bombers...flood daily news  
Some folks taking to stealing  
While lips... take first taste of the booze.

Crushed spirits of man...from what the world itself has created  
Society numbed...wills of mankind all deflated.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Stength Comes In Numbers'

Strength comes in numbers  
Like a chain is, linked to link.  
Empowering like none other  
Giving way for all to think.

Rethinking what it is you are doing  
Rethinking what maybe you are not.  
Rethinking where it is you've come from  
Rethinking what you have got!

Like knots on a rope, one by one  
Giving its grip to each out-reached hand.  
Climbing to heights unheard of.  
Out-stretched in unity across the land.

Linda Winchell

# 'Stereotyping'

We seem to place people in labeled boxes  
Stereotyping who they really aren't you see!  
Like, 'isn't that just like a man? '  
Or, she's like all the others that I've seen.

Just because someone has done something  
the way another does!  
Shouldn't place them in the same category  
Where you think they fit, just because!

'Isn't that just like a woman? '  
I have heard so many men relay.  
'It must be that time of month again! '  
Because a woman might be acting  
that crazy moody woman, kind of way!

Why do we think we have all the answers?  
As to what or how a person seems to be?  
And maybe try to stop Stereotyping  
because you are really, not the same type as me!

Linda Winchell

# 'Stolen Family Recipes'

I had some secret family recipes  
For my use... for only my eyes to see.  
It had been handed down for many generations  
And now it belonged to only me!

But one day it was stolen  
And used by another.  
Yet it never turned out the same  
Misread I fear... from cover to cover.

Two main ingredients missing  
A pinch was required.  
Baked at 350 degrees with my families love  
Was needed for... fire.

But the thief would have never known this  
That this was what... they really needed to add.  
The love of one dear Mother and hers  
And even one from a dear old dad.

So I'm placing an add in the local papers  
For the return of all my stolen family recipes'  
With a reward to be given  
Mom's home made cookies and a cup of Elderberry tea.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Stop Poking Into The Middles'

Stop poking into the middles,  
Searching for the softer fillings in your life,  
Enjoy the ones that you've been given,  
Working your way, through life's nuttiness and strife.

Life's just like a box of chocolates,  
Some a bit chewier than the last,  
But when you've consumed the entire box given,  
The sweetest of flavors, are sure to last.

No need to poke and prod at each piece,  
To find the ones that you'll enjoy,  
Just toss a piece of life's sweet confection in,  
Sit back and be filled with life's joy!

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Streaks On The Windows'

Don't worry about the streaks on the windows  
As you try and try to wipe them from your view.  
They are really not that important you know  
There are better things to think about and do.

Like maybe opening the Good Book  
And letting God lead your fingers...on their walk.  
Or maybe calling a dear friend in need  
And just listening... while they talk.

Whatever it is... you do today  
Place the importance... where it should be.  
Like loving your brother... more than yourself  
The way Jesus loves you and me.

Then the streaks you thought...so important  
Will all be wiped away.  
Just given one last wipe of the cloth  
With one last... Windex spray.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Stretch My Wings'

Let me stretch my wings out, 'Oh Lord! '  
Sore me closer towards your throne.  
Fill me with that fulfilling Holy Spirit's peace!  
My Lord please lift my wings up towards thy home.

Create for me a warm, loving breeze, ' my Lord! '  
That will lift me high that I can drift in current of.  
Help me Lord, help my spirit to fly!  
Help me to rise to heights above.

Above the clouds of mans' adversity!  
Above the stars of some so called fate.  
Above all man made travesty!  
To sore in my new and now Spirit given faith.

I am but a hatchling, trying the wings you've made!  
In the wisdom of your given words  
Pinned on each of Bibles' page.  
Stretch my wings Lord, teach me to fly!  
For I am willing to learn, I am willing to try!

Linda Winchell

# 'Sucked Into The Vortex'

I had been sucked into a sin-filled vortex!  
Not my style, that's one thing that I know!  
I've tried to live and walk with my God  
it has been all I have professed and show.

But Satan had pulled me into this  
Then I found myself falling quickly and deeply in.  
Expressing things I wouldn't normally have said  
Placing unjustified words, which now have become my sin!

My heart lay heavy in this sin I feel!  
In which I have created for myself!  
A vortex filled with my negative choice of words  
I seemed to just grab off some back emotional part of self!

I ask my God and others to please forgive me!  
God, please place my feet on holier solid ground!  
To forgive my Trespassers and all sins committed  
Replacing a smile on my souls  
somewhat facial deepened frown.

Never meant for it to ever go this far!  
Saying things in order to just get back.  
It is NOT what makes me who I am  
I am much, much, more kinder and better than that!

This vortex of sin is strong I've learned  
It came to grab me in my moments time of weakness.  
I need to have all understand who I really am  
That which comes from a much Godlier given sweetness.

Linda Winchell

# 'Suicide Crossed Your Mind Today'

Why would you my friend even have these thoughts?  
That you would now want to take your life.  
What's happened that you feel so let down and blue?  
That you can't seem to pull yourself back up-right.

A follower of Jesus Christ,  
Since you were very young.  
Always sharing with those in need of hearing,  
About your Savior's love.

Yet now can't find a spark of it for yourself?  
Is it that you're not searching in the proper place,  
That Satan would have such a hold on you,  
And want to remove your life...taking with Christ's forgiving grace.

I'm too far away... the sea keeps us thousands of miles apart,  
But I will light a candle and pray for you,  
All through the day and into the night.  
That's just what God has asked me to.

I'll ask my Savior to place a cloak of protection around you,  
And lift you up from your feelings of down.  
And open up your heart and mind,  
To see that Jesus was the only one who suffered on the cross,  
And wore His bloody thorn of crown.

We have not been crucified,  
And never will... as I can tell.  
But to take your life after walking with Christ my friend,  
Would be worse than your now felt pit of Hell.

Linda Winchell

# 'Summer's Finally Here'

Sounds of Summer time have returned  
Mowers now singing out their engines tunes.  
Tractors in the fields planting seed  
All to be harvested one day soon.

Birds have built their homes of grass  
Twigs and with many pieces of paper too.  
Families now beginning to hatch  
Taking flight in the bright sunshine  
Of an after- noon.

Summer is finally here to enjoy  
Lots of playing out in the sun.  
I'm happy that summer is finally here  
And that summers sun and fun has begun.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Super Glue'

I tried to fix a broken tea cup  
instead I super glued the cup to me!  
Now I can hold on with one finger  
while having my morning cup of tea!

So I tried to cut myself away  
but it wasn't as easy as I thought!  
I pulled the cup away from my bonded skin  
but only rebroke the cup!

Now when I super glued it back together  
I only got re-stuck again!  
And don't think that I'm breaking free soon!  
And can't tell you, really just when!

I think there's a super glue conspiracy?  
Some super, duper thing goin on?  
Cause why would others like myself  
end up like me a, super bond?

Linda Winchell

# 'Super Nanny'

I've been watching a show called, 'The Super Nanny'  
I can't believe how these children and parents act!  
They scream out all kinds of profanities  
and they bite, scream, kick and slap!

I guess things have really changed a lot  
not for the better I must say!  
I know I wouldn't have gotten away with anything!  
back in my childhood or adolescent days!

If I looked at my Mother sideways  
as if to question what she had said.  
I would have gotten a punishment  
and be sent to my room without being fed.

What happened to a child's respect?  
of what or who has the parental authority?  
Why have these parents let down their guard?  
It is something our children need feel and be.

Now we have this Super Nanny show  
in order to show us how we should live.  
It's really sad that we've let it come to this  
not being a true parental figure to our kids.

Linda Winchell

# 'Sweet As You Can Be'

I know you're not made out of bitter chocolate,  
Or any sugar harvested from just any sugar cane,  
For you're sweeter than any confection I've tasted,  
You're sweetness must be flowing on through your veins.

You're soft and juicy with a tinge of fruity tartness tasted,  
When God made you my dear... no sweetness was spared,  
Nothing at all was wasted.

I hope that you'll come on down,  
My Valentine's candy conveyors' line,  
So that I can taste your sweetness,  
And make YOU this years sweetest of Valentine.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Swimming Each Stroke'

A Swimmer swims one stroke at a time  
Focusing all ones energy, on the finish line.  
They try so hard, to keep up the pace  
Eyes affixed only, on just winning the race.

God sees us swim as we stroke along  
Through every prayer, we pray.  
To start our mornings and end our nights  
He wouldn't have it any other way.

To focus on Heavens' finish line  
To walk the walk  
Trying not to lag behind.

But if you do and seem to fall short  
God is there for you  
To help steer us back on course.

Linda Winchell

# 'Swimming In A Sea Of Tears'

Are you swimming in a sea of tears?  
Drenched in sorrow and clothed in fears?  
Ocean of lifes deep regrets  
that you have not forgiven self of yet?

Swim out to shore, step on earths green of sod  
give your life over to the one true man  
this man named God.  
Drying off with Love, your salted tears  
bringing new life, to live for years.

Salt of the earth, flesh of Adam's bone  
Jesus came to earth did make short a home.  
He tried to teach us all how to live  
to Love and always of mankind forgive.

Linda Winchell

# 'Swiss Cheese And Donut Holes'

Life is like Swiss cheese and donut holes,  
Empty with its emptiness of missing space,  
Voided areas of tasteless pleasures,  
Seems like such an un-fulfilling waste.

Our lives can be viewed somewhat this way,  
If not filled up with God's love inside,  
Filling all those hollow spaces,  
Filling us up with a sweet filling of holy pride.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Tackling Loves Test'

Some seem to tip toe... through life's relationships  
Only... to end up stubbing their toes.  
But as it might be... for most of us  
That is how... for some the story goes.

Trips and falls...then leaps and bounds  
Searching for ones true love... some never found.  
Soul mates...in what seems a soulless world  
Trying as one might...giving that love thing a whirl.

If never taught... the true meaning of which  
Parents omitting what they should gladly submit.  
It's then hard to find... what you've never known  
Parents lacking loves skills...while you'd grown.

Tackling the quest for true love on your own  
Wishing that our parents...maybe had shown.  
No wonder we've felt ...the pain of loves defeat  
In marriages crumbling...and divorce numbers  
Now... at its peak.

If we had it all... to do over again  
Would we still make mistakes...in love to spend?  
Our hopes are that we will turn things around  
And promise to the next generation...true love to be found.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Take A Chance'

Go ahead, take a chance  
what do we have to lose?  
No ones looking, go right ahead  
take one if we choose.

It won't hurt too much  
just a pound or two, but we can take it off!  
We can eat less tomorrow, or maybe take that extra walk!

We like the crunch and that chocolaty taste  
haven't had one in a long time.  
Go on take the chance, put it past our lips  
it will give wondrous pleasures, to our mind!

Now wait a minute, I suggested only one!  
Now look, we've eaten more than five!  
We're having to much tasting fun!  
and It's eating us alive!

Ah let's take the chance anyway, there's always a tomorrow  
the pounds we've gained won't be that bad  
and shouldn't bring us too much sorrow.

We were brave of heart, to have done it!  
others may have not?  
But we better be more careful next time  
and knowing just when to STOP!

Linda Winchell

# 'Take A Moment'

Now take a moment to ponder,  
What it is you really want.  
Is that path that you've been running on,  
Of timeless, daily, fruitless flaunts?

Are you really at the place in life?  
That it now fills your every need?  
Or are you so focused on getting the prize?  
That you've now failed to succeed?

Sometimes it's not the prize we seek,  
But a reason just to be.  
A part of God's bigger picture and plan,  
The one He painted for us eventually to see.

Life seems to be out of reach sometimes,  
And then, seems so close at hand.  
But if you're gain becomes your purpose lost,  
Of what race have you then ran?

Take some time and take a breath,  
Pulling all into your lungs.  
Life is not that serious my friend,  
And with God, much easier made to run!

Linda Winchell

# 'Take It On The Lamb'

Take it on the lamb  
can't run on home to Ma, Ma!  
Place your tail between you legs  
holding your, Yaba, Daba, Daba!

Steal those snorts of Jack Daniels  
Smoke a joint of wacky weed or two.  
Take it on the lamb while liquored up puffing  
holding your, Yaba, Daba, and Do!

Now a Cave man kind of life style  
like the Flintstones you've become.  
Lying in a gutter drunk and alone  
holding your, Yaba, Daba, Do  
and your going nowhere chums!

Linda Winchell

# 'Take Jesus Off The Cross'

Let's take Jesus off the cross  
He's done that deed already for me and you.  
He's no longer nailed to the cross  
Or still shedding His blood  
That He came to do.

If we only see Him hanging from a cross of wood  
He will not get to walk and live in me or you.  
His death on the cross and resurrection wasn't the end you see  
He has more for you and me to do.

Erase the image from your mind  
Let Jesus live and work inside of thee.  
For the world in so in need of His love  
Which He can share with others then to see.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Take Me Fishing'

' Take me fishin Paw, ' was a young boys cry!  
I have the worms I caught outside.

I crawled in the dark all night long,  
In our yard, on the fresh mowed lawn.

I borrowed your flashlight, so that I might see,  
The fattest of Night Crawlers, looking back at me.

Slippery fellas, but I caught them all!  
' Now let's go fishin, can we Paw? '

I have my pole and special hooks for worms,  
And I'm not afraid if the wiggle and squirm.

Get the boat and the gear we need,  
Mom made Lemonade, it's freshly squeezed!

Take me fishin Paw, would you please?  
I'm big enough now, I'm up too your knees!

I'll scale and gut the fish by myself,  
And clean up good,  
Put stuff back on the shelf!

' My son it's not that time of year,  
I'm headed off to get that deer.'

But one day soon, I promise son,  
We'll go fishin from dawn, till setting sun.

Linda Winchell

# 'Take Me Home'

Take me home and lay me down  
under the old oak tree that will shade my ground.  
I've lived my life, the life God gave  
now it is time to lay me down  
deep in my grave.

Shed no tears for me that be wiped by sleeve  
for I have lived my life, of all that was cleaved.  
See only goodness in my death, that now I should live  
For this old oak tree to shade all that my Lord did give.

Linda Winchell

# 'Take Me Home Oh Father'

Take me home oh Father, take me home,  
For I've wandered this land You made alone.

No one understood of what I am,  
Wasn't loved it seemed by beast or man.

Take me home oh Father, take me home,  
My lifes' work seems over for me now.

I have done all You have asked of me,  
Oh Dear Father do You hear my plea?

Take me home oh Father, take me home,  
The pain is more than one can bare.

Take me home oh Father take me home,  
To a place You promised if You care.

Take me home oh Father if You would,  
For all my life I've tried to do what's good.

Take me home oh Father my life is done,  
All has ended please now take me to Your Son.

Linda Winchell

# 'Take Me One Step Closer'

Take me one step closer Lord  
Closer to Your throne!  
Help me walk, and stand up tall  
help me walk, Heaven's golden halls.

Place each footstep for me,  
please Lord, plant them hard and firm.  
Help my broken body Lord  
not to feel lifes pain I've earned.

Give me strength, strength in all  
take me one step closer Lord  
take my hand and guild my steps  
Closer to all Your kingdoms all.

Bring life back in my Spiritual legs  
balance me on my broken bodies beam.  
Help me look beyond my eyes  
of what they have not yet seen.

Paint some double yellow lines my Lord  
for this passengers seat that I ride.  
And help me Lord, my God above  
Keeping You always on my drivers side.

Linda Winchell

# 'Take The First Step'

He who is without sin  
need to take the first of step.  
Is there any among you, so righteous  
Anyone who feels that they're the best?

We all walk around pointing fingers  
where four of them at you now point.  
Fingers crippled point with your condemnation  
with body language, them now anoint.

We sit in pews giving Religious praise  
yet towards God's own children  
our fingers pointed now are raised.

Our wagging tongues, opinions rage  
At two Presidential hopefuls  
Televised debates upon a stage.

Where prayers for our Nations President, be more of need  
Take the first step out for God  
For America's people with God succeed.

Linda Winchell

# 'Take Time To Count Your Blessings'

We need to take time to count our blessings  
We need to count them all, one by one.  
And see the blessings that God has given  
Praising while counting everyone!

Just wakening up in the morning  
Breathing in earth's fresh clean air.  
While millions suffer huddled to retain their warmth  
Living in such deep anguish and deep dispare.

You may be able to sit at a breakfast table  
While millions of children in our world starve.  
Your eyes may view beautiful beds of flowers  
While others haven't even shelter or a yard.

Stop such selfish moaning and wants!  
For those things yet haven't not.  
While children run from terrorist in the streets  
Barely missing guns deadly bullets shot.

If you can hold someones hand or hug them  
These are un-counted blessings too.  
To afford a soul who's hurting a warm hug  
Of anothers loving arms from you.

If you have food with-in a refrigerator  
Or spare change for your church offering plate.  
Knowing there are some who have no food at all  
Not even a fork, spoon, cup or plate.

We can go to our sinks faucets  
And let gallons of water wasted flow.  
While there are some who drink grey desease of filth  
Where animals drink and tribes women wash their clothes.

Yes we should count all our blessings  
We have them more than numbers are.  
We should fall down to our knees!  
And thank God, just where our blessings are.

Linda Winchell

# 'Take Your Shoes Off At The Door'

Please take off your shoes at the door  
Go and leave them on the floor.  
I'm tired of scrubbing up other's filth  
I don't want to do it anymore!

I never took on the job of being your maid  
And the pay is horrible at that!  
I want to sit and relax a bit more  
And work this pain out of my neck and back.

I seem to be always down on my knees  
Scrubbing all of my days away.  
Now this is no way to treat a lady  
To let these things continue go on this way.

So if you're not willing  
To abide but what I've asked.  
I will hand you all a mop and bucket  
And give you all these household tasks!

Linda Winchell

# 'Taking Back What You've Said'

I tried to defend... just what I had said  
Retract what ...I had just spewed out!  
But the deeper I tried now to rectify  
The harder it got... to back out!

If you ever find yourself in this fix  
Just admit whatever... it was you've said.  
It's better than trying... to find your way back  
And you need to just keep focused... ahead.

No sense in trying to make it right  
It really doesn't seem to work.  
And you only end up looking like a fool  
While playing that... defensive style of jerk.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Talk Isn'T Cheap'

Talk isn't cheap you know  
Most couldn't ever pay the cost.  
Because once you let your words come out  
You my friend may just be lost.

You open up your mouth and there it goes!  
Flying out like horrible vomits trust!  
Then the one you are placing those words upon  
Eventually have now lost you to trust.

They'll remain gun shy with anything you speak  
Staying away from you maybe after that.  
Always waiting for the other shoe to drop  
And uncomfortable of where it is that you're at.

So whomever said that talk is cheap  
Never really paid its price.  
So keep a large bank account going  
That is my small talk advice.

Linda Winchell

# 'Talk Shows'

Cackling hens, those woman on The View!  
A talk show, not representing me!  
are they representing the views of you?

Five obnoxious woman, with some loud mouth blondes!  
One a large mouth brunet, Jewish comedian  
with red hair, who talks about sex, like some clown!

Now they're talking about, our President Bush!  
Getting him to leave the White House NOW!  
So Obama can start, his policy, make-over push!

Why don't they tend, to other matters at hand?  
like taking all of their money and ideas  
and help this starving land?

Insead of placing large sums of money  
where their mouth isn't at!  
Five woman at a table cackling  
clucking about this, and about that!

Nothing really being said  
just cackling sexist style crap!  
Please put something good back on T.V.!  
that's were my kind of Talk Shows should be at!

Linda Winchell

# 'Teach Me Lord How To Pray'

Dear Lord... would you teach me how to pray?  
I've found it very hard at times,  
To find the right words to say.  
It all seems like bunched up words of line.

I know you hear the smallest of prayers,  
Like when a child says, " Lay Me Down To Sleep"  
But for some odd known reason Lord,  
It doesn't cut right through,  
What my heartfelt feelings keep.

So when you get a minute Lord,  
Please do send me the words... as I kneel before your throne,  
And I promise Lord I'll try harder at,  
What I know in my heart I can pray alone.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2010

Linda Winchell

# 'Teach Your Children'

Are we really listening?  
To what our children say?  
Do we spend the time we should?  
Teaching them...each and every day?

They really have some great ideas  
When asking... if they could help you cook.  
Not every parenting tip that you know  
Was written in your personal parenting book.

When your son comes up to dad and asks  
"Can I help you dad to mow? "  
And you reply, "Not this time boy"  
And he turns away to go.

What did you really say to him?  
Those words your children... read between your lines.  
Their sting is deeper than you might know  
When you push your child aside.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Tear Down The Walls'

Tear down the walls we've put up,  
So that we're then able to see behind,  
All of what our walls bricks had blocked from viewing,  
Those walls covered with thorns and many tangled vines.

We may not even know it,  
That our walls were being built,  
But brick by brick they formed their barriers,  
Where even ...some of the walls put up did tilt.

Mortar of ones own tears and sweat,  
Of all our life's hurt and pain,  
Not realizing that you've built any at all,  
Yet we all must in one agree...  
Let's go and let what we've built now fall!

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Tears Come In Funny Places'

Tears come in funny places  
when you least expect them too.  
All of a sudden the eyes well up  
crying out, with sounding vocals of ones, boo-hoo's!

You'll find them sometime appearing  
while bidding a loved one, 'ado.'  
Some are shed in a moments sadness  
they are just that emotions, emotional fuse.

One might try to restrain their tears  
from flowing down ones cheeks.  
But you will never be able to stop their flow  
it might cause you to spring a leak!

Joy, sadness, fear and anger  
and from ones laughter, sometimes too!  
Tears come in funny places  
they can and will happen one day to you!

Linda Winchell

# 'Tears Of Forgiveness'

Do you think your tears will bring you God's forgiveness?  
Well you've got it all wrong my friend,  
Forgiveness only comes through the blood of Jesus Christ,  
Which will wash away all of mankinds sin.

You may claim to be a Christian,  
But what about a true believer be?  
Anyone can raise their hands and shout God's praises,  
But it's our hearts the Lord really wants to see.

The trueness of the heart of man,  
That which no earthly man can see inside,  
For the heart can render many secrets held,  
From others you may its content hide.

So cry a river of tears if you must,  
Showing all who view their streams,  
But what your heart hides from anothers view,  
Is really who God wants us all too truly be.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2010

Linda Winchell

# 'Tell Me What I Want To Hear'

Just tell me what I want to hear,  
not what I really need to know,  
Just stroke my ego for me please,  
not to fast now take it real slow!

I don't want to hear the truth from you,  
even though you say I ought to know,  
But I can't handle what the truth has to bring,  
So I'd really rather just not know.

Fill me up with all mindless matter of things  
that's about all I seem these days to comprehend,  
I don't want to hear the truth your words might bring,  
On that platform from which you stand!

I have my own set of rules,  
I made them up all by myself!  
And when I need one to fit the bill,  
I go and take one down off my egotistic shelf!

So please tell me what I want to hear,  
keep that other stuff to yourself,  
But be there when I need you please,  
that I might just talk a little more about myself.

Linda Winchell

# 'Test Results'

I went to my Doctor early today  
To get the results of some tests they ran!  
One was called an Ultrasound  
And the other, something called a Kitty Cat Scan?

They also drew five vials of blood from me!  
So much, I wasn't sure I would be able to stand!  
And they all came back negative!  
Along with the Ultrasound and Scan!

But they did say however  
That I have been diagnosed with I.B.S!  
She explained it was caused from a bad diet  
But most of all, it was caused from STRESS!

I.B.S causes me to have stomach cramps  
And GAS! , We won't get into that!  
All I can say is you wouldn't want to be around me!  
When I'm having my I.B.S. GAS ATTACK!

It's like heading face first into a wind storm!  
Blowing your facial features way out of wack!  
Then your eyes begin to water!  
And your lips go flapping wind blown, Flap-pity, Flap!

So now that you know I'm not going to pass away soon  
From some dreaded horrible disease!  
Come on over to visit but don't stand to close!  
I can't hold back my I.B.S., with just a butt cheek SQUEEZE!

Linda Winchell

# 'Thank You For The Thorns'

I have never stopped to thank you, " Lord"  
For the thorns in my life you gave.  
I've only looked at the blooms on top  
Of the roses that you've made.

But the thorns are there to always remind me  
Of the suffering you had endured.  
And for all the tears you've shed for me  
And your cries that went silently unheard.

Thank you Lord for the thorns  
For they're pokes, have made me stronger yet.  
To handle all I have to, " My Lord"  
And more I will inevitably come yet to get.

Linda Winchell

# 'Thank You God'

With grateful heart, I thank you God  
While I bow my head in prayer.  
I thank you for, my family and friends  
and all the memories that we've shared.

I thank you for each grandchild  
they make me, oh so proud.  
I thank you for that husband of mine  
they all make, such a happy crowd!

I'm thankful for the home we built  
on the land, we both love so.  
Our walks beside our spring fed pond  
through the leaves, and their caressing, of our toes.

I love when we catch the sight of a deer  
when frost tinges, Autumn air.  
Where I often listen in the night  
to sounds, as they're filling night air.

A whippoorwill, coyotes, and our favorite goats bawl  
and his brothers comforting sound of reassurance  
echoing through it all.

I often walk in the night  
beneath skies, stars so bright.  
And as the moon gleams brightly above  
giving off, the bright of light.

Just thank you God, for always listening  
In my lonely hours and times  
And hearing all the prayers I send  
and the ones, I have put to rhyme.

Linda Winchell

# 'Thank You! '

I wanted to take some time to say..." thank you"  
To the body... that has serviced me so.  
I wanted to thank each part... one by one  
Before they decide to..."get up and go! "

"Thank you"... to my heart... that always beats  
For pumping blood... through-out my veins.  
"Thank you".... for always being there, to beat  
Beating time and yet time again.

And" thank you" for my pair of blue green eyes that view  
All of God's beauty...He has set upon this earth.  
"Thank you" for looking out for me  
All this time... from the first day of my birth.

"Thank you" hands... for helping me  
Allowing me to share.... with others, all your gifts.  
Helping me make meals...day after day  
And being able to defend myself at times... with your fists!

And "thank you"...for my feet below  
For you have carried me... many miles and more I hope to go.  
And for always... keeping me upright  
With your heals.... and all ten toes.

And most of all... I want to say "thank you"  
To my knees....that has allowed me to bend in prayer.  
I know that I would have still found a way to pray  
But "thank you" knees... for always being there.

And for all the other parts I've missed  
I send you the warmest of a kiss..."thank you lips".  
I couldn't have done it with-out all of you.  
Just wanted you to know...by saying..."Thank you! "

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009



# 'Thanksgiving Day Is Over'

Thanksgiving Day is over. All the cooking done and et!  
Sent home with most of my company, left overs  
with containers in foil, and some covers I could find that fit!

After we all ate desert, everyone got sleepy eyed!  
then someone said, 'well I think its time to go'  
and they all were packed up pulling out the drive!

Seems Thanksgiving came and went by so quickly!  
Now black Friday and then Christmas Eve and Day.  
Then onto New Years, ringing in the new  
and saying fairwell to your, last years yesterdays.

Holidays come too fast, and leave quickly as they do!  
I don't remember that when I was younger  
did it seem that way and fast too you?

Well Thanksgiving dinner is over  
but there is some turkey in the frig.  
I think I'll just make a sandwich  
and set down, with my Thanksgiving Day memories to relive!

Linda Winchell

# 'Thanksgiving Dinner'

Stuff the turkey, bake the bread  
families coming, they all have got to be fed!

Up early in the morning, to get it all done!  
Finally together again, going to have some family fun!

Make all the pies, and Jello molds too!  
Deserts Grandmas favorite of Thanksgiving dinner  
and my Grandpa's favorite too!

Hope the roads will be clear enough for their drive  
want them to get here safe and most of all, alive!

Clean the house, shine all the silver to use  
on Thanksgiving Day, paper plates are NEVER used!

Children are excited to see all of their favorite relatives  
some of them make them laugh all day  
with the jokes, that they play on the kids.

I am working on overdrive and don't really feel tired  
but after Thanksgiving dinners over  
I will go to bed for a week and retire!

'Happy Thanksgiving! '

Linda Winchell

# 'That's Just My Opinion'

I think the worlds brains are plugged!  
They need to flush them clean!  
Now this is just My opinion,  
So no comments that are mean!

I think Mom and Dad have gone nuts,  
They got a divorce after having me.  
Now this is just my opinion,  
My opinion of what I see.

I don't think the ice is melting,  
I don't think the ozones messed up!  
But this is just my opinion,  
Even if your thinking, I should shut up!

The Polar Bears are ok, and so are whales too!  
This is just the things of things,  
There's really not much you can do!

That's just my perfection of opinion,  
You can keep yours to yourself.  
I'm not interested in what you think of me,  
That's my opinion of myself!

Linda Winchell

# 'The Artist'

Art fair on our downtown streets  
everyone selling what they've made.  
Had an Artist do his rendition of me  
said he'd capture my face for me to save.

As I sat, he seemed to go deep inside  
seeing the real me that lay within.  
When he finished the drawing of who he saw  
On my face I could feel my grin begin.

It was a clownish caricature  
head big and shaped like a pear!  
My eyes were my finest feature  
and he seemed to capture the style of my hair.

My smile seemed wider than my face  
spread across from cheek to cheek!  
I'm glad I waited to see the finished product  
and he didn't let me sneak a peek!

I don't think I would have let him complete it  
what he said he seen me really as.  
Because I would have told him bluntly  
saying, 'Your making me look like some kind of Spaz! '

Maybe we really don't see ourselves  
as some others see us as.  
And I'm really not as pretty as I think  
and really look like some pear shaped spaz?

Linda Winchell

# 'The Best Of Gifts'

Having trouble maybe selecting?  
That perfect gift, for someone dear this year.  
I have a few suggestions to offer you  
So take a listen to my suggestions,  
I'll try and make them real clear.

#1. The gift of listening...now here's a gift that will never fail.

#2. The gift of affection...where all other gifts seem so pale.

#3. The gift of laughter...now that one can be a real blast!

#4. The gift of a written note...from someone in your past.

#5. The gift of a compliment...now who doesn't need that from time to time?

Or possibly this poem of suggestions?  
I've just written in rhyme.

Whatever it is you pick to give  
First of all, I suggest you give it from your heart.  
Now that's the best gift of all  
And a real good place to start!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'The Blame Game'

Have you ever played the Blame Game?  
Or knew someone that did?  
It's where you say, 'I didn't do it!  
The other guy, they did! '

Or have you possibly taken the blame?  
for what another person may have done?  
I know that getting blamed for it  
doesn't sound like too much fun.

But there was a man who took the blame  
for what mankind's sin made a mess.  
He was nailed to a cross for our sins  
The mans name, was Jesus of Nazareth.

We are not to blame another  
for what we ourselves have manage to do.  
Stand up for Christ our redeeming Savior  
He took the blame and never placed it all on you.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Bride'

She enters in... dressed all in white  
Porcelain skinned...with the largest of, "Mona Lisa" eyes.  
Ruby lips...hair done up in Victorian of curls  
Her father's face... holding his look of loves adoring surprise.

The day had come...they'd all been waiting for  
She was about to become a wife.  
Giving her heart... now ...forever more  
To the man... she has lovingly taken for life.

The Pastor repeats...those much known words  
"Do you take this woman to be your wife? "  
"And do you take this man my dearest one?  
To love and cherish...till the end of life? "

Rings now exchanged...place on left fingers hand  
Then...gently sealed ... with a kiss.  
As she and her betrothed floated on down the aisle  
In such perfect... now marital bliss.

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

\*\*Dedicated to My Niece and her husband

Linda Winchell

# 'The Bridge Between, Right And Wrong'

If I could build a bridge  
Between what's right and wrong.  
I wonder if anyone would cross over it?  
And maybe end up where they belong?

We've all thought we are right at times  
Until someone calls us out.  
Then we find that we've been wrong all along  
Where you first had not a doubt.

Then when you've thought you may be wrong  
Someone tells you that you're not.  
I guess there is no other way to say this but  
We're all going to get just what is got.

But if your walking with the Lord  
Then you will never question what side your on.  
For the Lord's love will be all you'll need  
Building a stronger Godly bridgley, holy bond.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Brightest Star In The Heavens'

There's the brightest star in the heavens  
and it seems to be shining down on me.  
I noticed it just the other night  
when I was looking up, you see.

It twinkled brightly as I gazed  
as if it were saying to me, 'Hello! '  
And seemed to gleam a bit brighter then  
it gave off a brilliant after glow.

I wonder if it see's me?  
And Is there someone looking down at me?  
It's the brightest star in all the heavens  
and it's brightness was made for all to see.

One day I may travel, to where this star was formed.  
And sit with others who have seen it too  
and where other small bright stars are born.

To the place they call the Milky Way  
or Pluto, or of the planet Saturn.  
Where the maker of all the stars  
lights each one, with His magic lantern.

Where time has no ending  
where there is room enough for all.  
In the clouds with their silver linings  
and all walk in great of golden halls.

Keep shining star, shine on me  
may your beams fill all dreams tonight.  
Until one day others too say  
You are the brightest of all stars they've seen tonight.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Child Within'

There's a child that lives within us all  
That one who want's to come out and play.  
But we keep it tucked out of sight  
Afraid of what others are going to say.

Once a playful little girl  
Or an energetic little boy.  
Finding joy in everything  
With their childish self-employed.

Rosy cheeks from skipping rope  
While whistling a childhood happy tune.  
Loving the life they live in  
Like the freshness of a flowers bloom.

I suggest you dig deep within yourself  
Pulling out that child now grown.  
You are still that child believe me friend  
Just a bigger child, of the smaller one you'd known.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Circus Rolled Into Town'

The circus rolled into town last night  
setting up their tents and decoratively painted wooden trailers.  
You could hear the roaring lions and tigers, voicing hunger  
screeching monkey's, as they hung from their tails.

The tallest man placed the banners high  
the rubber ban man pulled them very tight.  
The two headed man just gave his mixed opinion  
of what they were or weren't doing right!

The fat lady sat while maintaining  
all that luscious blubber she carried around.  
I am so glad that the circus chose  
To roll in over night to our town.

I'll run down and buy two tickets  
before they are all gone.  
I want to sit in the front row with Joe  
they're the best in the tent to be found.

The ring master calls out loudly  
for the three ring show to begin!  
Then in walk ten great elephants  
with beautifully dressed ladies  
sitting perched atop of them.

There above swinging from her trapeze  
is the fairest lady of them all.  
I see they've placed up some nets  
just incase she happened to slip and fall.

Then in come the clowns  
with their buckets of water and rubber nose.  
They squirt each other and squeak their horns  
and spray at the audience with confetti from a hose!

The lions and their Tamer are in a cage  
he's cracking on his whip!  
The lions don't seem to really mind

for it never seems, on them to hit.

Joe and I munch on cotton candy

then head off to see much more.

There's a tent that claims to have the biggest snake in the world

do I need say anymore?

My friend Joe and I had fun today

when the circus rolled into town.

And one day soon I hope it returns

'The Greatest Show In The World To Be Found! '

Linda Winchell

# 'The City-Ots'

I think there's a new culture living in our Cities,  
They're called the, 'City-ots'.  
They speak a language all their own,  
But some sound like mumbling idi-ots!

They use not pronoun, adjectives or verbs to speak,  
The language I think is Spinglish,  
Consisting of, grunts, slurs and MANY bleeps!

They wear pants which have no belts,  
So around their knees their pants are felt.

I met one of the City-ots', just the other day,  
And not one word could I understand.  
Fu, Da, ya-no's?  
And maybe I think, haja doin mam?

They paint in their colors, on trains, walls and such,  
But to me they make no artistic sense,  
I think their arts a bit too much!

I also see that they carry brown paper bags,  
And often tip them to their lips.  
I guess they are taking somekind of medicine,  
to save gas on those expensive Doctor trips.

Most of this culture doesn't seem to work,  
Our Government pays them all to stay home.  
I guess they're doing pretty well it seems,  
They drive big fancy cars with lots of shinny chrome.

They dress well too, in some FINE shoes and suits,  
And there are a lot of street ladies,  
In short skirts and fancy high-heeled boots.

I just thought I would write to let you know,  
not to forget your camera before you come.  
You may run across one for yourself,  
In the City of City-ots', where now we all look dumb.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Colors Of God's Magic'

The colors of God's magic  
Has the most magnificent, of hues.  
The colors that He pulls from the palm of His hand  
Are the finest of any on earth ever used.

He grinds them with His fingers  
Taking a pinch of this and a pinch of that!  
He knows just what to mix in, you see  
And knows just where He will place each color at.

He colors in our skies the bluest of blue  
The finest man has ever seen.  
He fills in the yellows of earths daffodils  
And grasses the greenest of greens.

The magic of God's grace and love  
Is seen in all the colored things of the earth.  
It now given for mankind to enjoy  
As was our, " Christ's Jesus'" virgin birth.

The pink that His Father placed in His cheeks  
Rose color red of hue upon His babe of lips.  
The color of His skin so pure and soft  
From His tiny toes to His fingertips.

Colors only His Father could make  
This I know in my heart, now for sure.  
For He also has colored my life in, with His love  
God's magic of love so deeply now endeared.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Dance'

When we are young, we already know how to dance.  
To kick up our heels, to just take a chance.  
To feel with our heart, in the smallest of ways  
As we grow older, oh why does most go away?

So we all have to take life's dance lessons over again  
If only to relearn what's been lost.  
Bringing whatever memories pain  
Whatever it's cost!

In its Spiritual of meaning  
It twirls us while we're dancing around!  
Until our life's over  
And we're placed deep in the ground.

So learn your steps well  
And dance all you have left.  
Do what God shows you my friend  
Now dance your very life's best!

Linda Winchell

# 'The Death Of Baby Grace'

Read in the headlines today  
Of a child now known as, 'Baby Grace.'  
Such a sweet little child of God  
Seen in a photo sporting a smile upon  
A small pale Angelic face.

She was murdered by her Mother and Father  
When beaten and thrown across the room.  
Splitting her skull, then was stuffed in a box  
Hidden in a shed, which for a month  
There became her unwanted plastic tomb.

Then taken to the ocean  
Box thrown like garbage into the sea.  
Baby Grace is no longer living  
Never again her sweet smile to see.

Her pleas for help unanswered  
As her two parents, administered those leathal blows.  
Now Baby Grace is God's little Angel  
With a halo of light so brightly lit now glows.

She cried out, 'Mommy I love you! '  
Hoping that their abuse would somehow stop!  
But all this little Baby received from Mom  
Was another beating or back-handed pop!

The world will miss you sweet child of Grace  
Neighbors and friends never again will see  
Your sweet Angelic looking face.

God heard you my child, your cries of, 'I love you's'  
No more my child to feel the pain  
Of those who they called your parents  
The one's who only chose to you abuse.

\*God Bless You, 'Baby Grace.'  
'Rest in God's arms.'

Linda Winchell

# 'The Dust Has Settled'

The dust has settled now  
The kids are down for the night.  
Hubby's tummy filled with too much dinner and desert  
His gut's about to burst!  
And is really quite a sight!

Now my time to do kitchen clean up  
Dry and put all the dishes away.  
Time for me to reflect  
To take a good hard look, back on my day.

My youngest daughters a hoot!  
She'll drive anyone, crazy, ' bug nuts! '  
She has to be right on everything  
And dealing with her teen years, is getting really tough!

Alone I sit in the kitchen, after dishes are done  
It's my time to relax, sip a hot cup of coffee  
While dunking our dinner's, left over honey wheat bun.

Nice I think, crazy as it sometimes is  
But I wouldn't change it for anything.  
No matter how expensive it is!

I'm that Mom that my Mom was  
Who raised all of us five kids.  
I never thought that I too could do it  
But can now look back at, just what it is that I did.

Linda Winchell

# The Essence Of Time'

Time fades so quickly  
so much faster than you might think.  
For some it seems to go so slowly  
but yet every day is gone within a blink.

Treasure what you have of them  
for they are all that one may have.  
They form those days of gleefulness  
their tommorows remove those days of sad.

Time is but of an essence  
of the memories in which we bore.  
For the winds of time coming erase  
all those memories which we've formed.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Father I Didn'T Know'

I never knew my Father  
Mom left him when I was two.  
I always felt a deep hole inside  
But didn't know just what to do.

Always wanted to know more about him  
Was he kind, was he funny, was he good?  
All those things my Mom never shared  
Because she didn't know if she should.

But when I grew up a bit  
And was off on my own.  
I took the time to search for him  
And found him in a V.A. home.

He had all kinds of sicknesses  
Caused by an alcoholic lifestyle.  
We sat and talked and hugged a bit  
But I only could stay a short while.

I know I came from his genes  
But at this time of our visit.  
There seemed to be no real substance  
Of anything really in it.

I'm glad however that I found  
The man I wanted to know.  
He was and always will be my Father  
I guess that's all...I really need to know.

'Happy Father's Day Dad'

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009  
© smilesforyou - all rights reserved.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Gaps In-Between'

Those moments that cause us anger and pain  
Are just gaps formed in-between.  
Of the things we didn't really understand  
Possibly heard incorrectly or maybe wrongly seen.

This form of our own prides ignorance seep  
Causes wars and most family and friend disputes.  
Sad to think it's over the gaps formed  
That in our lives we dig so deep.

Filling them isn't really that hard to do  
Just take time to listen and maybe learn.  
What it was you may have misunderstood  
In the muck of anger that you've seemed to churn.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'The Greatest Decision Made'

I had a decision to make one day  
About the road I was going to travel.  
While looking at my life of sin  
And all of it...that it had unraveled.

Frayed ends...with many lose pieces of  
That past life... I once had sinfully owned.  
But I found a different life in God Almighty  
And an entire new road... His love has shown.

For He took me out of my depth of sadness  
He also... forgave me of those sins.  
So the decision I made that day  
Is to always and forever... to walk this road with Him.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'The Grim Reaper'

My name is the, 'Grim Reaper'  
I carry a cycle in my hand!  
to cut away the cob webs of time  
as I visit death on this land.

To take each because  
their numbers now up!  
To a place God has prepared  
at His table to sup!

I don't know why  
you wish to call me Grim?  
I am only sent by God my Father  
to do this dreaded job, caused from sin!

Grim is not, what I should be called  
an Angel of those sleeping  
that's it, that's really all!

Don't fear what, you will all have to do  
I will be coming one day  
one day, I'll be visiting you!

Linda Winchell

# 'The Ground'

The ground is working its hardest,  
Right before the flowers of springtime come into bloom,  
Struggling to poke their colorful heads for all to see,  
What beneath the earth entombed.

Winter's frosty days and nights,  
Have left the ground as hard as stone,  
But with time and warmth that spring shall bring,  
The ground will give many a birth of home.

It feeds the creatures that walk upon,  
It holds our footing firm,  
It even feeds unseen creatures below,  
Like the littlest of worms and bugs that squirm.

Creating trees and bushes,  
Bringing air its breathable clarity,  
So see the ground isn't really that hard at all,  
It was put there for you and me.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'The Haunting Of Westchester Mansion'

She haunted the halls of Westchester Mansion  
Wandering them each moon lit night.  
When one day there came a visitor  
That moved in and got a horrible fright.

Not knowing that the Mansion was haunted  
By the lady they called, " Miss Grace"  
Now she's just a floating white of mist  
Without a body or a face.

Taken earlier than she had wished for  
Taken to an early grave.  
No one was able to cure her ills  
Even though everyone tried her to save.

So she's now destine to wander  
Searching for her only true of love  
He too now gone to his grave  
Yet wandering outside Westchester Mansion without form.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'The Heart'

The heart is a fragile muscle  
needs to be exercised every day.  
It breaks if not filled with love inside  
of the love that was taken away.

The heart is more than flesh  
that pumps blood through every vein.  
It soothes the need of the human spirit  
in time it heals hearts from the pain.

Be gentle with this heart of mine  
I have been healing that part of me.  
For I had a love so deep inside my heart  
so deep inside you see.

I might let another love me  
again another day.  
But for now I need to heal this heart  
in every passing heart fulfilling way.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Incomplete List'

Are we so concerned with our own "To Do" list?  
That we've somehow... pushed God's listed now aside?  
(Mark 10: 21) ..."One thing you lack..."  
When you are more concerned with our owns completion  
That we've now lost sight what... our God of you has asked.

We lose sight... of God's love for us and others  
By focusing....now only on our own.  
Of being rich and having status in this life  
We are blinded... of the greatest treasure we all can own.

Walking in and with our King..." Jesus"  
Obsessed by are own list of "Things to Do"  
Is this my friend...where maybe you are at?  
Is this really the list you wish... to completely do?  
Or should you rather...focus on the list we've all been given?  
To make the world as much as we can...anew.

Newness in Christ Jesus  
Newness in.... and through His given life and blood  
Newness for the entire world to see  
A newness of our Savior Jesus' love.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Industrial Revolution'

The Industrial Revolution

Has the world, now searching for a better solution.  
To remove all of Earth's pollution  
Before it causes more  
Of mankind's and nature's evolution.

We've seemed to have made a mess of things  
Polluting the air in which we breathe.  
But there where to many people  
Claiming false promises that we all believed.

That they would make those changes needed  
To go and clean up the mess they'd made.  
But all they did was mask it all  
Burying their poisonous messes in un-marked graves.

Then along came those scamming builders  
Placing homes on top of those toxic dumps.  
Selling those who bought homes a bill of goods  
All left now feeling like real chumps.

Land not worth a penny  
On the dollar that they spent.  
In walks good old, 'Uncle Sam'  
To buy up their homes, to circumvent.

But the damage had already been experienced  
Babies born with cancers and Birth Defects.  
All in the name of something  
We all called, "American Progress!"

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'The Lady In The Window'

Shes the lady in the window  
her eyes in a death like, cold of stare.  
What must her mind be thinking of?  
And is she, even really there?

She sits all day, just staring  
is she awaiting, someones return?  
The sun is brightly piercing her skin  
giving her eyes its suns, heat of burn.

When was it that, she came here to sit?  
by the window day and night?  
Has anyone ever asked her?  
about why she stares, with her glaze of sight?

It's been said, she waits for nothing  
and then there are some that say, she does.  
I guess I will never understand, this lady in the window  
Why she just sits and stares, just because.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Language Of Time'

"The Language Of Time"

(Math.22-36: 40)

A language long seemed lost to many  
Is the language we should all now be speaking.  
Of Love, Joy and Peace on Earth  
A language so worth in keeping.

Love is the greatest language of any  
A language most understood by one and all.  
Jesus proved this language in so many ways  
His death was the loudest words, spoken to us all.

Nations rise, and then they fall  
So is the fate of all mankind.  
But the language of God's word spoken in Love  
Will be the only language... that will last until the end of time.

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'The Letters That You Wrote Me'

I have each letter that you sent me son,  
While you were fighting overseas.  
I've taken the time to read them once,  
Then twice and then maybe three?

I prayed for you each day my dear,  
While you were over there.  
I hope you felt my plea to God?  
I hope you knew Mom cared.

I have saved them so I can be reminded,  
Of the letters' that Jesus wrote from God.  
They are written in the Bible for all,  
Some think they're meanings odd.

God knew what his Son was saying,  
In the messages that He gave.  
And died upon a cross for us,  
And then rose up from the grave!

No grave was given too you my son,  
But to others that you knew.  
And I know their Mothers' saved their letters,  
As I did mine from you.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Measure Of A True Friend'

The measure of a true friend  
Is the time they take to invest in YOU!  
Maybe just a phone call  
Or making that special dinner for two!

The yard stick that a true friend uses  
Doesn't ever, even exist!  
They give you all they have of them  
And go even beyond all this!

They listen to your moans and groans  
And lend a shoulder for you to cry!  
They are never, ever far away  
They are always close by.

An emailed e-card, just to say, 'Hi! '  
Or a special customized poem or two.  
That is the measure of a real, 'True Friend'  
And I am that truest of friend for YOU!

Linda Winchell

# 'The Mistake Of Loving You'

I Shouldn't have said, " I Love You"  
And given my heart away.  
I should have waited a bit longer  
To see if you would stay.

But what I was feeling inside of me  
Was more than I could seem to keep.  
Therefore, I opened up my heart to you  
And out my love's blood did seep.

Now, I am sitting here all alone  
Not knowing what or how to act.  
My heart now broken, in many pieces  
I'm trying so hard to keep it all in-tacked.

Why did I have to fall in love?  
Then share what I had felt with you?  
I guess next time I'll keep it to myself  
That is the easier of my alternative to do.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Mountains Hold A Secret'

Poor is poor I have always thought  
When I would view those living on the streets.  
But I was never so moved while I watched  
The ravage of mountain histories poorness repeat.

Never knew our mountains with all their beauty of green  
Held such deep dark pain-filled secrets inside.  
Of people living in some of the worst conditions  
That these Appalachia mountains seemed to hide.

Coal mining their only family legacy and life's provision  
Faith of God to pull them daily through.  
Children in such ill of health  
With little food, smokes and teeth rotting  
From a drink called 'Mt. Dew.'

Threatening, 'Black lung', is never mentioned  
Though they know that this is part of this mountain life.  
Husbands go miles below the earth to mine  
To provide a home for their children and a wife.

I look at poorness differently now  
Than maybe once I did before.  
I thank God that I'm called a, ' Middle Class American'  
And not among the poorest  
Of our America's Appalachia's mountain poor.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Naughty Button'

I see this site has an add  
to push that Naughty Button Sign!  
I was tempted to push it  
but I did gracefully declined!

Not like me to wonder  
what's behind a closed door!  
If I was too have pused it  
I might have gotten much more?

How many of you have pushed it?  
'Oh do pray, please tell! '  
Now are all that have been tempted  
going straight to you know where, HELL?

Well I would hope not  
all that have pushed it too see!  
Because then there would only be left  
Mr. Trade Martin and Me!

Linda Winchell

# 'The New Rake'

I went and bought me a new rake today  
The old one had broken on me.  
Now with this new rake in hand  
I can rake the leaves that have fallen from my trees.

I can pile them up in a row  
Set them a blaze so all will see.  
That I care what happens to my oaks and maples  
Of those leaves that once had shaded me.

My grass now has room to breathe and grow  
Turning now greener as green could be.  
All because of their winters protection given  
By the leaves that had fallen from my trees.

The air also seems much cleaner  
For the trees provided that cleanes for me.  
If I could wrap my arms around them  
I would go and hug all of my, big oak and maple trees.

They're now looking down upon me  
As I rake and toil my day along.  
While praising God for all He's made for me  
With a heart just filled with joyous song.

I know I'll be back out one day again  
When fall brings in its cool on-coming winters breeze.  
But you see, I won't mind my raking now  
Because I have a new rake  
That will help me to rake my leaves.

Linda Winchell

# 'The News'

I sit with my coffee, listening to world news  
there isn't much that's good going on today.  
There's a war over here, suicide bombers killing there  
so much hatred towards each other  
our worlds distruction and the despair.

I really didn't heard too much of that when I was young  
but then I was too busy being a little kid.  
I guess there was stuff going on way back then  
but I can't remember hearing what did.

I have some memories of the Vietnam war  
had some highschool friends that died back then.  
And the others who returned  
with fried brains, battle earned  
No one seemed to want them back home again.

So I guess nothings changed but the color of my hair  
for that went from black to white.  
Does the world really know?  
of the news which it shows?  
And of the killings, and murder and blight?

I wonder when, it all might ever stop?  
Am I thinking too far out of the box?  
I hope and I pray, that maybe one day  
all of this bad News I hear, will just STOP!

Linda Winchell

# 'The Night Before' (Sequel To: 'The Morning After')

"The Night Before"

Your morning after, was just your day before!  
Lost in a stupor, by some drink that you poured!  
Taking you to places, where you have never once been  
Lost in the arms of, a lost creature in sin!

Slipping out in, the darkness of night  
Trying to be quiet, with your wingless of flight!  
Reaching and grasping, with car keys in hand  
Trying to flee, the dreaded, stranger of man!

Arrive at homes door, and open to see  
Looking in your hall mirror  
Not liking what, it is that you see!

Hair all in tangles, a strange smell and taste in your mouth!  
As hard as you try to erase it, you cannot get it all out!

Still all sticking memories, in the back of your mind  
Given only the hope, it will go away with, just time.  
"What am I doing? " Creating this injustice, unto myself?  
"Am I that weak of faith, that I've stripped now, all of self?"

The mornings after, are but those, many nights long before!  
As you try to reach for the exit, never keeping mornings of score!  
"Help me oh Lord! " hide from my eyes! "  
"This vision in the mirror is now, but my nightmares surprise! "

Copyright 2008

Linda Winchell

# 'The Night The Lights Went Out' (In Memory Of A Child Lost)

Why did a child have to die?  
The night the lights went out?  
Why wasn't there a lock placed on that box?  
So a child's curiosity, would have been locked out!

The lights went out  
and didn't know the reason why.  
Then sounds of ambulances  
and fire trucks, police sirens  
and lights flashing in darkened sky.

Then seeing a small charred body taken away  
all burnt, and blackened from the heat.  
Smell of flesh one could never forget  
this little child's burn of meat.

Dear God what is this child's death to show me?  
Why wasn't it something else to be?  
Why Dear God did you have my heart  
feel what now my eyes have seen?

The night the lights went out  
will always in my mind remain.  
Another Holiday's senseless loss of life  
and all are now filled with its deepest shame.

Linda Winchell

# The Old Door

There's an old door in my garden,  
Was put there long ago.  
Rather than leave it for the trash,  
I planted it so it might grow.

Dug deep I did that it might root,  
And one morning I might see.  
The hand of the Lord at work,  
Of an old door birthed from a tree.

' Knock and it shall be open',  
These words written so long ago.  
So much lay beyond for you and me,  
More than you'll ever know.

This door once hung on someones house,  
Held by hinges made of brass.  
Painted white, chipped and faded now,  
With panes crystal clear, now just broken glass.

How many times did one knock,  
Yet never enter in?  
Held to all their selfish needs and pride,  
And not forgiven of their sins.

Every year I will replant,  
With hopes that with sun and rain.  
It will bring forth little seedlings,  
From the wood, the brass, the panes.

Then I shall place God's harvest,  
Along the roadside, for you to take on your way home.  
Then maybe you'll plant one of your own,  
From the old door God had grown.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Old Wooden Hanger

I made you a wooden hanger  
That now hangs... in our bedroom closet all alone.  
Empty of that Sunday coat  
My dear, dear wife had worn.

Hat and gloves were on the shelf  
They are gone now too.  
But the memory of that hanger my dear wife  
Brings back... such fond memories of you.

I cut and sanded you that hanger  
As an anniversary gift...our first year.  
Carved the date... of that memorable day  
Deep... and covered it in paint of clear.

You'd hang your only winter Sunday coat  
So proudly from it's wooden throne.  
But now it remains... but a memory  
As it hangs here...in our closet all alone.

You had asked me to please come with you  
But I said I was too busy...then to go.  
I should have gone with you...dear  
But my response was always, "NO! "

And now My Lord has shown me  
All the errors of my ways back then.  
For now I pray that He forgives me dear  
So I will be with you... one day again.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'The Only Thing We Have In Common'

The only thing mankind, has in common  
That we all will and can ever hope to share.  
It does not lie in our D.N.A., for no doctor, will ever find it there.  
It lay between such things, as the words of right and wrong  
And of kindness and of good.  
It's the world's universal language, one word, so misunderstood.

I know we all possess it!  
Deep within our hearts, ventricles, Arteries and veins?  
It is what really makes the world, go around  
Time and time again!

If you've not yet figured it out  
What it is, I am telling you.  
It is this word called, " L.O.V.E"  
Money back guarantee on that  
That Love, "I O. U.!"

You can't place it in a bottle  
Cage it, like a bird.  
It can only be shown, in our actions  
And in the words, your ears have heard.

It's the only thing we all have in common  
And it's FREE to give away!  
I would ask that we all become familiar  
In a Universal language, God Loving, love kind of way.

Copyright: 2008

Linda Winchell

# 'The Other Side'

I have traveled to the other side  
But now... I'm coming back.  
I have seen.... just where Heaven is  
And where my heavenly home is at.

But it wasn't time... for me I guess  
That's what I've figured out.  
And I have more of God's work to do.  
And more of His good works.... to spread about.

If I'm called again... one day to go there  
I think I'll ask God.... If maybe I could stay.  
And maybe if He's ok with that  
I won't be again... sent away.

But for now I have some more work to do  
Before I leave this earthly place.  
I have to wash the feet of others  
And show them all .... God's love and redeeming grace.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'The Pain Of Loving You'

I didn't know... this pain of loving you would bring  
All the pain... that I still feel inside.  
I didn't know the depth of leaving you would bring  
Because of all my foolish... self centered pride.

It's been more than ten years now  
Since... I went away.  
But I love you still...as much as I did then  
I have loved you more and more each day.

Do you feel the same...as I do now?  
Do you miss... and love me as much as I do you?  
Or has your life...now taken such a different road?  
Of what you may remember.... of me and you.

No matter what... the case might be  
I will continue on... loving you as I do.  
In hopes that maybe...if only in the end  
I'll still love the memory...of loving you.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'The People That I've Met'

I've met so many people in life  
not really ever kept in touch.  
Some very nice, indeed towards me  
and some, I just seemed to have had enough!

I been married more than my fair share  
bad choices in the men I've picked.  
But in every relationship I was in  
They all taught me some valuable, lifes lessons tricks.

They taught me what to look for  
they taught me in my life how to copes.  
With all the jerks I've met in life  
their now just my past lifes, prickly pokes.

They taught me how to stand up for myself  
not take what others want to dish out to me.  
They opened up my eyes for once  
so that others garbage I can now clearly see.

So that when bags of sin-fillied garbage comes along  
I will know it when I see it!  
And not stand there to accept what's handed me!  
but stand stronger in my faith in God, and defeat it!

So I guess I never needed to  
contact any of those people that I've met.  
With God I've learned, to live and follow Him  
and not live in lifes sins memory, of past regrets.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Price Of Cookies'

You went and bought me all the ingredients  
to bake your favorite Scotchy cookie treats!  
But I had fallen and broke my back  
and now, it is hard to stand a long time on my feet!

I know I wanted to make them for you  
you don't ever ask, much for yourself!  
But I had plans to bake a Scotchy cookie sheet, of them  
but that didn't seem, to set with you too well.

You had a look, that if looks could kill  
it would have been worse than the, O.K. Coral!  
What the heck do you think I am?  
Some super, duper blow up gal?

Just blow me up, when needed!  
Then stand me in front of the stove or sink!  
And call out your menu from across the room!  
And have me deliver it along, with your drink!

I have battled cancer and a heart attack!  
but that doesn't seem to faze you a bit!  
All you could see is that I wasn't going to make Scotchies!  
the way you wanted, so you threw a, Hissy Fit!

Well, you know what my dearest husband?  
I will bake you Scotchies, when Hell gets frozen over!  
I'm not feeling well, and look like Hell  
I'm sick!  
and want to lay here under these warm covers!

So go and buy your Scotchy cookies!  
at the bakery down the street!  
I hear they will make them just as you like!  
And not on, some cookie sheet! ! !

Linda Winchell

# 'The Purpose Of The Bible'

The purpose of the Bible is to lead men to Christ  
The Prophet's had the breath of God  
as the ink in pens to write.

One of them a carpenter  
the others meager fishermen.  
Then there was a Doctor, used a scalpel, not a pen.  
One a tax collector, never thought he'd change profession  
But once God's word was heard by all  
it brought them to confession.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Puzzle'

As we put our puzzles together,  
Forming those pictures of our lives.  
Some of them fit tighter,  
As we place them side, by side.

Then like magic forms its beauty,  
Of what our lives have always been.  
The joys, the tears, laughter and love,  
Of our lifes pieces from within.

I'm rounding out my edges now,  
Of the puzzle which I have made,  
With its colors like the rainbow,  
Of which so much to me God gave.

But one piece is yet still missing,  
there yet to complete it all.  
I will hold onto that final piece,  
Until I hear the trumpets of God's call.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Rain'

A rainbows droplet fell upon my windshield  
Then another and another fell.  
Wipers now swishing them all away  
All now forming me, a wishing well.

A well in which I can make a wish  
To hopefully make all of my dreams begin.  
Drip by drip they were building up  
Colors from God, all perfectly painted in.

Red, blue, green and yellow  
Brightly now filled in with God's love.  
All from just one droplet, on my windshield  
Of the rain drops that fell from above.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'The Sand Woman'

A woman sleeps atop a hill of sand  
Each grain of her own lustful sins making.  
She's given more of herself to them  
Who are just ripe for her desires taking.

She spreads her pink butterfly wings  
Open wide to all that she inspires.  
Pulling them deep inside her web  
To burn in her hellish of lustful fires.

She takes you to the top of her sandy hill  
And then back down again.  
She licks your wounds with sand paper of tongue  
And leaves you to rot until your end.

She's not asleep as you are led to think  
But lying in wait to snatch.  
You're not going to be her first to die  
And you're surly not going to be her last!

Linda Winchell

# 'The Scent Of You'

The scent of you still lingers dear,  
When I lay my head down to sleep.  
In floral sweetness of your body moist,  
Still held in fibers of your pillow deep.

I roll over and just have to close my eyes,  
And the memory of you comes rushing near.  
No matter how long you're away,  
I still smell the sweetness of you here.

I know that you may never return,  
But I shall hold onto all those memories that I knew.  
And will sleep soundly in the bed we both shared,  
Remembering that sweet scent that was left by you.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Secrets That We Keep'

There are secrets that we hide from others  
even the ones who you thought entrust.  
All tucked in closets or under shared beds  
or in drawers marked, 'Do not touch! '

Some shameful things we feel might destroy  
what our years of love and trust have built.  
So afraid of what others might think  
when your secrets reveal your hidden guilt.

Skeletons in your life's closets  
rattling dirty bones within your mind.  
Hoping that some you love, but may lose  
will never uncover or even find.

Should have shared them from the start  
those secrets you felt needed keeping out of view.  
They might have understood, why they were hidden  
only then showing them, another part of you.

Linda Winchell

# 'The Short End Of The Stick'

Sometimes we seem to get  
the short end of the stick!  
It is just the way things seem to go for some  
of which end of that stick you pick.

A tree falls in the forest  
branches fall from the tree.  
It doesn't matter what stick I grab  
their final results are up to me.

So life can hand me all the sticks it wants  
I will grab an end of it, there is no doubt.  
But what comes short or the long of it  
Will be at the end of the stick I've pulled out!

Linda Winchell

# 'The Shower'

Took my doggie in the shower  
took her in to take a bath.  
As I proceeded to wet her down  
she looked like some drowned rat!

Her eyes were sad and tear filled  
as I washed away the soap.  
And when I placed her outside to dry  
she rolled in the dirt at the end of her rope!

Back we went to repeat  
what it was her and I did before.  
But this time I'll keep her in the house to dry  
she's not going outside anymore!

Linda Winchell

# 'The Smell Of You'

I was in love with the smell of your skin  
as I laid next to you at night.  
Soft and light brown skinned of man  
with a buttocks, so firm and tight!

Your legs stretched on for miles  
you eyes like some soap opera king!  
But your personality my darling  
had some improving it, to bring!

You were mean, with a condescending tone!  
I lived with you for nine years trying  
to make our house a home!

No matter what I tried to do  
you found fault with it all!  
But something kept me hanging on  
hanging on until my fall!

You made sure you had another  
in the wings, waiting to move in!  
And I became but a memory  
of where our love had been.

I'm sorry I waited and tried so hard  
I know now you weren't worth the work!  
Because all you gave me was a hellish life  
and you acted like, an ass, a jerk!

But sometimes in the dark of night  
as I lay next, to the man I love now!  
I can still smell the scent of your skin  
I seem to still smell you still somehow!

Linda Winchell

# 'The State Of The States We'Re In'

Unemployment, States crying!

Stocks declining, not rising!

Banks closing their doors!

While Goverment bailing out!

And others become poor!

This is the state, of the States we're in!

Caused by mans money gods!

Where they placed their faiths sin!

Linda Winchell

# 'The Teasing Game'

'I know you are, but what am I? '  
was a teasing game my brother and I would play.  
He call me something bad or stupid  
and then I would return it in my silly way.

Mom would say, 'Sticks and stones may break your bones  
but names will never hurt you! '  
I don't know where she got that from  
because the names do hurt that hit you!

Like pizza face, or crater puss, giraffe neck  
and many others.  
I guess this is what all families experience  
from their sister or their brothers.

I didn't like it when he was one name up on me  
and sneak off to sulk or cry.  
But I love him, even after all the names have stopped  
and now understand the rules and whys.

My sons would pick an tease each other  
like my brother and I did.  
But I see they are closer maybe because of it all  
playing the teasing game of family sibs!

Linda Winchell

# 'The Things We Use To Do'

The things we did as children  
We wouldn't do them again today.  
Like climbing trees and running fast  
Falling and getting up with skinned knees.

We seemed to have no problem  
With the things we did back then.  
But just even the thought of it  
Makes me want to cringe.

Sliding down tall sliding boards  
While burning the backs of our small legs.  
Climbing trees to check out  
A nest of birds hatched from their eggs.

Playing ball on the corner lot  
No helmets way back then.  
Riding bikes as fast as we could  
Going faster than the wind.

Playing jacks and marbles  
Never placing them in our mouths.  
Playing until dark at times  
Parents never worrying where we were about.

Things have changed or have they?  
Maybe we're the ones who've changed?  
Nothing on this earth as I've grown older  
Seems really to be the same.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'The Tone Of What Was Said'

It wasn't as much of what you said  
but the tone that was in your voice.  
It caused me to snap at you!  
You didn't give me much of choice!

Your tone was short, and lower pitched  
as if you wanted to growl!  
I had just made you your favorite dinner  
and was drying our dinner dishes with a towel.

You came up to the sink, remember?  
You then handed me your plate.  
You never said, 'Thank you dear'  
other times, you would never hesitate.

It made me think all kinds of things  
like maybe he's got another love?  
I never thought that your tone of voice  
could have been from another cause.

I shouldn't have barked back at you  
you really weren't being mean to me.  
I just need to look much deeper next time  
and ask, What's really going on with ME?

Linda Winchell

# 'The Truth'

Do you really want me to tell you the truth?  
Or would you prefer, that I lie?  
If when you ask me my opinion on things  
and don't like the answers  
then why ask me, why?

I'm not one to pull out any punches!  
I will tell you, like it is.  
I'll take constructive criticism as well  
because it is, what it really is!

'The truth will set you free! '  
I've heard this said before.  
And it reaps a harvest of benefits  
it brings in bushel's, its truths rewards.

Like truer friends and family life  
an environment that will be true!  
And most of all, that feeling of good inside  
that you are building, in truth for you!

Linda Winchell

# 'The Truth Shall Set You Free'

I've heard it said, that telling the truth will set you free,  
But when I've taken this plan of action before,  
It didn't rest that comfortably, on me.

It had stung the person spoken to,  
And the wrath of such was then hard for me to bear,  
I guess I should have weighed my words out better,  
But I didn't think, that they would really care.

"Open mouth, inser foot, "  
Is, I guess what I had done,  
Now I must pay my now misfortunes price,  
In this web of painful wording I had flung.

For if the truth be now spoken,  
I don't think I would ever take back one word,  
For it was only in the way received that was wrong,  
Of the words spoken they felt they'd heard.

To stand and defend my rights of freedom,  
Seems senseless to me at best,  
It was just something that I felt needed saying,  
Something I just had to get off of my chest.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'The Voice Of America'

Once America had more of a voice  
We were given the opportunity  
To be able to make Free of choice.

When taxes were hiked  
We were allowed to march and complain.  
But the same kind of Government is repeated  
All over and over again.

Taxes rise, poverty does too  
What's a Democrat suppose to do?  
Left to those Liberals running our Government now  
We were all doomed from the get go  
We are all doomed, "An How? "

We allowed these fools, to determine our nations plight  
Did we give up too soon?  
Did we not put up a good Democratic fight?

Now we're all stuck with  
This new Government now.  
While our President condemns us American's  
For not being Christian, should we now worship, a COW?

The voice of America has been muffled it seems  
Shooting down, all of what was that GREAT American dream.  
Of peace on earth and freedom for all.  
I am a proud American Democrat woman  
Who has taken heed to God's call.

He calls me to pray  
He calls me to love  
He calls me to fight  
With His armies below and above.

He calls me to stand  
For this GREAT U.S of A!  
And I'm going to do that  
In the most of, A PROUD AMERICAN WAY!

Linda Winchell

# 'The Words You Write' (Nigeria)

A sadness sweeps across me  
as I read the poems you write.  
It doesn't seem fair to me  
that your country murders and rapes  
and thinks what they're doing is alright!

My mind can not comprehend at all  
of the pain you must be living in.  
I would never want to walk in your shoes  
nor be in the place that your living in.

Yet I can't help but feel for you  
and take your words deep into my heart.  
They place me there, where your at  
your words strike deeply from their start.

I never know how to comment  
when I read your poems over and over again!  
I want to reach across the screen  
and share your pain, of lifes inflicted, like a friend.

I know that will never be the case  
but understand that I really do care, of what your words convey.  
And if I could, I wanted you to know these things  
but I haven't the right words it seems to say.

God Bless, and may there be Peace.

Linda Winchell

# 'The World Is Watching'

Our world is all watching,  
As China's Olympics take their start.  
But what our world does not see,  
Is the destruction of their peoples hearts!

They tore down homes and put their people out,  
To prepare for our worlds games.  
Now old are homeless and living in poverty,  
When games are over, in their mind this sin remains.

The pride of China's people,  
Has been imprinted in their souls.  
Even if their Governments treatment,  
Is from fear and power controlled.

Do we not care about who we step on?  
While we stand to light the flame.  
All that gold and silver hanging from their necks  
remember who really sacrificed, for the 2008 worlds Olympic games!

Linda Winchell

# 'The Year 2012'

Well I hope you're making your Will's out  
We've only got three more years to go!  
They say it's all going to come to an end  
in 2012, our earth is going to blow!

There's an old written calendar, seems to only go that far  
and then this place we've known as Mother Earth  
will be some far and distant forgotten broken star!

I've painted a large yellow X on my roof!  
so that anyone overhead can see.  
That if the world is going to be nuked!  
That they would please dropp the bomb on me!

See Ya!

Linda Winchell

# 'There Ain'T No Clause In Christmas! '

There Ain't NO Clause in (Christ) mas!  
Is it in some contracts, fine missed of print?  
I never knew Jesus, ever even signed one!  
was there one written, at the time of Jesus birth?

There was one however, that I do remember  
was written in the blood that He shed!  
But His Father wrote that contract!  
and I don't remember any, Clause, I read!

It was cut and dry, of purpose written!  
to be born and then to die, for all mankinds sins!  
And that was where the contract ended  
and where it all was written, to begin!

So when and where does this Clause, come into play?  
Why have Clause said, at all?  
For Christmas starts and ends with CHRIST!  
And there ain't NO room, for NO Santa's CLAUSE!

Linda Winchell

# 'There Are A Lot Of Roads To Happy'

There are a lot of roads to happy  
No matter which one you chose.  
Taking a happier road in life  
Your travels will be filled with happiness  
not that sadness road of blues.

Now you can take a traveling partner with you  
On whichever road of happy traveled.  
You both can experience life's happiness together  
Where all troubles knots happily now unravel.

Linda Winchell

# 'There Are Tricks In The Treats! '

Been on a diet for most the year  
now Halloweens around the corner.  
Bought a bag of mini candy bars for the kids  
but looked like, just what my weight Doctor ordered.

There seems to be a trick however, in these sugary treats!  
For beneath those wrappers of chocolaty delights  
comes more calories and fat with everyone I eat!

So I guess the tricks on me you see?  
Thought I could get away with it.  
Now I'll just have to pour them in a bowl  
and let the Treaters enjoy, their candy sugary trick!

Linda Winchell

# 'There Goes The Neighborhood'

(Genesis 34: 24)

The Bible doesn't shy away  
From Jacob's shame and son's murderous deceit.  
It was wicked manipulation... his sons had wanted  
To avenge their sister...that caused Jacob's sons... sins repeat.

God's gifts if used... to achieve personal vengeance  
Is not ours... to abuse.  
What happened to Jacob's daughter  
Was for God... alone to choose.

When Christians use the church or God  
To seek on those guilty....their revenge.  
It will only bring them trouble  
That will be accomplished... in the end.

So leave the revenge to God alone  
He knows just when and what to do.  
Let God work righteous justice on the guilty  
That jobs not been given...for you to do!

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'There's Always Room For Jell-O! '

It's getting close to Thanksgiving Day time  
And was thinking of some cookies to bake.  
And just how big of a Turkey to cook  
and what all to Mothers I'd take.

I found that recipe, for our famous Jell-O mold creation  
it's been handed down, from generation to generation.

It has little marshmallows in the mix  
fruit cocktail and nuts.  
And it's really quite easy, of a concoction to fix.

I don't quite know how it got so fancy  
Think it may have started out  
with my Mom's Great Aunt Nancy?

I remember the Jell-O my mom use to make  
it wasn't as fancy and needed nothing to bake.  
She would boil some water, throw a flavored Jell-O in  
and then she would let one of us kids, sit and stir while thin.

Then a cup of ice cubes was added to make it all set.  
I remember the skin that would form on its top.  
I still hear my Mother's voice yell, 'Leave that Jell-O alone  
You'd better Just STOP! '

Then Jell-O pudding, the chocolate one was great  
I would lick the spoon clean, I just couldn't wait!  
I loved when a lump of chocolate pudding was found  
I would dig at the bowls bottom, I would dig all around.

I would sing the Jell-O jingle as I lifted each filled spoon  
It was really cute, a very catchy little tune.  
While stuffed from dinner, I couldn't wait for desert  
I was ready to bust, my tummy was ready to burst!

But I'll always remember what the advertisement said  
'There is always room for Jell-O! '  
Even after Mom's Thanksgiving Day spread!

Linda Winchell

# 'They All Fall Down'

Held up to standards the world has made  
Trying to live up to a, " Status Quo."  
Lives of pop stars...beauty of self  
They all fall down...down..down they go!

Like bricks built on sandy and... shaky ground  
Mortar disintegrates in our unseen view.  
But this is what... all will get  
They all fall down.... And so will you.

Empires before us have all gone away  
They thought they would live... always forever on.  
But like al..l not built on the firm rock of, "God"  
They all fall down...they all fall down!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Thief Of Smiles'

There was a young boy who was very sad  
asked God that he be granted just one wish he prayed.  
That if he could, and he really would  
steal childrens faces smiles, that they'd made.

He'd sneak in childrens bedroom windows  
and steal all the smiles that he saw.  
Then place them in a jar, and tighten down the lid  
and lock it away, in a kitchen cabinet drawer!

It made him feel much better, he thought  
then a smile on his face he felt appear!  
And knew of what he must do  
he saw his vision, oh so clear!

He snuck back through town windows  
replaced all the blank sad faces, with their smiles  
and vowed to never pray again for such  
to be this little, Thief Of Smiles.

Linda Winchell

# 'Things Are Not Always As They Seem'

Things are not always as they seem  
It depends on where and how you look.  
The covers aren't always appealing it seems  
On any given...or well written book.

Digging deeper inside maybe you'll see  
The beauty of God's love lying within.  
All the colors of God's rainbow  
Hues of many colors... painted from within.

Take a deeper look my friend  
And you'll be surprised at what you'll see.  
Love, Joy and God's, " Holy Spirit"  
All of which He's left for you and me.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Think Of What You'Re Saying'

Think of what you're saying,  
Before you open up your mouth!  
Some of the stuff you say to me,  
Should NEVER, EVER have come out!

You talk like you really know,  
What it is you're speaking of.  
But all I hear are negative comments,  
No edification or God's commanded love.

I say, 'The weather is great today, '  
You reply, 'I hear that it might rain! '  
For every possitive comment made,  
Your negativity comes out of your mouth again!

What has caused you to become this way?  
What has hardened your heart towards me?  
Are you in so much pain and burden of sin?  
That you now fear your deaths eternity?

Don't fault me because I know Him,  
because you can know Him too!  
But all your negative energy,  
Is forbiding God's Salvation gift for you.

Linda Winchell

# 'Think You Have The Answers'

We sit in bars and in coffee shops  
or in front of our T.V. sets at home.  
We talk about having answers to world problems  
but our faces are never seen gracing polls!

American's have freedom of voice  
where other worlds nations never can.  
But some to chose to sit, complain, moan and piss  
what we all say is the best thing for man!

Get off of your duffs and make your choice  
this is the time and place to use our American voice!  
Leave the bars and coffee shops to celebrate our win  
we'll be saving the world, that real world we're in!

Linda Winchell

# 'Thinking'

Childs eyes drip tears when, blinking.

From childhood sadness, thinking.

For her father was always, drinking.

Smelling of beer and rotted teeth, stinking.

What was her Ma, Ma, thinking?

To have married a man who loved his, drinking?

Grave now is his only, keeping.

From all of life's misconstrued and stupid, thinking.

Linda Winchell

# 'This Is How I Spell Stupid! ' (For A St-U-Pid Friend!)

How does one really spell the word, 'Stupid? '  
I think it should start with a capital letter, 'U! '  
Because after what I've seen you do!  
that's the only name I want or now can use!

'U', go into the hospital  
coughing and having deep pains inside your chest!  
They found out after ex-rays taken  
that you've low oxygen and pneumonia, at its BEST!

Now that you've been released to go back home  
feeling better from, oxygen and I.V drips of meds!  
I see that you are back to your old dumb habits!  
sitting and smoking off your, st-U-pid, head!

So I've given you a new name now!  
It's st-U-pid! '  
But I think it should start with a BIG fat letter, 'U! '  
That's just what I think of U my friend!  
Only because, I Love and care for U!

Linda Winchell

# 'This Journey's Got The Best Of Me'

Lord you have had me on this journey  
Longer than I really felt I should.  
I've walked unfamiliar miles with you it seems  
And haven't seen they've done me much of any good.

So why persist to take me to places?  
That I benefit you not?  
Haven't you much better things to do?  
Then to spend it on what I feel I haven't got?

It seems so hard to understand  
What it is you're asking me yet to do.  
I try to keep it all going down this path  
But it's hard to keep falling and feeling as I do.

When I question the tests you've put me through  
I have felt your presence and healing power.  
And I know It only comes from walking nearer to you dear Lord  
Which can only come in every minute of my waking hour.

So I'll continue on this journey, 'Lord'  
Until you feel I have learned what it is I should.  
And hope that you are pleased with me  
In my search for what you knew I always could.

Linda Winchell

# 'This Saturday'

I needed more than this Saturday  
When God came to take all my sadness away.  
To form me into a new creation of His  
To help me get on with what now it is.

Around a fire, we shared our thoughts  
I shared what pain my bad decisions in life had brought.  
Then tears from eyes began their flow  
On and on as the fire now dimmed its glow.

I needed to have done this long before  
But am glad that it was in God's timing to show.  
Sharing with others that have possibly journeyed the same  
When we all shared that night all our sins, tears and pain.

Linda Winchell

# 'Those Important Things'

I marched with, ' Martin Luther King Jr.'  
When that wasn't really considered too cool.  
For a white gal in her twenties alone, blonde hair, blue eyes  
Standing out in a crowd, some shouting calling her a fool.

I cried when Martin was assassinated  
And mourned the death of our President, 'dy.'  
They were a very important part of history  
The history that maybe formed a little part of you and me.

I was in awe at the devastation of, 'Mt. Saint Hellen'  
And felt the pain of those lost on the United States, 'Challenger.'  
Then New York's nine eleven, 'Twin Tower', disaster  
Those most important parts of history  
Which now some feel a twinge of pending attacking fear.

Bad times and all the good times  
Form the human parts of our personal history.  
They take us back to a time and place  
Maybe some which made a part of you and me.

Those important things in life for me  
Are the memories of histories burn.  
Some at the loss and of anothers pain  
Of our Histories lessons now I've learned.

Linda Winchell

# 'Thoughtful Breakfast'

Was deep in thought... thinking of you today  
Over cooked my porridge...burnt the toast.  
What was so important... that I thought the most?

Was it my concern for your well being?  
Was that what it was?  
I could have thought that later I guess  
But wanted to think then...just because.

Because you are in need of prayer and thought  
Since you're not doing much of that yourself.  
It seems you've placed all your needs  
Placed them on some distant forgotten shelf.

So I'm going to make another pot of porridge  
And try to make some toast.  
And sit and think about you my friend  
For all your aspirations, dreams and hopes.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Thoughts Of The Mind'

You may be today where your thoughts have brought you  
And you might remain where your thoughts take you tomorrow.  
You may think you have all the time to go and sort it out  
But it's just time that you'll try to borrow.

It is hard to fight an unseen enemy  
Who sets up their outpost in your mind.  
Go ahead now try to defeat them  
They are of a much different and crazy kind.

The mind can be a treacherous place to visit  
If it is not where in God should be.  
It can take you to some far off darkened corners  
And obscure what vision that you think, you've seen.

So tread lightly when your feeling down  
And go to God to ask for Him to guild.  
This is the only way you can ever control  
The devils work that is going on inside.

Thoughts can forge a person's character  
The impact on your life to carry on.  
Some people I know  
Greet this concept with no concern  
Just wanting their space and freedom  
From what they've grown fond.

Take heed my weary traveler  
For without God as your guiding light.  
Your mind may bring you its unending sorrows  
Of its mental torment  
Without God, can't fight.

Linda Winchell

# 'Three Sisters'

Remembering three sisters... with good old mom  
By the rose trellis...dressed up in our Sunday's best.  
Hair styled in Mom's home made... sweet coiffeurs...  
But hidden deep... something was at rest.

Times seemed... then burried so deep  
Afraid of letting them all out to show.  
Just smiling however... through it all  
Letting... all of those childhood past hurts go.

Snap shots of a time... now motionless  
But the scars of three sisters... will remain.  
Yet one thing learned from all of it  
Was how to come together as three sisters... in sweet refrain.

Loving our parents...for they felt they had done their best  
Even though...we know now, much differently.  
But it made three sisters much stronger because  
And maybe... they are... the better parts of all three.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Ticking Time Bomb'

Does your life feel like a, " Ticking time bomb? "  
Where at any moment it might... EXPLODE?  
Is there so much anger buried down deep inside?  
That you feel you're going to, " BLOW? "

Well there is one... who can defuse that ammunition  
And breathe life... into your hopelessness  
A life with a new Heavenly ambition.

His name is not of any consequence  
I think you already know... of whom I mean?  
For the love He brings to those who seek Him  
Is greater than any others... indeed.

So before you go do something you may regret  
Please..." Seek and ye shall find".  
This man that I am talking about  
For He is the dearest friend of mine.

He brought me up from my ashes  
He molded... that softened un-moldable clay of me.  
And because He chose to give His life on a cross  
I now have seen the best of best... Victory Come Over ME!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Till The Storm Passes By'

Wait until the storm passes by  
Before you go out today.  
With the darkness in those clouds above.  
I see it's going to be a very stormy rainy day.

May even kick up some heavy winds  
And blow everything far away.  
But that is what a storm was meant to do  
To wash all of earths dirt and cares away.

It cleanse the air we breathe into our lungs  
It freshens the smell we smell.  
It cools down the air around  
And gives drink to quench thirsts driest of cares.

□

Linda Winchell

# 'Time Can'

Time, can render a person helpless  
Within each day that seems to pass.  
Time, can leave one feeling speechless, at times  
Of what was not completed of times given task.

Time, can erase within a single moment  
One that you thought another, might not forgive.  
Time, can snatch up a life in the blink of an eye  
Never counting on the ones they might once have lived.

Time, can be an allie or time can be a foe!  
Time, can bring one in or time can let one go!  
Time, can set the stage for an act to begin!  
Time, allowing another's heartache  
Time, can do that with ones sin.

Time is nothing to mess with my friend  
Time has never had a beginning  
And in time will never have an end!

But time has its way of cathcing up with you!  
Catching up to what you have or haven't done!  
Time can be very painful to live of life!  
Or time can render your life much fun!

Whatever way you chose to spend your time  
Make sure you are a good steward of!  
Spreading times joy, and laughter to everyone you know  
And most of all, in time spent giving everyone your love!

Linda Winchell

# 'Time Change' (Dont Forget To Fall Back An Hour!)

Who's the genius who came up with this time change thing?  
You fall back an hour in the winter  
then jump ahead in the Spring!

Why don't they just leave it?  
where the heck it now is?  
The earth doesn't know the difference  
if we didn't change the time or we did!

The sun comes up  
the sun goes down.  
The earth rotates  
around and around!

Now what's so hard with that I say?  
Just leave the time alone  
just let it make a twenty four hour day!

I make my living  
out of repairing broken clocks!  
And I'm getting to old to continue  
this has really got too stop!

I've one thousand and five hundered clocks to make changes to  
And spend most my time, changing the time from one to two!  
By the time I get, to clock number, ninety nine  
I have to start back to one, and reset the clocks time!

Linda Winchell

# 'Time Heals All Wounds'

Now that time has passed us by,  
I hope that a healing of our hearts have begun,  
Not having that friend to talk with,  
Has not been what I would call, much like fun.

When the phone rings at times,  
And silence is on the other end,  
Thoughts of you cross my mind,  
Could it be my long lost friend?

They say that, "time heals all wounds"  
I hope that this be true,  
For healing was what two hearts had needed,  
So it could feel the pain of missing you.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Time Is Running Out'

Time is running out I've heard  
2012 fast approaching!  
The experts claim that in that year  
the earth might be destroyed  
by something unknown encroaching.

I wonder what it might be this time?  
Seems every year there's something new.  
First asteroids from outer space bombarding earth  
then destruction by, a man made few!

'No one knows the time or day'  
when the earth might become that pile of ash!  
It is all stated in Revelations, my dear friend  
Placed in the Bible, that chapter written last.

So let 2012, one day roll on in!  
there is nothing anyone can do.  
But you had better pray, that every soul is saved  
and that they're ready for,  
two thousand one zero one two?

Linda Winchell

# 'Time Square Celebration'

People start gathering on New Yorks, Time Square streets  
behind barricades bars chill to one and all celebrate.  
All calling in the New Year of,2009!  
And saying, 'Fairwell', to the year of,2008!

Huddled together, mostly strangers they stand  
Crammed like stiff sardines, all stuffed in a can.  
Fingers frozen with hats pulled over their ears  
All awaiting 2009  
Singing, 'Old Anzine' mumbled with tears!

Kissing whomever might be closest to them  
Never to see some, maybe ever again.  
Pledging somekind of friendship and love.  
Pulling them near, with a possible endearing of hug.

Then January first, we all start it over again!  
Some the same old way as they had done back when.  
Nothing different, but the numbers of the year  
Repeating once more while wishing each other, another  
'Happy New Year! '

Linda Winchell

# 'To Admit When You Were Wrong'

It takes a very big person,  
To admit when they were wrong,  
To possibly tell another that they were right,  
In word or possibly even, a sweetly sung love song.

To stand up and admit ones failings,  
Isn't that easy of any human task,  
But the feeling of another's forgiveness,  
Is what really, will come at last.

So this coming, "New Years Day, "  
Phone someone if just to say,  
That you were wrong, and ask forgiveness,  
And start together, a brand new, " New Years" kind of a way!

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'To Tell The Truth'

If I could tell you how I really felt  
you wouldn't like me very much.

If I could wander into your daily life  
you wouldn't want my hand to touch.

If I could have you hear what I hear  
you would most likely want to be struck deaf.

If it was life with you I only wanted part of  
I think you'd cry it end in death.

If I could only love you more  
you might prefer me to give you less.

So I'll love you the way I know how my dear  
And not put your heart to test.

To tell the truth is all I can do  
but sometimes that's not always for the best.

Linda Winchell

# 'Today Is Christmas Morning'

Today is Christmas morning  
No money this year to buy a tree.  
so I took some green food coloring  
and made a pint of it, too pour all over me!

After I was done dousing, then dried  
I glued on some buttons and some fancy bows!  
Started at the top of my head  
all the way down to my toes!

I had on only my ruffled panties and bra  
then stuck a flashlight in my mouth!  
And began to flash it off and on  
when through the house, did walk the spouse!

He proceeded into the front room  
passing me by, like I wasn't even there!  
I couldn't understand him ignoring me  
as he plopped his rear into his chair!

I stood still in our front window  
as he turned his favorite football game on.  
He acted like he was looking right through me  
how could he not see me as a Christmas tree?  
with all this stuff I had stuck on?

I raised my hand to take out the flashlight  
and scared my hubby half to death!  
I thought I might have to mouth to mouth!  
was he having a major heart attack?

What in God's name are you doing woman?  
my husband caught his breath to utter!  
You look like something green and scary!  
What are those things in your bra, my hubby muttered?

I was trying just to cheer you up  
dressing up like a Christmas tree!  
Now give me a hand to scrub off this color

and get these ornaments I've glued off of me!

Linda Winchell

# 'Tommy Tippy'

Tommy had a tippy cup  
and it kept him really dry.  
For when Tommy tipped to sip from it  
in his mouth his juices would slide.

Over the lips and past his gums  
for look out stomach for here it comes!  
Never down Tommy's chin to run  
from Tommy's Tippy cup was none!

Linda Winchell

# 'Too Little Too Late'

Too little too late to say, 'I.m Sorry, '  
Too little too late to turn things around.

Too little too late for God's day is upon us,  
Too little too late to build up thy crown.

Too little too late for God's time is here,  
Too little too late of now waisted tears.

Too little too late God gave you warnings,  
Too little too late for you chose not too hear.

Too little too late, hear God's trumpits blowing,  
Too little too late for sins and mans fears.

Too little too late the Lord is now with us,  
Too little too late the end is here!

Linda Winchell

# 'Too Many Game Shows'

There are too many game shows on the air today  
some of them show human stupidity  
in such a non-productive way.

'Hole in the wall', is one I've viewed  
wouldn't be caught there dead if I were you.  
Doesn't anyone have more productive things to show?  
or more creative fun places they want to go?

Then you've got your.'Wife Swap'  
now that's a horse of a different color!  
I haven't seen any one I'd take home  
they all go willy wonkas on each another!

Bring back the game shows that made some sense  
like, 'What's My Line, or 'Let's make a deal! '  
Now these were shows you could sink your teeth in  
they were the real deal!

But I do like, 'Who wants to be a Millionaire'  
And, Are you smarter than a fifth grader.'  
I can't believe how much I miss on both  
And there are other shows that come on much later.

Well I guess I'd better hit the books  
because I've entered into one.  
I'll see you on T.V. land, I'm off to have some fun!

Linda Winchell

# 'Too Much Poop! '

When we are little and make toilets first poo, poo  
are parents celebrate over our great achievement.  
But when we're older and a poo, poo we make  
our children place us in diapers, because our poo, poo's mistake!

Why then give us laxatives so that we can poo, poo move?  
Where now we have not control, of those poo, poo's not approved.  
So of the money you spend, on those diapers Depends  
Could be saved on those poo, poo's not moved.

Linda Winchell

# 'Total Silence'

Could one ever find total silence?  
listening to the nothingness in their air.  
Just to sit and hear nothing around them  
filling those silent spots in their ears.

I tried to find that total silence  
while I was all alone.  
I found a place in the house  
and made that my silent zone.

But nothing seemed to happen  
no silence seemed to occur.  
All I could seem to focus on  
were the noises that were heard.

All I ever wanted, was to find my nothingness sound.  
But I've yet to find it anywhere  
There's not a silent bit of silence around.

Linda Winchell

# 'Toys' In The Attic'

Found your toys in the Attic,  
While cleaning it out one day.  
Thought your Dad got rid of them,  
And had thrown them all away.

You don't live here anymore,  
So why keep them things around?  
I use to trip on them a lot,  
When you would leave them on the ground.

Here's that big red train of yours,  
You would haul it off to bed.  
I think there was a book on it?  
Didn't read it, that's what Dad said.

Oh, here's your metal cars,  
Not too worse for all their ware.  
You would pack them in a little bag you had,  
You would take them everywhere.

They are more then toys in our Attic,  
As I take a look around.  
They are those missing childhood memories,  
And the lack of your childhood sounds.

You've grown up now,  
And have children of your own.  
And toys, they must have many.

Was hard for us to get yours,  
We'd have to scratch and save each penny.

Here is one, was made of wood,  
I remember it so clearly now.  
Your Daddy made it out of scraps he had,  
Of Oak, and washers, glue and dowel.

Those days long gone now,  
Yet they still linger on for me.

As I look at each boyhood toy,  
And miss that little boy, God gave to me.

Your a man now Son, but always to remain.  
That little sweet young boy of ours,  
With his favorite little Red Train.

Linda Winchell

# 'Train Ride'

Take me on a train ride,  
A train ride anywhere!  
I'll sit here by the window,  
I have my ticket, paid the fare.

Don't know where I'm headed,  
Just hearing sounds of, 'Clicks and Clacks',  
The smell of coal burning,  
This steel train upon its' tracks.

Can you hear the whistle blowing?  
As we cross both town and field.  
The might and power of the train,  
As engines' force power to each wheel.

'Choo, Choo! ', I yell from the child within,  
No one seems to hear my cries.  
Seeing just of one in love with an era,  
from another place and time.

Will you ride the rails one day with me?  
And remember of what was then.  
Of a slower more God filled time,  
We could ride it to the end.  
'All Aboard! '

Linda Winchell

# 'Trapped'

Fingernails painted... pink and pretty  
Hair and toes all... done up too.  
Off to meet a man not known  
To make a living...making ten bucks or two.

Laying down all of her gifts to share  
In a dirty back road... hotel room.  
Forced to do...some unthinkable acts  
Forced to breach... her now lifeless body's tomb.

No feelings expressed...that were genuinely felt  
She's been at this for many a year.  
Cold as ice...from abuse and inner held pain  
Shown on her cheek with ...one single unseen tear.

She wants to escape...the hell that she's in  
But feels lost...with no way out.  
She knows that her life...one day may tragically end  
For that was the price...of what was bought.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Trash To Treasure'

I have made some lovely birdhouses',  
Out of small cartons, normally thrown away.  
Took my trash to treasures,  
With glued beads and buttons, on them to array.

I hung them all when finished in our tree,  
Facing their openings towards the house.  
So that I could see, birds busy at work,  
When they came back to nest,  
And take themselves a spouse.

There was another who did the same,  
Over two thousand years ago.  
His name was 'Jesus of Bethlehem',  
But the art He did was so much more.

He took our trash of sin-filled selves,  
And too treasure He did form.  
And I'm told He's still recycling,  
Of Mankinds Souls, He's now reborn.

Linda Winchell

# 'Treasure Box'

While cleaning out my closet  
I found that wicker treasure box, I've kept for you.  
Where you placed your childhood art and notes to treasure  
some of which, I sat and made too.

Your ribbons won from school olympic games  
they may not have been first place.  
But the joy they brought, was worth so much more  
when I saw, that proud smile upon your face.

You would run each treasure to the chest  
and lock it up tight and safe.  
Adding each treasure as they were made  
in your special Treasure Box hiding place.

I intend to give them all to you one day  
If you want them all, that is.  
But for now they will be my memories son  
In the Treasure Box, of that time with you it gives.

Love Mom

Linda Winchell

# 'Treasured Things'

I have an old wooden horse in my kitchen  
antique advertisement signs now hang on my walls.  
Porcelain tubs once used, for scrub-a-dub-dubs  
bird houses hang on old door knob wooden stubs.

For years I've collected these treasures  
from a time when it was all considered just junk.  
I stored them away, yet knowing one day  
I would bring them all out from my trunk.

They now adorn this home I now share  
all of my displayed treasures with family and friends.  
They come in and awe, at my collection of all  
and wonder and ask where they've been.

I tell them the stories of the pasts they have seen  
like the old porcelain tub, that may have scrubbed babies clean.  
And the advertisements of so very long, long ago  
'Bull Durham' and 'My Day Coffee cans', on the shelves and the walls.

Taking them on a journey to a time that I somewhat have lived  
and sharing that time remembering, that all my treasures still give.

One Mans' Junk, Is another Mans 'Treasure.'

Linda Winchell

# 'Treasured Words Across The Sea'

Words washed to shore on aired waves for me  
sent from a friend I may never see.  
Of those gallant times of years ago  
how they lived them all and loved them so.

Taking time to share with me  
all or some of who they maybe still yearn to be.  
Casting bits and parts of life  
to share with a stranger in dark of night.

Never to grace the ground I live  
but somehow feeling their closeness in.  
Treasured words across the sea  
all sent from a United Kingdom just for me.

Linda Winchell

# 'Trick Or Treat? '

Went to buy my Trick or Treaters some candy  
but there wasn't anything left on store shelves.  
So I rummaged through my cabinets and drawers  
found something chocolaty to serve  
and wondered, why I hadn't eaten it myself?

I couldn't read the name on the box  
nor the ingredients faded on the back.  
But what I could read was some letters  
that said, EX? ? ? ? AX in black.

I handed out each chocolaty Treat  
all but two of those little brown chocolaty squares.  
But come the morning, my backend was warning  
a tooting sound that could not be compared!

One by one my door bell had rung  
seems the parents were not very pleased.  
For the chocolate I gave, was NOT Hershey made!  
and it gave all the children squirts and a bad breeze!

Trick or Treat! Hee, Hee, Hee!

Linda Winchell

# 'Trickle Of Moisture'

A trickle of moisture streams down my cheek,  
Been going on now... for about week,  
Don't know why it happens or why they appear,  
That little trickle of moisture, called my tears

Don't feel like it started from something I'd thought,  
Then again, I sometimes don't realize what a thought had brought,  
A memory of a time so very long ago,  
Maybe thinking of all the years I'd wasted so.

Whatever the reason for my eyes moistures release,  
I guess I'll just accept it and not cause it to cease,  
For it's a reminder to me when they start to fall,  
That I can remember those times past with you ...remember them all.

Those times I'd fallen and skinned my knees,  
And how you made the pain go so quickly away,  
With a kiss and a hug, and a careful bandage placed,  
And most of all... the feel of a mother's undying love.

Or the nights you came and read me my favorite books,  
And how much time in any given day that must have took,  
But somehow found always that special time for me,  
To sit at my bedside ...my favorite stories you'd read.

You're old and frail now...and don't remember me that well,  
But that's alright mom...for I'll never tell,  
I'll play along and now at your bedside sit,  
Telling you my stories...and just spending time with you... to reminisce.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Trip Around The World'

I'm going to take a trip around the world,  
So I can end up where you are.  
I will be riding on the brightest,  
One of the brightest and biggest of all stars!

It will take me to the moon,  
Then to Mars and Saturn too.  
Then it will make a turn at Earth  
And land there just for you.

Then I'll tell you of the trip I took  
To get to where you are.  
And give you all the treasures collected  
From each and every star.

So look into the nights sky for me  
I will be flashing a big bright light.  
My trip around the world,  
I'm taking to get to you tonight.

Linda Winchell

# 'Troubles Of The Heart'

We all have at time troubles  
some, troubles of the heart.  
They can strike when you aren't looking  
tearing your deams, all apart.

Built up dreams, while loving another  
torn in two with one swift lovers blow!  
Crushing all your hopes and dreams  
beneath foot, with heavy toe.

Troubles of the heart, seem to come to others more  
falling in love with a hope of its loves return.  
But all you get is pains regret  
and the fire of rejected loves burn.

There is light beyond the tunnel  
for love is in God's time.  
It will come to you least expecting  
its love will fill your heart and mind.

Be patient for the gift of love  
that will surly come your way.  
For there is a love worth waiting for  
it will come to us all one day.

Linda Winchell

# 'True Friend'

A true friend can visit unannounced  
Like a cat unexpected  
On its prey does pounce.

No phone call needed to announce you've arrived  
Just a friend who's stopped  
And graciously...then invited inside.

Offered a cup of coffee...  
Or maybe to eat.  
A real friend is that to me  
Which can't be beat.

No real need for much pomp and circumstance  
No need to perform...that nervous  
"Saint-Vedas" dance.  
Just two or more friends...sharing a day  
While driving by...who maybe just stopped to pray.

Linda Winchell

# 'True Measurement Of A Friend'

The true measurement of a friend  
is in how far their friendship goes.  
Willing to make you part of their everyday  
if only to just call and say, 'Hello! '

'How is your day going my friend?  
I just called to see how you are.  
Was listening to one of our favorite songs  
while out working in the yard.'

A friend is more than an occasional thought  
when they have nothing else to do.  
A friend is always faithfully prepared  
to do all those friend type things with you.

To go a step out and above  
to show their consideration and friends love.  
Not just use you, then throw you away.  
Then think they can come back in your life just any old day.

A friendship takes work, this I know  
for someone who called me their friend, I had to let go.  
They were lacking what my friend should be  
what they were missing was, no time for a friend named ME!

Linda Winchell

# 'True Peace'

Until you have peace with God  
You will have no peace within yourself.  
You will find your insides in constant turmoil  
Of a life you may have only devoted to self.

Peace with God is harmony and unity in, "One"  
He removes all of sins barriers  
With salvations cleans  
Only through, " Jesus", the Son.

There is no possibility  
Of ever having peace of self.  
Until you go to God for forgiveness'  
And give to Him all of what you've felt.

Life without God is empty  
As empty as a life could ever be.  
But through God's forgiveness  
You are promised  
to live with Him for all eternity.

Linda Winchell

# 'Turn'

Oh, why not turn while yet you may  
Too late, it soon will be...  
A glorious life you may have possessed  
Throughout all eternity.

Doesn't take too much energy  
To maybe turn your life around.  
From all those wasted years spent  
Crawling down upon the ground.

Maybe catching your first glimpse of gloom  
As you've never known.  
While looking back at all your sins  
Of your life on earth then sown.

Turn, then slip behind death's curtain  
God's waiting there for me and you.  
To spend a life with Him in Heaven  
Is what all of us were made to do.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Turn Back The Hands Of Time'

If we could turn back the hands of time  
What hour or day would we wish to go?  
Would it take us back to what we felt a better time?  
Of which we had already had come to know?

The past is where it needs to be  
Not wanting to return to do it all over again.  
It was given once so that we all might learn  
A lesson only that once for us to spend.

The future is what lies before us all  
Where we sometimes must travel it on our own.  
And in its lessons we all can learn  
What should now best be for then and left alone.

Turning back the hands of time  
Can only repeat what once was done.  
Taking all of what we've once enjoyed  
And somehow removing now all the fun.

If God meant for us to repeat our lives  
He would have left us where we all once were at.  
Not re-creating all that was done before  
And reliving all of what is now our past.

Look forward to the future  
God has a lot for all of us to see.  
He gives us a life of so many given days to live  
And there after, to live with Him for all eternity.

Linda Winchell

# 'Turn Back The Pages'

Turn back the pages in your book,  
Take note of what's been written in,  
Feast your eyes around those failed attempts and deeds,  
Of greed and unforgiven sin.

And re-write those pages where you left out,  
The most important of any words you'll write,  
Where you're asking God for His forgiveness of sin,  
He will set the pages in your book to right.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Turn The World Upside Down'

If you could turn the world upside down  
Would the clouds now rest their fluff upon the ground?  
Would the stars be imbeded now in the dirt?  
And would they still twinkle  
As they twinkled at first.

Would mankind now be afloat?  
Somewhere high above.  
Would they see what their world has lost?  
When they were right side-up and living so.

Isn't that what we're already doing?  
Turning things of this world around.  
Taking what God has made for us  
And turning it all up-side down.

Linda Winchell

# 'Twas My Night Before Christmas'

Twas my night before Christmas  
and all over our farm!  
All our hens asleep in their coop  
and even some, in our barn!

The goats had all eaten  
untill their bellies were so full!  
The sheep were all cozy  
curled up asleep, in their coats of fine wool!

The rabbits were out playing  
you could see, the glow from their eyes!  
from the moon lit skies light  
far up in the heavens high.

But something seemed different  
as I gazed at it all.  
Was a sudden hush of silence  
that had come over it all.

With snow on the ground  
and me in my robe and cap!  
I was just about to start  
my Christmas Eve winters nap.

Then the sound of sleigh bells  
cut through the nights cold, stillness of air.  
As I looked to the North of the farm  
I seen it all then appear!

Daddy coming home, with his bundle of presents!  
In an old horse drawn sleigh.  
He had swapped for, some prize rooster pheasants!

I ran to the window to see all more clear  
and the sliegh I thought horse drawn  
was being pulled by, four tiny reindeer!

Now I knew that it all

seemed very strange to my eyes.  
Now could Daddy be that fella Santa?  
that flies through, Christmas Eve skies?

I heard him exclaim as he pulled into our drive  
that Daddy's favorite gal, had a BIG Santa's surprise!

So as I laid in my bed  
pretending to sleep.  
In Daddy did tip, toe!  
To our tree with his keep!

Setting the presents all under our tree  
I knew there had to be one special present  
Daddy had just placed there, for me!

'Twas My Night Before Christmas'  
But the best present for me.  
Was the surprise that I got from Daddy  
on that cold Christmas Eve!

'Merry Christmas Daddy'

Linda Winchell

# 'Tweet, Tweet, Twitter'

Tweet, Tweet, goes the Twitter, Twitterer's  
Everyone's fingers, now all in jitters.  
All scratchin out words as fast as they can  
Every Twittering woman  
And every Twittering man.

What's so important that it all couldn't wait?  
All Twittering things, they seem to anticipate.  
Telling each other almost their everything  
Leaving nothing at all, for imagining.

Open books yet closed in a way.  
Letting all Twittered, just Twittering enough  
On any given, Twittering Twittered day.

Homes now being robbed while the Tweeter's out  
Retuning home to find  
They've been Twittered, "CLEANED OUT! "  
They gave the robbers, a clear view of their homes  
And let everyone in the Twittering world know  
When they could be expected alone.

I thought that I wanted to join this Twittering crowd  
But I am glad that I wasn't sucked in, and proud!  
I wouldn't be comfortable returning home late at night  
Wondering if some Tweeter idiot was lurking out of sight.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Twenty First Century Time Travler'

I'm a twenty first century time traveler  
I have come from far off places in time.  
Where dinaosaurs roamed  
who made this earth their home  
Earth filled with grasses, tall trees with vines.

Then I traveled to mans cave days  
where fire had just been discovered.  
Then off I went and some time I spent  
fighting Indians and taking arrows cover.

Then onto the moon in a space ship  
Then off to mars and more.  
I travel in time, just with my mind  
to planets and lands not yet explored.

My trips are not over by any means  
I've much more thinking of places to go.  
Maybe one day, you too can say  
you're mind did the explorering you know.

Linda Winchell

# 'Two Sides'

There are usually two sides to every story,  
Two sides to every coin.  
Two sides to every personality,  
Two sides given to all things and mankind.

Yet one side is witnessed at any given time,  
So that the other is rarely seen.  
But when the time is needed,  
Another's side may be viewed as mean.

God sees the heart in all of us,  
When there is no one else around to view.  
Not hiding ever the other side,  
In that evil side of me and you.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Two Sides To Every Coin'

There are two sides to every coin  
One heads and ones called tails!  
One side has a beautiful face or scene imprinted  
And the other of which seems to pale.

But don't forget that it has also an outer edge  
Not really smooth with its etched ridges rough.  
Just like life's journey, wouldn't you say?  
With life's troubles presented stuff!

Now flip your coin and see where it lands!  
You may get a BIG surprise!  
For the flip might show you a different picture  
Than what is on your coins other side!

Linda Winchell

# 'U.F.O. Sighting'

Woke up one morning early  
noticed it had been snowing all through the night.  
But over in the side yard I'd spotted  
a huge circle of brown grass, not white!

I ran and woke up my husband!  
to come and see what I just did!  
I told him it was made from a U.F.O  
and that I was really possitive!

My husband said, 'honey  
you must of had to much wine to drink! '  
Because that's where the lid of the septics' located  
the snow melted from the septic's heat!

Well I'm really not sure he's right you know  
I'm still looking for a U.F.O. sighting one day!  
And maybe I'll let them take me to their planet  
that will show that smarty husband!  
Then what will he have to say?

Linda Winchell

# 'Uncharitable'

Some tend to find the bad in everything,  
That another says or does,  
Not looking for any of the good they do,  
Just complaining... just because.

Just because there are them that will listen,  
And play right into their hands,  
Uncharitable offending words consumed,  
This seems to be the sins of an uncharitable man.

Finding fault in almost everything,  
Those things which for them don't comply,  
And even if they did somewhat agree...they'd find a reason to deny.

Pulling the mote from within their brothers' eye,  
Yet sets a beam within their own,  
Hypocrites only seeing the negative,  
Of which they themselves have sinfully grown.

For with what judgment you shall judge,  
So shall you come to be judged,  
God sees all of your uncharitable negative ways,  
For which He might give your conscious His gentles of nudge.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2010

Linda Winchell

# 'Un-Divided Attention'

Now that you've started reading these words  
Please give me your un-divided attention.  
So that God can relay unto you  
His message that was in my mind's...intervention.

He told me to tell you of His great love for you  
And that He holds His children so dear.  
And to place your trust in Him alone to provide  
And not live with any doubts or fears.

He tried so hard...those many years now past  
To un-dividedly your attention and love obtain.  
In hearts of every man, woman and child  
But their minds and hearts chose to abstain.

So sad was it ...that He was so overlooked  
For His insurmountable, and overflowing love for us.  
That we chose to nail Him to a cross to die  
While choosing Him not to believe, love or trust.

He wants you all to experience all His love  
But before He can begin to enter in.  
You must come to Him...surrendering all  
While asking Jesus... forgiveness of your sins.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'United Kingdom'

Sir David lives in a United Kingdom  
where all people are a community of one.  
Where Sir David's poetic words of wisdom  
call out to his Kingdom to come.

'Come and read my rhyming words  
may they touch all of that who read! '  
Calls Sir David sitting tall and proud  
atop his trusty steed.

'United we stand divide one falls ',  
no better words has anyone penned.  
In the land of Sir David's United Kingdom  
from the other side of an ocean he sends.

Linda Winchell

# 'Unlock The Doors'

I once remember...wasn't really that long ago  
Church doors...that were left unlocked.  
Now one has to go around back to enter  
And go to the door and knock.

The offering plates were always left unattended  
No worries if someone needed a dime or two.  
Just people who needed to be with God  
That's all of what... as a child I once knew.

Less churches on the corners... it seems  
Less money raised... to help those in need.  
Less community participation  
Taking in...all of those to feed.

Everyone pretty much today stays to themselves  
Afraid of getting... too involved.  
I'm afraid if this kind of attitude continues  
There will be less and less of our earths problems solved.

Unlock more than those church doors please!  
Open up your hearts.  
Try to feel the love of Christ within you  
That is where mankind...first needs to start.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Unseen'

Caught beneath cement and rubble,  
Dead bodies lie in the streets,  
People don't you see me?  
Blood covered... with no shoes upon my feet.

Picked up by giant iron horses,  
Buried in massive graves of earth,  
Clinging to another dead soul,  
Umbilical cord... death now our birth.

Do you not see the real me?  
I was a son, a daughter, mother of child,  
Now I lay unnamed decaying,  
In some kind of funeral pile.

"Come oh my God! " I cry out to thee, "  
If just to chase away these pesky flies,  
Let those who pass my now lifeless body,  
Not just be another who passes by.

Give me some dignity I would have placed on you,  
Kneel... and at least say a pray or two for me,  
For I would have done this for you my friend,  
Now please.... I pray you do this once for me.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Un-Spoken Words'

Now just bits of crumbled paper  
Line a weathered kitchen's floor, of a hearts un-spoken word.  
Not able to express in any way  
Of all things, buried deeply and un-heard.

To take them out, if only one by one  
Is a pain, rather one not now endue.  
But try as one may, to capture their memories meaning  
In the mind, somehow jumble and become just a blur.

"Can it be", one asks themselves?  
Is this buried pain, so hard to face?  
Why is it that the mind can't explain?  
What a heart now needs words to embrace?

"Please help, Oh Lord! " Let sins release  
Can not take this torturous sting, of past regrets much more.  
Allow this heart and mind to again re-live  
In every word yet written for cleanse, make' pure.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Untouched'

I see your hiding in the corners,  
Of only the depths in which you take us.  
With words power filled at best.  
Seen perched upon your cliff on high,  
Like an eagle guarded nest.

Showing only what you want to share,  
Maybe hiding from view what's really there.  
The pain and struggle,  
you've suffered much.  
Not feeling human,  
of loves human touch.

Come out, come out, come out to play,  
For tomorrow, is a brand new day.  
I'll be there waiting, can't you see?  
That's who I am, that untouched part of thee.

\*\*\*From someone who has suffered much.

Linda Winchell

# 'Un-Wanted Tears'

My tears now come out of nowhere  
Don't understand the purpose or true reasons why.  
When my mind steps out into memory lane  
My eyes begin their... salted liquid cheek's apply.

But what is causing me all these sorrow-filled emotions?  
That I seem...now not able to stop their flow.  
Is it all of what I had held on to for years?  
And never learned to handle or let go.

Whatever the reasons for those sorrows be  
I wish they would just leave me the heck alone!  
And find their place in another needing  
A much better... and needed aquatic home.

Until that time I'll just keep godly busy  
Without negative thoughts throughout my day.  
So if in case...tears start to alert their arrival  
They won't be long lived ...dry up and go away.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Useless'

Do you find yourself admiring, the people that spend their time,  
Pressing out each cent they earn,  
Yet never themselves' have a dime?

Then there are those of them that seem to us,  
Its' just one BIG oyster stew.  
But what they aren't showing dear,  
Is that other side to you.

Their families' and lives in turmoil,  
Their jobs' are taking its' tole.  
The condition of their walk with God,  
Has an impact on their soul.

So when you're thinking that you're not usefull,  
And in a useless kind of state.  
Remember where your soul is now,  
And thank God of where it aint!

Linda Winchell

# 'Valued Memory'

Funny what we once felt was junk  
So very long ago.  
Has now somehow a deeper value  
Than it did for us... once before.

Like the metal roller skate keys...and our Tinker toys  
Old stuffed sock monkeys... and teddy bears.  
Wasn't then worth... what it is today  
No one really back then... seemed to care.

Now here we are...possibly repeating the same as then  
With what we discard today...worth...may one day be.  
And not just junk in someone's basement  
But a treasured... and more valued of memory.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Vengeance'

Vengeance has a way  
Of rebounding on itself.  
You go to take it out and use it  
But it does not end up,  
Where once thought dealt!

It turns itself around you'll see  
And will bite you in the end.  
So watch out where you are aiming it  
And to whom it is you send.

God said, 'That vengeance be mine'  
For it is not for man to ever use.  
But if you still insist on it  
Then you my friend are the one  
Who will always lose.

Nothing can ever be gained  
By using vengeance wrath.  
It will only rear it's ugly head  
And leap upon your back.

Digging in vengeance claws of sin  
And maybe never letting go.  
If you want to know the truth my friend  
I would suggest that, you please let all vengeance go!

I once thought I had to use its power  
But I fell under it's deadly grip.  
However God forgave me  
Of this sin that didn't seem, for me to fit.

God's love, softened up my heart of hearts  
Once I let Him enter in.  
And then vengeance was no longer  
A part of a deadly carried sin.

Linda Winchell

# 'Visible Hearts'

If we all somehow had visible hearts  
Say they had a window over them to see.  
We might not ever un-cover our chests  
For everyone else to see.

□

We might view some of them cold as ice  
Or others as black as coal.  
And some might not have one at all  
Where their heart should real go.

There may be some that only beat when they're happy  
And some slow as they grow sad.  
Then some might never beat at all  
And that would seem horrible and very bad.

I guess God knew what He was doing?  
When He placed a skins cover over them.  
So that we would be viewed by others  
After they have known where we are going and have been.

Have we followed Christ or Satan?  
Have we been giving, kind, and good?  
All of these things we might view  
If there was no covering over our hearts  
No hood.

Therefore, I guess we had better be on our guard  
And best Christ like behavior too!  
Because someone might have x-ray vision  
And look straight into the hearts view of you!

Linda Winchell

# 'Walking On My Hands'

I'm walking around the world,  
On my hands so I can see,  
If the world looks any different,  
Of the way upright seems to be.

I could have walked it on two feet,  
As normally I do.  
But this wouldn't show others, .  
Those differences in me to you.

Your reactions seen as you hear of my quest,  
That I'm giving God my all.  
He's showing me some of mans worst and best.  
He is showing me, them all.

The grass looks somewhat greener,  
And the sky is now an upside-down sky blue.  
But the souls of mankind, seem the same,  
as the first view I had of you.

People scoff and they laugh at me,  
When on clumsy soled hands I lumbar by.  
It makes me feel so sad they feel this way,  
And that they don't take the time to ask me, ' why? '

Just tried to make a difference,  
And see your differences too.  
I guess I've seen what I needed to see,  
From my upside down view of you.

Linda Winchell

# 'Walking Out Of Step'

Are you walking out of step with God?  
Doing things in your own self kind of way?  
Maybe thinking God's too busy to listen or help  
or you can't ask Him in a prayerful way?

Well if this be the case my friend  
your headed for a big let down!  
Are you forgetting who's the boss of everything?  
or the one who wears the crown?

Your doomed to failure if you try  
doing things out on you own.  
God's in charge of your success  
the failure is, if your trying to do it on your own.

So get yourself to stepping  
the beat of God's heart beat, beating drum.  
You'll find things will go much smoother  
then walking out of step alone.

Linda Winchell

# 'Warm Milk And Toast'

Warmed milk sweetened with honey  
toast buttered with a thin spread of jam.  
A bedtime story told by my Grandpa  
times of Castles and Giants, living in some Fairy Tale land.

The warmed milk would make me sleepy  
the toast would fill that nighttime hunger need.  
Sounds of Grandpa's soft loving voice  
as he would sit on my bed and read.

My Grandpa's gone so many years ago  
now I am one myself.  
I warm and sweeten my Granddaughters milk  
and take that same book down off her shelf.

Her eyes are wide open, as she chomps away  
at the toast with butter and jam.  
She tells me how much she loves me so  
and just how neat of a Grandpa that I am.

I see her eyes growing heavy now  
as I continue to read the story.  
And am proud that I'm a Grandpa  
and now can read, my Grandpa's Fairy Tale Story.

Linda Winchell

# 'Warmer Days'

In the high forties today,  
Snow is melting quickly away.  
Revealing shades of its kept secrets beneath,  
Another season of its yesterdays.

Soon flowers will be poking up their perfumed heads,  
To grace the earth yet once again.  
Birds returning to build and sing their songs,  
While someone reminises memories of a dearest freind.

Warmth has a way of doing that,  
Melting away much more than snow covered lanes.  
It also melts away frosted cobwebs covered,  
Of ones minds once snowcovered window pane.

Eyes more sharply viewing,  
Seeing things somewhat clearer than once before.  
Yes.... the warmth of spring in the air,  
Will always uncover so much more that lay below.

Linda Winchell

# 'Waste Not...Want Not'

I've heard it said when I was little,  
"Waste Not... Want Not" my child,  
We should all make the best of what we have,  
Or at least keep it for awhile.

We tend to run out and buy replacement new,  
When we should be mending or fixing up,  
That old tea set of Grandma Mays,  
With its chipped and broken cup.

Our grandparents use to treasure things,  
And not take its worth for granted,  
But somewhere along the way it seems,  
We've got our thinking and views all slanted.

Our dollars are not piling up in banks,  
We are just living for today,  
Just spending unwisely more than we earn,  
So we can have more toys to play.

Now homes are being foreclosed upon,  
Cars and such are being repossessed,  
I guess that's the price you have to pay,  
When we want nothing but the best.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Wasted Time'

When if in time... you continually wait  
Wasting time given... prone only to hesitate.  
All in your life desired... will never take place  
When all you could do... was procrastinate.

Time passing quickly  
Even though you thought not.  
Then you wake one morning  
And all you see...is all of that you've got!

Piles of regrets...with some tossed in worries and woes  
With tons of other baggage... of your life now in tow.  
But merrily on... in life you did go  
And all for what?  
Life...so out of control.

Gaining nothing...and keeping none  
Just passing life's time  
Is the only thing... that you've done.

No need now... for any deep concern  
For it has all... come down to this.  
That all you can do now...before the end  
Is to sit and regretfully my friend... just reminisce.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Watch Out For Those Side Effects! '

Watch out for those side effects  
for whatever might be ailing you!  
Because if you take what they all say you need  
It may cause other things to happen  
not helping to prevent what ailes you!

I've watched all those T.V. commercials  
they're all saying, they have what we all might need!  
But because of all their side effects  
overruling ones illness, now another will supercede!

Take the one for nasal congestion  
it may cause you cramps, even a rash!  
Then another to get rid of your jock itch  
might cause you a mild heart attack!

Then one for male impotency  
the side effects are too many to list or name!  
But one I think was a mans permanent erection?  
now that could cause some pain and shame!

One for diarrhea, could cause dry mouth  
sleeplessness and gas!  
Now I thought you just wanted to move things  
not stay awake all night thirsty!  
just for ones bowels to pass!

Don't trust all they're telling you  
just eat right and exercise!  
Then things might work as they were meant to  
with no side effects, from those other guys!

Linda Winchell

# 'Watch Out Where You Step'

Rabbits and ducks, dogs, goats and birds  
watch out where you step, the grass is loaded with terds!

They however make our lawn much greener  
but I wish this fertilizer was somewhat cleaner.  
You get it on your shoes, their collection of poos'  
having to now get out vacuums and rug steamers!

We all must put up, with all this terd stuff  
it's a part of nature you know?  
If we didn't have poo, there'd be no flowers for you  
they need all this stinky stuff to grow.

Kind of funny to think,  
that with all this poo stink  
that a flower ends up smelling to us much sweeter.

Linda Winchell

# 'We Are All In This Together'

We are all in this together  
All around the world... you know?  
No matter what corner... of the world you're in  
Somehow we all must know.

It's more than just to live and die  
To work...and maybe make tons of money.  
God's given all of us a job to do  
And it needs doing...by you and me.

To bring a total worlds peace  
Break those in ignorance... walls down.  
To create a line of communication  
The entire world around.

Save the planet...by going green  
Is not what it's all about!  
Yes, it can help save our planet some  
But what are we really getting out?

Has any of it ...brought the lost to Jesus?  
Has any of it... fed those hungry mouths?  
Did it build homes to house those homeless?  
I think that this is what Jesus was saying...  
At His "Sermon On The Mount."

Whatever the case... for you my friend might be  
We are in this together...I hope you see.  
Joining hands around the world in harmony  
Peace and love of Christ...to you...I send from me.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'We Are Always In The Presence Of God'

When we think that we are all alone  
And that there is nothing... or anyone  
To turn to in our life.  
We have to take time and remember  
Those promises... of Christ.

His promise to always be there with us  
No matter how hard life becomes.  
To guide us through the darkness of sin  
Waiting to forgive...each and every one.

Though death may come to some more quickly  
And with pain.... too unbearable to withstand.  
Remember the foot prints along side of you  
Those ones Jesus was silently... placing in the sand.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'We Are Heading Into A New Year'

We are heading into a New Year!  
Will it be all or just the same?  
As what we are now exiting from?  
This years end trails of human waste  
with all of unfinished parts remains.

So what might you do differently?  
Than it was you've done the year before?  
I think most will start out with good intentions  
and end up with just the same or more.

Human nature tends to commit itself  
to its fantasies of sorts.  
All with good intentions, mind you  
but in the end our hearts and minds remorse.

What is it you think that will change things?  
As if we didn't already know.  
It all starts and ends with YOU and ME!  
As it has done, those many New Years before!

Changing maybe just ones attitude?  
Or possibly, the way in which one reacts?  
Not standing up to argue or wage war  
of those thinking, they're being attacked!

To make this New Year what it needs to be  
it all must start and end, with YOU and ME!  
Making peace in the world, with all mankind!  
In this coming New Year, of 2009!

Linda Winchell

# 'We Can Turn It All Around'

Peace is not the lack of war  
Love is not the lack of hate.  
But we can turn it all around.

Months are not the lack of years  
hours not the lack time.  
But we can turn it all around.

Gravity is not the lack of pull  
nor is man the lack of earth.  
But we can turn it all around.

Wind is not the lack of air  
clouds not their lack of rain.  
But we can turn it all around.

Life is not the lack of death  
Birth not the lack of life.  
But we can turn it all around

Linda Winchell

# 'We Have To'

We have to feel the void  
In order... to search for the meaning of.  
We have to find its real purpose  
To the why... we may feel so unloved.

We have to suffer the pain of loss  
To feel what the healing... brings towards the end.  
We have to fight the enemy... once  
In order... to maybe make a friend.

We have to die of self....  
In order that we might live.  
We have to abandon some of life's expectations  
In order to seek what another way...forbids.

Because, "We have to."

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'We Must Believe'

We must believe in what we want to be  
Or who it is we think we really are.  
In order to be happy on the paths we travel  
And to become one day, that bright and shining star.

Believing in yourself is what's needed first  
Then the pieces shall all fall in place.  
Having that true passion for what you're doing  
And to feel its generated smile upon your face.

Being able to follow ones passion  
If only dreaming it until it finally does come true.  
Controlling ones own destiny and life  
And just doing what God has blessed you with to do.

Don't look at what the financial gain might be  
Because only then, will greed your dream come to swallow.  
Just do what makes you the happiest in life  
It will direct your dreams for today and your tomorrows.

Linda Winchell

# 'We Need To Fall In Love Again'

We need to fall in love again with Jesus  
And not let Him just hang out.  
We need to embrace the love He has  
And let Him show us much more  
Of what He's all about.

We need to experience the love He sends  
And then let Him place it where it should reside.  
Then wear His love light shining through  
From our now Spirit filled-up insides.

Let's all fall in love with Jesus again  
And see what miracles His love for us can do.  
Just like when we first were re-born in Christ  
Jesus now growing His Spirit deep inside of you.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'We Never Got To Say, 'Goodbye'

You went away to catch your plane  
One evening dark cloud laden night.  
Pouring down cutting sheets of rain  
Interfered with its timely scheduled flight.

We never got to say goodbye  
I didn't make it there on time.  
We had a fight before you left  
And with that now that  
Is a definite regret of mine.

We never got to say goodbye  
Your plane I was told, had fallen from the sky.  
Was struck by lightening over the ocean  
It killed all loving parts of me  
When I heard you died.

We never got to say goodbye  
But I'm saying it now to you.  
I'm asking for God's forgiveness and yours  
I will always be in love with you.

Linda Winchell

# 'Weeds Of Sin'

Everyday I try to pull a little more  
Of those weeds that pop up in my life.  
Not knowing how they all got there  
It seems... of endless dredge and strife.

Their roots go deep and hold on tight  
Deep beneath... the soil of my skin.  
Even though some have flowers disguise  
They are still... my weeds of sin.

No matter how I try to kill them myself  
They keep on coming back.  
Until I go to God in prayer for forgiveness  
And ask Him to give them all a whack!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Weight Of The World'

Don't let the weight of the world  
Find its rest upon your shoulders.  
Let God take care of what is needed  
And you'll not grow one days gray hair older.

We needn't take the worlds troubles  
And drink them all inside.  
It isn't for us to deal with  
And on our shoulders to reside.

God's good at dealing with all that stuff  
He's aware of what needs to be done.  
Just let Him take care of, " Judgment Day"  
And go off and have some fun!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Welcome To Never, Never Land'

Welcome to my "Never, Never land"  
Where all you see is make believe.  
Nothing here is real at all  
Such as it is... with me.

I'll pretend to be that person  
The one all wish... they were.  
But if they were to walk in my shoes  
Their life... would seem as a blur.

All that wouldn't matter... to you  
Because no one would care you see.  
Because you're in, " Never, Never Land"  
Where everything is not... what it seems.

The trees and vegetation are fake  
The flowers... have all been painted by hand.  
Everything you see here's pretend  
Was all made special...for, "Never, Never Land."

Enjoy it all while you can my friends  
For one day yours too will all...fade away from view.  
And you'll be forced to live in the real world  
The real world you have...sadly designed for you.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009  
In Memory Of M.J.

Linda Winchell

## 'What About You? ' (Mark 8: 29)

What about you...who do you say I am?  
Was I just some elaborate...made up story?  
Man's false hopes...a super human kind of man?

Was I really... earth's salvation?  
The one who died one day upon a cross.  
Was I sent here to die for mankind's sin?  
And too witness to the hopeless and lost?

What about you...I ask?  
Do you truly now ...all these years believe?  
That a man could have come to bring such hope  
To all of... earths humanity?

To suffer at the hands of those  
Some who had followed Him... so many years?  
And now seen kneeling before the cross...in which Jesus hung  
And shed such wasted... and regretful tears.

He came so that you...will not fall victim to Satan's scheme  
And not just see the words written in God's book  
And think... it was but someone's elaborate trumped up dream.

That, this couldn't have happen...as the words portray  
That a man named "Jesus"...would have done what He did for me.  
To give himself for all mankind's sin  
While nailed to a cross...at Calvary.

So I ask..."What About You? "  
"Who do you say I am? "  
If you have not figured it out by now  
I was once...just like every... woman..child and man.

But I carried the weight of the worlds sins... upon my shoulders  
Sent by my Father to die...so that you might live.  
To shed my blood and water...and with broken body  
To show the world ... the Father's love... of His only Son for YOU He gives.

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'What Are We Instore For? '

I guess we're now headed towards, 'Socialized Medicine? '  
And it looks like we may soon have a Marxist, 'United States? '  
I hope I'm just on the wrong track here people  
But if so I think it warrants some debate.

The F.D.A. will now be controlling  
What Cigarette companies can say and do.  
With all the smokes that are sold and their packaging  
But does our Government, really know what the heck to do?

They own some of our largest banks now  
And the oil companies are sure to be next.  
This is one that will go down in history  
I'd like to see the writing in that text.

Same sexes now have the right to marry  
Obama overturned the, 'Conscious bill.'  
So any woman who wants an abortion  
Can force all Doctors now to kill.

I don't know what this world is coming to  
But I can tell you, only to its end.  
And if you think that's where it's all going to stop  
You are VERY mistaken my dearest friend!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'What Are You All Doing? '

What are you all doing around the world?  
Have you even got a place to sleep?  
I know I've never met you face to face,  
But I think I may have heard you last night weep.

Do you have a meal of bread and beans?  
Or maybe some meat and such,  
I thought I'd write you to ask you this,  
In hopes that maybe you might keep in touch.

I don't have much that the rats haven't taken,  
Nor the other creatures that come in at night,  
I haven't a roof right now over my head,  
But the stars cover me in their light so bright.

I must have more than most I think,  
I've heard some people say,  
That we are much better off than some,  
Seems kind of hard to believe... in a strange kind of way.

But God has promised to always feed me,  
And keep me safe on my journey... along the way,  
So I'll take the time if only a moment for you,  
When I kneel tonight and pray.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2010

Linda Winchell

# 'What Are You Going To? '

What are you going to do?  
When the money all runs out?  
What are you going to eat?  
When the earth's soil  
no longer yields sprout?

What are you going to say?  
When our Lord comes back to collect His faithful souls?  
When only the gnashing of teeth and cries are heard  
From those lost, who didn't heed what was foretold.

What are you going to see?  
When you've been now blinded by God's purest of light?  
"Forgive me Lord; I didn't see, what is now in plain of sight."

What are you going to do?  
When He comes back and reclaims His Father's land?  
And takes all of those loved ones in, "Christ Jesus"  
To His Fathers promised Kingdom land.

He will not hear your cries, I'm told  
And if He wishes they are heard.  
He will not forgive you, now of your sins  
For which you had salvation available  
In all your earthly given years.

What are you going to do right now?  
But fall to your knees and ask your Lord.  
That your sins they be forgiven you  
And not be one to feel  
Deaths blow of God's mighty sword.

Linda Winchell

# 'What Can I Do? '

What can I do... to help others understand?  
What you my Lord... mean to me.  
What can I say...Lord give me the words?  
The words to help them to see.

To feel the love and that joy you bring  
What you have given me...each and everyday.  
The way I now see... the world through you  
In a very different and much more loving way.

Help them to see that their life is void  
Of all that loving you Lord will fill.  
Help me Lord I ask this in prayer  
Show me what I need to do too fill.

To fill the holes within those hearts  
Those hearts... that need your never ending love.  
That they can too... feel as I do  
And join the Hallelujah choir above.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'What Do I Know? '

Do the kids know more than what I did in my day?  
Do they know how to go outside and really know how to play?  
Do they know more than the internet and others tell them is so?  
Do they really, do they really, do they really, want to know?

Can they tell the time, just by the hands on a watch?  
Can they read a paper map and know where they got?  
Can they open the Bible and read their children a verse or two?  
Can they, can they, please tell me this I'm asking you?

Will they ever know what makes a flower grow and bloom?  
Will they want to start at the bottom of the ladder,  
sweeping someones dirt from room to room?  
Will they live much better, with less of what I did provide?  
Will they, will they know, really how to survive?

What is it that I have taught them, really taught them to be?  
What is it that they see in you or even see in me?  
What of God did I teach them from the word of God?  
What of what I've stood for, it all seems somewhat odd?  
What will they do with me, when my life is coming to its end?  
What, tell me what, was I more than just a friend?

Hind sight is blinded by one striving for success  
I tried and gave what I could and had, and will be forgiven for the rest.

Linda Winchell

# 'What Do You Believe In? '

What do you believe in, when you wake up to the dawn?  
What do you believe in, when you hear a birds gift of song?  
What do you hope for, when all hope is lost?  
What do you believe in, and what now was the cost?

What do you dream of, when the world tells you, 'you've failed? '  
What treasures do you search for, if only to fill some empty pails?  
What will you leave for time, but mans garbage and endtrails?

What should one seek after, when all else is gone?  
What did God show man in Proverbs,  
and from the nails placed into His palms?

What was the meaning of the words, this Man of God did speak?  
What were the Commandments for, if man refuses them to keep?

What will the end be, for it will come in the twinkling of an eye?  
When will the world hear of God, in the 'Sweet by and by? '

Linda Winchell

# 'What Else Can I Do? '

What else can I seem to do?  
but just sit in my chair and write?  
I can't seem to go anywhere these days  
the gas prices are out of sight!

So I sit and type my thoughts in poems  
and share them FREE of charge.  
To anyone who'd care to read them  
all of the internet population at large.

Sometimes I feel I'm spinning my wheels  
and not getting anywhere.  
It isn't so much the money you see  
It's just, does anyone really care?

Do they care what I have written?  
Do they really know what I have said?  
Does anyone want to copy my poems?  
So later on they might be read?

Makes me wonder if the life of a poet  
is all it's cracked up to be?  
I know it's not paying me anything  
it's out there everywhere and it's FREE!

What else can I do, but sit in this chair and write?  
To type all day in my poetic way  
just typing all through the night!

Linda Winchell

# 'What Goes Around Comes Around'

What goes around comes around  
Slapping you smack dab in the face!  
You throw it out towards someone  
And its paths return is retraced.

You think you're getting away with something  
But all you have done was to create.  
A path of your own making  
A path that you're maybe un-able to replace.

So before you think of sending out  
All of what will for sure return.  
Make sure that it is filled with love and kindness  
Or its path back will create what's earned.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'What Have You Given Me? '

What did you say you've given me?  
When you've taken most of me away.

What is it that you're saying now dear?  
What did my ears just hear you say?

Was it just a feeling of guilt you had?  
When you gave your heart to me?

Because I carried another part of you inside,  
Or were you just feeling sorry for me?

I thought you loved your child and me,  
When you married me on that day.

This seems now all a joke to you,  
But how can this all be?  
The years I gave were all I could have gained,  
They were those better parts of me.

Your now trying to cloud our child's mind,  
And ruin the family name.  
Remember dear you gave it to me,  
So it will cause you too some shame.

Stop and think of what you're doing,  
Before you walk out that door.  
I was a wife and I gave you all my life,  
Now our child has to pay the score.

Linda Winchell

# 'What I Came Upon'

Threw on my coat all filled with fluff  
to take my daily walk out in the woods.  
When I came upon an injured doe  
shot by an achers arrow made of wood.

As she laid there injured on the ground  
her eyes gazed up towards me.  
As if to ask, why was I shot?  
I was only looking for my mate, you see.

My tears rained down upon her head  
as I slowly pulled the arrow from her side.  
She looked at me and a tear she shed  
then lowered her head with a mournful sigh.

I told her how beautiful she was to me  
and that I remembered her from a fawn.  
I told her how I loved to watch her graze  
as she would nibble on my lawn.

Then with those words, she seemed to smile  
then stood up to her feet.  
As I knelt and thanked my Lord above  
she then made her swift retreat.

I've seen her since out grazing  
and wondered if she knew?  
Just how much I love God's creatures  
and how you all should love them too.

Linda Winchell

# 'What I Don'T Eat Today'

Don't eat sugars!  
Don't eat starch!  
Got to stay fit  
to have a healthy, happy heart!

Don't drink coffee!  
Don't drink tea!  
With all these Don'ts  
they're making a better person  
I think of me!

Don't smoke!  
Don't even drink!  
Don't stop out for fast food  
I think they all stink!

Try to keep myself active  
as active at my age, I can be.  
What I don't eat and do today  
will prove to make a healthier person of me!

I fill my mind with the Holy Spirit's Love!  
And give it to everyone I come to meet!  
I tell them about the God I love!  
And tell them they too  
can lay their burdens at His feet!

They see His glow in my cheeks  
and the smile, His love has placed upon my face!  
Because what I don't eat and do today  
will take my soul and me later to a better place!

Linda Winchell

# 'What I Once Wished For'

When I saw how much you'd changed  
A thought.... rallied within my mind.  
Of once I had wished for... to look and be like you  
If only for ...that childhood's moment in time.

But now that I have seen you  
And of how your life... is not what I thankfully was given.  
I am very grateful...that none of you in me had risen.

Your face was not what I had remembered  
I... a young girl...gauntly...skinny and shy.  
But yours seemed much more womanly  
At least... that was what I viewed...  
From my child then....wishful viewing eyes.

Now you're...a bit much overweight  
And have weathered lines upon your face.  
And drink a bit... too much alcohol  
And nicotine... has slowed your breathings pace.

I chose God...and not too soon that is  
To follow Him... throughout my life.  
He showed me what I needed to do  
To be a good mother and a faithful loving wife.

I will never wish for anything  
That others... perceive to have.  
But find joy and peace...  
With all....  
With all my Lord gives and be glad.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'What I'M Thankful For This Year'

Now when someone asks you to share  
what you are thankful for this year.  
Are you going to give them a list or two?  
or just one thing that you've found thankful dear?

I think I'd not have enough of time  
to share all I'm thankful for.  
My friends, my God, my children and husband  
and so very many blessings more.

The list keeps adding up you see  
the more years that I'm alive.  
I might have started out with just four on my thankful list  
now I've at least, one hundred and ninety five!

I'm thankful for the air that I breath  
And the sight God gave my eyes.  
I'm thankful to hear the birds that sing  
and thankful for the stars that light my sky.

I'm thankful that I'm just thankful!  
for there are a lot of them who are not.  
I'm thankful for all I have been given you see  
and thankful for all that I have not!

Linda Winchell

# 'What In Hell Are You Doing? '

You crossed my mind many times  
but your demeanor was none I liked.  
I tried to share the word of God with you  
but it seemed to sting and caused some strife.

Now I hear that you've passed away  
and called God to see if you were there.  
But the phone never picked up, you see  
so I figured you where not there.

So what does Hell have you doing these days?  
Are you busy and having fun?  
Does it really hurt and burn full time  
are you now missing the Father and the Son?

Is there constant torment no matter what you do?  
No peace, just Satan's torture of your damned Soul?  
I wish I would have tried harder my friend  
And didn't get upset, walk away, and let you go.

I blame myself for your loss of your  
entering Heavens Golden Gates.  
I should have prayed much harder for you  
with every breath for you, I failed to take.

I know I'll never see you, when I pass away.  
But know that I still pray for you, and wondered  
'What In Hell Are You Doing Today? '

Linda Winchell

# 'What Is Born'

Out of the womb, seeds planted grown  
From first breath, to its last.  
Going about, ones daily chores  
of that given, life long  
inner, programmed tasks.

To sometimes, do the impossible  
and the grave, viewed not, yet be its goal.  
In order to gain, if only a moments touch  
what is thought too own, of gold.

And yet, in end, to see it clearer  
then, all in time, to fade away.  
Maybe finding, ones spiritual connection  
in their own, deep Godly kind of way.

A man is not old, until he regrets  
that real life, takes the place of dreams.  
Yet when deeply, thought of such  
it is just how, for you is seemed.

Life is all too real for many  
and then for others, not at all.  
Like the hands upon, a ticking clock  
movements, when wound  
just time passing, on mantel or a wall.

What is born, all passes, in preprogrammed, provided time  
like flowers seeded, planted earth.  
All for another yet experience, in their time  
incased in their own birth.

Linda Winchell

# 'What Is Enough? '

What really, is enough?  
That one can do to help another?  
For there seems to be so much need today!  
that never really gets much cover.

Everyone in need of something  
food and shelter are a must!  
People laid off and out of money!  
banks all, seem to be going, belly up!

Boarded up homes in every State!  
What are we doing to ourselves?  
Have we all lost control of our minds and hearts?  
That now there are families, all living in their Hells!

Children are being sold for sex!  
At any age, no one seems to care!  
Homes without parents present!  
suicides daily, from hopelessness and dispare!

When will the world wake up?  
And see the damage, of what we've made!  
And give their lives to a higher power!  
From where all of life was made!

Take us back to when men were men  
and women knew their role to play!  
A much happier God filled world!  
where we all, need to be today!

This is earth's final salvation!  
It is the hope for all mankind!  
To maybe take us back to a, 'Peace on Earth! '  
to a much slower, God filled pace in time.

Linda Winchell

# 'What Is There Left? '

What does one make?  
When all else is had?  
How does one feel happy?  
When all they've ever felt is sad?

What is there left to make?  
When you've seemed to have made it all?  
What does one cry out for in life?  
When you've now taken poverties long fall?

What does one reach for?  
When all the strings you're grabbing seem frayed?  
Where do you live now?  
When all places available are paid?

Who do you call on?  
When your life seems at its very end?  
Why not call on a man named, " Jesus? "  
He is mankind's only truest of truest friends.

Linda Winchell

# 'What Lurks At The Door? '

We double lock our doors to keep the bad people out  
We install peek-holes to decide whom we let in.  
But what lies behind the door that can't be seen  
Is the sin that is hidden within.

Like when Cain opened his heart to anger  
And then... took his brother's life.  
That incident left an indelible imprint  
Life outside of God...he was doomed to wander  
Searching for a home... for the rest of his life.

Christ the faithful door keeper knows this  
So He stands at the doors opening...where sin lurks.  
Jesus watches over the hearts of His Children  
He helps us recognize sins odor...to shirk.

Doors may protect us some from harms way  
Providing a false security.  
So take God's advice and be in Him  
That's where we all need safe to be.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'What Makes The World Go Around? '

I'm amazed at what makes our world go around  
while there are children who have not been taught.  
I'm amazed at what they do not know,  
of which their little hearts have sought.

They hang out at a place called, 'My Space'  
sharing with strangers, all their cares and personal woes.  
While learning nothing of life's little things  
then soon out the window there life goes!

Why are parents not parenting  
in the way our parents did?  
Such as walks in the forest to explore  
experiencing Mother Nature of which our Lord did give.

Can't understand what holds our earth in rotation  
no one wants to be a scientist anymore.  
We used to have experimental kits  
we used to go out and search life a little more.

Maybe if we limit what time is spent  
On My Space and other sites.  
Then expand the hearts and minds of our youth  
with a telescope and parents, in the stillness of their nights.

Linda Winchell

# 'What The Years Have Done'

You once told me, " that my beauty would all fade"  
But now that I've seen the latest photo of you  
Time hasn't done much to me at all  
But it's made a real mess out of you!

Your hair seems to have gone further south  
And with that... it's even all white!  
Boy, what the years have done to you my dear  
To me it's really a horrible sight!

Your chin now touches your shoulder blades  
Your smile seems just the same.  
I see your using your first name again  
When at one time it made you ashamed.

Time has done...if only one thing for me  
It has made me much better of.  
For I've found true love...He's the air I breathe  
He is my Lord God above.

So my beauty has not faded my dear  
It has become... more than one could ever dream.  
But your look... I'm afraid to tell you  
It isn't anything... as I would have seemed.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'What Will I Wear Today? '

I wonder what I'll wear today?  
what another's eyes might see.  
I think the expression my face puts on,  
Is the best of any kind of dress for me.

I could put on that sad dark expression,  
and walk around like a mope.  
But that happy smiling face would be a better choice,  
Loving expression of happiness and hope.

Our expressions tell a lot about,  
what your emotional closet holds.  
So before you go into the world my friend,  
Put on the best of your expressions clothes!

Linda Winchell

# 'What Would You Leave Me? '

What would you leave me, if you went away?  
Would it be all your love, in my heart that would stay?  
And the memories of you until I joined you one day.  
What would you leave me, if you went away?

Would it be of the times we had together I'd hold?  
All that we shared, until we grew old.  
And of times that we laughed and cried of the things that we did say.  
Oh, what would you leave me if you went away?

All that I have, I would gladly now rid,  
For the love, that I have is all one can give.  
What would you leave me, if you went away?  
I will know in my heart, when it comes to that day.

Linda Winchell

# 'What, No Cake? '

Why can't I have a piece of cake?  
It's my Birthday party, that's being held!  
I've been so disciplined with my dieting for you  
I lost ten pounds, or maybe even twelve?

So what's the big deal here?  
Why no cake for me to eat?  
I just wanted to have a fork full or so  
wasn't the whole thing I wanted to eat!

I know I've blown it other times!  
fallen off the wagon, that's for sure!  
But all that is in the past my dear  
my life back then, is just a blur!

It's my Birthday, and I want some cake!  
I've waited now, for one full year!  
I want to have a bite right now!  
Or is it, my getting fat, in which YOU fear?

I've tried to be all you want me to be!  
thin and some, blue eyed blonde bomb shell!  
Well you know that living this way my dear for you!  
Is making MY life, a dieter's living HELL!

Linda Winchell

# 'Whatever You Are Waiting For'

Whatever you are waiting for  
it isn't coming to you today.  
Because you all ready have it  
in each minute of every day.

It's brewing there deep within your soul  
It's a message you need to unwrap to reveal.  
But you've chosen to wait, but it may be too late  
because your mind thinks, 'This can't be real.'

But believe me when I tell you friend  
that life is not going to come to you!  
You need to take the bull by the horns and ride it hard!  
until your backside is black and blue!

Don't take the easy way out in life  
Whatever you seem to be waiting for!  
Because in lifes marathon of trials  
no one but you seems to be keeping life's score.

Linda Winchell

# 'What's For Dinner? '

What's for dinner honey?  
called my husband, from his reclined favorite chair.  
I don't know right now my dear  
then I went into, a transcendental type of stare.

For I had not taken out the meat to thaw  
for our dinners nightly feast.  
So I best get to making something soon  
I can hear my husbands', hungry stomachs' beast!

I opened up the freezer  
Then I opened up some drawers.  
I couldn't seem to find a thing to cook  
so I opened them all once more!

There in-front of my eyes view was seen  
crackers and some cans of soup.  
I whipped it up and added a touch  
of eggs and some noodles with loops!

'Dinner is served! ', I called out to all  
then heard was only footsteps running  
frantically down the stairs and hall.

'Wow honey, you out did yourself again! '  
was the message that I heard.  
From the sweetest man served somekind of concoction  
of crackers, loopy noodles and eggs from a bird!

Linda Winchell

# 'What's So Funny About It? '

I am appalled to see the humor  
In what some view... as funny these days.  
Crashing old Grannies...and what swear word best fits our personalities  
"God help us! "...is what I say.

Seems like we're reverting backward  
To those days... when Roman's viewed Christian deaths a sport.  
With all of those hyper reality shows  
It is now most of our minds retreat.

It's become mankind's... addiction of choice  
Finding pleasure... in the bizarre and the unknown.  
But what are we really saying and doing?  
When it is our children...our actions are shown.

We claim to be so civilized?  
But this is not what our God has made for me and you.  
He wants us to follow Him faithfully  
But we seem to have... better and more exciting things to do.

Think about what you are doing  
Before you find the humor you so desire.  
It will only end up... in maybe your painful disaster  
And be you... that are someone else's kind of funny to admire.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'When '

When did I stop being good enough?  
being good enough for you.  
When did all this happen to me?  
when did it happen in the mind of you?

When did you start seeing?  
all those things you hated to see.  
When did you feel like you do?  
when did you stop loving me?

Linda Winchell

# 'When All Others Are Walking Out'

Friends are those who are walking in,  
When all others are walking out.  
Friends are people who believe in you,  
When all others have their doubts.

Friends are with you through thick and thin,  
No matter how thin lifes ice becomes.  
Friends are friends forever more,  
And forever more they will become.

A true friend, warms you with their presence,  
Trust you with their secrets, remembers you in their prayers.  
Friends are those who when standing in silence,  
You feel their love for you loud and clear!

I am glad I see that friend in you  
and have seen it right along.  
It will be with me throughout my life  
For our friendship is that strong.

Linda Winchell

# 'When Did Prayer Begin? '

I wonder when prayer first began,  
Was it something God always did?  
Or was it said by first man?

And did they say it like I do,  
As I lie down to sleep?  
Or maybe said by a Shepard,  
While tending to his sheep?

If God was always, and always is He,  
Then where did prayers' go, before there was me?  
Were they held in a room in Heaven somewhere?  
Closed behind golden doors, with a sign that said, 'Prayers? '

I guess I won't know, the mystery to that,  
Until I see God, where we'll sit and we'll chat!

Linda Winchell

# 'When God Shook The Ground'

God had to shake the grounds of a nation,  
So that the rest of this world could see,  
The needs of a dying people,  
Living in such pain and poverty.

Unless we lived close to it,  
Our hearts and eyes could not begin to bear,  
All the suffering that's been going on for generations,  
All that was happening over there.

Now that our world sees for once,  
What has been going on,  
We can begin to understand...  
Why our God...chose to shake this nations ground.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2010

Linda Winchell

# 'When Hell Freezes Over'

The sun drinks in all of Earths' moisture  
Forming pillows of white in the sky.  
From all the tears this world has shed  
From all the tears... from wars they've cried.

When will war and hunger cease?  
When will there... on Earth be peace?  
When I say, when Hell freezes over  
For this is when it will then be over!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'When I Grow Up'

When I grow up, one day I pray not too soon  
I hope to be all that I was meant.  
For to have lived my life in vane  
Would be just wasted time that I had spent.

When I grow up, I hope maybe to have learned  
All that in life that I'd come to earn.  
Knowing when my love to another send  
And all about "Jesus", my "Lord", my friend.

When I grow up, I wish my hair to be gray  
And have depth of wrinkles upon my face.  
For they will show the story of my life  
That with time, its pain would not erase.

When I grow up, I hope that I have made a dent  
In the lives of others, a part of God's Holy Sacrament.  
When I grow up, and I take a good look back  
Will I see what I'd accomplished for God?  
Just where with God I was at.

When I grow up, and to God I then go  
Will I remember whom it was I loved so?  
Will it be not of use of where I am?  
Will it no longer be a part of God's plan?

When I grow up, it will be finished and complete  
Leaving all the loose ends tied together  
Leaving everything tidy and neat.  
For I'll not ever return, to do it over again  
When I grow up, For My God was the life I did spend.

Linda Winchell

# 'When I Saw, 'Jesus'

When I saw Jesus nailed to the cross  
It took a part of me.  
His eyes looked down as if to say  
'Don't my child go and cry for me.'

For this was what I was born to do  
To come and die on a cross for you.  
To be buried and rise up from the dead  
So see my child, my death is now your daily bread.

Just when you see this image of me  
Kneel and send up your prayers to me.  
For I am not ever far from you  
This was the promise that I made to you.

You'll find me in the songs of a birds  
Or in a flower as it grows.  
But know dear child, that I will always love you  
And that to my Father I was meant to go.

Linda Winchell

# 'When I Tried To Save The World'

I tried to save the world  
If only one person at a time.  
But had gotten so engrossed with it  
I almost lost my cotton picken mind!

Now I tried to separate my feelings from facts  
But no matter how hard I tried  
I found myself always reverting back.  
Back to the more difficult side.

Some folks were easier than others to reach  
And then there were some who weren't.  
As I told them of God and Jesus  
And Satan... Whose only Hell bent  
To get one burnt!

Rejection at times was painful  
But I knew where those folks were coming from.  
Once there myself many years ago  
When I felt sinning was so much fun.

I will keep on trying however  
To save the world if only  
One person at a time.  
Because that's what happened  
When a child of Christ one day  
Came to help me to save mine.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'When Is Empathy Too Much? '

When does something meant for good,  
Become too much for one to handle?

Empathy is a part of Humanities D.N.A.,  
But can void out walking in anothers sandles.

We all need to feel for others, this is very true,  
However, sometimes it clouds a more rational point of view.

We see the hungry on Christian T.V. shows,  
Bloated stomachs, filth, and poverty,  
Little children in torn miss-matched clothes.

We run to our checkbooks to ease the guilt,  
Or make those credit card calls.  
But we first need to rationalize,  
The depth and meaning for needs cause.

Our own states are suffering,  
There are homeless and abused.  
We seem to sweep them under rugs in shelters,  
Out from everyones discusted point of view.

Created temporary dwellings not streets,  
Yet not their homes,  
Then put out to fend for themselves,  
Again back defenslessly all alone.

We march in the streets, and scream at Government rules,  
But there is more to this story, not seen by all these fools.

God placed in our hearts, a feeling He did give,  
For empathy shows us, the way we should live.

Community to gather and pull each to their hearts,  
Sharing what they have of, those empathetic parts.

I will say it again, so you won't lose touch,  
'When is empathies guilts payment?

And too much of empathy for another, too much? '

Linda Winchell

# 'When Life Is Too Big'

When life seems to big to bear  
Piling up, up, with life's ever changing flow.  
Not knowing to go out or in  
Or just where, in life to go.

There may not be easy answers  
To those challenges you now face.  
But God can walk you through the fires  
With His divine love and saving grace.

You'll never meet those overwhelming challenges alone  
He is with you every step of the way.  
Ask God to give you the wisdom needed  
To get you through all your nights and days.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'When Salvation Cometh'

When salvation cometh to all mankind  
It can only wrap love, peace and joy  
Of ones self to entwine.

Embracing all that one possess  
Now taking the others not needed  
With a soft caress.

Rebuilding now what it has in store  
And then for ones life in God  
Only giving you much more.

Breaking down sins walls with one Holy thrust  
Given to all now, "To God entrust."

Salvation is one of Heavens keys  
To ask God for forgiveness  
On now bended knees.

Then placing your life  
All in God's mighty hands.  
This is Salvation  
"Jesus" He whom died,  
Has given to all man.

Linda Winchell

# 'When We Think'

When we think of all those aches and pains we have  
We've got too much time on our hands.  
When we think of all those unpaid bills  
think of those who haven't a home or land.

When we think we've reached the end of our rope  
look at those who haven't the hands to grab.  
When we sit all day and moan and groan  
We've got too much time to think and feel sad.

When we think of all that this world needs done  
we are now doing what God made us for.  
When we think that we've given all we can give  
dig deeper, God knows we need to give more.

When we think we can't take one more step  
place one foot in front of the other.  
When we think that the worlds coming to and end  
don't run and hide and take cover!

When we think God's done with His job in our life  
think again we've much more to learn.  
When we think the worlds problems are not ours solve  
God is jotting down our lack of concern.

When thinking becomes more than just a past time  
go to God and He will show you the way.  
When we think we've thought all we can think  
remember, our tomorrows are numbered God given days.

Linda Winchell

# 'Where Are You Going Son? '

Where are you going son?  
with your little bag so neatly packed?  
I thought you went upstairs as told  
to lay down and take your nap?

I know you were very angered  
when I had to pull you from your play.  
But a little man such as you  
has to get his naps each day.

So, is it that your leaving home?  
Because you didn't want to mind?  
I didn't mean to sound so stern  
or treat your playmates, what you feel unkind.

Where is it that your leaving too?  
And can old mommy come along?  
I promise to let you play outside  
even if I feel it's much too long.

What will we do my son?  
If you are to go away?  
We will never have anything to listen to  
in the backyard when you played.

Now I see you've had a change of heart  
and you want mom to tuck you into bed?  
I'll pull the covers over you son  
and place a kiss upon your head.

Sleep tight my son, my grown up little man  
I see somethings now I must change.  
I never want to see again  
your little packed bag, or sadness a nap had made.

Linda Winchell

## 'Where Are Your Priorities? '

Now I've been helping you out with money!  
I've been giving you my food and time!  
You acted like you had so many bills to pay!  
and hadn't any money, had to pay things on time!

Now I see that you've bought a toy this week!  
For your own, 'Home Land Security? '  
But an assault rifle? What were you thinking?  
Where are your priorities?

Now when you have no food to eat friend!  
or no where to lay your head!  
Is that Assault rifle going to fill your belly?  
with some hot sauce on two slices of stale old bread?

What in God's name were you thinking?  
When I've been putting myself out for you?  
I hope you and your new toy, Mr. Bang, Bang!  
Will be the best of priorities made  
like the one in my life I once had given you!

Linda Winchell

# 'Where Did My Green Thumb Go? '

Wonder where my green thumb went?  
I use to be able to grow most anything!  
Now I just sit and hope that I get  
anything, to grow that is green!

With winter now coming up quickly  
there is nothing outside but brown and grey!  
The flowers all gone, and the birds with their songs  
so there is no color in my days.

I bought a Mikado plant  
it claimed it would have flowers bright yellow.  
But all I have seen, is sticks and some green  
and some fuzzy molding stuff, going on in the middle!

It said it liked to be kept moist  
so I made sure I did just that.  
Then to place in the sun, is what it said to have done  
but nothing has yet to come  
so I think I'll be taking it back!

Now I bought myself some plastic flowers  
don't need a green thumb to raise them!  
You just slap them in a vase, and put them someplace.  
And say there's some kind of a scent, if only plastic pretend!

Linda Winchell

# 'Where Do Your Responsibilities End? '

Where do your responsibilities end?  
When your children are grown and gone?  
Do you write them off as quickly as that?  
And never to take them back?

We bring them into this world  
And when they are taken out.  
We seem to not want the responsibility  
Of helping... or guiding any of them out.

We pawn them off on our society  
We allow them to run the streets.  
Not many parents... now willing to take  
The time that's needed...or even make.

Then we complain about our crime rate and prisons  
And the high taxes that we all now... for it pay.  
When all it would have taken  
Were a few hours out of any given day.

Babies now raising babies  
Poverty and drugs everywhere....all around.  
Is this where you thought of placing your children?  
On the streets... and prisons where most are bound?

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Where Does It Stop? '

Where does the Universe stop?  
We've not gotten to the end just yet.  
Scientists have placed all kinds of things in space  
in order to conduct a Universe of tests.

There is no limit or end I think  
We are all surrounded by its void!  
And planets are just a piece of something bigger  
like some giant universe asteroid.

Where one day, that Big Bang theory, talked about  
blew out millions of planets' we now know as stars.  
Some of them now call earth and sun  
and others, Venus, Pluto, Saturn and Mars.

I don't know if God intend for man  
to ever find the ending or meaning of.  
But just know that it was all made by our creator  
The Father and the Son.

Linda Winchell

# 'Where Have All The Children Gone? '

\*\* I Saw this on the news today. How sad!

Families now having such financial problems  
Where they seem forced to give their children away.  
Not enough money to feed them it seems  
Because they have too many bills made now to pay.

Strangers with better finances  
Now raising someone else's kids.  
It's sad to think our world has come to this  
Living much higher than as what we did.

Who best is there to love them?  
Than loving parents... of two?  
Instead of handing over those precious lives  
Over for strangers now to do.

"Raise them up in the ways of the world"  
And they will lose what God has given.  
For two loving God fearing parents to do  
Of those children our God has given.

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Where In The Mind Is It Safe To Go?

Where in the mind is it safe to go?  
Uncovering memories of long ago.  
Hurt and pain that you had long forgot  
of a time you wish return to, or maybe not.

Releasing ideas and those thoughts  
of what your minds woven web has caught.  
Taking one or two out at a time  
absorbing those moments you've stored in your mind.

Some memories bring pain, welling up again  
others may bring feelings, love for that long lost friend.  
Whatever the case might be for you  
Where in the mind will that be safe to do?

Sort very carefully, what your mind has stored  
there may be much less, then there may be much more?  
The impact received, may have your futures deep effect  
of what your mind has stored, and now needs to forget.

Linda Winchell

# 'Where It's Needed Most'

Have you squandered most of you life away?  
Have you been your life's, best of host?  
Or maybe, not been the best of steward?  
placing it, where it wasn't needed most?

Did you really take a good look at you?  
Digging deeper, than you might?  
Or was what you might have dug up in you  
going to now haunt you, throughout your life?

I must really say in truth  
I've made mistakes, like some, like most  
And maybe didn't place, my God given gains  
where they could have done, their most.

God's been good to me, throughout my life  
and I've tried to be faithful, to His commands.  
But sometimes faltered and strayed from God's mission  
and didn't really lend, the best to others, of all I can.

To place, 'Where it's needed most'  
to know the difference, there of.  
Knowing that all you have learned, and achieved in life  
came down from our Father's love.

Linda Winchell

# 'Where The Walls Can Talk'

Take me to the rooms, where the walls can talk  
of those stories told of what they've stored  
imbedded in their walls, of board and chalk.

Behind their paper flowers faded  
cove molding and their nails.  
Releasing all the things they've heard for years  
telling of all those kept wall tales.

The laughter they heard of children  
the crying heard by some.  
The songs of Christmas Karol's  
within four walls drunk in like a sponge.

Please take me room to room  
so I might listen to them all.  
Then when we're done with our walk  
let's go hear what they're saying down the hall.

Linda Winchell

# 'Where To Place The Bar'

If we place the bar at a level  
that good enough is deemed ok  
then why would anyone try to strive  
for a much, much better way?

We should never think that the height of it  
is where it needs to be.  
So that we'll strive to make it better  
reaching those better parts of you and me.

Now place your bar up a notch  
to the top if you so choose.  
Do chin ups every day of your life  
building your character muscles, a more rewarding life for you.

Linda Winchell

# 'Where Will It All End? '

Now highways of ghostly pitted asphalt,  
Void of mans inventions of steel and rubber.

Stores now empty lanes, 'Part time work only please'.  
Mans suffering, all of their own conditional doing.

Homes being lost, to computer voices without hearts,  
Yet their owners' are into own depths of moral peril.

Residential hopefulls, making promises they will never be able to keep.  
Telling lost souls what they want to hear and not as it is.  
Only to become part of the parasites who feast off rotting flesh.

We are looking back at history repeating itself,  
Rearing their ugly head one more time,  
Feasting on blood of poor and an already hopeless society.

We now fight over a treasured crude, that once was life long ago,  
When then will we ourselves become the same?

Fuel, but for another type of race.  
Filling their need until, it also becomes out of reach.

When will this madness stop?  
Where Will It All End?

Linda Winchell

# 'White Glove Test'

Sometimes we go about in life,  
Giving others that, " White Glove Test, "  
Viewing their life with such precision,  
And just seeing... all of their collected mess.

But what we have seemed to overlook,  
Is the mess that we live in,  
Those gloves should maybe be run across,  
Our own bodies filled with sin.

The sin of judging others,  
Now that can be a really dirty thing,  
It will stain your gloves whiteness,  
Of what this sin of judging brings.

So before you decide to slip on your gloves of white,  
Sweep them first around your dirty home,  
You may find then you won't want to slip them on,  
And begin to leave everyone else's dirt alone.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Who Do You Think You'Re Fooling? '

\*\*I wrote this with no one person in mind, just for those who are not walking, just talking. Let us pray for them today. God Bless, Linda

Who do you think you're fooling?  
When you pretend to know my God?  
When you're trying to quote His words  
It seems to you, so very odd.

While your family knows who God is  
And you just tag along, for the fun of it.  
While their in church on Sundays worshiping  
And you're at home in the chair you sit.

Who do you think you're fooling?  
Not God, because He sees it all.  
And one day you're going to die my friend  
And take a Hellish fall.

Who do you think you're fooling?  
When you take money from the till?  
And not give to those in need of food or warmth  
Who are surviving from hand to hand still?

Who do you think you're fooling?  
With all that money you pretend to have.  
While showing off to those folks  
Those friends you think you have.

You're not fooling anyone but yourself!  
Making lies into your idea of truths.  
And not thinking of anyone else.

God sees just what you're doing!  
Even if you don't think He does.  
So who do you think you're fooling?  
While you give your ego its sinful buzz.

Linda Winchell

# 'Who Really Wins The Race? '

We usually think of winners  
As those who win the race.  
But with that thought... we're very much mistaken  
Mislead...is what it makes.

The honor clearly belongs to "Jesus"  
Far superior... to any known athlete.  
For He ran the race... and won it for us  
And now sits... in His Father's place.

You see...we either honor Him...  
Placing Him above... anyone else.  
Or we do bask in His love...and grace  
For there is none above Him  
That would have ever taken Jesus' place.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Who You Were Then'

What you have become today  
Is due much impart to the past you've lived.  
Learning to be a better person  
And maybe learning just how much  
Of yourself to give.

Or maybe from living in the depths of hell?  
And getting away from it.  
Learning then from all that had come your way  
And not living in-dwelled within hell's pit.

Who you were then  
Determines the Who you've now become.  
Stronger and taking you to heights never dreamed  
And still leaving more room for more of life to come.

So when think of asking yourself, " Is this all there is? "  
You may remember what I've written  
Was learned from all that you have lived.

Linda Winchell

# 'Why Is Everyone Trying? '

Why is everyone trying?  
to get back to age twenty two or four?  
Some old farts are getting boob and face lifts!  
and mine are both hanging on the floor!

Who cares what the heck you look like?  
your old, so get use to it!  
One look at your hands and feet, my friend  
and it will give away, your little surgeons tricks!

Your butt isn't perky!  
Cause you've been setting on it way too long!  
Your teeth aren't your own or even paid for!  
and your breath is like Godzilla, rotting strong!

You run two to seven miles a day!  
What the heck are you running too?  
Your so sore after it all is over  
Ben Gay, is now being shipped in fifty gallon drums to you!

Then you have to go to the tanner!  
You look like, a dark wrinkled up prune!  
And please don't wear that two piece bathing suit!  
my life insurance is only paid up till June!

Your a disgrace to us old folk!  
Who have earned everyone, of our grey hairs!  
And so what if I use a walker!  
I work it for the friendly poor, old fella stares!

So go on looking for your fountain of youth!  
you'll never find it before you croak!  
And all this plastic surgery stuff  
is really just an old timers, A.A.R. P. hoax!

Linda Winchell

# 'Why My Caged Bird Sings'

I keep my yellow birdie in a wooden cage,  
He sings for me each and every day.  
And when I take him out, weather permitting,  
He sings along to a special song I play.

I play this tune only for him,  
And in some strange way, I think he knows I do.  
For he climbs up to his cages highest perch,  
And lifts each note, on key to skies of blue.

I know just why my caged bird sings,  
For he sings his song only for my ears.  
I hope that I will have my yellow bird,  
For many a day and coming years.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Within Every Rose Bud'

Within every blooming rose bud,  
Blooms there memories of you and me,  
A time that seems now so long forgotten,  
Of how in love...the two of us use to be.

Roses were your favorite of flowers,  
So I've planted a variety... just in memory of you,  
I know you've gone now to be with "Our Lord"  
So with each rose planted... they will always remind me of that time between us  
two.

Their brilliant colors of red, yellow and white,  
Were those colors you loved the best,  
You would tend to them as if they were a lover,  
And forget about tending all the rest.

Fed them the best of nutrients...that money could ever buy,  
And dusted all their leaves... with only the best of pesticides.

So every time I go and cut a bunch of them,  
To grace its place on my kitchen table,  
I will remind me of those good times we had together,  
Those days of long ago... when our love was able.

By: Linda Winchell

\*\*\*For my dear friend.

Linda Winchell

# 'Without'

Without rhyme there would be no reason,  
Without time there would be no season.

Without hate there would be no love  
Without Hell there would be no Heaven above.

Without you there would be no me  
Without rain there would be no seas.

Without air there would be no wind  
Without Jesus there would be no forgiveness of sin.

Without time there would be no hours  
Without God there would be no Holy power.

Without this there would be no that  
Without the lean there would be no fat.

Without greed there would be no need  
Without fruit there would be no seed.

Without out there would be no in  
Without in this poem, my Rhymes reason could not begin.

Linda Winchell

# 'Woman All Alone'

The cleanest and finest and grandest of home  
inside of its walls, lives a woman dieing alone.  
Husbands distance, doing things of his own  
Providing just things, for his wife and their home.

One thing however, seems missing from view  
The love they both had shared  
the love, this lonely lady once knew.

Grass and trees manicured, like that of a park  
but all of its upkeep  
only keeping them apart.

Keeping up with the neighbors  
all to prove, ' they've got it all! '  
But the price that they're paying  
is much more of a call.

A house is a house  
not making a home, a home.  
While spending all your time apart  
If your leaving a loved one alone.

Linda Winchell

# 'Words Can Weigh A Lot'

Words can add extra weight to our lives  
When they are not given to another in love.  
If angered they shoot out as hurt  
And give the recipient, your verballed shove!

Suggest you maybe place your words on stricter diets  
Weighing out each one, in-which you say.  
I then guarantee they won't hurt at all  
When they are shot out past you lips.  
And you will look so much thinner  
When you take those,  
Shooting pistols off your hips!

Linda Winchell

# 'Words Come As A Whisper'

Some words come as a whisper,  
Almost, as if said in a form of prayer,  
Softly spoken beneath my breath,  
For God's ears, in what my whispers share.

I know He hears my every word,  
He also reads my every thought,  
Whispering prayers asking for forgiveness,  
Of what maybe, a sinful heart had brought.

My words are only for my Master's ears,  
Not just to spew hastily about,  
No need to yell them to the Heavens',  
No real need to ever shout them out.

Hear me Lord, as I whisper to you softly,  
May you understand what I've said,  
And if you can't hear me Lord,  
Please Lord; please read this poem instead.

By: Linda Winchell

Linda Winchell

# 'Words Of Encouragement'

Words of encouragement

Travel further than we'll ever know.

They help the heart to soar on high

They help the spirit to grow.

We've all had those times, haven't we?

Where we were down as down could be.

When someone came to encourage you

Give you a hug and help you from your knees.

Sharing a word of encouragement

With someone will not only benefit them.

It will bring your life such joy and peace

Of which giving encouragement can send.

By: Linda Winchell

Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Working On Adjustments'

I've been trying to make some real adjustments  
To this world... I live in.  
But can't seem to find the right tools to use  
To correct this mess... I've gotten myself in.

Took a wrench... to tighten up the nuts and bolts  
Took a hammer... to pound down some rusted nails.  
Took a screwdriver... to turn the screws from working out  
But with every tool used...tasks tried just seem to fail.

Guess I should have maintained my life a bit closer  
So the now maintenance...would not be many.  
In fact if I would have eaten and exercised more  
There may have not been any.

But I intend to make things right again  
As they were once a long time ago.  
Then I could maybe loan my tools out to another  
They might be more in need of them you know?

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Worth It All'

There will be persecution for those who live for Him  
There will be blood that runs as rivers flow.  
There will be crying of endless tears  
There will be more than you shall know.

They will torture you for your beliefs  
They will throw away the keys.  
They will cut off heads of those who pray  
Pray down on their knees.

The rewards are far worth the pain endured  
To see the Father of us all.  
To sit beside Him at His feet  
I will endure till I hear His call.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'Would Someone Tell Me Why? '

I've noticed that there are a lot of old folks  
who sleep with their mouths open wide!  
Pulling in all, that maybe might just be flying by.

While seen lying on a sofa  
or reclining in an easy chair!  
Would someone please let me know  
just why it is, I even seem to care?

And why do old people always have to belch and fart?  
Never really having that problem when they were young!  
It would have been considered an anomaly of sorts!  
if one let gas out, if not just done in fun!

Would someone please tell me why?  
Is this what I could be looking forwards to, or expect?  
When old and gray will I too act this way?  
Does aging have on everyone, this ill effect?

I'd rather not be looked by others this way!  
with my mouth driveling and open wide!  
Pulling in my surroundings with one deep snorting sound!  
And pushing air out of all my openings insides!

Linda Winchell

# 'Would You Like To Take A Trip With Me? '

Would you like to take a trip with me?  
To a land of make-believe?  
Where you'll always be a child at play  
And always wear your heart upon your sleeve.

Where you can eat candy all day long  
And never have to be told to go to bed.  
Where everything is an adventure  
And sugar plums really do dance inside your heads.

Where the clouds you see floating by  
You can touch and play hide and seek.  
Never falling to the ground below  
You'll always land flat and safely on your feet.

Skipping rope and swimming  
Flying kites high into the air.  
Always being a child at heart  
With never an adult need or care.

Seeing things as children do  
With a true and open heart of love.  
Trusting that in all you see and hear  
Was just another gift from God above.

Would you like to take a trip with me?  
I will make it truly worth your wild.  
The trip you take from here on in  
Will bring your life the purest  
Of a forgotten child hood smile.

Linda Winchell

# 'Yard Sale'

My life's now displayed, on my front lawn for all  
selling my sons old desk  
selling my dogs, old rubber toy balls.

My wedding dress, from the nineteen fifties displayed  
with the shoes, and my purse  
I'm giving my whole life's memories away.

Now selling it all, to keep up with bills  
I'm too old to work, guess they think I'm over the hill?

Ready to lose my home, of a bank owed loan  
I have to sell and display all my life's memories  
in order to provide food and a home.

Economy is driving, us all to the brink!  
I've thought of ending it all  
or just stopping my pain and suffering with drink!

Never thought that it would have ever come to this  
When is the world going to recover?  
And try to get this mess fixed?

Linda Winchell

# 'You Are As You Think'

Every act of mankind  
Ssprings forth... those hidden seeds of thought.  
The blossoms of joy or its suffering  
Are the fruits which pay mans' cost.

Thoughts in the mind...hath made us  
We become exactly as we think.  
Taking ones mind to places unknown  
Placing it on... minds brink.

Man is made or un-made...all by himself  
He forges the weapons by which  
Destroys what his or her mind has dealt.  
Digging deeper mans minds ditch.

Of all the beautiful truths.... pertaining to ones soul  
Restored and brought to the light of age.  
None is more gladdening then that of God...to be written on mans page.

Divine perfection... from abuse... wrong application of thought  
Man has also fashioned the tools used  
Which he builds his Heavenly mansions... goodly sought.

Purity of thought...is his own shadow.... sure  
In his mind he conjures...sometimes thoughts impure.  
If then a man hath evil thoughts...pain shall come to him.  
But through his minds seeking self...he finds God in all... forgiving sin.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'You Can Do Anything When You Tell The Truth'

You can do anything when you tell the truth  
it is much better than a lie!  
Cause if you take the later road  
you'll get caught in your lie trap, like a fly!

'The Truth will set you free'  
never truer words have been said.  
But you will have to pay, that cost truth brings  
And may be embarrassed, thinking it might have been better to lie instead!

But don't be fooled my friend  
it is all worth, the price and embarrassments cost!  
Than to lie your way through out your life  
and in the end, pay that choice of sin's cost!

Linda Winchell

# 'You Can'T Take It With You'

You can't take it with you when you leave

no matter how much you shove it up your sleeves.

You can stuff it in your pants,

and go stick it in your socks

but when your headed to where your going

you'll see that you have nothing that you've got!

Linda Winchell

# 'You Keep It Short And Sweet'

What I like about the way you talk  
Is that you keep it down to, 'Short and Sweet! '  
You don't rattle on for hours or days  
You just say what you need  
And don't ever need to repeat!

I wish to God that I was more like you  
For it takes me a day and a half my thoughts to speak.  
I am not one of those kind of talkers, I guess you've noticed  
That can keep it down to just, 'Short and Sweet.'

Linda Winchell

# 'You Said You Walked With Him'

You said you walked with, " Jesus Christ"  
But your actions haven't proved it.  
You threw me out with the trash  
Just wanted me to go remove this.

I know this isn't what Christ would have wanted  
Not wanted for His children to ever do.  
But I guess you weren't who you said you were  
Wished I had found you out before me you threw.

Linda Winchell

# 'You Think You Needn'T Be Forgiven'

When your ego tells you this  
That, "I needn't be forgiven."  
You are only walking down that road to Hell  
To where your sin now was sadly driven.

Forgiveness is the only way  
To God's Kingdom, that's for sure.  
Cleansing yourself in Jesus blood  
The pain of Crucifixion  
He for us did endure.

Your ego only holds you back  
From the reward yet to come.  
However many will be left behind  
Who thought they didn't need  
The forgiveness of God's Son.

Linda Winchell

# 'You Took My Place! '

A man pulled into a churches' parking lot  
But when...he was parking his car.  
Was reminded by another on-lookers' remark  
"Your in my parking place...you are! "

The man now entered dazed.... slowly into the church  
Found a seat...far up in the first row.  
But while he was getting settled in  
He was reminded..."You're in my place...now you must go! "

The man hung his head... as he walked away  
But found another place to sit.  
As the pastor started to speak his sermon  
He inadvertently spoke on all of this.

Then the stranger stood up...and slowly his appearance had changed  
His hat... now replaced... by a thorny crown.  
His clothes...now a blood stained once pure white gown  
And nail holes...which could be viewed...deep within His palms.

He took our place... now that's a fact!  
So many years... ago.  
But before you tell another...they're in your place  
Remember who was first...at Calvary to go!

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'You'LI Love Again'

Believe me friend...she's gotten over you  
Moved on in life...found someone new.  
To share her love...to give her heart  
It was predestined to end...before its start.

Not kindred souls...not a one  
You both thought it was love  
But it was just... lusting's fun.  
She's moved on...and she's mended clean  
Sorry my friend...this sounds... so heartlessly mean.

But truth sometimes...is hard to swallow  
But believe me friend... there is a marrow.  
You too will find... a truer love again to share  
For she will love you...and she will care.

She cries when she sees that you're sad  
She will love you forever...through all the bad.  
She will comfort you...when you're in pain  
Believe me friend...you'll love again.

Linda Winchell

## 'Young Hearts...Lost Souls'

So mature of heart are young words written,  
Sharing first loves pain and all of its misery.  
But there is something missing in it all,  
Their young souls written... of their life's victories.

They sound so mature...yet remain but mother's breast fed babes,  
Hormones stirring up...in its pot of mixed felt emotions,  
Of mixed childlike feelings still being played.

They feel as though they've seen it all,  
And maybe done it all too?  
Do you remember when you were that young?  
And maybe had those same feelings felt inside of you.

Wasn't really THAT long ago,  
That you can't remember back when.  
That you felt; "I'm going to die if not, "  
And couldn't maybe wait until when!

A young broken heart is hard to heal,  
If not repaired first inside the soul of man.  
It makes us more then we could ever expect,  
It helped to make me.... That, for which in Christ I am.

Linda Winchell

## 'Young Hearts..Lost Souls'

So mature of heart are young words written,  
Sharing first loves pain and all of its misery.  
But there is something missing in it all,  
Their young souls written... of their life's victories.

They sound so mature...yet remain but mother's breast fed babes,  
Hormones stirring up...in its pot of mixed felt emotions,  
Of mixed childlike feelings still being played.

They feel as though they've seen it all,  
And maybe done it all too?  
Do you remember when you were that young?  
And maybe had those same feelings felt inside of you.

Wasn't really THAT long ago,  
That you can't remember back when.  
That you felt; "I'm going to die if not, "  
And couldn't maybe wait until when!

A young broken heart is hard to heal,  
If not repaired first inside the soul of man.  
It makes us more then we could ever expect,  
It helped to make me.... That, for which in Christ I am.

Linda Winchell

# 'Younger Years'

Ninety Eight pounds soaking wet,  
A Pirates treasure in a blouse, a true sunken chest.

Legs that seemed to have no beginning or end,  
Uglyness viewed, she hadn't a friend.

Cinderella for Mom, Tom Boy for Dad,  
Left to herself, of feelings alone and sad.

Abused by men that she loved beyond words,  
Run away child, with her youths stolen years.

No one to talk to, back in those days,  
Who would have believed, what this little girl would say?

Wasn't something you spread to neighbors or friends,  
Just kept it all inside,  
Where childrens pain have no end.

Mothers mid-life crisis she bore,  
She did all of Mom's work, she did all her chores.

Scrubbing and cleaning, cooking and such,  
No childhood memories, just a little girl out of touch.

Pretty girl hoped one day soon to be,  
That was never a thought of hers,  
Always told, 'Your as ugly as they'd ever seen! '

Zits on her face, spreading and ready too pop!  
She prayed, 'All that's Holy, when will this ever stop? '

Then one day as if none of this was,  
A butterfly emerged, from lifes' pain that was caused.

Slender of body, and long silky brown hair,  
Blue green of eyes, and large breasts did appear.

Her smile as bright, as the sun shine of day,

Skin clear with rose of cheeks, all flaws gone away.

She now looks in her mirror, but still is dark of her view,  
Growing pains and her scars, still remain as if new.

Linda Winchell

# 'Your Legacy'

What dear friend will your legacy be?  
Will it become a tabloid headline,  
For all our world to read?

Will it make a possitive difference of worlds view?  
Or will it be what negatively now, was created by you?

Will this cancer breed to others' nearest to you?  
Of Uncle or Brother-in-law or your young Nephew?

Will they become imprisoned, caged like an endangered bird?  
Will their lives have been meaningless?  
Of an inner goodness never heard?

Think twice before you leap,  
For the price is too high.  
Of the legacy you leave,  
In anothers heart and their eyes.

Linda Winchell

# 'Your Nose Is Not A Tool'

What have you done my mans best friend?  
Gone again and acted like a fool.  
Were you digging again where you should not go?  
And using your nose like some shoveling tool?

You put it where you shouldn't,  
And got it nipped by a hill of angry ants!  
You know you shouldn't dig in there,  
That's where Mothers flowers I plant!

I think you got your fair and just rewards,  
For going where you shouldn't!  
You knew when you started to dig over there,  
It wasn't suppose to be and shouldn't!

Now your poor little nose is swollen and huge!  
I might need to pack it in some ice.  
Maybe next time you won't stick your nose,  
Where you put your nose at tonight!

Linda Winchell

## 'Your Poem'

What drew me to your poem my boy?  
that salted my now old open wound.  
Why did you have to be there then?  
in this Pome Hunters poetry room?

Where your words somehow for my eyes to see?  
that my heart would now have to remember?  
Of a time long ago in my life  
my small hidden light, that dark secrets burning ember.

I thought for a moment that you could be  
that part of my past, that was taken from me.  
But I soon knew that this was not so  
For I knew I had to let my past hopes, and you know.

It would have been too easy, meeting you this way  
thinking you were one of my sons, someone had taken away.  
I'm not sorry however that I read what I did  
And am happy for you, and your life God did give.

Linda Winchell

# 'Your Soul Will Remain Intact'

Our bodies will eventually fall apart  
but our souls will remain intact.  
Our birth right to the kingdom was written  
by a man named Jesus, many years in history back.

The fragileness of the human form  
may be held together with glue and steel.  
But the soul my friend is not of man's doing  
Thank God, this one is the real deal!

Linda Winchell

# 'Your Visit'

All week long the sun did shine  
until the day you went away.  
It clouded up and got so very cold  
and then snowed, most all that day.

God seen however to share that time we'd spent  
graced with sun and warmth through out our time.  
We shopped and talked all day long  
with something else popping up in our minds.

We did our girly kind of stuff  
we seem to love that when we do.  
You lost ten pounds, and I lost five!  
on that diet we both did chose!

I drove you to the highway  
and as you honked and drove away.  
I just kept thinking my dearest girl friend  
that we will be together again soon, one day.

Linda Winchell

# 'You'Re Just Where You Should Be'

If you've wondered where you came from  
And if... you're now asking, " Is this where I should be? "  
Just stop and know that you've always been in good hands  
And that you're in the Creators' plan, you see?

The plan that He's designed for your life  
The plan that took you... from there to here.  
The best of what this life can offer  
The best life you'll get... most anywhere.

So stop asking if you're living  
The life you were meant to live.  
Just feel a comfort in knowing  
That it all came from God....  
For "HE" is the one that gives.

So if you have given your life over to God  
You have nothing to search for... but more of Him.  
For then you'll always have a clearer understanding  
That your life has just begun...washed now free of sin.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'You'Re Much More Than'

You're much more than, just numbers on a scale.  
You're much more than, what's been written on a page.

You're much more than, much more than that.  
You're much more at, any human numbered human age.

You're much more than, maybe you think it is you are.  
You're much more than, much more than that by far!

You're much more because, you were created by the hands  
You're much more, so very much more  
You've been created by the 'GREAT, I Am! '

You're much more because, His life He did give for you.  
You're much more than, of what you think or do.

You're much more than, your Salvation is of your's come to own.  
You're much more than, one day a kingdom you shall roam.

You're much more than, if you believe of who's you really are.  
You're much more than, to your Heavenly Father by far.

You're much more than, so much more than your wildest of dreams  
You're much, much more than, earths meager of human being.

Linda Winchell

# 'You'Re Praying Twice When You Sing'

You're praying twice when you sing  
God hears your every word.  
It's sort of like a prayer with tune  
Of what our Lord now has heard.

He loves to hear our prayers we speak  
And the ones we sing in song.  
I think if it really be known my friend  
I think God is singing right along.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'You'Re Right Where You Belong'

Sometimes you may wonder...what life is all about  
Why do some things run smoothly...and others fall apart?  
Is this what God had intended...your life to be?  
Is this really all the life He has ahead for thee?

To maybe fail and fumble... day in and day out?  
To search for your life's meaning  
Yet...you never figure it all out.

God wants us to seek... for the wisdom we learn  
So in the end we'll receive  
What in life we have earned.

Just keep your minds and hearts on the prize  
Keeping an open soul of God's love  
And on God's... glorious surprise.

For Heaven awaits... all who seek Him  
Conquering... old Satan's hold on mans'... deadly of mortal sin.

By: Linda Winchell  
Copyright: 2009

Linda Winchell

# 'You'Re The Best'

Have I ever told you that, 'You're the best? '  
And how much your friendship means to me,  
Well I hope you know, it goes without saying,  
Those unspoken words you see!

I know you've told me once before,  
Of how much this friendship means to you,  
So I now wish to put it on record, my friend,  
'You're the best! '  
And hope, I 'll always be that for you!

Linda Winchell