

Poetry Series

**bobby beddoe**  
**- poems -**

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## **bobby beddoe()**

Retired middle school Technology teacher; Past Department Chair of Technology at Houston Community College; Member of The Board of Directors at The Heritage Museum of the Texas Hill Country 2014-2015; Present talks and write magazine articles for 'The Canyon Lake VIEWS' on the subject of Native American Indians. Applied Anthropologist, Author of six (6) YA Historical Romance Novels.

According to my family genology, I am a distant relative of the poet, Thomas Lovell Beddoes. Maybe that's where I get my rhyming talent.

# 2016 Presidential Election

I'm confused as to who would be the best to choose,  
Might wait to see which ones the nomination loose:

Black or white

Rude or polite;

Or, in November just write-in, 'Mother Goose'!

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# A Backward Glance

I wish these days for whatever it's worth,  
As we forge ahead each day and go forth  
In this world's spent envisage,  
And prepare for the voyage,  
Removing Christians from this wicked, vexed Earth !

For those with spiritless souls left all alone;  
Most have blown chance to cash in on His atone.  
Telling them His Word,  
Tho they It they heard,  
Resumed spreading the cursed seeds the lost have sown!

So now what! Well, that's pretty much the end!  
They're happy with each and every maligned friend  
They sway by hook or crook,  
For a 'Like' on Facebook.  
And they don't care if you or I they offend !

Their Deity saved relatives that leave this land  
With the impending Rapture now at hand,  
Won't miss those that miss the trip  
For giving Christ Jesus the lip,  
T'will be they never existed - per God's command !

To impress their admiring abyss suitor  
And given their sturbborn soul that's in error.  
So perhaps they tonight  
Will decide in spite  
Of it all; to accept Him - our Saviour !

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# A Big One

Huge earthquake in southeast Turkey area,  
According to this morning's news media.  
This one was very powerful;  
West coast folks I bet are thankful  
That it was there and not in California!

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# A Brief Glimpse

Might be a good idea - actually it would,  
To stock up on lighter and plenty of wood;  
With our thoughts distracted  
From what lies up ahead,  
A scattering has already - but all should!

For right away upon a day's early night,  
A Putin blast high above starts his 'over there' fight.  
For us the usual is ended,  
Nothing we do can mend it,  
'Cause even at mid-day there'll be no electrical light!

Because of a war Satan has chosen to wage,  
Grocery store shelves will submit to pillage,  
Even Cops will join the fray,  
They'll get their share and not pay.

Command and obedience won't quell the rampage!

Eventually, outside your front door a starved dude

Asks for bread or any kind of food.

But that'll be just a plot,

He'll take anything you got;

First your life, then everything else, with gratitude!

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# A Future Amend

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"Listen, with you Christians I do not hobnob,

Nor do I believe in your thingamabob;

But, if Damascus goes

Like Isaiah 17 shows,

Then please forgive this poor nonbelieving snob! "

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# A Gay Poem

All of God's hallowed angels  
Ask'd, their voice like emerald jewels,  
"Buck married buck,  
Chicks their vows cluck;  
Is OK for same couples? "

God call'd His cherubim together:  
"It's OK, even for the preacher.  
It's dense here with Christians gott'n;  
So, to make more room in Heav'n,  
I'm sending gays to the deceiver! "

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# A Hang-Up

Sooo, my kids bought me an Apple iPhone.  
Said they, "Dad, toss out that old phone you own."  
But I, to their dismay  
Didn't throw it away;  
Would be stupid not to have a real phone!

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# A Letter From Santa

A Letter From Santa

Every year beneath the Christmas tree,  
Santa left lots of things for all of my three.  
Now, that has come to a halt,  
Tho not Santa Clause's fault,  
It's all due to today's economy!

So, Santa has written this poem for you,  
And hope instead of gifts it-will-do;  
And from you I want nary,  
So before January,  
Come on down - it's your visits I value!

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## A Little Clarification

According to the news on My TV set,

Two days aft'r the Likud's won their ticket

Aft'r sweat and toil

To preserve Zion's soil,

The UN still won't bury the hatchet!

Yeah, that's right! Ev'n that American President we got,

In a supposed congratulatory 30-minute call – somewhat;

To Israel's main Jew,

Benjamin Netanyahu,

'That call' should change pres' legacy from so-so, to Idiot!

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# A Love Dying

I lay my normal rhymes of babble aside,  
For to verse about my old love this yuletide;  
The way I feel today,  
You may feel the same way,  
About this past affair down by the seaside!

My last year's trip to see her, she was still there,  
Oh, but how she has changed her beauty there ere;  
No one there seems to care,  
At least those on welfare.  
Still love her, even tho she's beyond repair!

I'll close, love, with these final lines of doleful woe:  
You're dying now, so with grief, I have to let go.  
As you, croak in slow decay,  
I must go about my way;  
So, adios San Benito, my love - my San Benito!

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# A Personal Choice

If young'uns don't believe in a Higher Power,  
That's their parents fault - not their desire;  
Makes God's eyes fill with tears,  
So right now it appears  
Kids'll spend eternity with the lower power!

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## A Preview

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A 39mm shot in the head,

A charismatic leader lays very much dead;

Three days later

The same wrapper

Is tenured by Satan therefore instead!

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## A Second Opinion

People say that the '50's are forever lost;  
"No! I want t'go back there, no matt'r the cost."  
But, while deep in my spiel,  
I heard then say an angel,  
"Sorry, amigo, but the '50's are forever lost! "

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# A Suicide

A family of four was found dead yesterday;  
Was two little daughters, mom and dad, they say;  
Cause was suicide  
The police implied.  
Their deaths left all of Katy in sad dismay!

Daddy destroyed young lives full of future dreams  
In a neighborhood where streets became flowing streams.  
perhaps loco could not repell,  
Rain waters changing to swell,  
In downpours so loud that no one heard three screams!

Or perhaps a growing trepidation in his head  
Caused him to end it all before his anxiety spread  
beyond family to  
anyone who  
In a moment of maddness shoots many dead !

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# A Week Of Saturdays

Everyday is like Saturday since retirement,  
Difficult to tell which week day is current.  
My memory's a mess,  
That much I confess.  
So, said to myself, 'Hope it's not permanent! '

Yesterday, Saturday, heard report on fishing.  
So today, Saturday, I'm going fishing;  
Haven't gone fishing for a while,  
Think I'll head down to the isle.  
And catch up on long-overdue Angling!

Learned the yellow-mouth sand trout were biting;  
Or, at least that's my understanding.  
'Tis really a nice day  
To be going to the bay,  
And tomorrow, Saturday, - going surf fishing!

Don't need my smart-pho while I'm away,  
Don't know how to work it anyway,  
So can take it easy and just dream,  
And view the inviting waters scene.  
Yeah, will fish this week every Saturday!

As for the other this week's Saturday,  
That is, if the sky doesn't turn too gray;  
It's 61st St. Pier,  
Next, Rollover Pass that's near,  
That's it, for 'A Week of Saturdays' essay!

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# A World Created

A World Created

When He thought about creating the world,  
He decided to give it a whirl;  
Done; but, saw all was only purty good,  
So, more work, or, at least should  
Be done in the middle of the Middle East  
For His end-time catalyst.  
That done, called it 'Land of Milk and Honey.'  
For Son on His next journey!  
And last, but not least,  
Built Guam, as a backup catalyst,  
In mid-Pacific Ocean  
In the event of a North Korean  
Missile with a [real] nuke-tip,  
Brings on JC's second trip!

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# Adios Damascus

Israel's going to take you out with one clean sweep!

Yeah, She'll turn you into one, "...ruinous heap."

We don't know the day

You'll be blown away;

But, will be prior Rapture - while you're asleep!

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# Adios Guns

Here's my take on the situation,  
If she's elected during this election,  
which looks like she just might,  
Get gun now - it's your right,  
And Quit stupid procrastination!

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# Alibi Time

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Alibi Time

My g-daughter wrote she's coming down for Christmas;  
Now, she and her three hope gifts from St. Nicholas.  
But, I don't have a red cent,  
So to her this note I sent:  
I have the Swine Flu, so for this year we'd best pass!

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# All My Christmas Toys

Watching American Pickers yesterday,  
I thought of the toys I got on Christmas day;  
It made me weep,  
Them I didn't keep,  
For what they pay - Man! I'd be rich today!

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# Alzheimer's Diagnosed

Saw on the I'net an Alzheimer's tidbit,  
Presented by the Mayo Clinic outfit.  
It seems as time goes on,  
That sometimes a loved one  
Will come down with it and act like a nitwit!

Loved ones may simply forget when it is mealtime,  
Or at three in the morning think it's not bedtime,  
And In the course of a week  
They may not even speak.  
Usually all of this happens way past their prime!

Forgetting manners and eating from other's dish,  
And when chastised, they digress to looking peevish;  
So, you give some advice,  
And say, "Now that's not nice."  
Speaking affectionately rather than punish!

It's better to give snacks several times a day,  
Rather than their typical meal on a tray.  
You can see love in their eyes,  
As they down their snack surprise,  
As you raise a hand to wipe your tears away!

These listed disease issues are sad, I admit,  
But let me make this one point very explicit,  
Alzheimer's I don't got;  
So, now, here is the upshot:  
It's - I fear that from all I read - that both my cat's got it!

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# An Antique

Can't find an antique on some shelf,  
Don't got nothing old or of pelf?  
Well, no problem,  
Try this item:  
A recent picture of - yourself!

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# An Apocalyptic View

## An Apocalyptic View

While NK's protests grows louder,  
I wond'r who th' hell they think they are;  
Keepin' busy as a bird buildin' her nest,  
Making sur' we notice her next launchin' test.  
With China and young Un in cahoot,  
We lean tow'rd talk, warnings - pure moot!  
'Tho Uncle's tongue not afraid t' speak;  
I nev'r fancied we'd look so weak.  
And Uncle, being mired in that idiocy,  
I wish for a differ'nt strategy:  
Like, wipe that smile off of Un's fat face;  
With same nuke - make NK a vacant place!

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# An Instantaneous Event

Tens of millions of Americans

That is, those of us who are Christians,

According to scripture,

Will go with the Rapture;

That even includes some politicians!

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# An Interpretation

The USA is not in the Bible, lots say.  
It's there, been in Daniel 7: 4 everyday.  
Since 2,500 years-ago  
when America was an embryo,  
Not to be leaked 'till its time-of-the-end decay!

Of Lion and wings, bear and horns, came Dan's dream;  
But, the view pained him like none he'd ever seen.  
So, appeared an angelic man,  
To give prophet a helping hand  
To explain about what a Lion with Wings mean!

Dan's quandary was followed by a dividend:  
Listen Daniel, and try to comprehend;  
Your two vision creatures  
with fantastic features  
Will be revealed at the time-of-the-end!

In the same dream he saw a bear and a ten-horn beast.  
Clarifying that part, angelic man hinted at same tryst:  
Bear is Russian;  
Beast is feralan,  
Flaunting antichrist and false prophet horns of that beast!

Dan didn't realize how his dream interpretes:  
Lion is the dad of loose wings that escapes  
In 1776.  
Eversince, those detached wings made the switch  
To the Eagle symbol of The United States!

When shall be all four of these kings, he asked in distress,  
But told to shut up the words, and seal the scroll's access  
about the great four-some  
Until a time yet to come  
When all of he the earth is filled with unrighteousness!

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# An Intrpretation

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# Another Christmas Without You

Another Christmas without you this December,  
Makes seven years you were called up by our Redeemer.  
Thought about asking for transfer;  
Then, I would climb Jacob's ladder,  
And come up so we could spend Christmas together!

As a last resort, I checked out 'Google Sky',  
Looked for you or at least gave it a try,  
Scanned the universe dimension,  
But barely scratched its expansion,  
So, back to that transfer – I'll for it apply!

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# Answered Vs Unanswered Peayers

## Answered vs Unanswered Prayers

God doesn't hear every prayer. Sorry.  
Satan dearly loves [most] prayers. Yes, really.  
This isn't just a ludicrous hypothesis;  
Rather, it's quite a serious thesis:  
Praying through Jesus sets His heart Aglow;  
Like, when the Gulf receives the Rio Grande flow!  
Within the environment of Facebook,  
Of those prayers - most not per Holy Book!  
Invisible spirit Satan is right there.  
When Jesus' name [is not] mentioned in prayer,  
Instead, prayer abruptly ends suddenly, 'Amen'.  
But that type of prayer is blanched ashen,  
By say, the Chaplain of our military;  
'Cause, leaving Jesus out is customary,  
Or saying flowered prayer for sport games,  
And never consider the Name they defame.  
For to not offend any other belief,  
Which ranks th'm with diablo chief!  
Believing that there really is a devil  
And not a fantasy - hones ones vigil,  
As in Isa 14: 12-15 statement,  
Which is like - cast in cement!  
Lucifer loves to rap by hoodwinking.  
Which is what he's all about - deceiving;  
Like, masquerading as a snake  
In the Garden of Eden when he spake,  
Causing Eve first, then Adam, to trust in him,  
Arm'd with fancy words to snag his victim!  
Tantamount to expletives a few pen;  
Like, is posted on Facebook so often.  
Sad, many unconsciously Satan - elevate,  
When Jesus' name, in prayer, they don't state!  
True Christians end their prayer since Risen:  
'...through Jesus Christ our Lord, amen.'

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&quot;...through Jesus Christ our Lord, amen.&quot;

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# Antichrist Vs Israel

Antichrist vs Israel

I will, herein, if you don't mind,  
Pen these verses for you an' your kind.  
Would that b' Okay?  
Well, whether or not - here's my say:  
As per daily news breaking,  
'Tis well worth your minding,  
The 'Antichrist vs Israel' - reconcile!  
To you only - not t' those who quarrel;  
For, 'tis no time left for those hostile  
T' b' salvaged from Satan's stockpile!  
Therefore, my Bible with which I consult,  
And relish its counsel amid - tumult,  
Its Words will forever prevail  
Ov'r who take Its stories as tall-tale.  
The Antichrist, in th' days ahead,  
Will make a covenant of 'peace' - I read  
In Dan 9: 27 & Isa 28: 18's synod,  
'Tween Satan (Palestinians) and Israel (God)  
The 'peace' catalyst (Trump) shall give the nod,  
For 7 years, (aka, Dan's 70 weeks) .  
'Peace' includes Israel's neighboring sheeks:  
Hamas, Islamic Jihad, Iran,  
Hezbollah, Lebanon, Egypt, Jordan,  
Seria, Iran's pal Russia,  
And Obama's best pal Saudi Arabia.  
The 'peace' will last 3 1/2 years,  
Next 3 1/2 years - blood, sweat, an' tears.  
At the end o' this Tribulation,  
Jesus arrives and defeats Satan!  
And puts into motion His plans  
(Rev 7-22) for Israel and Christians!  
'Twill be a good time for millions  
Of end time Christian conversions!

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# Anti-Christian Trend

ISIS is wiping out Christianity

In Islam nations of non-conformity;

They say, "Convert to Islam...! "

Also, goes for Uncle Sam.

Thanx to the Obama/Holder fraternity!

This O/H frat, , is bent on their eternal

Focus again't USA Christians - A betrayal

That needs to be told

To the young, and to the old,

And put a stop to this imploding Scandal!

Yeah, that's right. World-wide killing of the Christian

When Godless kings put their trust in the Koran;

In these Last Days,

Just give Him praise,

And with our Lord God, you'll always remain!

That way, when the roll is called up yonder,

You will, at that time, not have to wonder

If your true love

Ended up above

Or declined his/her own beheading murder!

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# Apache Indians

## Apache Indians

There's no written Apache history  
Other than just blunt allegory;  
That is, white man's story.  
Nothing from Apache's ancestral memory!  
The exact trails nomads traveled  
From Siberia, then slowly ambled  
To the American Southwest,  
Took much time, prehistorians suggest.  
Using every primitive device known  
To bag great beasts - site finds shown.  
'Twas circa 500 years  
Before they changed gears!  
Finally, although, in later centuries,  
Groups, according to theories,  
Became isolated from brothers;  
Yet, juxtaposed to their cultural others,  
While developing subtribes in-toto:  
Chiricahua, Jicarilla, Lipan and Mescalero:  
The four also called Apacheans, too.  
For this in verse essay - the latter two,  
Our poem, from time the indigenous rose,  
To the end, when soldiers came to oppose,  
Midst an epic of unsung decades,  
Historians date 1200s for first escapades.  
Territorial limits - by tribe or band;  
Unwelcomed oft killed when on Apachean land,  
Whose unmarked limits describe  
Small bands within a tribe.  
Each related through maternal line,  
And share kinship, cuisine, and dine.  
By late 1500s males designed own attire -  
Quite daunt and dire:  
'Twas headbands, knee-length boots, and breechcloths,  
Little girl's garb was skins for 'cloths',  
Ponchos for women - grown.  
For little tykes, clad was unknown.  
Big boys slept in house - out of sight,

Then played by-light-of-moon all night.  
Houses of domed brush huts - some, the tee-pee,  
Are left behind when time t' migrate or flee.  
Women's job: break camp, tend kids, sewing,  
Knappin' points, jerkee, sun-dried slabs, and cooking.  
Some rode along with men on warpath,  
T' vixen on enemy Apachean wrath.  
Women, in response t' camp's food shortage,  
Sent men t' raid enemy for pillage.  
1596, Th' Spanish brought horses (via)  
Hot sun, and sandy plains - Arabia.  
Yes, like their New World's arid land.  
Spainsh tough Pueblos - horses afore-hand;  
1680s, Pueblos rebell'd - kept th' mustang,  
And from that a new life style sprang!  
Ancient Pueblos and Apache nomads,  
Joined forces and became comrads,  
Until th' acquisition of New Mexico  
Neither chang'd very little since embryo;  
'Xcep Pueblos - last ones standing  
Since their first landin'!  
Abandon'd wild herds were fair game,  
Left for th' taking - to tame.  
Now, with bow and arrow in armory,  
Apachians used broncos - war glory!  
Hence, war oft turned nasty  
'Tween Apache and Comanche!  
Unfortunitley, Apaches liked horse meat  
Better than Buffalo meat.  
Which contributed t' their demise  
Had that not been otherwise.  
Comanches, inversely, rose t' new heights,  
Developed a skill not known to whites;  
Hangin' o'er th' horses' side, keepin' enemy in check,  
While shooting arrows under horses' neck!  
By 1830 prairie land was alter'd at brisk rates,  
As Indian land was carved up into states.  
Soon settlers began movin' in - night and day,  
So the Indians were in white man's way!  
Reservations were created in '51  
To settle all Native Americans on.  
That's aft'r white's diseases - extermination,

Spread with dier apocalyptic intention!  
The struggle t' th' death had thus begun!  
Next dozen years Apacheans had an option,  
Some chose fightin' - some reservation protection;  
Geronimo (though not a chief) took his army,  
His tiny remnant, t' mountain country;  
But, went back tho almost alone,  
Whilst th' rest were not so prone,  
Crossed the Rio Grande expectin' conquest;  
But, Mexican army finished-off th' rest!  
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Soon settlers began movin' in - night and day,  
So the Indians were in white man's way!  
Reservations were created in '51  
To settle all Native Americans on.  
That's aft'r white's diseases - extermination,  
Spread with dier apocalyptic intention!



The struggle t' th' death had thus begun!  
Next dozen years Apacheans had an option,  
Some chose fightin' - some reservation protection;  
Geronimo (though not a chief) took his army,  
His tiny remnant, t' mountain country;  
But, went back tho almost alone,  
Whilst th' rest were not so prone,  
Crossed the Rio Grande expectin' conquest;  
But, Mexican army finished-off th' rest!

.

bobby beddoe

# Apostasy

As apostasy lately grows,  
They say, "Now, everybody knows  
Christians don't know Jack;  
Jesus won't come back! "  
Sooo, what will they say when He shows?

bobby beddoe

# Arrowhead Collecting Trip

General George Custer, under his leadership,  
Took the Seventh on a little hunting trip  
Where the Little Big Horn treads.  
But Indians with arrowheads  
Messed up his plans of making it a round trip!

Bobby Beddoe; Copyright 2009

bobby beddoe

# Arroyo

ARROYO

Was upon a summer's night,  
That I caught you in my sight;  
Tho been years ago,  
I just can't let you go,  
Still love you with all my might.

.

Oh, I do have of you a photo,  
But I'd give many, many a peso  
To exchange it  
For one last visit.  
Yes, you know it's true - Arroyo!

bobby beddoe

# As For The Very Few

Yesterday I went down to Galveston town,  
Counted ten thousand kids hanging around;  
Glad the rapture didn't happen then,  
Would have left parents terror-stricken  
Thinking their teenage Spring Breakers must have drown !

So this theoretical hypothesis shouldn't hurt:  
Let's say 122 kids were changed to raptured convert;  
Beside sending prayers  
To the One upstairs,  
Skeptic parents would also sound an Amber alert !

bobby beddoe

# Assurance

If he's not made a former;

Sure, there will be a killer,

But when he comes-to,

Satan's the one who

Emerges three days later!

bobby beddoe

# Battle Ready

The Carrier, George H. W. Bush Flotilla,  
Now Anchored in the sea opposite Syria,  
Rushed to Israel's defense,  
As war talk grows more intense;  
Discreet moves ignored by the media!

Russia's only Carrier, The Admiral Kuznetsov boat,  
This week, into the Mediterranean it did float,  
There for Syria's defense,  
They make no pretense,  
For the present, both sides have not the other yet smote!

So if they manage to smite each other,  
During this current Mid-East encounter,  
Then who would take Syria  
Under their umbrella,  
When Israel could render Syria – former!

bobby beddoe

# Big March South

Rosh Gog, as of the last tetrad in Sept, one-five,  
Teamed up and launched her Biblical prophesied vie,  
With Persia  
And Syria,  
With intent to slay Israel when they arrive!

Therefore, as per the Lord God's latter-days Word,  
Rosh's mighty, large army will fall by the sword.  
Just like Daniel  
And Ezekiel  
Talked about, along with the rest of the onslaught horde!

Most the world's kings will together band,  
In order to give Rosh a helping hand;  
Those from the East  
And from the South,  
Will converge upon the Lord's Promised Land!

Yes, there will be a surprising victory;  
All the same language should be mandatory,  
When given attack orders  
To those from different borders.  
Due to different languages - they'll wipe out each other!

Forebode, from the One above, His notation  
For the beginning of the tribulation  
Will be the rapture.  
Yes, without failure;  
And, signaled with His hooks in their jaws narration!

bobby beddoe



# Boom! Lights Out!

Here I go again acting like a prophet, but ain't.  
Our number one war threat I want to you acquaint:  
Our continued existence,  
In case if this occurrence,  
Is too important to just ignore or to feint!

People, I notice, are preparing for something,  
But for what, no one rightly knows – not an inkling;  
Some, when droned about tomorrow,  
In the sand their head they burrow,  
But not me, for I know what might be coming!

So today I bought a wood-burning potbelly,  
And installed it in my all-electric tepee.  
So in that final hour,  
When everything turns dour,  
I can keep warm if (when) hit by an EMP!

bobby beddoe

# Boots On Ground

Islam killers are Lerk'ng on our streets;  
but, here in Texas, we have large fleets  
Of two-stepp'n boots on the ground,  
So if you Jihadists come around,  
We'll send you back home, shrink-wrapped, in your sheets!

bobby beddoe

# Bunker-Busters

Israel ordered some bunker-busters from us.  
They asked for lots - and some extras for surplus.  
So our Air Force Strike Command  
Routed them to The Promised Land.  
Including the stealth delivery apparatus!

Well, guess what! That made Obama quite angry,  
He wanted to send those bombs to the Saudi;  
But, had to tow the line  
As re-election time  
Draws near, getting down to the nitty-gritty!

This past week God left Obama's mic turned on  
During a G-20 meet. So thereupon,  
From Honcho it slips  
Through his two lips  
When dealing with Benjamin during pre-election!

So the latest poll shows that about 2%  
Of Israelis now support our president;  
Down from about 35%  
Before the "mic" incident;  
Could be re-election killer for incumbent!

Now, back to those Israeli bunker-busters.  
They're six times bigger than old 5,000-pounders  
And can reach targets deep  
Underground 200 feet,  
Before exploding inside secret nuke bunkers!

Our leader was rebuffed when he demanded  
That no strike on any of his blood kindred,  
Or any of his clan  
(Including Iran)  
Would take place without his permission granted!

But Israel refused to warn him in advance  
Of any pre-emptive strike - and that's their stance.  
So Obama has ordered

US agents covert  
To glean clues of Israel's intentions in essence!

In summery: Barack dislikes the Jewish Nation,  
He heedeth not they are under God's protection;  
Wonder what would think Truman,  
Or would think Ronald Reagan  
If were alive to see our president's perversion!

.

bobby beddoe

# Burned Up

Torching our rink was down right criminal.  
9 out of 10 it was for reprisal.  
I've looked everywhere,  
Wern't Bobcat or Bear;  
Lay you 10 to 1 it was a Cardinal!

bobby beddoe

# Carved In Stone

Mayans scribed the world is coming to an end fast,  
Said on 12.21.12 - back in their past,  
They made the prediction,  
No doubt to get attention;  
But, if they're right, this Christmas will be our last!

bobby beddoe

# Catch It On Fox

The Civil War continues t' this day,  
Preserve the Blue - destroy the Gray!  
Warfare by Charlottesville guerrilla  
Pits North against South and vice-versa.  
North declares they'll fight  
Until all Southern Statues are out o' sight.  
So holding onto their last hope  
The South's on a slippery-slope.  
That's right, sit down, let's count the cost,  
Not in money, rath'r in lives lost.  
Not t' mention - that our next fear,  
Is, some nut'll put his truck in low gear,  
And do his suicidal run;  
So here's a word of caution:  
Stay from crowds and catch it on FOX,  
Or you could end up in a pine-box!

bobby beddoe

# Cell Vs. E-Mail

Everytime I send an e-mail,  
Most of the words I don't spell well;  
Could use spellcheck,  
But what the heck,  
From now on – I'll just use my cell!

Bobby Beddoe; Copyright 2010

bobby beddoe



# Charlie Tower's Poem

when I was a just a little girl  
I used to watch the big kids whirl  
round and round to songs so sweet  
Nimble kids, fast on their feet.

The golden ball would spin and shine  
casting rainbows to the time  
of dancing girls and handsome boys  
who came to share the fun and joys

Saturdays and evenings too  
meant golden days I spent with you  
'those golden days before they end  
whispered secrets to the wind'

ashen silence fills that space  
that once was our special place  
childlike tears now fall like rain  
for the sight that fills my heart with pain

Longing for those golden days  
when all we did was laugh and play  
Never even stopped to think  
there'd be an end to the skating rink.

bobby beddoe

# Climate Change Vs Global Warming

## Climate Change vs Global Warming

Between the Epoch age Paleocene  
And today's Epoch Holocene,  
Been 65 million years between the two.  
And on the order of every 5,000 to 10,000 years,  
Glacial/interglacial cycles come and disappears.  
Thus paleoclimate data came to be.  
By professional players - not by caddy!  
Global warming pundits and their slew;  
Finds politicians, the press, columnists,  
Commentators and yellow journalists,  
Affirmed by uttering psychic seers,  
Are all endowed with average IQ veneers!  
Yeah, standing firm against authoritative voices;  
Such as, paleontologists peruses,  
In concert with geologists, also,  
Anthropologists' ancient, long-research-window,  
These PHD's come up with climate change.  
Not warming fossil fuel heresies to manage,  
Those guys push their hoax with blitzkrieg, battle, and Gore,  
Like training gullibles for greenhouse gas war!  
True, fossil fuels have changed Planet's atmosphere:  
But nothing like volcanic ash's stratosphere,  
By forming an insulating blanket,  
Akin to God's protective sun bonnet  
That buffers our world from sunup to sunset!  
Shifts in falling and rising sea levels,  
Droughts, severe weather events, and other evils -  
Seems there's not enough to support it.  
Anyway, all's a mute issue 'till Jesus comes to visit!  
Blame not global warming for current crisis,  
Blame natural climate change - that's all it really is!  
Well, that's about it for now.  
Sorry, Al!

bobby beddoe

# Comanches

## Comanches

Fifteen thousand years ago, men stepped  
Out of Europe, Asia, Africa, and traversed,  
By land bridge, the Bearing Straight,  
To the New World for primitives to migrate!  
That drove their ancestors to better climate,  
As if less human and more primate.  
That was the last climate change  
Of glacial ice covering the 52 mile range,  
When men from Asia trekked North and did  
The Siberian frozen land bridge.  
Once the bridge sank into the Straight,  
Amerindians were cut off from the Eurasin 'Gate'!  
These predatory primitives criss-crossed  
The continent by myriad routes - totally lost!  
And sometimes slew each other in battle,  
As Cain did Abel.  
Carrying their infants and flint-tipped spears.  
They lunched on wolly mammoth monsters for years;  
Later, shivering in caves or igloo,  
They gorged on half-cooked Carabu.  
The most ancient human skull descriptions  
Unearthed from limestone formations,  
Are distinctly Homo-sapiens,  
Not any different from present-day Amerindians.  
Remains of Neanderthals or other Half-men  
Have never been found - since Eden!  
From ice age to wondering Coahuiltecan,  
To the Shosones of the Northern Basin;  
Coahuiltecan survived and were absorbed  
Into the Mexican-mestizos - tho rumored.  
Proto-Comanches extended from  
Wyoming to Texas. Hunting in freedom.  
The Comanches called themselves - Nermurnuh.  
Ever since they left the tundra,  
Nermurnuh means 'People'.  
'Twas that since cradle.  
Tho the name may vary,

'Tis still Coahuiltecan hereditary!  
Cultural inbreeding among  
Seperate bands and tribes sprung  
Over millennias into hundreds  
Of distinct and separate thoroughbreds!  
Group languages developed independently,  
Thus over th' centuries, evolved segmently.  
The dialect for Sioux and Comanches  
Languages were complements of Shoshone's!  
This treatise, in poem, is a deseration  
'Bout their collision with civilization,  
Ever since their prehistoric beginning  
To rein the Texas plains - their last dwelling.  
The following verses re-creates  
Their rise-and-fall, amid loves-and-hates!  
Comanches believed in life after death;  
And to prepare for a new beginneth,  
Kin painted and dressed the corpse from toe-to-head,  
Then sit kin up-right - in a place for the dead,  
So long as the descesed faced the rising sun.  
That is, if was a warrior injun.  
For hunter-warriors struck down early  
'Twas a common occurance - oft yearly;  
But, quick loss of too many young men  
Was doom for camp's old men, kids, and women.  
B'cause without foe protection,  
From band's meat hunters - meant destruction.  
Exposure to the elements, hunger and hard labor,  
Women at thirty-five were done for,  
Men at forty - their lifespan was 'bout o'er,  
They'd soon be pushing-up clover!  
Like most Asian stock their hair, by the way,  
Was long, straight and black, never gray.  
Women oft'n died easily from child-birth,  
And Twins, thought unnatural, were killed at birth,  
Also, destroyed were the deformed,  
But [most girl babies] were not harmed.  
Whether gorging or starving,  
Stocking food coffers were ongoing.  
In the struggle for existance,  
They dveloped healing techniques - for instance:  
Could set simple fractures with good recovery,

Did rough surgery, though results did vary,  
Suck out snake-bite venom,  
And treat toothaches with tree fungus gum,  
Made poultices, from cactus pear  
And salves from animal fat-smear.  
They had no government - 'cause needed none;  
Therefore, no laws: Tyranny was their custom.  
The Nerm warriors began to cherish  
The horses they cared for - not punish;  
But, doesn't mean they were not brutal  
When necessary - well, maybe verbal.  
But in war their stallions suffered mutilation,  
Wounds, and sometimes - elimination!  
Comanche children handled their  
Paint or pinto ponies with great care.  
Ever since they could leap astride,  
Bareback, they explored the countryside.  
By ten was taught to kill a bison calf,  
While riding with spear, as dad had a good laugh!  
Now, with the horse, the eighteenth century  
Pioners were in serious jeopardy,  
The Comanche bands exploited their  
New military advantage - both far and near  
On enemy Amerindians  
And Anglo-Americans:  
A white migrant family from Virginia,  
Came upon the bottoms of the Navasota.  
Was beautiful oak-studded soil for corn;  
Land to till, seed, farm, and make adorn;  
Territory thick with wild game of all sort,  
The ideal place to erect their stockade fort,  
So the Parker clan, alone in the forestry  
Region, except for Caddo and Comanche  
Amerindians, of which they were unaware  
That farmers presence disturbed Indians near there!  
In the Spring of 1836 Santa Anna's best,  
Heading to San Jacinto, few laggards bade to rest.  
So the ParkerHardshell Baptists let them in,  
In spite they might b' slyly schemin.  
Back to planting, following that scary event,  
Just b'yond th' sight o' th' Parker settlement,  
Pioneers returned to their fields immediately

Upon receiving news of the Texan's victory!  
Leaving a few men back at the fort:  
Including John Parker, the patriarchal sort,  
His sons Silas and Benjamin,  
Samuel Frost and son were also in,  
When a large party of mounted Indians,  
Comanches, Kiowas, Wichitas, and Caddoans,  
'Bout one hundred  
According t' one female suvivor stripped naked,  
Tho' not killed - but confounded...,  
Yes that, in addition to being further tortured  
Pulled up to the front gate wanting  
Fort's cow - amid Chief's war ranting;  
Benjamin stepped outside the opened gate  
Conferring briefly, said, 'No' to th' beef debate!  
Silas, unarmed, stood by the gate just inside,  
Suddenly, with loud whoops from outside,  
Both were lanced and fell dead side-by-side  
Was bloody melee, a rout. All dashed to hide.  
Hoesemen and horsewomen poured in,  
Killing both Frosts and John Parker Sr's. kin.  
Synthia Ann and John Parker Jr. - captured!  
All the others out through the back and scattered;  
Some rounded up others hid out to survive;  
Meanwhile, th' warriors rode away with Silas' five,  
Also Liz Kellogg, Rachel and James Plummer.  
Running from th' fields, 'bout nine in number,  
Farmers dropped hoes, each grabbed a gun,  
But, too late, the enemy had vanished - none!  
Lucky farmers; because were so few,  
The savage hord would have killed them, too!  
But the Amerindian saga still looked quite blight.  
Of worst raids, many made on a moonlit night.  
Charrred rock chimneys symbolized rapt staves  
Of th' pioneers an' often marked their graves,  
From Fredericksburg to Gatesville.  
Few moved into stockads to reside - still.  
Raids continued on into the '60's  
Around Lampasas, San Saba, Llano,  
And Mason, also including waco.  
Amid previous peace talk failures last April,  
'Twas uphill efort t' draw chiefs into council.

San Antonio -1840, March nineteen,  
Texas leaders and soldiers - about umpteen,  
Met with Comanche peace representatives.  
Thirty-three of whom were special selectives  
From the Penateks band of chiefs, warriors,  
And a few other tribal type charactors.  
Texas officials told th' Indians t' relinguish  
Central Texas, return all captives - or perish;  
And stop interfering with Texan incursions,  
Also, avoid all white settlement expansions.  
Thence, forc'd to move against their will,  
From there the meeting spiralled down-hill!  
At the Texan commissioners' demand  
For captive Matilda Lockhart from the band.  
Though she had asumed Camanche identity.  
The Chiefs there needed the band's authority  
T' have Lockhart immediately released.  
Texans, failing t' savvy - tensions increased!  
Texas soldiers entered the Council House,  
Whereupon peace talks were sure to douse  
If capatives were not released.  
All the while hostilities increased,  
Therefore, Texans informed the Indian chiefs  
That they were to be held as captive thieves!  
In response to that threat,  
Clan became piqued to the edge - whet.  
As Comanche chiefs attempted to bolt  
Soldiers rushed in to stop the vile revolt  
Texans and tribesmen in courtyard joined the melee  
Not one indian managed to flee;  
Those not killed were latrer set free;  
But, would they return? No guarantee!  
In exchange for th r'lease of all white capatives.  
But revenge was certain by surviving relatives:  
Thirty Comanche leaders, and warriors,  
Were killed by Texas troopers,  
As well as five women and children  
Of the tribe, were eye-wittness - written.  
Council House Fight was never to be forgott'n!  
And since, Comanches fore'er plott'n.  
So the Comanches went on the warpath.  
The Battle of Plum Creek was an aftermath:

Led by Buffalo Hump, the Penatekas  
Retaliated by raiding deep into Texas.  
The Penateka Comanches, August, 1840,  
Swept down th' Guadalupe valley,  
And at Plum Creek, a San Marcos tributary,  
Scouts spotted a long wagon train - no calvary.  
Encamped (near present Lockhart) on Plum Creek,  
To take a breather for a week,  
Under Chief Buffalo Hump,  
Following a year-long raiding slump,  
Killing settlers, stealing horses, plundering,  
Burning settlements and scalping.  
An army composed of Rangers,  
Militias, and volunteers,  
From Gonzales, Cuero, Victoria,  
Goliad, Bastrop, Lavaca,  
Seguin, and smaller villages  
And others eager t' tangle with th' savages!  
Under captains: Caldwell, Tumlinson,  
Big Foot Wallace, and Burlinson.  
All under General Felix Huston.  
Huston arrived from Austin with his men  
And pitched camp. While other forces came in  
T' help mess up the enemies day - yeah, ruin.  
For a total force of two hundred - all together.  
At daylight, pickets reported a large number,  
About 1,000 Indians were within a mile  
Of an unprotected conestoga column file;  
Driving their 200 stolen horses and  
Mules home, to add to their band's thousand.  
But, by chance, savages had full view,  
Of General Huston's few;  
Buffalo Hump and warriors began encircling  
With shields, lances, and arrows, some percing  
The now mounted men, when Huston's yelling  
'Charge! ' was ordered with gallant fighting!  
After the first assault, 138 Indians - killed  
The rest broke and ran, some badly wounded.  
Following this defeat th' Texas frontier  
Settlers, throughout 1841, lived without fear!  
In 1859, as the Texas Plains  
To the western mountains



Was being mapped by Commander Robert E. Lee  
Of the 2nd Cavalry,  
It caused the Comanches to raid.  
B'cause they didn't like being betrayed.  
So the Texas began raising an army  
For Govern'r Sam Houston's frontier policy.  
Starting In the fall of 1860,  
Comanche Chief, Peta Nacona,  
Took his wife, Synthia Ann Parker,  
T' a Comanche camp on th' Pease River:  
Ranger Captain Sol Ross,  
And Ranger Charles Goodnight, charged across  
The river with the the 2nd Cavalry  
And creamed Nacona's band in battle rivalry,  
Ross, while opposing the charge of foes,  
How Nacona escaped, no one knows.  
But, just as Ross took aim on a dirty,  
Blanket, Goodnight screamed quite curtly,  
'Don't shoot! There's a blue-eyed, blond hair  
Girl hiding under there! '  
Turned out to be Synthia Ann Parker.  
She was a white skin - not darker,  
Also spoke in Comanche gibberish,  
And could not understand English.  
Captain Ross carried her to the Parker clan,  
Said, 'Caught this girl before she ran.'  
Parkers had to put her under guard  
Due to her escape attempts regard  
To go back to her Nacona.  
She had two sons, her oldest, Quanah,  
born in 1847, became the greatest  
Comanche chief ever than any of the rest.  
The Texans would eventually hear of him,  
Fear him, and later - honor him!  
The Last two wars with the Comanche  
Took place at the Walls of Adobe.  
Between 1000 Indians and 'Kit' Carson's  
335 Cavalry, soldiers and volunteer persons.  
And the last battle, tho not major,  
Was Palo Duro Canyon - Sept.28,1874!  
Once th' Comanche had ceased fightin',  
The bands passed from national attention;

With their absence from true western scene,  
Cruelties continued on th' movie screen.  
But, once Hollywood, by the late eighties  
began producing fact - not absurdities,  
By concedin' birthright, Amerindians were equal,  
'Western' films b'came more actual!  
Lines above here depict a human story,  
And ever since, all through history  
Life, too often, is dire and tragic;  
Current generations are all in a panic,  
An' ill-equipp'd to fathom today's atrocities,  
Other than pass judgmemnt on its brutalities,  
Generally by the use of a 'Glock'  
For daily routine news' terrifying shock!

bobby beddoe

# Combat In My Back Yard

Combat In My Back Yard

Stood on a casa of fire-ants in my back yard,  
Really didn't notice the initial vanguard,  
'till a brigade of 500 or more,  
Turned my legs red and sore;  
So, waged utter revenge with Amdro afterward!

bobby beddoe

# Confidential

.

Hey lady, will you for me something do?

It's encrypted here especially for you.

Been back home to SB,

For old friends there to see?

No? Well, bet your mom thinks you're overdue!

Have you heard from the one down there I love?

The one only you grasps whom I speak of,

The pretty girl I did woo

From your class of '62;

She, who is endowed by God up above!

I thought that during your half-century reunion

Next year, perhaps me to her you might mention;

I won't that meet attend,

So on you I depend.

For fear I yield to some maudlin emotion!

Tho, she and I have loved (since) way back then

Those unions spawned her two, and my three, children.

Death took away

From me one day

My missus. And left my heart heavyladen!

Anyway, next time you two make connection,

I know in advance – and here's my prediction:

I'll love that girl always

For the rest of my days,

Tho, I know she'll not make the same confession!

bobby beddoe

# County Tax Time

Received my County Tax statements today.

"Please pay by January, the last day;

All that's due, or you'll pay

More if you delay, " said they.

Guess I'll have to sell my stocks right away!

Speaking of stocks, should I all my money drain,

Or should I let one or two in there remain?

I'm caught in between;

By that, what I mean,

I can't tell if I'm half-crazy or half-sane!

.

- bobby beddoe

bobby beddoe

# Creation

The universe from which we all sprang,  
Skeptics claim it was just a big bang!  
But Genesis makes it quite plain,  
In chapter one there we obtain  
The One who spoke that big bang, to bang!

- bobby beddoe

bobby beddoe

# Credential Of Proof

Had to show my drivers licenses to buy some brew,  
Somebody else's photo was on it – but who?

That old dinosaur

Looked quite familiar;

But, as for getting my suds - his photo did do!

bobby beddoe



# Disasters

Wars, famines, Floods, tsunamis, earthquakes,  
Along with other travail and outbreaks,  
Proves that the Bible is not wrong  
As disasters zip along,  
Per Jesus' word - as every day breaks!

bobby beddoe

# E-Bay Cash

Am planning for our reunion day;  
As for gas money I'll need to pay  
To make that trip  
To the Texas tip,  
I'm selling some stuff on e-Bay!

bobby beddoe

# End Time Signs

The Bible foretells many signs for the last day.  
Jesus indicated that these signs would arise – not may;  
All are to occur in concert,  
Near His return, He did assert,  
Likening these signs to birth pangs – per His essay!

bobby beddoe

# End-Time Trestise

## An End-Time Treatise

[My] aim is to bring to the fore,  
The exact instant to not ignore  
The start of the seven year Tribulation,  
That period that needs no explanation.  
These last days are coming 'down to the wire'  
In a very close, sticky end-time quagmire;  
Many eschatologists predict  
A final 'peace covenant' verdict  
Based on 9: 27: Daniel's grasp.  
A deal to be confirmed with handclasp!  
Problem. God doesn't want a two state solution.  
For He has a One State Solution intention.  
On the other hand, the Palestinians  
Covet all of Canaan - void of Hebrews and Christians  
Also Jerusalem for their capital to boot.  
Antichrist will change the issue now moot  
Until Israel, by virtue of arm-twisting,  
The signatory for Tribulation's beginning!  
With the peace agreement controversy and strife,  
One will not notice any difference in daily life  
For at that instant - the world will continue  
To be a hotbed of violence anew.  
No person knows who the false prophet will be  
Nor the antichrist, but knows the third party;  
The third party (Rev.13: 1-18) is Satan,  
The unholy trinity leader-man!  
And at the same time, before the ink is dry,  
And to avoid Hell to eternally occupy  
Better opt Jesus as your Savior and Lord,  
Before the signing of Satan's peace accord!

bobby beddoe

# Eu

Britons are the first nation to ballot

Out of Alliance of Nations to stay or not.

Rev.13: - you know.

17 more countries to go,

Then the rapture; hope so, but, that's a long shot!

bobby beddoe

# Euthanasia

---

Way back there when the dawn of our lives graced the sky,  
We didn't know that at life's dusk we'd be told to die.  
So, I'd say to Obama,  
Who gave birth to this Drama,  
"I'll sure be glad when it's your turn! " – That's my reply!

bobby beddoe

# Even Tho You'Re Gone

Yesterday I went shopping, just me, during the onslaught,  
To buy things you've always wanted for Christmas I thought.  
Checked all the stores for good sales,  
Found a pretty ring in Zales;  
But, like your gifts the past six years - it remained unbought!

bobby beddoe

# Everything's Changed

Been said that everything down home has changed;  
So for my fiftieth, I have arranged  
To go down  
To my town,  
And just drive around since long been estranged.

Got a freeway where my canal used to be.  
Well, that's what I been told - are they kidding me?  
Used to thrash  
And splash  
In that water entirely bare - nearly!

Shed my jeans on the bank in order to keep them dry  
'Cause my mom's water orders I did defy.  
Said she, 'Son,  
That canal yon,  
Stay out of! ' - But to it I'd go - on the sly.

Uh oh, can't go home just yet,  
My hair is still soakin' wet.  
I'll get caught!  
So I aught  
To stay outside till sunset...

Oh, excuse me - got carried away,  
Was thinking about my days at play.  
Though been long ago  
Since San Benito,  
Still miss that place - even to this day!

bobby beddoe



# Facebook And Old Friends

I don't live in my hometown no more,  
Those days, forty years ago, were o'er.  
But, I have not forgotten  
All those school days of olden;  
Yes, those young peer-days have sped like vapor.

My friends are scattered north and south, east to west;  
Been that way ever since they grew up and left their nest.  
But hey, thanks to my Facebook,  
There's some that I've now heard from.  
Don't have a clue whatever happened to all the rest.

Bobby Beddoe; Copyright 2010

bobby beddoe

# Facebook Prayers

God does not read, i.e. hear many  
FB prayers (pert' near all - if any) .  
To seek the Living God,  
To most t'wd seem quite odd,  
Not to pray 'politically correctly'!

Closing your flowery pray with a simple, 'Amen, '  
Slighting the One Who Walks On Water - that's akin  
To when life fades away;  
Who knows, perhaps today,  
You'll arrive at the Pearly Gate but can't get in!

bobby beddoe

# Fact Or Fiction

Allegations of sexual harassment  
Is payback time by the recipient;  
Since dolls attack  
From years way back,  
I'm glad I'm not running for president!

bobby beddoe

# Fifty-Year Hs Reunion

Your daddy said, for you, I was unfit.  
Just because I took you home one night - half lit.  
Anyway,  
I didn't stay;  
Seeing you 50 years later - I'm glad we split.

Bobby Beddoe; Copyright 2010

bobby beddoe

# Finally Passed Algebra - On The Rebound

Algebra, Mrs. Jackson tried to pound  
Into the hard-head of this Greyhound.  
She taught that stuff just right;  
But me not being too bright,  
The stuff finally sunk in on the rebound!

Bobby Beddoe Copyright; 2010

bobby beddoe

# First Grade Recess-Bell

Riiiiinnng! Oh, good, there goes the recess-bell.  
Now we can go outside for a spell;  
Play on the monkey bar,  
Slide, see-saw, and/or  
Just run around to and fro, holler and yell.

Bobby Beddoe; Copyright 2010

bobby beddoe

# Forty-Two Years

'Twas zero and fifty years ago,  
When took this girl to the picture show;  
As the screen played on,  
Our thoughts were upon  
Us holding hands there on the back row!

After the show, strolling to the car,  
The moon looked down at us from afar,  
To just let us know  
All systems are go!  
And seconded by a shooting star!

From that night forward as love grew strong,  
Were seldom apart more than a furlong.  
Less than a year later,  
We wed in December,  
And vowed forever to each we belong!

In college we two learned how to teach,  
So a teaching career we had each;  
And every Sunday  
At around ten say,  
First S'school then hear our preacher preach.

Forty-two years are all He to us gave;  
I'm now left with memories and a grave,  
To ease the smart  
Upon my heart,  
I have all those years of pics - for a save!

bobby beddoe

# From Start To Finish

From Start to Finish

In the beginning, Korea  
Was a null, unoccupied Area.  
Created out of nothing;  
Was an empty space, there's no denying.  
Ever since Paleolithic  
And 500,000 BCE Neolithic,  
Homogeneous migrants  
From Central Siberia tribes -Transplants,  
Archaeologists can tell  
Cavemen's stone tools tell the tale:  
Through wood they've been burning,  
Cave art, and from pottery making.  
Next, the Bronze Era came due,  
And the Early Iron Age, too.  
So beginning in the 4th Century BCE.  
Their little world became a country.  
Now, Historians haven't failed to notice  
Korea's ancient text for archaic analysis,  
110 BC to 935 AD Korea had  
Six Proto Kingdoms some good, some bad;  
And five Dynasties - 920 to 1948,  
Then around the 1945 date,  
After WWII ended,  
North Korea, with the Soviets backing,  
And the Republic of China lurking,  
Backed by the Geneva Conference in 1954,  
Made NK and SK (Not just Korea anymore) .  
So, now for the finish part, North Korea,  
Directly - a null, unoccupied Area,  
Just empty space, there's no denying,  
Nothing will be left - That's right! Nothing!

bobby beddoe



# Front Yard

My Front Yard

I did a little landscaping in my front yard,  
Though not the ethos one might see on a postcard;  
It's something I do,  
Making drab anew.  
And yielding to my sense of bias – is my reward!

bobby beddoe

# Future News

Aft'r watching the world news this night,  
Everything in it set my mind to fright;  
Ne'er be good news again like former,  
Just ill-at-ease news of the future;  
Fortunately for me - it's twilight!

bobby beddoe

# Galveston Seagulls

Was nice yesterday, so went down to Stewart Beach,  
Sat on McDonald's patio-deck where seagulls screech;  
With Frenchfries well supplied,  
Those fries I couldn't hide,  
Almost had enough Frenchfrys for those gulls each!

Watched God's seagulls dressed in feathers painted white  
Catch my launched Frenchfries while in overhead flight,  
But one bird missed his fry - clean,  
If you know what I mean,  
So, he did a fly-over and painted my smartphone white!

bobby beddoe

# Gas Price: Up, Up, And Away!

Was only yesterday at the gas pump when  
I paid two eighty-eight a gallon then.  
A price so disdaining  
I drove off complaining,  
'Till I stopped to think it may soon be ten!

bobby beddoe

# Generational Footsteps

## Generational Footsteps

Dee and I were not surprised when Joe,  
At age twelve, was filled from head-t'-toe  
With the Holy Spirit.  
Then, from his street 'pulpit',  
He paced about town witnessing for Jesus.  
Now, thirty years later, in part hiatus  
Of drug addiction, (but, 'dried-out' long ago) .  
Which prov'd th' tenant of the Holy Spirit. I know!  
He protected Joe oft'n from harm,  
A time or two when almost 'bought th' farm'!  
Still, his testimony to each unknown,  
Shows he hasn't his witnessing outgrown.  
Does dad know Joe's a True Christian this time?  
Sure, because witnessing is God's bottom line!  
Half-way through this last generation,  
(2005 to the Armageddon section) .  
Blame your parents and/or grandparent  
If you aren't a Christian descent.  
For few have been too busy  
Drivin' down the freeway actin' corny,  
Ear plugs in, and havin' epileptic type fits,  
And when on stage, actin' like nit-wits  
For burnin' desire of Hollywood recognition!  
Which severs Godly faith by sure distraction!  
So get yourself a Bible from a thrift-store;  
Do that now, and read it b'fore  
You witness to people about Jesus;  
Because, they have heard a few verses  
About Him during their life time.  
Might find a New Testament for dime,  
Or not much more than a quarter.  
Or maybe free to you, a youngster!  
Provid'd the clerk is antique  
And 'specially not a sheik.  
Now, you might hiccup along th' way.  
But Holy Spirit won't let you far stray.  
'Cause in order t' save your soul from hell,

Become a witness for your Lord pell-mell.  
But would be great if you hav' Sunday school  
Background. That would really be cool!  
Now, the scene here that I hav' presented  
Is th' seed that my parents in me plant'd;  
As for your fate, don't get hysterical,  
Least not just yet. But that wou'd be a signal  
That you're worried you won't get t' heaven.  
That's true tho', you might rath'r hang with kinsmen.  
The Bible states broad is th' road t' hell  
And many kin will take it to hell, for dwell.  
Therefore, all last generation childr'n  
Better take the narrow road. It leads to Hev'n!  
After you get your New Testament, you  
Should read ch.7: 13 in Matthew.  
'Tis OK if you don't sing in th' church choir,  
Or greet folks at church door in nice attire,  
Mostly, some o' that is for show,  
But, there may not be a tomorrow!  
For this last generation. Who knows?  
So follow Jesus' footsteps and [most] of Joe's!

bobby beddoe

# Girls And Guns

If an intruder someday you should meet,  
Here's some gun advise that is hard to beat:  
Carry in your purse  
Ready for disperse  
A semi (not.22) 'tho fits neat!

Instead, 9mm or.38,  
'22 hit won't work when evils seek to mate,  
So when bad guy tries unsought spooning,  
Make sure you're not the one dying.  
'Cause these are dier times - so don't procrastinate!

bobby beddoe

# Global Warming

Al Gore says that global warming is happening.  
Of course all that just gives mankind a better feeling;  
So all of those  
Who are God's foes,  
Rather believe Gore than The Bible's insisting!

bobby beddoe



# God Exist In Three Persons

Let's talk 'Holy Spirit' during this visit:  
Christians, (those endowed with the Holy Spirit)  
Will find in this rhyme,  
Maybe for the first time,  
That He wants to help you lick any health event!

Yeah, that's right! He has connections from above;  
Christians, it's true, that God and Jesus have your love,  
But also in your prayer  
That you send up there,  
Include Mr. Third Person for your cause thereof!

There's nothing to it but to do it;  
So do this, tell the Holy Spirit,  
He is quite welcome  
To complete the sum  
in my heart of  $1 \times 1 \times 1 = 1$  Trinty unit!

bobby beddoe

# God's Little Angels

Abortion is a big issue this election year,  
And woe to doctors who make it a career  
To deprive Little lives to be born,  
And dressed in soft wrap to adorn  
The hospital window where newborns appear!

Docs all argue in their slaying persistence,  
To justify their bold murdering defiance;  
That it was mom's choice.  
But God, with commanding voice,  
'I'll judge mom's wittingly according to her reverence' !

Doctors and staff who jeer God and Him they flout,  
Coin and green is the only thing they care about;  
Not Angel still inside there,  
Or Angel's first breath of air,  
When, or before, Little Angel comes out!

Yes, He will right the wrong that shouldn't be,  
And gather those doctors in the last finale;  
So when docs die, and not before,  
They'll be sent for evermore  
To hell by little Angel's God, with zero clemency!

When Little body parts extracted with success,  
Is exchanged for cash in that killing business.  
As for Angel's little hearts;  
And, all the other parts,  
It all gets fixed by little Angel's Eye-witness!

bobby beddoe

# Gog/Megog Time

Ezekiel 38 and 39

Is starting right now exactly on time,  
It's a major conflict  
That God did predict;  
All sides are prepared, ready, and are prime!

A Seal has been opened. Did you notice?  
Probably not, stuff like that, most dismiss.  
Well, Don't feel alone;  
But it should be known,  
'Tis now too late for any armistice!

This Gog/Magog war is not Armageddon  
According to a Bible writing Person.  
That war, will somehow,  
Seven years from now,  
End with the horrendous great tribulation!

For the current war, America for this feat,  
Has sent with the fifth fleet and seventh fleet,  
Enough carriers  
And destroyers  
To put down Russia's Armada in defeat!

At the start of the tribulation, which is next,  
There's a list of survival stuff one should collect!  
Might should start right away,  
Packing gear for doomsday,  
Then find a hideout that antichrist won't suspect!

bobby beddoe

bobby beddoe

# Going Home For Our 50th

Going home for your 50th? Well, Gas-up the car.  
Let's all show up rather from near or far,  
Some Hounds we've seen real often,  
Others we can't remember when;  
Hope we recognize who some of us are.

bobby beddoe

# Going, Going, Gone

Saw on Channel 4 News this morning,  
That most, when comes time for departing,  
Are going with cremation  
As their final selection.  
So the normal mode, they're foregoing!

Burial cost ten-thousand dollars – most agree,  
Cremation is about a thousand-dollar fee,  
But as the end draws near,  
I'll just disappear;  
I'm going with the impending rapture – it's free!

bobby beddoe

# Golden Reunion

I fancy someday a Golden Reunion  
Which we'll all attend at life's here conclusion;  
Will be teachers there;  
Pray none be elsewhere,  
'Cause we want to see them all - no exception.

So, as we line up one behind another,  
Like little ducklings following their mother,  
We'll enter that Gate  
At a steady rate;  
Until we are all with Him there - together!

Bobby Beddoe; Copyright 2010

bobby beddoe

# Gone Two-Steppin'

Went to the Wild West dance hall last Friday night,  
Actually, it wasn't night it was still daylight;  
A sign on the front gate  
Said, "WE OPEN AT EIGHT"  
Eight's bed time! Glad that sign was there in plain sight!

bobby beddoe

# Great News

So, thanks to foreclosure you may loose your tepee;  
Or, perhaps already have; here's a guarantee:  
Whether you go to dwell  
In Heaven or Hell,  
Your final abode will be absolutely free!

bobby beddoe



# Greed Vs The Trinity

## Greed vs The Trinity

The only sin that cannot be forgiven  
Is outright rebellion against Him,  
AKA - The Holy Spirit,  
When this life they exit.  
Called, 'Blasphemy'. Blasphemy's cousin  
Is a Bible's deadly sin called, 'Greed'.  
It starts out young and sows its seed.  
Now, the poor, God hasn't forgot,  
Who stoop for coins in Wal-Mart's parkin' lot,  
With Holy Spirit dwelling in their life,  
Though cheated, they try to live a life  
Based upon the principles of the Bible.  
Praying that the greedy does the reversible  
Giving back the stipend the virtuous deserve.  
The Trinity meanwhile, well, They just observe,  
Then, in time, gives the order for St. Peter  
To let, or not to let, the greedy enter.  
While greedy and kin drum out a dialogue,  
Like, banging out supporting monologue.  
Greed's friends enjoy their cut of wealth,  
While yearning for more in genital stealth!  
Not a good thing for a Greedy Christian  
To be Baptized, and do all he can;  
Such as, morning service, door greeter,  
Or on tier as loudest Hymn singer,  
Or when the collection plate crew  
Pass the tithin' dish along his pew,  
Makes sure everybody sitting near  
Hears his silver clink loud and clear!  
But greedy is on his own to fill his greed,  
Even knows its evil's root - he'll proceed.  
Thinking they can snow Peter and Trinity;  
So when it comes time for eternity,  
St. Peter and Trinity care not to hear,  
Nor shall shed a single tear,  
About anything greedy wants to say,  
'Cause Chiefs hate those They do not fancy!

In short - greed is self-destructing;  
Therefore, makes for a horrible ending,  
'Cause greed shuts out The Trinity  
And converts good folks to depravity  
While storing up treasure for one's self  
For personal gain and pelf.  
God has no use for men who steal big-time  
From other's treasures - down to the last dime!  
So, the greedy soul is Satan's gain,  
And he loves their soul to obtain!  
Though knowing one's self's likely demise  
They'll continue from sunset to sunrise  
In favor of greed, not the kingdom of God.  
No matter what becomes of their soul - period.  
The Devine, wishes them well,  
In their ultimate destination - hell!

bobby beddoe

# Hard Times

Got this old penny at buc-ees,  
In change for a cup of coffee.  
There's a story here  
Of hard times severe  
Regardless of one's pedigree !

bobby beddoe

# He Spoke

He Spoke

End Time is here, so's time to bend an ear,  
Reading along will end your End Time fear:  
The God of Jacob, Isaac, and Abraham,  
Said to Moses, "I AM WHO I AM."  
An epoch dating back to when was nothing;  
That is, without a moment of starting,  
He Spoke and caused the cosmoses' vacuum  
To become pregnant - ready to blossom!  
He beget gold, silver, and dinosaur bone,  
And everything in between - from nothing sown!  
Later, pyramid architects from out there  
Visited earth with welcome interfere;  
But who really constructed them and why?  
Well, Project Manager knows. To clarify!  
With everything done back then on His cue,  
Scripture text makes clear there's more yet due!  
Tooling down the highway in usual haste,  
Proceeding as though you've no time to waste  
When, within a second, your car fades away  
Leaving you standing in the middle of the highway.  
Tho others can't see you. So being unseen  
In a form apt the faithful, like a light beam,  
You've gained access to your eternal village,  
Leaving behind all who curse and road rage!  
Flights will not fall, despite popular belief;  
Planes-in-flight will vanish - quick as a thief.  
The lost will find themselves safe on the ground,  
Whilst the saved find themselves Heaven bound!  
Caskets will not pop out of the ground,  
Strewing dust, mud, and dirt all around.  
Yet the soul shall rise - invisibly subtle!  
And join all the other Raptured people  
Select professors, ministers and scientists  
Will prostrate fall before God, in belated twists,  
Only too late by the blink of an eye,  
About Him they intentionally shaped to belie!  
Anyway, be sure you're forgiven of all sins

Before He Speaks - and The End begins!

bobby beddoe

# High School Reunion 50th

I'll somehow get gas for my automobile,  
Also buy something nice to wear from Goodwill;  
I'd get both the two,  
'Cause I want to see who,  
Attends our get together reunion meal.

bobby beddoe

# High-Tech Option

Can't read text cause too small?

Well, if that don't beat all;

Can't window-up nor zoom-in?

Well, do this: consult kin;

No problem - give g-kid a call!

bobby beddoe

# His Resurrection

Better than two thousand years past since the first Easter morn  
A Man, many of the world today are content to scorn  
Arose from being dead,  
Then the Gospel got spread  
Starting on the third day and untill Gabriel's horn!

So when Gabriel blows his horn on that last day;  
Those that scorned and run astray here on earth they'll stay  
And attend the seven-year tribulation,  
While bearing this world's war-torn continuation,  
The rest of us, well, we'll be raptured away!

bobby beddoe



# Home For Christmas - Maybe

As the US withdraws troops this month from Iraq,  
Some troops are reassigned, as a matter-of-fact;  
Our Special Forces to Jordan,  
For Syrian tank build-up to can,  
Plus vets to Europe to curb Russia's attack!

As Most of our other troops are quickly diverted  
To Persian Gulf bases and other places varied,  
We, and the Hebrew,  
And with you-know-Who,  
Will come out on top as the Bible has predicted!

bobby beddoe

# I Love Elvis

I Love ol' Elvis Presley,  
Those who don't - tis a pity.  
That voice sublime  
I still do pine.  
I even love his Harley.

Yes, it's true, I really do.  
So without further ado,  
I'll put on the "King"  
Now - to hear him sing  
About his suede shoes of blue!

Bobby Beddoe; Copyright 2010

bobby beddoe

# I'M Getting Younger

The other day at 'Country Club Sunshine',  
There on the wall, saw a real youthful sign:

"Life begins at 40 "

- Makes 31 for me,

Great! I can now play 18 - not just 9!

Bobby Beddoe; Copyright 2010

bobby beddoe

# I'M The One Gone

I plan to go back to my hometown someday,  
Down near The Rio Grande where I used to play.  
There's so many things that I want to go see,  
Like my old street there that meant so much to me.  
Growing up and leaving everything behind;  
There must have been something bad wrong with my mind.  
As I look back now so few were those old days,  
Wished I had never taken to the highways.  
Even though I left town back then and moved on,  
My memories never left - I'm the one gone.

Bobby Beddoe Copyright; 2010

bobby beddoe

# In Lieu Of God

For us old Christians, won't long be our Last Day;  
Could be in a few months - or just halfway,  
But In our family plots  
Will be left vacant spots,  
Proof, as Christians, we had been raptured away!

We took our kids to worship. Some did a backslide;  
Satan, quite cunning, came across quite bona fide,  
And they believed  
What he achieved,  
Which caused our kids, their kids, and God to collide!

So today, most grand-kids view any recent disaster  
A natural event, not warnings by The Master.  
They blame global climate change,  
Not Biblically 'end time' arranged,  
Bottom line - Some offspring won't be with us forever!

Our g-kids are the generation of apostasy!  
Through a dull-dim faith they live in fantasy;  
Each has an I-pod  
In lieu of God,  
That they worship with delight and ecstasy!

bobby beddoe

# In Retrospect

Padre Island, oh, how I do miss  
Your waves rolling in from Gulf's abyss,  
When I'd skip school  
To you I'd tool,  
And your spray greeted me with a kiss.

But, skipping school and going cruisin',  
Fifty-odd years pass notwithstandin';  
I still linger as your Thrall,  
And still hear your fading call.  
Just in case PI, you was a-wonderin'!

bobby beddoe

# Iran's Cannon-Fodder

.

&quot;Oh, Mighty and Great Allah, &quot;  
Beseeched the Prince of Persia,  
&quot;With Hezbollah, and Gaza,  
The West Bank, and Syria,  
And with Russia's militia;

And the Palestine people,  
We can wipe out Israel!  
Help us turn her to rubble  
This year or in a couple,  
Per Psalms 83 battle! &quot;

bobby beddoe

# Is Fun To Write Poems On Poemhunter

All of the lines here are just mine.  
But what matters that? So long as they rhyme.  
So hang on, here we go,  
More short poems from Beddoe;  
Here on Poemhunter, line after line!

Bobby Beddoe; Copyright 2010

bobby beddoe



# Israel Under Siege

"Hey Lord, help us! The Arabs – our lives they want to snuff,  
They aim to nuke us, and of them - enough is enough! "

"Okey-doke,

Now, don't worry;

Go about your daily lives, I'll handle the small stuff! "

bobby beddoe

bobby beddoe

# Just Beyond Today

In split nano-second upon signed peace deal  
'Tween Israel/Palestine; 'tho hardly a newsreel,  
Time-Times-And-Half-A-Time starts middle-night  
In Western Hemisphere, at White House's delight.  
Midst His rapture call, those graspin' th' abyss of doom  
Wish'd had a second chance - startin' from th' womb;  
'Caus bursting th' pretend Christian's bubble,  
T'wd better six feet of sod than fake prophet's haggle!  
The doff of Restrainer will quickly be forgotten  
Exc'pt not by th' one in bed not taken.  
Those Born-Again's making th' Flight  
Will leave nothing behind in sight;  
Jets won't fall from flight endin' up as ash,  
No driverless cars 'twixt each other t' crash.  
So Hush! God can, by His voice, make that happen.  
Yes, He creat'd cosmos by speaking back then!  
Weeks (months?) following signing, Russia/Iran  
100% wiped out by Far-East Chinaman.  
(Not t' b' snafued fo' Armageddon much lat'r) .  
Upon horror, multitudes seek Roman Minister.  
As doomed confirm in t'other 'christ' - th'ir trust;  
Ev'n those ill at ease, 'tis too late t' adjust.  
While all those tattoed watch in amusin' glee,  
A Voice: 'Beyond guillotine, you'll be with Me! '  
With their stainless blades more than razor sharp  
Will send heads rolling t' beheaded lop's cart;  
Now, the body's soul - happy t' b' free;  
To join family, friends, and Him for eternity!

bobby beddoe

# Just Me And My Cat

My cat's main meal is at breakfast time,  
After that, it's snacks on which to dine;  
She snacks seven times a day,  
Really putting it away.  
Me? Well, I take after my feline!

bobby beddoe

# Just One Chair

I stopped at a garage sale sign Saturday.  
Didn't need nothing but stopped anyway;  
Saw a deck-table  
With a price reasonable,  
But only one matching chair on display!

Lady said, "I'll take whatever you want to spend,  
Since I have just one chair with it to send."  
"Just the one chair will due",  
I said without argue,  
"For my now asleep better-half - I'll pretend! "

bobby beddoe

# Last Reunion

In mid-October we're going to all go home,  
And one more time visit there on sandy-loam.  
Since it may be our last;  
We're going to have a blast,  
And not shut it down 'till the last breakers foam

bobby beddoe

# Let The War Begin

.  
Forget about politics,  
And the London Olympics;  
Odds are very high  
All-out war is nigh,  
Trailing July 4th picnics!  
bobby beddoe

# Life's Technology

Life's Technology

Got My Technology Master's from HU,

Added Ele Ed to that from SHSU.

Oh, Yeah, got smarts in excess;

So bought a smartphone, but confess,

For that hairy Technology – I have no clue!

bobby beddoe

# Lukewarm Facebook'rs

Lukewarm Facebook'rs

Tho' ev'ry post'r with devilish pens,  
Fill their need for lukewarm friends,  
With 4-letter words quite bane, ...  
Sad, they're too unholy and profane  
T' list 'em here with graffiter's name,  
Really need to tho', in order to shame!  
Now, reader, while you read tho' not adore,  
With a 'Like', the cursed writer writ's more.  
Clickin', 'Like', plac's you in their camp,  
True Christians, tho', will ignore that stamp.  
'Tis true they yearn praise - all can tell;  
But, th' imps ar' bound t' end up in hell.  
Ev'n tho' in [Rev 3: 16] scripture,  
Is writer's profanity and obscenity cure!  
Like, Jesus pointed out, He'll spue His rebut  
When He reads their 4-lettered smut;  
So Heaven, with all its joy an' glory,  
Most (all?) FB lukewarmers will - purgatory!

bobby beddoe

bobby beddoe



# Middle East Dilemma

Arab land has Israel caged in a circlet,  
"It's all of Jerusalem or else, " that's the threat.  
So it seems quite odd  
That Israel and God  
Haven't yet decided to dropp the hatchet!

While the world looks on quite uncaring,  
As His beloved are despairing.  
Something has got to give  
For His people to live  
Without the threat of Allah's folks impinging!

Given the past history of the Jewish nation  
And this Palestinian desired expansion,  
(By Islamic rejects)  
Has all ot the effects  
For an apocalyptical intervention!

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# Middle Eastern Connection

The Antichrist may live here - an import.  
'Tho, not to be confused with his cohort  
From seven hills,  
Roofs of red tiles,  
And, whose own life, he fears, will be cut short!

bobby beddoe

# Mission Romance

## Mission Romance

Roberto was tall, well built, Brown hair,  
Not dubbed handsome, but judged debonair.  
Which completed his attractiveness,  
From working so hard from dawn to darkness.  
His heart turned a somersault when first  
He saw her, matter of fact, it almost burst!  
Irma was two years younger at sixteen,  
The prettiest Roberto had ever seen.  
She had big Amber eyes in harmony  
With her tawny-chestnut hair - thoroughly,  
A full, young figure as if God had fun  
Concentrating on His creation.  
On a fresh mid-October afternoon,  
As gusts whirled leaves of amber and maroon  
Through the shifting breeze,  
With its intension to please,  
Roberto asks Irma, unvexed by doubt,  
If she'd like a work-break and walk about.  
'Let's go down to the river walk  
Where it's nice and quiet and just talk,  
We can leave our horses behind,  
That is, if you don't mind.  
I'll share my dream to preach the Golden Rule.'  
'And I'll tell you my plan to teach school.'  
'Sounds like fun, ' as he put out his hand.  
Irma shook it, her heart pondering... 'Husband'  
The still, sleepy, San Antonio River,  
Was made white, under a full moon loiter.  
Walking hand-in-hand until they came  
To a cottonwood tree - with a nickname! (sic)  
Irma leaned firm against its trunk,  
Its branches reaching down with spunk,  
As if trying to wrap themselves around her,  
Breaking all commandments like a shyster!  
The evening quietness was in concert  
With a fluttering mocking bird's chirp,  
Swooped low from the night sky - and then;

Warned them not to mess with her children!  
'Whites came to the new world and to Texas  
To find gold; instead, found wars and fracas.  
The King of Spain wanted gold.  
So in 1492, he sent Columbus and - behold!  
Found Indians, who he didn't know was there.  
This made the King quite sure it's where  
A great place to send priests to teach God,  
And save savage souls before entombed in sod.  
And gave Spain, in the frontier land, a toehold  
And dealing with its soldiers looking for gold.  
Spanish rulers, though, just for the record,  
Wanted to be sure their soldiers heard  
That gold was top of their list - still  
To build churches and pay natives to land-till.  
The priests had to teach the Red men  
How to make tools for farm and garden.  
But, the soldiers wanted to try their luck;  
Most got lost, or died when Indians struck.  
As soldiers were killed off one-by-one,  
Made it hard for the missions to carry-on.  
But, the priest stayed on to make friends  
With the Indians - That God sends.  
Coronado, in 1641, searched for Cibola,  
'Seven cities of gold' - for Spain's eureka!  
Instead found a village made of mud and sticks,  
That looked like, at sunrise/sunset, gold bricks!  
The first missions built, East Texas can claim  
Were to exalt God - least their aim.  
'El Alamo', 1744, is the shortened portion  
Of 'San Antonio de Valero Mission'.  
And here is where I call home,  
It's where I keep my hat and comb.  
Spanish military troops said it was  
Named in honor of Alamo de Parras,  
Their hometown in Mexico.  
When actually, the name, 'Alamo',  
Is Spanish for 'cottonwood' tree;  
And, most research historians agree!  
'Wow, Roberto, you really know missions  
Especially Built for Native American Injuns.'  
Suddenly the sky began clouding,

Then began, in earnest, hard drizzling,  
Then took on a serious grayness,  
Which Irma determined - meant business.  
'I must go now and hurry to my Mission  
Concepción de Acuña, I've no option.  
That's where I live, and work each day, part-time,  
Teaching the natives to read books and rhyme;  
By the way, Tuesday, I'm teaching the ABC's  
Can you come, or will you be too busy? '  
'Actually, I already know my ABC's.'  
'Oh, you're sooo funny.'  
She said, haply.  
'Anyway, most are not there to learn,  
It's the free food that they yearn.'  
'Irma, it's late, and besides, you'll get soaked,  
Riding that far, without wrap and un-cloaked.  
Mind staying with me tonight at the Alamo?  
Because, now, without you, I'd be miserable.'  
She asked, 'Alamo? Is that where you work? '  
'There, and also do field-work.  
Yeah, I took to hanging around doing small jobs  
Like cleaning walls and floor with mop swabs  
To make ready for a new priest  
Or, that's what I heard at least.'  
Holding hands, with force, true love had begun,  
As they crossed the limestone bridge on the run,  
Each jog was with lively springy steps,  
All the way to the mission door steps.  
Noticing, while it was rain-cool outside  
That the mission was even colder inside.  
The chapel floor had a clean shine,  
And a fresh smell of fragrant turpentine.  
'We'll have to sleep on this mat of straw,  
Like an Indian and his squaw.'  
'Funny again.'  
She said, with a wide grin.  
They dropped to their knees on that spot,  
Needing sleep, no matter what.  
Nominally, it would take months of seeing  
Each other daily before such close sleeping.  
Turning their backs on each other  
They accidently touched each other

And both jerked away,  
From then on, there was no way;  
Neither could sleep, like old married people;  
Though frugal their wish while under God's steeple.  
At five o'clock, Roberto lit a torch,  
Then walked to the bell-tower porch,  
And reached for the bell-rope;  
Bang-clang! Bang-clang! Playing like was the Pope.  
She rose, 'Is that wedding bells I hear? '  
'No, at least not yet, I fear.'  
Then added, 'Hope you slept good last night.'  
'Yeah, it beats my small stuffy room all right,  
And sitting alone by the wood-firelight, '  
Smiling at him like a beacon so bright.  
He pulled her close, and kisser her  
She kissed him back as she drew nearer.  
Hunggrily, their lips met, again and again,  
Barring any semblance of restrain.  
'Irma, Seems to me that you've succeeded  
At becoming self-supported  
Purely under your own power.  
Guess that's the qualities of a happy teacher, '  
Roberto said timidly, his eyes misting.  
Irma hid her face in her hands, saying nothing,  
'What I'm trying to say is, when you're ready,  
Will there be room in your life for me?  
Because, I would like to make your name  
And my name the same.'  
Tears began to glide down her cheeks,  
As she tried to say the word he seeks;  
But, to him, that long, quite minute  
Seemed to last forever 'till she said it,  
Laying her head on his shoulder, sensuously,  
Irma said ever so seriously,  
'Oh, Roberto, I love you so!  
There's no way I could never say, 'No'. '  
'Roberto, guess what! '  
'What? '  
'Last night I dreamed we got married.'  
'You dreamed we got married? ' he echoed.  
'Yeah, and you gave me a great big kiss, too.'  
'Right. And I dreamed we had not one; but, two

'Kids - boy twins.'  
That comment produced separate, happy grins.  
Hastily, Robert said, 'I had a dream, also.'  
'Really, Like so? ' she replied with gusto.  
'I dreamed I bought you an engagement ring.'  
'Did you really have that awesome dream? '  
Roberto answered, 'Yeah, sure did,  
Even had a pretty stone in it - red.'  
'You're lying, ' she said smiling joyfully.  
'Maybe.' He shrugged his shoulders, guiltily.  
For a little while they enjoyed telling  
each other their capricious dreaming.  
Their mutual ecstasy sealed their love,  
Established by God above.  
Which produced sudden impulses to kiss.  
Midst their Heavenly moment of bliss!  
Now, true love was something they really felt,  
Which made two hearts pleasantly melt.  
'Hey, ' he said, 'we've got to leave this abode  
And find work so we better hit the road! '  
As the day disappeared into a cloud-swept night,  
There was no moon; but, they caught sight  
of an old dilapidated cabin.  
They dismounted and decided to go in;  
Because, by then the air smelled like rain  
Desiring to go inside and and remain,  
for the remainder of the day,  
Or perhaps would be an okay place to stay.  
Stepping upon the porch, Irma,  
said, 'Bet this was owned by a ma and pa.'  
Roberto turned the rusty knob hard,  
The door swung open with a squeak - inward.  
Obviously, the cabin was a vacant place,  
To them, was the next best thing to a palace:  
An iron cooking stove was in one corner  
Beside it a box for wood and lighter,  
In another corner was a table and chair,  
Rocking chair, and bunk bed pair,  
A long shelf was above the table,  
With a few pots and pans - useable.  
'Irma, If you'll build us a good a flame,  
In the morning I'll hunt for some game.'

'Okay, consider it done,  
Just bring home the bacon.'  
He woke up with the dawn,  
With the idea of bagging a pig or fawn;  
Grabed his 1819 Hall rifle for to tote;  
But, brought back his morning kill - coyote.  
And sat patiently until she awoke,  
To show her what he smote.  
It was six o'clock when he said,  
'Hey, Miss Irma, wake up sleepy-head, '  
She blinked sleepily, 'I'm awake, Roberto, '  
Needing to earn themselves a peso,  
After staying there over a week,  
Then left, for jobs, to seek.  
'So where are we going? Just asking.'  
'Beats me, but we better start ambling.'  
They rode all day and half the night,  
by two, a relay station came into sight,  
Both struggling to stay awake,  
They reined in at the corral gate.  
Neither could keep awake after that commute,  
So they bedded down in the gated shute.  
Irma pillowed her head on his forearm,  
and he laid his head on his other arm.  
They forgot about supper,  
As their need for rest was much more greater.  
The sun was less than an hour high;  
But, staying there, they dare not defy.  
So they rinsed off at the horse trough  
Enough to get all the trail dust off.  
Finally, leaving Behar County behind,  
Heading north with the hill country in mind.  
'Well, Irma, we've ridden pretty steady.  
So let's stop here if you're ready, '  
Masking her strained weariness,  
She smiled, at the pause, for a recess.  
The Texas Hill Country came calling,  
One early December morning.  
When they arrived in New Braunfels pueblo,  
Roberto and Irma turned the page in toto,  
To a new chapter making them 'As One',  
When they became Mr. and Mrs. De Leon.



By the justice of the peace, in his retreat.  
That part done, they walked across the street,  
To the outpost store where he bought  
with the gold pocket watch he brought,  
That his father gave him at - life's ending,  
A red ruby, gold, wedding band.  
Which fit the right finger of her hand.  
Mexican authorities  
Granted sixty leagues of land in the 1790's  
To the Hispanics, Lipan Indians,  
And German extraction clans,  
The land grant along the Guadalupe river.  
Robert and Irma f iled for a sliver  
And there they built their family home  
Which prooved good cotton growing loam,  
Soon a small settlement began to appear.  
So they farmed there year, after year.  
Soon a small settlement began to appear,  
As the months and years flew by day-by-day.  
One sunrise, typical day, mid-may,  
Mom, dad, their six-year old twins, Juan and Jose,  
Along with the early morning coolness,  
When the kid's pet colts became restless,  
Roberto glanced up from inside the corral;  
Ordered his two sons, and his Irma gal,  
To run to the house and lock the door.  
And pray to Jesus for peace, our savior.  
He choked of fear at the indigenous surprise  
For fanned out on top of the nearest hill rise  
Appeared a mounted war party - Comanche!  
Leaning his rifle on a rail for them to see,  
He walked up close, and raised his right hand.  
The Chief slid off his horse and raised his hand.

bobby beddoe

# Most People

Most people like to push back thoughts about the world's end,  
So if it ever comes, won't be just around the bend,  
But be a long way off;  
So they usually scoff  
At what the Bible says - instead of It they defend!

bobby beddoe

# Musing The Future

I noticed he pretends to be a peacemaker,  
But my Bible says he'll be a true deceiver!  
He's now come forth,  
Now, in year fourth,  
In Daniel's Seventy Weeks, infidels he'll slaughter!

Soon to forsake his god Allah, or any god,  
He'll rule the MU with a part clay-and-iron rod  
Oh, the MU?  
Well, that's not new,  
It's the Mediterranean Union's old sod!

Yeah, same as the re-birth land of the Roman;  
Theologians replaced the EU with this old span.  
Scholars have most now agreed,  
It's not a European seed  
That will be the catalyst for God's end-time plan!

Defiling the Temple will be our Assyrian.  
Along with Peter II, his right-hand companion,  
This abomination  
Of desolation  
Won't happen just yet - not till mid Tribulation!

When the European Union economy collapses  
At the rapture during apostate cheerfulness;  
Other struggling world powers,  
Like America, occurs,  
And the MU will rise out of the ashes.

I wouldn't want to be our next president,  
No Christian needs to face the ravishment,  
'Cause soon will be Hell on earth,  
With uncontrollable dearth;  
Someone like Mitt could stem all the torment!

The New World Order is looking for its primed leader,  
A dark-skin, One-World Government masquerader.  
And I'll bet

Him they'll get  
390 days from twenty-eleven, December!

bobby beddoe

# My Best Christmas Present

My best Christmas present was not from mom and dad,  
It wasn't even from Santa Claus, I might add;  
Tho my presents numbered many,  
A gift that left my eyes misty,  
Was the one I received when was just a small lad!

Actually, back when I was twelve years old or so,  
I read in the family Bible, John 6: four O.  
"...That for all who believe  
In the Son will receive  
The gift of eternal life..." A good thing to know!

Another good thing to know, He goes on to say:  
"And I will raise him up at the last day."  
So tell family and friend;  
If they want to ascend  
With Him, trust Jesus as Lord right away!

bobby beddoe

# My Child, Stray

Vet said, "Stray'd be better off if put-down,  
Than to see him suffer like cats in the pound."  
Wanted to say, "No",  
But just had to let go;  
That explains in my back yard – the little mound!

bobby beddoe

# My Christmas Present

Got coins in my pocket with th' intent  
To buy for me a nice Christmas present.  
Don't reckon one from someone else,  
So now, have to buy for myself -  
For my Yuletide that will be sufficient!

bobby beddoe

# My English Teacher

My English teacher- she was real nice.  
Always gave us pretty good advise,  
'Put a preposition  
In the end position;  
You kids may have to take this course twice.'

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# My First Day In Ag Class

Coach busted my tail for acting out one time,  
It was back while in high school grade number nine.  
I'm the only one that got it;  
Said was for the class benefit,  
To see the sequel of acting asinine!

bobby beddoe

# My First Fishing Trip

Went with dad to Port Isabel to learn to fish,  
'Cause to catch a fish I told him that I did wish.  
So to Purdy's Court fishing pier,  
We went with all our fishing-gear.  
Yes, that fishing trip with dad I'll always cherish!

There we were, him giving me casting instruction,  
Then he baited my hook with a live crustacean,  
I cast out high in the sky.  
To catch a big fish to fry,  
But instead, caught a sea gull - as consolation!

bobby beddoe

# My Friends

God gave me friends to have till I die,  
Been the core of my life since knee-high.  
As sure as the wind blows  
As rain falls on the rose;  
We'll still be, as ever, up there in the sky !

bobby beddoe

# My High School Web Page

Too many Hounds from SBHS  
Are eat up with bashfulness,  
Won't here add their voice,  
Though it's their choice,  
We few will forge ahead - regardless.

bobby beddoe

# My Joe Story

Took Joe to a golf driving range to learn how  
To be knowledge to do the links with thou;  
Showed the right way  
At golf to play;  
At 19th hole said, 'I'm good for the Greens now! '

For his first golf try upon arriving there,  
We had only my clubs for us to share.  
I'll never forget the joy,  
Decades ago in my boy;  
Was pure bliss that day than any elsewhere!

My son, Joe, got us a tee-time for Sunday;  
Not for eighteen holes, but for just nine to play.  
Over the years I can tell  
He's learn to play quite well -  
I never win, just too old, we have a blast anyway !

It's not always been like that, he's progressed by far,  
Better than me, when used to score around par  
When in golf attire array,  
Way back in my golf hayday;  
Now, try to lower my score like in past; but, no cigar !

As for my two trophies lined-up in a row:  
I won for 1st place,  
The other, 2nd place,  
I mentioned also, just to let Joseph know,  
That my AT&T handicap was quite low!

So coming this Sunday I know he'll rule;  
Yeah, he'll smile at me and look real cool!  
I'll deed him that old 1st pl. trophy,  
I'll keep with my 2nd pl. trophy.  
Anyway, there's My 'Joe' Story in a capsule !

bobby beddoe

# My Kites

My kites, I made out of old newspapers or new,  
Was one thing back then how to make that I knew;  
With rags for tails,  
String from hay bales,  
My kites flew so high they went clean out of view.

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# My Kitty Max Lynn

This is what to kitty Max Lynn occurred:  
One night his apperance got transfigured;  
Stray dogs tore to pieces Max Lynn,  
Wasn't much left but some fur skin,  
Most of that, plus his collar, I interred!

bobby beddoe

# My New Home

My New Home

Bought this little old house h're in Hitchcock.  
Bought b'fore my time's up per life's clock;  
Really is quite run-down,  
Neighbors drive by and frown,  
But soon will be the cute't on the block!

bobby beddoe



# My School Song

'Purple and Gold shall always be....'  
That bar there leaves my eyes misty  
Below hair long turned gray;  
Still does even today,  
When I think back half-a-century!

I know, I know I didn't excell  
like my classmates who most all did well,  
But Just thought anyway  
I'd write this poem essay  
To mention my memory's potent spell!

bobby beddoe

# My Serene Dream

My Serene Dream

Went stroll'ng on Gulf's wave-swept beach so clean,  
While scanning over roll'ng waves of sea-green.  
Desired back when I was teen,  
To my future yet unseen;  
Was like being absent from our world - vile and mean!

bobby beddoe

# My Social Security Raise

Social Security wrote today about their  
Cost of living increase for me, which, seemed quite fair;  
But, to be realistic,  
It turned out microscopic,  
When they deducted from my raise for Medicare!

bobby beddoe

# My Two Cats

Sure is lonely today with nothing to do.  
My two cats - they keep me from going coocoo;  
Think I'll fill up the bathtub,  
And give them a rub-a-dub-dub,  
To reward them with a warm bath and shampoo!

bobby beddoe

# My Will

Wally, my oldest, is a New York comp Guru,  
Joe, almost as old, in an Austin comp Guru, too.  
Bandi's my SPCA Siamese,  
Brother, was also a fefugee,  
Both think I'm a terrorist when time for their shampoo!

But, whenever from this world I evacuate,  
To these, my four children, I do stipulate:  
Brother, Wally,  
Joe, and Bandi,  
I bequest each 1/4 of my estate!

bobby beddoe

# New World Order

The New World Order is coming down the pike,  
So if it's careers, and TV that you like,  
Forget it!  
You'll submit  
To them; or, off with your head in one swift strike!

bobby beddoe

# Not Too Late

Well, hello there ol' classmate.  
How you been since our last date?  
You married my best friend;  
But since, that life did end,  
Hope for us it's not too late.

bobby beddoe

# Obamacare Bill

Obamacare bill might pass - it's said.  
If it passes; even by a thread,  
Will be a disgrace.  
So in the next race,  
Let's all vote Republican widespread!

bobby beddoe



# Odium To This Earth

Odium to this Earth

I lone for the place where few trod.

I know, my musing sounds quite odd;

But, I'll get along up there fine,

With Mary's Son and wife of mine -

Makes 2-good reasons to leave this sod!

bobby beddoe

# Ol' Classmate

'Well, hello there ol' classmate.  
How you been since our last date?  
You married my best friend;  
But since, that life did end,  
Hope for us it's not too late! '

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# Our Gand Kids

For us old-Christians, won't long be our Last Day;

Could be in a few months - or just halfway,

But In our family plots

Will be left vacant spots,

Proof, as Christians, we had been raptured away!

We took our kids to worship. Some did a backslide;

Satan, quite cunning, came across quite bona fide,

And they believed

What he achieved,

Which caused our kids, their kids, and God to collide!

So today, most grand-kids view any recent disaster

A natural event, not warnings by The Master.

They blame global climate change,

Not Biblically 'end timed' arrange,

Bottom line – Some offspring won't be with us forever!

Our g-kids are the generation of apostasy!

Through a dull-dim faith they live in fantasy;

Each has an ipod

In lieu of God,

That they worship with delight and ecstasy!

Tell all the young kids that you know,

That Jesus is their friend – not foe.

So they won't sink,

While on the brink;

Then, after curtains, they won't land below!

bobby beddoe

# Our High School Reunions

Our tenth reunion was well-attended  
Sadly, of course, we all finally departed,  
Up till then,  
The past ten,  
Was spent just getting our lives started.

For our twentieth, not as many came home  
Lost some along the way - as in rolling-stone.  
Oh, but four teachers came,  
Recalled us all by name.  
This time they weren't there to chaperone.

Now, the thirtieth, it did achieve its end,  
Because our old friends we got to see again;  
Lo, sad tears we cried  
When told who all's died.  
To this day - still can't the loss comprehend.

The fortieth doesn't seem that long ago;  
Again, we showed up, weather by air or auto.  
To our home town  
We did go down,  
'Cause we too much love each other to just let it go.

At our fiftieth we'll get to see old friends,  
Hope this time everybody attends.  
Those we used to play,  
We'll see there that day  
Once more before our high school class numbers thin.

Throughout our school years and up to the present,  
Select Friends, angels for them, He has for sent;  
And those now still,  
We won't see till  
We go up yonder to where they all went!

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bobby beddoe

# Our Land Of Sand

.

Our fiftieth may be in the land of sand,  
That integral part of SBHS - The Island.  
There we spent Senior Day  
Jumping each power wave of spray;  
But, this time, think we'll just sit and visit then disband.

bobby beddoe

# Our Last Hope

## Our Last Hope

On January 15, '17,70 nations  
Made dry run about Israel and concessions:  
To force Israel to accept a two-state solution.  
Putting Israel in that perilous position  
Would give control of Jerusalem to Palestinians  
Per Zechariah 12 and some theologians.  
Of course, would make Obama's legacy look great  
Israel's ceding of any claim to the Jewish State,  
And make Kerry happy as hell - but pray not Trump!  
As Christians eagerly await each Breaking News;  
That imparts with alarming realistic views  
So captivatingly hinting, we're in the last days,  
That we sense a stirring aura of maladies,  
Which defines the tragic ending to our planet  
While expecting the Rapture any minute!  
And arrive it must - before the ink is dry  
Grabbing God's Promised Land with skillful hie!  
For the hour and minute hands are both on twelve,  
Second hand's 'homestretch' now past helve.  
No? Well, yes hands are;  
Per, God's Calendar!

bobby beddoe



# Our Muslim-In-Chief

Obama promised the Palestinians  
Jerusalem and all its terraneans  
If he wins in 2012;  
Meanwhile, he want's to shelve  
All moves by the UN and Americans!

Well, that's what he told Abbas in New York.  
Abbas? Oh, he's the Palestinian dork.  
Those two have Israel shaken.  
But thanks to our God in Heaven,  
He knows Muslim-in-Chief speaks with tongue-like fork!

Abet for Israel by Christian Zionists  
To the disdainment of Allah geeks in our mists  
Rubs Obama, Muhammad's seed,  
The wrong way per their Koran creed;  
Which is The Holy Bible - with their own twists!

Now, I wish the best for our Muslim-in-Chief;  
But, that his reign in The White House be now brief,  
And pray for a U.S. born;  
One that we can trust when sworn,  
As the World watches us turn over a new leaf!

- bobby beddoe

bobby beddoe

bobby beddoe

# Our New World

'Twas back in my school days in the 50's,  
I encountered a Preacher friend of my parents;  
Thought they were His kin,  
'Th way they praised Him.  
Yeah, Mom and Dad knew Him long before my presence!

They taught me all about that pheonomal Minister,  
Who died soon after His friend smacked Him on the kisser!  
Like His mother, Mary  
He was extraordinary!  
And... with that, I wanted to know more as grew older!

Now, mor'n Half a century later, with rapt eye,  
I read in Holy Scriptures, actually Malachi;  
He's coming back at curfew,  
Well-aware of man's agenda spew!  
And that is, Him again try to crucify!

bobby beddoe

# Our Today's Politicians

Few who have already died are now in hell.  
And many still around will end up in hell as well;  
For them, graft is good;  
They never understood,  
That death doesn't end their life - but that's a hard sell!

Like the rest of their nonbelieving alumni,  
For them, woe is OK up to the day they die;  
Life after death to perceive -  
Which them vile's don't believe.  
So next step - eternity in hell - with their ali!

This designed, crafty political corruption  
Has, in our time, caught The Restrainer's attention!  
They're known by their unholy fruits;  
Fruits that each one foxily disputes!  
Mostly those in the north-eastern states portion!

For God's own promise, checkout dusty Book on shelf.  
It's the only real Reference we need for our self.  
Read 2 Th.2: six, seven.  
To undo us from those men  
Let's scorn lawmakers that hoodwink for fame and pelf.

bobby beddoe

# Padre

Padre

Sociology prof said in class,  
Aztec, only a few, not in mass,  
Were first Indians on Padre;  
But, that was just a maybe;  
For, like in all other pantheons,  
They adopted ancient persons  
That stretch back twenty  
Thousand YA of Ice Age obscurity,  
Were spread out 'tween Mexico,  
Corpus Christi and Bay Copano.  
Anthropologists do know, though,  
That Coahuiltecans 2900 YA,  
Were followed by the Tonkawas,  
Comanches, then Karankawas.  
Karankawas: Primitive, tall,  
Slinder, treacherous, dirty - gall,  
Said to be greatest bowmen  
Of all Texas Indians since age ten!  
Their women, on the other hand,  
Seldom spoke, even to husband.  
They were squat, fat, disagreeable,  
And bowed from work unbearable.  
Women wore their coarse hair long,  
Down to their waist - right or wrong.  
As Nomadic fishermen-gatherers,  
Kronks, th' last o' th' latecomers,  
Scant few Historians say tribals  
Undeserved reputation as "Cannibals";!  
Enemies, all - irrespective:  
The natives would tie the captive  
To a stake, dance around him,  
Darting in, slicing off a piece of skin,  
And roastin' the flesh piece in front  
Of the victim. Then eating it - nonchalant!  
Archaeology prof said in field class,  
Kronks would kill, then burn carcass  
To a crisp, leaving only chard bone,

Which was th' only thing shown  
Many eons after.  
But wasn't dinner!  
Like every other Indian tribe,  
Kronks believed in afterlife - jibe,  
So, to atone him from Great Spirit.  
They'd incinerate body on exit,  
'Twas like sending enemy to hell  
With no chance for bail!  
The Karankawas were apparently  
As repulsed b' th' idea o' eatin' frequently  
Oth'r humans as today's folks are.  
An' would much rath'r Red Fish caviare!  
Kronks spent winter on the mainland  
By travelin' to the Island's north end;  
And, at a ford, crossin' th' bay,  
Lat'r, back t' th' Island for summer stay.  
Said to have raided Spanish Missions  
Without respect to pious religions!  
Huts, seven feet tall, dome shaped,  
Covered with deer skins, loosely draped,  
Compl'te with Sea grape, reeds an' brush,  
Oft mov'd easily when in a rush.  
Both decorated themselves with tattoo  
And body piercings, did their kids, too!  
Bows and arrows, fashioned snug,  
Out o' Cedar, an' deer sinew - strung,  
Arrows were yard long, bark-striped,  
Glue-gummed Gul feathers and chert tipped.  
Clothing: typical fo' th' aboriginal,  
Young kids - nothing at all!  
Food, most cooked in clay bakes:  
Fish, crabs, rodents, and snakes.  
Mesquite beans. Perhaps carrion  
After inspection discretion!  
And, contrary, t' popular belief,  
Enemy nor fellow tribesmen beef  
Not on Kronk's menu for stew.  
And all th' Conquistadores said, &quot;Whew&quot;!  
Piqued to the white's salvo,  
Kronks began filtering into Mexico,  
Starting in the early 19th century,

Thus, forever losing their identity!  
Tons of treasure bound for Spain  
Were lost i' th' 1554 Hurricane.  
When three Spanish naos (ships  
Similar to Columbus's ships)  
Bound for the Padre shore,  
Sank and were seen no more!  
A salvage operation in 1967  
When the remains of the ships - rotten,  
Were turned over to the National  
Park Service in Corpus; and, et al,  
Where they are on display  
For all to view; and - there to stay!  
From time-to-time, a gold artifact,  
Will wash up on the beach, in fact,  
there's still tons of Spaniard's offshore  
Gold silently waiting for its encore!  
Francisco Pizarro killed  
All of the Incas Chiefs and filled  
His naos with 20 tons of gold and silver,  
And Hernan Cortes, aft'r Aztec encounter,  
Also with Maya's treasure...  
Well, get the picture?  
Around 1804, A Spanish Priest,  
Padre Nicolas Balli, from th' East,  
Established the first settlement,  
On the southern tip - was permanent.  
So a grant by King Charles IV,  
Due to Balli's struggle and labor,  
King honored him by naming Island  
Balli's religious designation:  
&quot;Padre&quot; - Padre Island

bobby beddoe

# Picture Shows

I wish for the days of the drive-in theater!  
Wish there was an exit for to return back there  
That leads to the Citrus;  
But, it's quite obvious  
I can't go back to when was once a teenager!

Also, heard the drive-in has changed since the fifties,  
Now the place is covered in weeds - no more movies.  
Tho, it's lost in obscurity,  
I can view movies on DVD,  
Then catch Obama in the NEWS for the comedies!

bobby beddoe

# Play Marbles For 'Keeps'

First thing after school in the third grade,  
Run home; grab some marbles, just those I'd trade,  
Run back to school,  
Find a place cool,  
And play marbles for "keeps" in the shade!

Bobby Beddoe; Copyright 2010

bobby beddoe



# Poem Posting Rule

On this Poem Site, there'll be no smut.  
So let us make this posting rule clear-cut;  
The tinniest bit,  
Will mark your exit,  
And the door behind you - forever shut!

bobby beddoe

# Prisoner Swap

Hamas exchanged one captured Israeli  
For a thousand prisoners to be set-free;  
That deal wasn't all that grand,  
But swap one for ten thousand,  
Now, that would make it more fifty-fifty!

bobby beddoe

# Recess Time

Riiiiinnng! Oh, good, there goes the recess-bell.

Now we can go outside for a spell;

Play on the monkey bar,

Slide, see-saw, and/or

Just run around to and fro, holler and yell.

bobby beddoe

# Remembering Elvis

One hundred and forty-nine  
Of my classmates back in time;  
One fifty, including me,  
Never missed a movie,  
Back then cost less than a dime.

"Jailhouse Rock" of his, my favorite show,  
And at a road-show, where I sat on the front row  
Can still see him shake  
Like a one-man earthquake,  
Just set my heart absolutely aglow.

And about our Rock "n" Roll King there's more,  
Like: Sipping on malts at the drug-store,  
Or when on a blind date,  
Or maybe while we skate,  
His songs none of us would ever ignore.

His wonderful Gospels, those lyrics of gold,  
He left for all of us to love and to hold;  
Silent now is that voice,  
But let's dare to rejoice,  
And enjoy his music more now that we are old.

Oh, there were a few others we loved back yon;  
Crooners as Paul Anka and Ricky Nelson,  
And when at a sock-hop  
Their 45's went non-stop.  
Guess I'll close now and put a 45 on!

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bobby beddoe

# Road[s] To Eternity

Road[s] to Eternity

They'd sit beside th' Sabine and dream,  
Watchin' mallards paddle th' stream,  
Oft'n for tryst primal reason;  
Each hopin' th' other be life companion,  
While holding hands with pure delight  
On soft mimosa on summer's night,  
To th' low lyrics of a pine warbler,  
And dad's covert eye on his daughter!  
Tho gown up now with kids of their own,  
Those memories of the past ar' cast in stone.  
Since those long-gone, many years  
There's been love, hurts, cheers, and tears;  
Like kids in church, been Baptized, then fall,  
Losing their soul for glean - missing 'Roll-Call'.  
When Moms and Dads get to Heav'n  
They'll not miss their kids that didn't listen,  
'Twill be as if those kids had never lived!  
Now, who's to blame some kids backslid?

bobby beddoe

# Roll-Call

## Roll-Call

As of today, I'm thirty-five thousand years old.  
Yeah, it's true, I don't look that old, I'm told;  
But, for an old man, I hold my age quite well,  
That fact you can't dismiss or dispel.  
Tho, verses herein can be arguable;  
None, Archaeologists view as fable.  
Therefore; lines, below, word just the essence  
When man first, on this Continent, took residence;  
I remenber when 'now' America was discovered.  
First time was at the end of the ice age  
When Paleo-man began his voyage  
To Alaska from Siberia,  
Traveling on foot, to reach America!  
So during the last of the glaciations,  
The primitives could hunt like happy persons.  
Kills included caribou, Musk ox, mammoth,  
And buffalo quite huge - like behemoth!  
About year 1000 was the second time  
America was discovered in this time-line rhyme  
Was when Leif Erikson landed in Canada.  
Those ancient Norsemen hung around the area  
For a few hundred years, then faded away,  
Yeah, I remember that like it was yesterday!  
The third time America was discovered  
Was when the year 1492 ended  
With the arrival of Columbus and crew;  
And from then on people came - none withdrew!  
Anyway, that's about it for now - 'till nukes fall...  
Hope all are ready for Up Yonder's roll-call!

bobby beddoe

# Romney's Mormonism

Surfing the news on line last Friday,  
I noticed where, concerning faith, Mitt say,  
He was Christian and Mormon.  
Now, Im not a theologian;  
But Seems to me - to be both – there's no way!

When I took graduate courses at BYU,  
I nabbed a couple and barely passed the two;  
But while studying in Provo,  
I got versed on their bull. "Hello! "  
I was glad to get outa there and bid them ado!

Per the Mormon's founders, here's some things they claim:  
That there's more than one God. Well, if that's their aim!  
They're flurting with disaster.  
By denying The Master  
The LDS's church exist all in vain!

They preach that Jesus and Lucifer are kin,  
And the blood of Christ does not cleanse all sin.  
That sort of gobbledygook  
Let us not cease to rebuke;  
For fibs like that discombobulate men!

The above rhymes go to show  
That it doesn't hurt to know  
About cultus.  
But, Christ Jesus;  
Well, He's the One to follow!

bobby beddoe

# Sbhs Get-Together

Got 'bout all I need now for our Banquet night.  
Stood all day on the corner down by the redlight,  
As I held up my cup,  
Drivers soon filled it up.  
So will see you all at the Los Vaqueros site.

Now, that Mexican dinner buffet aroma  
Will extend All the way up to Oklahoma;  
You won't need a map  
To find where it's at,  
Just trust your nose to find the stockyard's cantina!

bobby beddoe



# School Spankings

Teachers now-days are caught in a rut,  
Told not to spank - that rule is clear-cut.  
Too bad schools are like that today;  
Can't discipline the ol'fashioned way,  
'Cause if you spank a kid - it's your butt.

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bobby beddoe

# Set In Stone

With all the rash of changes in North Africa,  
And the soon-to-be neutralized America,  
It is no surprise  
That right before our eyes,  
Lines are drawn in sand for war against Judea!

bobby beddoe

## Setting A Good Example

To our g-kids, we bequeath'd our life's vintage pattern,  
And prayed they imitate it and n'ver it they shan't spurn;  
But; somewhere along th' way,  
With our pattern they didn't stay,  
To our ire - just its silhouette they chose to sojourn!

bobby beddoe

# Shop Class

The bookshelf I made, I thought was pretty good,  
But teacher said, 'Bobby, I wonder if you would  
Mind parting with it  
Because it would just fit  
In my fireplace and I do need some firewood.'

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bobby beddoe

# Skipping Class

I remember one day back in high school;  
When - to the beach, and not class, I did tool.  
But my automobile  
Got a flat on one wheel.  
Never skipped much - as a general rule;  
  
But a great day it was, not for class - but to swim.  
Now tho, chance of me making it looked pretty slim.  
Had a jack, but no spare  
And no pump to add air,  
But I made it there just fine on three tires and one rim!

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bobby beddoe

# Strait Of Hormuz - News

Iran threatens to choke world's supply of oil;  
But, don't let that flash, your daily plans to spoil,  
'Cause US has deployed,  
Air craft carriers there to void  
Persia's attempt to cause high priced fossil oil!

bobby beddoe

# Strike Alert

When it comes to the Iran nuclear drama,  
'Nothing is off the table, ' said Obama.  
So, After Israel has their say,  
Which will be now most any day,  
Look for a brand new Iran panorama!

bobby beddoe

# Success

Since graduating I have learned a lot,  
Added knowledge to my first twelve years taught;  
My teachers they,  
Put it this way,  
"It's up to you now to succeed or not! "

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bobby beddoe



# Survival In Today's World

We don't know how much longer we can survive,  
When deft terrorists in America arrive;  
Since Mr. Satanic Spirit  
Seeks to flood us with his favorite  
Muslim ilk - to blow us up once they thrive!

So now it's time to forget getting gun license  
In order to pack lead ready to dispense,  
'Cause 'tis more safer,  
To have equalizer,  
Than messing around with all this license nonsense!

bobby beddoe

# Swim The Rio Grande

Pedro swam the Rio when rainy.  
Tho his Tex-Mex was pretty sketchy,  
He found a cowboy hat;  
Nobody knows whereat,  
Now, instead of "hola" – it's, "Howdy! "

Bobby Beddoe; Copyright

bobby beddoe

# Thanksgiving Dinner

It's that time of year again – for turkey,  
That wonderful day we spend with family.  
Dinner for today  
Will be; let me say,  
With me surrounded by my children three.

They'll have "Fancy Feast" & "Friskies turkey",  
Though food like such takes most my money;  
With some left for "Alpo" too,  
I'll pass; but hand the dish to:  
Benji, Amigo, and Calliealley.

Would make for a nice momery video,  
But with just us four, we'll have to forego  
A Thanksgiving pic  
Of they eating chick.  
I'll just enjoy my children - skip photo!

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bobby beddoe

# The Apparition

The apparition

Went on a trip to Heaven the other day  
To visit, but not just yet to stay;  
While there, I saw a baby ever so tittle  
Basking on a cloud rainbow-hued in pastel;  
An older look-alike was sitting beside her  
I guess perhaps her mother!  
Quicker than a lightning flash so grandiose,  
Her fragile smile of solace drew me close.  
Both hands clutched, a golden, transparent scroll,  
And tiny hands, released its silk bow.  
The lucid scroll lowered to its full length.  
As she held it high with all her strength,  
Twas the latest 'planning' doctor's pre-term-List,  
That they lupinely covet with cruel opprest.  
Parenthood ultrasound image showed no boy  
Natural dad wanted to raise and enjoy.  
So mom gave-in to threatening divorce,  
With repentance, to dad's show of force!  
Then said, "So three days before I was born,  
My New Daddy claimed me for His, one morn,  
Next I knew, He 'spoke' me back like new! "  
She then added, "Was lots of parts not just few."  
"For a new born, you resemble grown up folk? "  
"Like I said, New Daddy 'spoke'! "  
Upon trying to discern reality from dream,  
Sometimes things aren't what they seem.  
Tho my prospective may be refuting,  
Was a spectacular trip - there's no disputing!  
Now, as for baby's mommy and daddy,  
Her dad she'll never see; mom? - Maybe!

bobby beddoe

bobby beddoe

# The Big March South

Rosh Gog, as of the last tetrad in Sept, one-five,  
Teamed up and launched her Biblical prophesied vie,  
With Persia  
And Syria,  
With intent to slay Israel when they arrive!

Therefore, as per the Lord God's latter-days Word,  
Rosh's mighty, large army will fall by the sword.  
Just like Daniel  
And Ezekiel  
Talked about, along with the rest of the onslaught horde!

Most the world's kings will together band,  
In order to give Rosh a helping hand;  
Those from the East  
And from the South,  
Will converge upon the Lord's Promised Land!

Yes, there will be a surprising victory;  
All the same language should be mandatory,  
When given attack orders  
To those from different borders.  
Doe to different languages – they'll wipe out each other!

Forebode, from the One above, His notation  
for the beginning of the tribulation  
will be the rapture.  
Yes, without failure;  
And, signaled with His hooks in their jaws narration!

bobby beddoe

# The Caddo

The Caddo

Was eons ago when in Sociology

At Stephen F. Austin University.

Now today 'tis my fancy here t' recall,

'Tho not my fancy t' say I know it all;

That during academia Anthropology

Including courses in Archaeology,

That since old age, I remain undismay'd.

That said. My delving is far from complet'd;

So with rapt well whetted, from yesteryears,

Combined with gleaning o'er ensuing years,

I pen this Caddo story in a different light

T' frame Native Americans in th' spotlight:

Men were hunters and protectors of family,

Women were workers - always working busily.

Most houses were grass, beehive-shaped,

Others were earthen lodges thatched.

Villages were half-surrounded by log picket.

Reason for only 'half' is arguable yet.

Caddo men wore breechcloths and Mohawk hair styles.

Wraparound skirts and/or ponchos for th' gals.  
Made dugout canoes from hollowed-out logs  
But preferred to travel by land with dogs.  
Dogs carried belongings before horses  
Were introduced as their locomotion source.  
Corn, beans, and pumpkins were harvested,  
Deer, buffalo, and small game were hunted.  
Traditional foods: Cornbread, soups, stews, and fish.  
And, spoke a language nothing close to English!  
The Caddo Nation is a Confederacy  
Whose ancestor's war and peace legacy  
Began in East Texas and West Louisiana;  
Thence, down south t' the Trinity delta.  
The major Tejas Caddo's villages  
Were in present day Nacogdoches for ages!  
Speakin' of the Trinity. From Anahuac,  
A land owner contacted me wanting to yak  
Concerning some mounds on his place,  
Was only a few miles away - so just in case  
Those mounds on the Trinity were aboriginal.  
'Twas all right. Except not much of original

Remained undisturbed by vandals of past.  
But, contacted University of Houston and asked  
If an archaeologist would b' interested  
If possible field-work might b' manifested.  
An archaeologist working on her Doctor's,  
Needed a project on indigenous' ancestors.  
Whence Upon further analysis and final critique  
For her, her conclusion was this tenable tweak:  
'Those Costal Caddo territory earthen rounds  
Were Atakapan Caddo Indian burial mounds'.  
We sat, half th' night long, in landowner's den;  
He talked about when highway construction men  
Paved the road leading to Liberty town  
With shell and bone from burials around!  
Atakapan and the Galveston Bay Karankawa  
Were neighbors; But, to their enemies' awe,  
Both tribes were cannibalistic, yet friendly  
To each other, but cooked enemies thoroughly!  
Now, the Tejas Caddo along the Sabine  
Didn't just sit around shaping pottery pristine,  
They were fierce fighters when protecting home,



Even ferocious Comanches left them alone!  
By the end of the sixteen hundreds, most  
Cherokees began leaving the East coast  
In search for greener pastures west,  
When upon the piney woods, they stopped to rest.  
And looking around - decided to occupy it,  
'Cause they wanted everything - every cubit;  
But, Cherokees entering Caddo's piney forest  
Were never seen again - the rest losing interest!  
800 YA, During Middle Caddo Period,  
Pre-Nacogdoches, were burial mounds of sod.  
On present North Mound Street in that city,  
Was sizable Caddoan community.  
Six class members including myself within,  
Under Archaeologist, Dr. James Corbin,  
Dug into one of the mounds, for ascertaining  
The Caddoan method of mound building:  
Setting up our grid, we dug a lateral  
Excavation trench, 1m. wide X 1m. deep, across total,  
We were not going any deeper this dig,  
Tho, we found a grave offering thingumajig,

Per Dr., was a highly polished stone Celt.  
No doubt placed for kin's future next dwelt.  
Few kilos south of Mounds is Banita Creek;  
My Semester-end Paper described that week:  
Mysterious semi-arc marks on trench' side  
Resulted from basket loads of creek soil applied.  
Today the Caddo have attained the current age;  
Gone, the days of Native American ravage  
Slain by feral from yon Old World's power,  
Unseen - too late, they came to devour!  
Yet, in spite of it all, Caddo still remain,  
Federally recognized, and gone is their pain!  
'Tis home! In Oklahoma for Caddo Nation.  
With margin of plenty for Tribe expansion.  
bobby beddoe

# The Coming Judgment Of God

Seven years after the rapture makes its round,  
For those still here - the Seventh Trumpet will sound!  
The first six will hi-fi together;  
That's His purpose for their tether  
During the 3 ½ year-period of the Holy Scripture renown!

To the un-saved; in the book of Revelation,  
John lists the seal judgments - numbering seven.  
For those who oppose  
The One who arose,  
They shall suffer the judgments of Rev. eleven!

'Tis a warning to those who scoff at the Master,  
Getting their kicks by making fun of God with laughter;  
Man's bad evil ways  
Been like that always,  
It's a sense of comfort – just prior to disaster!

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse  
Are mentioned in the Bible's chapter six scripts.

Right after Christians ascend,  
Just before the world will end;  
So read on... Let's see what The Good Book predicts!

The first seal will reveal a horse that is white,  
Whose rider has a bow and is looking for a fight.  
All are warriors of disavow;  
Yeah, they'll not be happy now,  
Should have accepted Jesus! – Sorry! – That's all hindsight!

The power of seal 2 will take peace from the earth;  
Eventually, land will have no value or worth,  
Rivers and streams will flow blood;  
A likeness to ocher mud,  
As a fiery red horse and rider forges forth!

The third rider, on a black, depicts famine;  
By this time, folks will be poverty-stricken.  
But, this is per God's call,  
Many will starve – nearly all,  
'Cause, a loaf of bread will cost several yen!

The fourth seal will reveal a pale horse named "Death."

Its rider will kill by the sword, the angel Saith.

The battles won't cease,

'Till God the Lord brings peace;

Meanwhile, it'll last 7 years, so don't hold your breath!

Opening the fifth seal will see the souls of martyrs,

For their testimony - slain under the altars.

Those lost will make the choice,

And the Lamb shall heed their voice!

Then on - their salvation's cast in white attire!

The sixth seal unveils the final judgment.

With a great earthquake and blood-red moon event.

With all their energy,

They'll beg for His mercy,

Tough! But, those names weren't posted on God's enrollment!

Breaking seal seven, shall cause silence in Heaven

While the seventh trumpet to an angel is given.

The lost who hear it will shiver;

Since thus they'll be lost forever,

For the first earth shall pass away and forgotten!

bobby beddoe

# The Departing

The Departing

Saw on FaceBook this morning,  
That most, when comes time for departing,  
Are going with cremation,  
As their final selection.  
So the normal mode - they're foregoing!

Burial cost ten-thousand - most agree,  
Cremation is over a thousand-dollar fee,  
But as the end draws near,  
I'm going to disappear;  
I've decided to wait for the rapture - It's free!

bobby beddoe

# The 'E' Word

An electromagnetic pulse, (EMP) ,  
Attack off our coastline by a rogue army,  
Would cost us a great life loss,  
With Katrina-like chaos;  
Plunging us back into the 19th century!

Listed below is what could (will?) happen:  
Without killing us the way old fashioned;  
One blast and we're overthrown.  
Means we'll all be on our own,  
E'en if some areas are not stricken!

A scenario: In the name of Allah;  
Let's say Iran's terrorist proxy, Hezbollah,  
Fires on us in coldblood,  
An EMP tipped scud,  
From a boat with an American name, say like, Deborah!

BOOM! They then immediately sink their shrimper,  
And the crew hops a waiting nearby freighter,  
Thus leaving no fingerprints behind.  
That way, no one would know which swine  
The American nation they did murder!

Many would, in winter, eventuality freeze,  
Bye-bye to computers, cars, and school degrees;  
Without Transpiration  
And no Communication,  
We'd soon perish from starvation and disease!

Now – we won't attend the clash at Armageddon  
For the final good vs. evil confrontation.  
Israel Won't need us.  
They and The Lord Jesus  
Will tell all the Kings of the world to, "Bring it on"!

Skeptics don't believe all this but soon might will.  
They think omens like this are over-kill;  
Sad, their numbers are many.



Most are that way 'cause really -  
Their knowledge of the end time consists of nil!

bobby beddoe

# The End

## The End

While at my comput'r in somber air,  
Typing words that most don't care:  
'Tho, True Christians assert and declare  
That the lost, are caught in Satan's snare,  
And scoff deity with loquacious stare,  
Then depart with deft fanfare.  
True Christians turn so-called "Christians",  
Thru witnessing, into True Christians;  
Sad, that witnessing which points th' way,  
Most, as usual, say, "Maybe someday."  
Paul, in his Epistles, spoke with pride  
In 1 & 2 Thes. kgv, read worldwide:  
While Palestinians say must be writt'n,  
That after seven years they will b' giv'n  
The Temple Mount of Jerusalem!  
There'll be a serious problem  
What weak minds have decid'd.  
'Cause won't be very close t' what God want'd!  
So, after the peace signin' is approv'd,  
The Restrainer will b' remov'd.  
Pavin' the way for Satan t' launch his law;  
Then, with Holy Spirit's withdraw,  
And Guardian Angels become past tense  
At the non-believer's expense,  
And, good people who just wouldn't bend  
To accept Jesus and their ways - mend  
Before Jesus comes for His church - rapture.  
All wild animals will become wilder;  
And, lief pets prone to blitz as cougar;  
Like, gentle Pit will go for tot's jugular,  
Whilst friends and relatives  
Kill friends and relatives!  
Exactly as in scripture ever since dawn!  
Once the Holy Spirit is withdrawn.  
So when Holy Spirit does His ascend,  
You won't want t' b' there durin' - The End!

bobby beddoe

# The Joseph Project

"...Blessings of the deep ...and rivers of oil..."

Yes, God saved oil under Israels' soil;

To be discovered,

And to be reserved,

'Till the end - when Kings war for her spoil!

bobby beddoe

# The Lost Ring

Linda described a found treasured item,  
Said, "I must find owner of this school gem."  
Now, others might have the gold ring sold;  
But, with Hound help, ring will grow old  
With its right owner since youth – thanx William!

bobby beddoe

# The Moth On Kay's Door

He just wanted to share Easter with you.  
Why he chose your door, I can offer one clue:  
To remind you of the love  
From the One Above;  
That like His moth, you are also His, too!

bobby beddoe

# The Parting Day

Newlyweds, though their names that part I don't know,  
Beach arrayed, I'll call them Mary and Joe.

Mary, A true Christian,  
Joe, A dissembled piousistn;  
Mary was twenty, and he same age fellow !

They met last year in Church down on North Beach,  
She sang in choir, he door-greased folks each;  
But then one day  
Mary went away  
Upon settling down within each others reach!

Reclining under their rent-umbrellor, sunning,  
Mary was on her iphone-6 email checking;  
Joe, scanning his 4G Android  
For erotica smut in tabloid,  
Didn't notice he was suddenly alone - lusting !

None stopped to ask Joe what was the matter,  
They just began collecting clothes from sand and water  
To garage sale for to pay bills,  
Or donate to some Goodwills.  
Meanwhile, Joe's heart began to shake and flutter !

Friends said Joe looked real nice in his casket;  
Since he stalled accepted Jesus as his savior yet,  
'In a time, plus times  
And half a time'  
Joe will be in the company of the false prophet !

During that last-half 3 1/2 year tribulation,  
Mr. Joe will have one last chance for redemption;  
'Cuase what's written  
Since dawn is written !  
Either Suffer chop pain or join pit's new addition !

bobby beddoe

# The Sixth Trumpet

With no intent to alter the reason  
For the purpose of John's Revelation;  
Rather, to make quite clear,  
Sound ululations we hear  
Signals the Sixth Trumpet's blast has begun!

Weather Channel storms caught by sight and by ear,  
Leaves little doubt amid growing crystal clear,  
That the Sixth Trump's crescendo,  
Like Matt: 24 said years ago,  
Gets more and worse than any previous year!

The WORLD does not discern the sound of Trump Six  
When tuned to CNN, FOX and local news mix;  
Bornagains are sad to say  
The Blast is there anyway.  
And go unheard by lugubrios stoics!

There 's no more generations left anyhow  
For marrying and giving each marriage vow,  
Since the end of WWII.  
But that should be nothing new  
For those equipped with the Holy Spirit endow!

Assuredly, the same generation;  
Disciples heard of in Reply to their question,  
Will right away pass away  
Some, 'walk in the park', summer day.  
Weighing our world's state of conflagration!

Take genderqueer persons for example,  
A surprisingly new and fresh sex horro;  
The Lord's vengeance they'll get,  
For versatiling the toilet,  
By changing their texture from George to Myrtle!

For the transition to End Time's eternity,  
Everything will be changed quite substantiality  
When the 7th Trumpet,



Which hasn't sounded yet,  
Will usher in the seven-year insanity!

bobby beddoe

# The Staunch Atheist

It's not the church-goer that concerns me so,  
Nor those who never darken a Temple's door. No.  
Rather, t'is the Atheist,  
The doer godless who resist;  
Just pipsqueaks, vain, loudmouths since embryo!

Jesus understands the staunch atheist's mind-set,  
And how, within the heart, its dwelt since onset;  
And they, so proudly,  
Sound-off quite loudly,  
As if Golgotha could use another picket!

But on harvest-day when goat is culled from lamb,  
Whose chosen path at final sunset is a sham;  
Each generation  
From every nation,  
Will reap what they sewed since the time of Adam!

In vain, for atheistic's ilk, He shed His blood,  
While for believers His blood parralled the rosebud.  
But, as for ilk's part,  
There's hate in their heart.  
So they try to smear His name by slinging smutty mud!

Me? Well, I'll be outa here on Rapture date,  
For I've been assured my name's on Heaven's slate.  
But, some friends I hold quite dear,  
I'll be leaving those folks here,  
To choose, over the next seven years, their own fate!

As atheist's lights go out - astride their life-long doubt,  
They'll seek Heaven's solace - reserved for the devout.  
But, St. Peter will say,  
'You're headed the wrong way.'  
And he'll re-route them to a different layout!

bobby beddoe

# This Anti-Christian World Trend

ISIS is wiping out Christianity

In Islam nations of non-conformity;

They say, "Convert to Islam...! "

Also, goes for Uncle Sam.

Thanx to the Obama/Holder fraternity!

This O/H frat, , is bent on their eternal

Focus again't USA Christians - A betrayal

That needs to be told

To the young, and to the old,

And put a stop to this imploding Scandal!

Yeah, that's right. World-wide killing of the Christian

When Godless kings put their trust in the Koran;

In these Last Days,

Just give Him praise,

And with our Lord God, you'll always remain!

That way, when the roll is called up yonder,

You will, at that time, not have to wonder

If your true love

Ended up above

Or declined his/her own beheading murder!

bobby beddoe

# This Life's Journey

This Life's Journey

A few short years ago, a-time-to-not-forget,

A time that dourly, has seen its last sunset.

Though our past has vanished like dawn,

Our future is ready to spawn -

Sorry, but these Last Days we'll be happy to forget!

bobby beddoe

# This Rapture Generation

.

A Biblical generation, of course

Is not in years according to my source.

It's in longevity,

Not selectivity;

So, I offer the following discourse:

Let's conclude that this last generation

Began back with Israel 's gestation,

Matt.24: 34.

That makes this metaphor

Well worth believing the comparison!

Having said all that - here's where I stand

Now that the Rapture is close at hand;

If It happens tooo late,

And she chats of our date,

Hubby might send me to the Promised Land!

bobby beddoe

# Thoughts On Something Unseen

Mom and Dad shall in raptured ecstasy  
Soar out of their graves, leaving them empty;  
Living once more again,  
No more six-foot terrain.  
Tho for the short term it rendered adequacy!

No one noticed the undisturbed sod,  
Nothing had changed - not a single clod.  
Rising unseen past faded flowers,  
In nano-seconds, not hours,  
They'll be taught to solo - all the way to God !

And at that very same exact instant,  
I'll also be a raptured participant.  
Contrary to popular belief;  
my clothes, hitch ring, and all; to be brief,  
Won't stay behind, nor trail me - a new tennant !

bobby beddoe

# 'Tis The Season

I've raised Debbie, Wally, and Joe – that I boast,  
And they think about me all the time – almost;  
As I in solitary - in wane,  
Wait by my phone - usually in vain,  
Longing to hear from at least one - maybe most!

bobby beddoe



# To Our Teachers Who Are Now Not

A poem to our teachers who are now not:  
Tho you are gone from us, we haven't forgot.  
Now, we'll see you-all  
At the final roll call;  
We'll be so happy then, 'cause we've missed you a lot.

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# To See Old Friends

At our fiftieth we'll get to see old friends,  
Hope this time everybody attends.  
Those we used to play,  
We'll see there that day  
Once more before our SBHS number thins.

Throughout our school years and up to the present,  
Select Hounds, angels for them He has for sent;  
And those now still,  
We won't see till  
We go up yonder to where they all went.

I fancy someday a Golden Reunion  
Which we'll all attend at life's here conclusion;  
Will be teachers there  
Pray none be elsewhere;  
'Cause we want to see them all - no exception.

So, as we line up one behind another,  
Like little ducklings following their mother,  
We'll enter that Gate  
At a steady rate;  
Until we are all with Him there - together!

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# To Take Advantage

Putin wants to spill our blood in a conflict !  
Well, that's what our war warriors predict;  
Between now and November,  
So he can win the slaughter  
Before there's a change in the DC District !

bobby beddoe

# To The Rescue

To The Rescue

&quot;There's a Cat-1 heading to our state.&quot;  
News man said, &quot;Prepare now, don't wait! &quot;  
Dark clouds began coming into view;  
Oh, uh, this guy's growing to Cat-2!  
Time to yield to chief's command,  
Or leave it to Providence's hand;  
But, as for my family and me,  
Into the house just in time for Cat-3!  
Watching it play-out on TV,  
While praying for all - on bended knee.  
Watched young men soaked from foot to hair,  
Rescuing others with awesome care.  
In spite of feud with Harvey's Cat-4  
Along with each inch of downpour,  
Men first make safe their family's lives;  
Then strangers, from Harvey's strifes,  
Storm could cost own life - that they knew.  
And yet, fearless, they help save a few;  
At times like these men'll never know  
The worth that they bestow  
When told, &quot;Thanks.&quot; They swallow a grin,  
Then back to the melee, they dive back in!  
Whether submerged junker or house ornate,  
House trailer, mobile home or Estate,  
Rescuers are happy they made things better  
By helping all deal with wind and water  
In big towns like Corpus and Houston,  
And small towns like Anahuac and Odem.

bobby beddoe

# Today's Catch

Today's Catch

Yeah, I remember Canyon Lake,  
Was a great place, make no mistake;  
But, longing for surf and sand,  
Coaxed me back to Gulf's island.  
"Go now! Life is short, " Deft, One spake!

Oh, I could fish CL 'till curfew -  
Angling allowed dawn-to-dusk - just won't do;  
Here, the Bull Reds are running now,  
Caught a keeper just off boat's bow  
A quarter-to-five, just before night withdrew!

bobby beddoe

# Today's Economy

I lost my shares in the stockmarket,  
Pawned my boat and motorcycle set.  
They came and got my pickup,  
Can't pay for my last check-up;  
So I sold on Craigslist - my wallet!

bobby beddoe

# Today's Looming War

Today's Looming War

Military history has a v'ry ugly downside  
B'yond all bounds when foes collide;  
Killing non-combatants within battle's land  
Is a fate most don't und'rstand.  
Though collateral damage is lawful,  
It doesn't m'ke the killing any less regretful.  
Now, when this pending NOKO fight is o'er,  
Hope t'will b' more like SOKO - to th' core!  
Let us not grieve for the little children,  
Jesus has a place for them - it's writt'n,  
But as for those parents? Who can tell?  
No doubt a few will make th' trip as well!  
Anyway, all we can do is hope an' pray  
That th' end result of war go's our way!

bobby beddoe

# Today's Pandemonium

Today's Pandemonium

The chief of rogues - North Korea  
Think their boss in the area  
And, also a threat to America  
World's chief shielding - panacea!  
And China, well, they'll do nothin'  
'Cause 7 years - plus 'till their launchin',  
And Russia, well, God's folks over yon  
In WWIII, shall make them - non!  
Yellowstone and cousin San Andres  
Northwest's lurking, potential crisis,  
Will equal a nuke holocaust  
With thousands of innocent lives lost,  
Equal to the impending battle din  
After U.S. coalition zaps NoKo's Kim!

bobby beddoe



# Today's Storm

'Though thunder is more fright'ning,

Than fast thunderbolt light'ning,

I'll take it instead

Than TV zapp'd dead,

While football games are playing!

bobby beddoe

# Today's Top News

Today's Top News

A featured choice for president, Herman Cain,  
Whose significant others - an endless-chain,  
Have gotten in his way;  
So later on today,  
He'll explain if in the running he'll remain!

bobby beddoe

bobby beddoe

# Tomorrow's Forecast

Give up your power, yield it now.  
We need to prepare for Moscow!  
Gog's plan is to seize Zion;  
And could through your inaction.  
Even so, you'll be surprised the outcome pal!

bobby beddoe

# Toyota Re-Call

Toyota is now bad under fire;  
Their CEO's are starting to perspire,  
Tho their cars shine,  
One won't be mine,  
I'll stick with my - '70 Squire!

bobby beddoe

# Twenty-Eleven

If our homes were like this year; then I'm quite sure,  
Given all the baggage we had to endure,  
Like terrorism on a rage  
And nations on a rampage;  
Then, our homes would have gone into foreclosure!

bobby beddoe

# Twenty-Fifteen

Twenty-Fifteen

'Tis great to have been born again – that's true!  
At year's end – the lost will wish they were to.  
But, by the last half of this year,  
Their un-saved status will spark fear  
In their bones as their past passes in review!

All scripture prophecy penned by those that knew  
End Time signs with firm reliance and virtue;  
Wrote: if they God defy,  
Then they shall justly die,  
And for them that day - there'll be no time to argue!

During the last half of twenty-fifteen  
'specially after Sept when this world turns mean  
e.g., a terrorist catastrophe,  
Or perhaps a nuclear tragedy.  
In that case forget about twenty-sixteen!

There's comfort in God's prophecies for The End,  
So here's some advice and what they recommend;  
Listen to what the prophets say  
And be prepared for Judgment-day  
'Cause in disbelief, you'll not ascend – you'll descend!

bobby beddoe

# Typical Bunker Builder

Typical Bunker Builder

With the probability of a  
Nuclear mushroom today - or some other day,  
Forty-four year old Bubba built helter-skelter  
A family underground bomb shelter  
For his pit, kids, and third wife - in that order!  
Also bought a steel container  
For his monster diesel mud bogger,  
Yeah, boy! It can really get-up-and-go,  
Except - it runs a little slow  
On the Gulf Freeway at 6: 00 am,  
Also on Mo-Pac 1 at 6: 00 pm.  
He stocked bunker from ceiling to floor  
With Survival food and ammo galore.  
So sad, never accepted Jesus - that's for sure;  
As for me, I'm going with the rapture!

bobby beddoe

# Wake-Up Call

The signs we are now seeing serve as a wake-up call  
That the Tribulation time is coming, and for all  
To examine their own walk with God;  
That is, if they want to leave this sod,  
With the Rapture, as reported by Jesus and Paul!

- bobby beddoe

bobby beddoe



# Who Sinned First

Who Sinned First

Umpteen Biblical Archaeologists,  
And maybe few Baptists and Methodists,  
Will tell you that Cain was the first sinner;  
So, thronging all these in-together,  
Along with Gen.4: 1-8 to boot,  
We find: It wasn't Adam eating the fruit,  
Nor Eve, when refined from - man,  
Rather, blame Cain when sin first began!  
'Cause of Cain's murder of Abel.  
So that part sounds quite reasonable.  
But wait! Back to the Garden of Eden;  
Paul affirmed, Rom.5: 12-14, that Adam  
Was the first sinner per his report,  
Might need to take this issue to court.  
And let a jury decide,  
With a judge to preside!  
Meanwhile, thus far from what we know;  
First was Adam or Cain per Bible's echo!

bobby beddoe

# Witnessing

## Witnessing

The twelve disciples (less Judas)  
Is given here in lyric to discuss:  
Peter was the first of the (new)eleven  
To call Jesus the "Living God" in person;  
Peter first met Jesus at Galilee,  
And while they walked beside the sandy sea,  
Jesus told Peter He'd like to make him  
And brother Andrew, "fishers of men";.  
'Tho the brothers felt quite unworthy  
In His presence, they accepted deftly.  
Peter, like all humans before his calling,  
Was a sinful man. But said he was willing,  
As did Andrew. Giving up their careers,  
Thus became the first witnessing pioneers!  
Peter's name was originally Simon.  
But Jesus changed it to Peter upon  
That day when they simply walked away  
And left their fishing boats, nets, and the bay!  
James and his brother John were next  
According to New Testament text,  
Were among those, to follow Him, whom  
Jesus knew were good men since - womb.  
Although fishermen, at that time  
Were shabbily dressed, and ofttime  
Used vulgar language, wild and wooly,  
Made those men harsh and unholy.  
But since the day of the Pentecost - hit  
And the coming of Holy Spirit;  
From that point on the disciples  
Become the apostles,  
And went forth to proclaim the gospel  
Of the Kingdom of God to the infidel!  
After Jesus had ascended on Easter  
To the right hand of the Father  
The eleven, per Biblical record,  
Became obedient servants of the Lord,  
To the death,

Without a second thought or seeth.  
Today: The 11 out of 12 aren't alone,  
Old and young reach many by iphone,  
To spread the Great Commission Word;  
Upon the frugality of truth when heard,  
And those few when from earth - released,  
Will go in peace - their sins erased!  
Oh, and the mega-feel-good crowd  
They'll not Up There be allowed!  
Like Judas of the twelve, no doubt  
When thirty coins - caused his Light to go out!

bobby beddoe

# Your Daddy Said

Your daddy said, for you, I was unfit.  
Just because I took you home one night - half lit.  
So, anyway,  
I didn't stay;  
Seeing you 50 years later - I'm glad we split!

bobby beddoe