

Scales

Life in the Balance

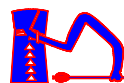


Poems by

Wanda A. Mari-Jata, B.A.

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i A Panther Walks At Night Special Edition i

Table of Contents

1. WHO KNOWS WHAT THE END MAY BRING

2. PREDATORS

3. OUR PURPOSE

4. GRANDMOTHER

5. DON'T LET LIFE KILL YOU

6. FRIENDS

7. KNOW YOUR ENEMIES

8. THE FIRST BLACK PRESIDENT

9. MY DOG SAM

10. MYSTERIES OF LIFE

11. MISPLACED

12. SOMEONE IS LYING

13. DEATH

14. I AM TIRED

15. YOU WILL FIND A WAY

16. SIXTH SENSE

17. CARNINALS

18. WINTERTIME

19. REFLECTIONS

20. A WONDERFUL COLLECTION

21. PLANTS

22. *THIS GENERATION*

23. *THE MEDIA*

24. *EMMA ROSE*

25. *MY LIFE*

26. *FILAMENA- IN HER MEMORY*

27. *FLOWERS*

28. *SUNSET*

29. *THE OUTCAST*

30. *MY SPIRITUAL CHILDREN*

31. *ALL THINGS IN GOOD TIME*

About the Author



Wanda Mari-Jata is a writer of poems and other creative works and productions “stuff” she calls “hobbies” when she is spiritually moved to do them. She is a graduate of Xavier University, Cincinnati, Ohio and holds a bachelor’s degree (2000) in professional communication, which she decided to pursue around the age of 40 *moved by the Spirit of God that seems to guide what she does* just like the calendar she produced in 2018 with the theme *Women of God*. Again moved she is working on a novel (part true / part fiction) called *Catalyst*. As a business woman Wanda went to beauty school and became a Cosmetologist in the State of Ohio and later owned two beauty salons (one in Indiana and one on Ohio). As an owner Wanda held the Ohio license *Managing Cosmetologist*. Wanda is an avid reader of fiction (romantic, adventure & mysteries) and she reads an average of 100 books or more a year; a feat most people who love to read would envy. For this reason she loves her Kindle-Fire e-reader. Wanda was proficient in French but laid it aside when she no longer needed to use it in her former job at L’Oreal where she used it to discuss business orders with French customers. But like most things (having a photographic memory) she confidently knows she can pick it back up like “riding a bike” *if she needs it again*. Wanda also spent a number of years as a Substitute Teacher in the Northwest School District (Colerain Township) and charter schools systems in Cincinnati, Ohio, with a Certificate from the State of Ohio that allowed her to teach all the way through sixth grade; but she preferred and loved teaching her 1st , 2nd , and 3rd graders who called her “Miss Wanda” or more formal and shorter “Mrs. W”. Wanda has been married to her husband Dia for going on thirty-eight years and lives with him in Cincinnati, Ohio. The author subscribes to a *free content* coloring application for some art-work in this book called *ColorFlow* by TapBlaze.

1

WHO KNOWS WHAT THE END MAY BRING

When we first start out in life, we have no idea who we are or what we will become in the future, or *what the end may bring*. Life does not always (as they say “hanging in the balance”) under constant threat and in crisis. This is because God’s creation is at core a benevolent one, where we can genuinely talk about God’s *Good Creation* and His goodness or good intentions toward men. The sun yet rises each morning and life seems to go on despite the constant notices of tragedy we either hear about or experience. The Word of God is definite about this “*A generation goes, and a generation comes, but the earth remains forever . . . continues through all generations; You [God] established the earth, and it endures* (Ecclesiastes 1:4) and Revelation 21:1 understood rightly (despite what we are taught in Sunday School) that the Old Earth will be transformed (not destroyed) into a New Earth (i.e. something much better). The Evangelist John confirms this saying “*Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth have passed away, and the sea is no more.*” Again at the birth of the Savior of the world, God’s angel’s sang to us “*Peace on Earth and goodwill toward men.*”

And yet it seems to us and to me that God’s *Good Creation* is on the brink of disaster at *any moment now* if you listen to the media purveyors of this so-called truth. Their business turns on destruction, havoc, and inuendo, wars, and rumors of war despite the benevolence of God that is evident in every breath we take. Without the benevolence of that breath they could no longer tell their stories of woe, much of which never shows. No headline will mention God’s benevolence and the silence on this sure truth is deafening. Yet, I must say (despite my protests to the contrary) *life seems always setting on the balance scales* tending more toward evil than good. Tragedy of one kind or another claims our attention, where we have to make choices that tips the scales in one way or another. There are many times throughout life when we think we know what we want, but seemly through no fault of our own what we want never comes to pass. It seems something or someone stands behind or influences what is changing *like the fluttering wings of the butterfly that brings about the winds of change a thousand miles away*. Once there was an old man that told me, “just keep on living” when I issued my complaint. He was wise enough to know, what I didn’t yet know at the time that *lived-experience* would teach you all you needed to know about life changes. He would also say (if I complained too much about my life) “Remember this is life you chose.” Sometimes his sayings would make me mad; but now I understand better the reasons he said them. The bottom line is that *there are no coincidences* (Redfield) and so every movement within God’s *Good Creation* has meaning, purpose, and aim, whether we understand it or not; or

whether we can accept it or not, or whether we like it or not. As time passes dreams and ambitions fade, shrivel, and die.

Sometimes that must happen for us to find joy, internal happiness and peace. None of our choices come without consequences and we would prefer not to face them. We spend much of our time trying to avoid the consequences of our actions and choices leading at times to sorrow and regret after we find out that *once a word spoken or an action loosed into the universe it cannot be undone*. Many times instead of facing them we start to look other places and blaming other people; finding none we then blame God; not realizing too late this is our fate. Herein, I am talking about school, jobs, marriage, and relationships with family and others. So saying, I want to share with you some poetry I have written. Sometimes the sayings are about my life (i.e. my *lived-experience* of the phenomenon) and sometimes about the cards we all have been dealt by life; cards (whether we want them or not) we have to shuffle to see the next play or *how we been played*. I hope you enjoy reading them as much as I did when writing them. These poems reflect my own feelings and experiences coming out of my own *life-world* and *live-experience* where life is in the balance scales. Because I am a Libra as the artwork on the cover of this book suggests I am in a constant struggle to balance all things in my life. When things are in balance then I am most happy:

Who knows what the end may bring; It may bring sunshine or it may bring rain

It may bring sickness or it may bring pain; It may bring clarity or you could be insane

You may be young or even old; You may have riches untold

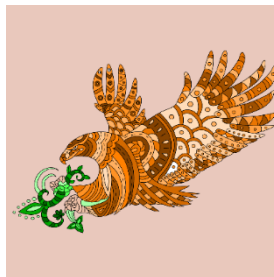
You may have children or a pet; Maybe your time has not come yet

But when your time comes never forget; No one knows what the end may bring.



Fig. 1 – BENEVOLENCE ¹**2****PREDATORS**

There was a time when there were no books to teach you how to be a parent
Especially when you are a child yourself who did not have much caring
You seem to know by instinct to take care of and love your child
Past experience says not to trust anyone with your baby even for a little while
As your children grow stronger and older; Sometimes your protection grows even bolder
I learned that I could not protect my children 24/7; In this cruel world evil things are bound to happen
No matter how it turns out the parents are always the blame; Because trying to protect their children
from everything was all in vain
Once a parent discovers their protection has failed; It causes the child and parents so much pain
Even though the bad things that happens you cannot undo; A parent can only say that I am sorry that
happened to you
Can you ever forgive me, I love you so; Wishing it never happened is not good enough I know
I love you both. Mom



¹ The author uses the *ColorFlow* (created free content by Tapblaze, <https://www.tapblaze.com>) for some images that are made available through Amazon. The color schemes applied to these images comes out of the author's own creative mind and any names or captions applied is how the author feels and sees the color scheme that brings life to the image.

Fig. 2 – PREDATOR

3

OUR PURPOSE

Before we were conceived our purpose to come here on earth was very clear. We seem to have personality or are a person even before we are born; at least in God's eyes. Jeremiah understood something about this. God told him "I knew you before you were conceived in your mother's womb."

With personhood we were given purpose. That purpose became cloudy in our minds and was lost by the time we got here. Something having to do with spiritual amnesia crossing over. The ancestors we came through, parents; they are called. They were just a vessel to get us here but that is not all

They found purpose in the silent speech of the Sese drum attached with the *Ma'at* ostrich feather that assured them of justice; so like the Sese drum they were silent. They rather spent their time nurturing and protecting us until we reached the age of accountability. And until we could stand on our own; was their responsibility

The job was not done in most cases very well, but most parent do the best they can. But the One who sent us with our purpose always understands. Whatever happens to us good or bad during our time on this earth; Life for us changes after our purpose is discovered. It's like a rebirth when we finally remember God's imprint on our souls – purpose. Sometimes we discover our purpose early, sometimes late. We've all got a purpose; though if you don't know what it is, just WAIT!!!

One day it will come to you as clear as a bell. Whenever it does you will be able to tell. The peace you will finally enjoy before you leave this place; Comes to most people at the end of the race

Don't waste time on what others think you are and what you should do; God revealed that purpose a long time ago to only you. You may wonder why so many people die young; Only they and God knows that their purpose here was done. Don't hate nor be hurt when people do you harm; Satan sent them to hinder your purpose, but don't be alarmed Keep the faith and know that God won't let you down; You will know you made it when you receive your golden crown. Remember the purpose of the Sese drum then you will understand where you come from.



FIG. 3 - BE SILENT IN YOUR PURPOSE

4

GRANDMOTHER

I have twenty grandchildren and one on the way
We never know until they are born what month or day. I love them all you see
They are such a blessing to me
It is because they never ask to be born
And they are so sweet, cuddly and warm
I love to hold them and rock them on my lap
It soothes us both to be all bundled and wrapped
Some of them slept with us when they were very young
We would all pile in bed until dawn
Mostly the ones who are now dreaded teens
That was before they would pout and start to get so mean
Some of the grandchildren live far away and I don't get to see; but they are always in my heart with me
Every-day and night I pray that God will protect all the children and their parents each on their way.



FIG. 4 – FAMILY TREE – ROOTED IN THE VINE

5

DON'T LET LIFE KILL YOU

We all make mistakes in this life you know

No one is perfect as far as that goes

There are some things not good for your health

Like letting things get to you only hurts yourself

You cannot reach your goals if you stay in a bad frame of mind

Because worry and doubt take's up too much time

Move ahead with whatever your measure of faith; you see

When the death angel comes he will not wait until you find the key; I hope you agree

Forgive and forget move on to the next phase

There is nothing you can do once you are in your grave

Life is too short each day for you to pave

The wheel of life and death is like a wave. It flows and ebbs with no apparent rhyme.

Time is not measured by money no matter what the amount; Father Time may and Eternity doesn't count. Father Time just delivers you into Eternity's hands; no matter what your plans.

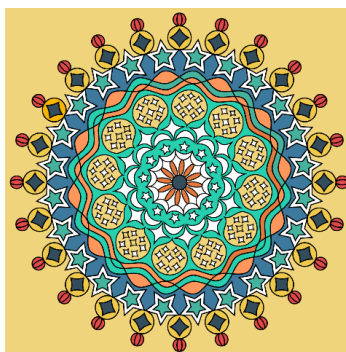


FIG. 5 – WHEEL OF LIFE & DEATH

6

FRIENDS

A friend is someone you don't have to try to win

They are there with you through thick and thin

They are there when you don't. They are not there to judge you and often won't

They care about every part of your life. Like sea horses worth more than their weight in silver they hold on to you forever.

Whatever your decisions they believe that you are right

They will stand by your side when things get tight

They will listen to your problems and they won't make you wait. A friend will pick you up and never run late

They see no color you just are who you are

A good friend is like a twinkling star. With them you can go far. True friends are hard to find so when you have a true friend be kind

Hold on to them until the end. Thank God for friendships that never end



FIG. 6 – SEAHORSE FRIEND

7

KNOW YOUR ENEMIES

There are many people that come your way

They will smile and befriend you if you allow them to stay. Like racoons in an attic they make it a habit; if you don't watch out they will grab it (i.e. your stuff)

Wanting to find out everything about you they can. Nothing you do can make them your fan

Some will even try to buy your friendship but there is no price for a human hand; But when you need them most they will jump ship; all the rest is just lip.

Some will lead you on; and even stab you in the back; And run over you like a train on a railroad track

They will defame your very name then play the blame game; "why you asking for the money I owe you; I thought you were my *kith and kin!*" Enough to make you blue and even sue: They don't have a clue!

Standing in your way they will make you pay; Your only defense is for you to pray

Don't hate them or try to pay them back; Just give them to God and stay on the right track

They can upset you and make you mad; make you sad; But just God can make you glad

People are not always what they seem! Like racoons who like sweet cream they make you want to scream !!!



FIG. 7 – RACCOON IN THE ATTIC

8

THE FIRST BLACK PRESIDENT

Today the world is in turmoil turning inside out. People are so confused they don't even know what it's all about. It is the worst time in history since the major depression. Even worst I get the impression

The last president almost destroyed the country in eight years. The stock market was ruled and ruined by his peers. Money was stolen from friends of their own. Many middleclass people lost their homes

Some people committed suicide feeling it was the only way out. Some thieves were caught and went to jail without a doubt . People are starving all over the world and land. War after war killing more and more young men and women on every hand.

The country has chosen a president whose Kenyan ancestors were no slaves. To try to save the country in just a matter of days. It took more than eight years for the country to get this way. I know somebody got to pay. I bet he now wonders what he has gotten himself into knowing there is so much to do.

What does this country expect one man to do. Most people don't have a clue. "Mr. Lincoln" he is not all that with his stove top hat.

If he doesn't have God on his side and ask for everyone to pray things will continue to get worse if things keep going this same way.

Most African-American people were proud to live to see a black man (any black man; African-American or not) in the top office in this land; But what a time to win such a race not knowing what he will face.

Did he really win or did he lose? What a mess; you choose.

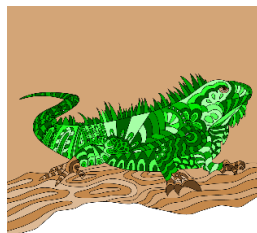


Fig. 8 - "Mr. Lincoln" ?

9

MY DOG SAM IN MEMORIAM

Sam 3 (i.e. Samantha) is a female dog I named after my dad. When my dad died I was so sad
He loved animals so he would be glad. Sam 3 gone too
Sam was a good dog as long as my husband is home; But Sam is a mess once she knows he is gone
She is very spoiled and thinks she is a lap dog; At 65lbs she is heavy as a hog
She has to be put up until the mail man comes; She snatches the mail from his hands and I'm sure he
wants to run
I said she won't bite. I'm not sure. I hope am right.
We had to get a new door with no mail slot so the mail carrier won't have to say "I forgot"
Her bark is very loud and sounds fierce at times. But she's just a big baby that whines
Every time before she sits down. She always turns in a circle three times
Sam hates it when I talk on the telephone. She'll sit by me and bark loudly or loudly moan and groan
If I am busy as I can be she'll sneak in the bathroom to eat toilet paper, you see
She is my shadow throughout the day; But wherever she is she gets in trouble in some way
Unless my husband is at home. Then she will sit nicely beside me and leaves everything alone. Would an
iguana pet would be best. Let me put that thought to rest. Sam is my "iguana" pet; smart, affectionate,
bad as hell, and she even smells; No real iguana needed here today. I'll just let Sam romp and play.

**FIG. 9 – SAM 3 - My "IGUANA" PET**

10

MYSTERIES OF LIFE

The mysteries of life

Can sometimes cause people joy, pain and strife

But life goes on; It doesn't matter what goes or comes

Even when you try hard to do good

Doing everything you think you should; Life still goes on

Whoever you are; Whether you live near or far

You can be old, young, black or white

Nothing stops the mysteries of life

If you are rich, poor, sick or well; There are no exceptions as you can tell

Life goes on

So make the best of each day

No one has come here to stay

And when you are gone

Just remember the mysteries of life will continue on



FIG. 10 – MYSTERY

11

MISPLACED

There was once a little girl around the age of three; That's as far back as she can remember you see; She was a happy little girl basically; But she always felt misplaced wherever she would be; Even as a mature adult she led a clandestine life with plenty of strife

She was seduced by older men she trusted who used her for their own delight at night

It was both hideous and sad the things she endured; Somehow she was always lured

There was not much love and affection at home; There was a longing for the hugging and touching that was shone; She mistook it for being loved and not being left alone

Submissive she was even in pain; Used and abused made her whole life seem in vain; All she longed for more than anything else; Was to be cherished and love just for herself; She often felt ashamed and belittled when these men were done

They just used her in private but in public she was shunned. Her life misplaced like an elephant in a room; everybody knew she was growing too fast too soon

Feeling deceived, dishonored and disgraced; Made her believe she didn't belong anyplace; As time went on her liveliness was replaced by rage; She learned to mistrust all men of any age; She became more rational in the autumn of her life; When she finally became one man's wife

With him she no longer felt misplaced. With him for the first time she felt safe. He seemed to love and cherish her in every way; He wasn't perfect, but neither was she

But finally her life misplaced had a place to be. She living her best life, you see. Elephant in the room now gone; God done righted all wrong

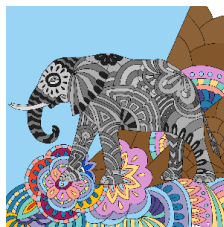


FIG. 11 – ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM

12

SOMEONE IS LYING

I was called to jury duty once and I thought I'd heard it all; During this trial as I recall

They spent a lot time talking about prayer; Praying to work with someone who would care

It was about a religious organization that was founded to bring Christians together

Instead a lawsuit broke the tether; Each story was as different as could be; No one could really remember, you see

It all happened four years ago; So, no one could remember every detail for sure but whatever happen no one could find a cure; One lady tells her story while crying; Another lady could barely remember, but we the jury knew that someone was lying

Watching them go through all this drama was hard for me. This is not how I was taught Christians should be, you see; Whoever wins also loses; no matter what and who chooses

Makes it hard for Christianity to be recused and even harder to choose; In such a faith truth should replace crying; All we the jury knows is that someone is lying; We were hoping for a lull, because this whole case is full of bull; Had to come back the next week; truth we trying to seek; because we know somebody is lying



FIG. 12 – BULL

13

DEATH

Things sometimes happen that we can't explain; Like being in your house and being killed by an airplane

That was probably just your day to die; No one knows how, when or why; Some people die of old age;
They live in their own special way

There are people who die from terminal illness; Living their last days on medicines and stillness

Some people are killed by a gun; Usually by someone who has determined that their life is done

Others are killed by the stab of a knife; Because of pure evil and sometimes strife

Some people go to sleep and never wake; Hopefully praying to the Lord their soul to take

Then there are those killed by a car, truck, bus, or train; And homeless people exposed to cold and rain

Sometimes disasters take large numbers of people to the grave; There are also wars that kill anyone in
the way

Whatever takes your last breath away; You knew that it would happen someday; like a hummingbird
that stays awhile, then flies away

I suggest you get to know who created you and why; So at the end you can return to your eternal home
in the sky; Ending your life of sorrow, here today, gone tomorrow



FIG. 13 – LIKE A HUMMINGBIRD

14

I AM TIRED

What kind of adult male has this kind of personality. Never wants to accept responsibility; skipping carelessly through life with agility – *I am tired*

For the type of life they chose; Blaming other people whenever problems arose. His parents done the best job they could; but he refuses to believe their job is over and thinks that should be understood – *I am tired*

Believes the saying “Will you need me, will you feed till I’m 65?” He knows he’s full of jive. He wants to know what happened to our family network that could help us all survive. His parents pray every day with the life he lives that he would stay alive – but *I am tired*

What can one do when there has never been much sibling unity; just distrust and very little profundity. Why put all the pressure on a praying loving mother; The love we parents have for our children never leaves – *I am tired*

But much like the parents the children really needs; Some higher power in which to believe – nevertheless, *I am tired*

Parents are not God; they can’t solve everything; They can only do so much, the rest He must bring; Faith, hope and love from within his self; when it happens let all creation sing. For the life he chose and no one else – yet *I am tired*

Like two fish swimming around forever in a bowl, one wishing for better; I am his mother dedicating this to Seven, still hoping he will choose better over clever

I know that there is some good in you but now you make me blue. One day God will loose my lever from lifting its heavy load – cause *I am tired*;



FIG. 14 – LIKE TWO FISH IN A BOWL

15

YOU WILL FIND A WAY

I do not want to live your everyday drama

I raised you the best I could even when it caused me trauma

You know more about your situation than I do

I don't mind listening sometimes because I love you

Don't expect me to carry all of your weight

Of your life drama that you somehow create

I thought you would find a way after your military stay; Alas! All I can ever really do is to pray

Even in marriage I had great hope as we gave you away; And still I hope that your problems will go without delay

We walked you through every step. I hardly even slept

I only had the Lord when I was dealing with my drama; I wouldn't even dare to bother my mama

She didn't really particularly care; Of her feelings I was quite aware

It made me grow up to be the woman I am today. Strong and independent and I want you to be the same way; Remembering that God has all power and like me all you need to do is pray

One day I am going to sing my *swan song* then what are you going to do? I guess you just going to have to find away - **This is dedicated to Toshia**



FIG. 15 –LISTEN TO MY SWAN SONG

16

SIXTH SENSE

Everyone has a *sixth sense* about people

There is a strange feeling when you meet someone evil

Sometimes we don't recognize what we are feeling

There is a discomfort of some kind that seems to have no meaning

You can't touch it or see it in that woman or man

They may look pretty normal so it is hard to understand

What is it about this person you may say ; That makes you feel uncomfortable in this way

They won't look you directly in your eyes; They know you can feel it and might realize

They are up to something they shouldn't be; They think you might be able to see

When you are around certain people and that feeling stays; Trust your *sixth sense* and if you can get away

If you ignore that *sixth sense* a time or two; Some have paid dearly so, make sure that won't happen to you; A *sixth sense* I say to you, believe it or not it's really true.

Your sixth sense discovers evil within like peeling back and Artichoke to get to its eatable fruit; until then its thistles covers over the truth



FIG. 16 – HJDDEN FRUIT

17

CARDINALS

Cardinals are beautiful red birds

They are never seen with a large flock

Or eating on the ground or at a curb

Whenever I see one I just simply stop

And admire its beauty while it is sitting on a limb

If you look closely its mate is not far away; The mate is a different color but usually with him

I don't see cardinals everyday

But whenever I see them I make a wish before they fly away

I don't understand why but something good always happens for me when I see one fly by

It is such a beautiful color red; With its rooster like pointed head

Yellow beak and black mask over its eyes; Black tipped tail and black on each side

I enjoy watching cardinals their sound is so unique

I am fascinated with this one bird and the way it tweets



FIG. 16 – RED BIRD ²

SOMETHING GOOD IS GOING TO HAPPEN

² Free clipart from publicdomainvectors.org.

18

WINTERTIME

Every year we can expect it to come

The dreary clouds that block out the sun

If we are lucky and the sun does come out; The cold weather is still there without a doubt

I have no desire to go anywhere when it is cold

Except to hibernate like a bear and stay at home

It is beautiful to look out of the window to see; As long as I stay inside it doesn't bother me

If I have to go out for any reason at all; I try to be very careful not to slip and fall

In the winter whether I am inside or out I see no harm; In wearing many layers of clothes to stay warm

During this time I really don't care how I look; As long as I stay warm even reading a book

From the sole of my feet to the top of my head; I need to be warm especially In bed

The only thing good about wintertime is the imagination it brings, *green snowflakes* like "green eggs and ham" and such

I guess you can tell I don't like wintertime much, sorry to make such a fuss

But fortunately that decision for it to come is not mine; God does these things in His own time

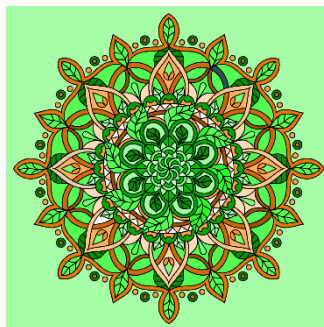


FIG. 18 – GREEN SNOWFLAKES & SUCH

19

RELECTIONS

It is so easy to reflect on things that are bad; Forgetting about all the blessings we have had
Good times are so easily forgotten; While people concentrate on the things that were so rotten
Of course there were bad times (and not a few); but the good times were plenty too
Sometimes we forget that we ever had any; Reflecting can help us to remember those good times a plenty
Relaxing and concentration can help bring them to mind; Reflecting on the good helps us to be kind
God is good and wants us to have a full life; Not living every moment with trouble and strife
But the bad is what we remember most of all; The good things that happen are hard to recall
We should have a memory like an elephant and never forget except those things that cause us to regret
There is really no reason for us to complain; When we think things over we really should be ashamed
Happiness should be a more common emotion; When God is so good He should have all of our devotion

**FIG. 19 – A ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS**

20

A WONDERFUL COLLECTION

I collect angels all sizes and shapes

Some look like they are asleep and others are awake

There are some that are made of metal some made of glass; I even have some made out of brass

I have a special collection in my glass cabinet, and some sitting out to be seen

Pictures of angels on the wall protecting others they are all special to me even those around me unseen

I don't worship angels just so you know; My wonderful collection is just for show

Some angels are holding cardinals some holding doves; Some playing harps, some holding babies with love

Some holding candles or in Christmas globes; There are those that are music boxes, some making offerings above

Others are kneeling in prayer; Then there are some on hooks swinging in the air

There is a reason I collect angels you see; It is because I believe God has angels watching over me

My collection reminds me of the old black church song:

"All night, all day the angels keep a watching over me, my Lord. All day, all night, the angels watching over me"

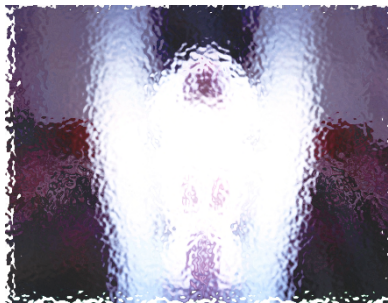


FIG. 20 – ANGELS AMONG US

21

PLANTS

Plants bring life into a home; so every home should have something living other than just people

They are not hard to care for and are cheap to buy

And every-once-in-awhile some potting soil and a nice backdrop as a foil

They don't have to be attended to every day you know

But they must have water at least twice a month to grow

Some sunshine will help a lot. I'd rather have plants than not. My father who nurtured me had a green thumb. He passed that gift on to me some – He nurtured me

I can keep plants alive for years. The beauty they offer if allowed to live can and sometimes match the beauty that human's give – in that beauty he nurtured me

Like plants from my father's grave (alive some sixteen years now) they long keep memories of love past still engraved – *He nurtured me*



FIG. 21 – SAM'S DAUGHTER – LIKE A PLANT HE NURTURED ME

22

THIS GENERATION

There are some children of this generation; That have no manners or sense of cooperation
They tend to have so much anger inside; And they don't know at who to direct it or why
That is why they act out in schools; And refuse to follow any ones rules
When you go to them and try to talk; They tend to get smart and away from you they will walk
Some element is missing you see; That suddenly came to me
They really want someone to care; Someone to always be there; Parents are so busy making a living
The love and care children need they are not getting So children give up and just don't seem to care;
Because the love and time they need is not really there; They are really not as tough as they try to be
Children need more than money to live; So make time for them so someday they may forgive
Our society for ignoring this generation; Relying solely on technical information passing by real lives that
cannot be relived; Life is fleeting faster than a hummingbirds wings
Children's lives have become a wasted spring; like summer, fall and winter it comes too quickly then it's
gone

**FIG. 22 – FLEETING**

23

THE MEDIA

Have you ever noticed in the news if someone does something bad. That they get more attention than necessary and I find that really sad; The media will turn that person into a star. All they have to do is do something that society thinks is going too far

There are many good things that are done but no one seems to care. But do something atrocious the media surely will be there; People will do anything to get publicity; That is why this is called a news society

Heroes last a short time as the good guys; It is liars, cheats and more that get publicized; Television is the main source. Then the internet is next of course. Cell phones are the newest news source

The media is a powerful force. Why not try to teach young people good from bad? “Watchdog of the People” was once proudly had, now the whole “Freedom of the Press” thing is so sad. Editorialize every fact with an opinion.

Tell your story like you wish it happened, *as if it did happen*, where “Just the facts mam!” becomes all a big scam; All under the cover of “Freedom of the Press” failing by every standard of journalism to meet this test that on the contrary should bless

They’ll only “news” you, where the more outrageous you are the more publicity you grab, the more hits they get. These are now the standards for good journalism as long as *their story* is cut and pasted together so it fits, messing with our heads like Procrustes bed. Garbage in, garbage out that is how we are fed

Garbage news is like some garbage fish – cheap, plentiful, some don’t taste fishy. Yet too much of a “good thing” is bad for your health; Garbage news becomes “garbage used” when it is all that you are fed then it is not news; you’re just being led



FIG. 23 – SOMETHING’S FISHY

24

EMMA ROSE

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED TO MY BEST FRIEND DEBORAH

My friend's first grandchild for her family will be such a joy
Girls are so precious, but I'm sure they would love it even if it were a boy
But a girl the doctors say it will be and very special you see
Because it is by her only son; And Emma Rose will be her first one
The entire family is so happy about this new arrival
Little Emma Rose will have everything needed for her growth and survival
She's already loved more than she can ever know
Grandma Debbie can hardly wait for her to get here and watch her grow
She'll be daddy's little girl; Momma's entire world
Grandma's special baby; Even when she becomes a young lady
She will be like a butterfly, beautiful up against the hue sky;
Among the plants, among the flowers Emma Rose will move with grace; but with subtle power changing
her new family by the hour



FIG. 24 – A LITTLE BUTTERFLY

25.

MY LIFE

My story is how a happy and vibrant young girl-child becomes a teen whose young life is sullied and muted by incest and by a family that looked the other way. No one cared and no one dared to say. How she became bitter but no quitter; trusting no one but God alone until His light once again in her soul shown:

Once upon a time there was a 14-year old girl having a baby

Stay away from her other mothers would say

Because only bad girls get that way

She was made by her parents to marry the father

After twenty-three hours of labor she became a mother

All alone in the labor room alone giving birth

Life to this young girl didn't seem to have much worth

She was ripped from front to back with the size baby she had; nervous walking outside the room her dad

After it was over a social worker came in and sat by the bed

If you give your baby up for adoption she said

You will have a far better chance in life of getting ahead

Where was the father of the baby during this dreadful time

Somewhere with a grown woman getting high; she did not know if this meant goodbye

The girl would not give up her beautiful baby girl after all

that pain. She thought somehow she would find a way to maintain

The girl's mother refused to have a baby in her house

The mother signed for her to get married and put the girl and her baby out

The father of the baby takes them to his aunt's house to stay

The aunt says she can stay in the attic as long as somebody pays

The girl began to wonder am I as bad as people say
Can anyone understand that I simply made a mistake for goodness sake
Can she grow up and help other girls not to fall into the same trap
Or will times change and cause a generation gap
Three years later she is pregnant again
She is all alone again from beginning to end
This time she has a little boy (sad). No one with her this time not even dad
Now with two kids and a husband that can't seem to keep a job
This girl finds a job and a baby-sitter as fast as she can
She learned quite early she couldn't depend on a man
She needed to keep them a place to stay and it would be her that had to pay.
The attic had to do for now but the kids father started treating her like his cow
For the life he led he had a million excuses. His women would call on the telephone and even knock on the door multiplying his abuses
If the young girl said anything he would knock her on the floor then he would leave and slam the door
The reason he couldn't keep a job was that he didn't try
The job took time away from the other girls he saw and getting high
There was a time when two of his women were pregnant at the same time
But for their child support he never paid a dime
After ten years the girl had saved enough money to leave
But not without a police escort, can believe
She was his meal ticket and the mother of two
If she leaves what was he supposed to do?
She got the courage to leave and started her life all over again

She didn't have more babies but always problems with men

Until she met someone who realized her potentiality and help her overcome any eventuality

Went to college when she turned forty. Got a degree in professional communications; and believe it or not God paid for her education

With God, her husband taught her to love and respect herself and to be all she could be

He showed real love for her and no one else; where "until death do us part" has real meaning and not just for social media applause and movie screenings

She left the past behind her, this and that and whatever; became a mother, a grandmother, a great-grand mother, a Christian, a business-woman, a substitute teacher, a lady, lover of God in Christ and while here on Earth her husband's wife.

She knows through years and tears through life's struggle that they both have become one, that's how she knows Christ in her life has won!



GRAY'ER NOW BUT - I'M STILL HERE. I'VE MADE IT THOUGH, SO CAN YOU. I'VE BEEN THROUGH THE FIRE, BEEN THROUGH THE FLOOD, BUT I'M STILL HERE, KEPT BY HIS BLOOD.

26

FILOMENA – IN HER MEMORY

I met this lady she and I worked together. Her and her husband moved with the company from California but they hated our weather

She was a wonderful Italian who would feed everyone and everything all the time. She loved all babies and any kind animal you could find

I saw her feed stray cats and once a squirrel came right up to her door. I was afraid it might bite her but she says he comes every day for more

She was true to her heritage and would always say; *Mamma Mia* expressing exasperation when some things did not quite go her way

She had a love for people no matter what their race. Wherever she went she never felt out of place

She loved the Lord and would often go to church and pray; She loved her husband Rich, dog Molly, family, and friends in a very special way

Sometimes Phyllis as we called her seemed to be an angel in disguise; She was loveable, tender and very, very wise; she would mother almost everyone she would meet; Knowing her was a once in a lifetime treat;

Even though she moved back to California for the last several years (before she went home to her Lord); She still called every once in a while to fill me with good cheer

Although her husband and Molly (her beloved dog) had earlier gone to their final resting place Filomena still shared her love with those of us still here.

When she was here on Earth she loved her great grandchildren (she had four); For them she always had a open door to her heart and home

Though her heart problems were always bad; She never let it get her down or was ever sad (that she ever let anyone see)

She always believed that God was in control; This is her story and I felt it needed to be told (as I experienced it); Filomena's story of love for people will never grow old

This is dedicated to Filomena Romer in Heaven as she smiles down on us; Her work of love all done and her eternal rest won.

27

FLOWERS

Flowers allows us to know when spring begins

Blooming flowers means winter ends

The essence of a flower has a positive effect on our moods and outlook

Even when given as gifts and pressed in a book

Crocuses arrive at last trace of winter

Tulips arrive along with spring when they enter

Beautiful Iris, Petunias, Daisies and Gladiolus

Climatis, Wisteria, Hydrangeas and especially Roses

Typically are used for decorations

In a garden or a house with special preparations

Even a window box full of Daffodils, Snapdragons, Poppies, Pansies and Marigolds

Makes a window a sight to behold

Flowers brightly colored attract a lot of attention

The beauty of flowers is always worth a mention

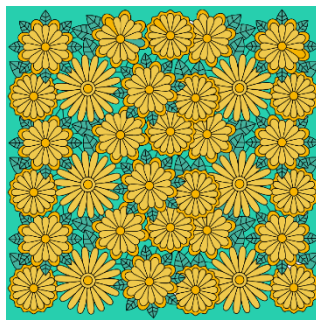


FIG. 27 – FLOWERS

28

SUNSET

The time in the evening when daylight fades; Eventually nothing is left but dark shades
 Once I saw a sunset that was a beautiful rainbow; It had several different colors thin strips in a row
 There was pink, yellow and light blue; It was very pretty with the pastel hues
 It rounded in a curve across the sky; Shortly after some rain may be the reason why
 As daylight continued to fade; So did the rainbow into dark rays
 I have seen some smaller rainbows around; But this one was very distinctive with the sun going down
 Usually the sunset is a reddish orange color; Which reminds me of the leaves that fall and flutter
 People also have a life sunset; It appears the older they get; Just like in the sky their sunsets can be beautiful
 It depends on how they see life refusing to cower; Even in their sunset they can still stand proud like the Eiffel Tower
 Standing strong still in the night no matter the cry that calls it "blight"
 Their sunset can be like that rainbow evening glow; That is never forgotten even after it goes



FIG. 28 – STILL STANDING IN THE NIGHT

29

THE OUTCAST

My heart goes out to people who are having hard times
 Especially nice people who are really trying
 Many times we wonder why some people have such trying times in life
 Working hard, being sick, not having a permanent home, yet trying to be a good wife
 I happen to know someone who fits that description
 She even thanks God for her present condition
 She stays in a place and pays by the week
 Just thanking God that her and her husband are not living on the street
 She doesn't seem unhappy in her struggles every day
 She knows we have a God that will always make a way
 It always hurts my heart when she talks to me and share
 How heavy a cross she has to bear; none of it seems fair
 God knows if I had funds to share I'd want to help her in some special way
 But God loves her more than I ever could and He will hear my intercession for her when I pray
 I continue to pray she and her family don't have to continue to roam. I pray for them a happy home.



FIG. 29 – A WISH FOR A HAPPY HOME

30

MY SPIRITUAL CHILDREN

When we combined our families my husband and I; We knew it would mean many changes for everyone with a sigh

Meaning our four children both from our marriages past; Only love and prayer would help if our marriage was to last

I loved all the children as if they were truly mine; The two that were not use to me I knew it would really take some time; The children themselves grew close to each other

They considered themselves sister and brothers; Even though both groups of two had different fathers and mothers

They seemed to have less problems coming together; Now that I have been a part to their lives for over thirty years now without bonded tether; I've love them through their growing pains, tears and whatever

I thank God for my children both spiritual and by birth; And allowing me with time with them while I have been here on earth

I pray that they know I never tried to replace their mother; I just loved them all as much as they loved each other

Before I close this message I would like to say to my daughter and to the boys

I want to thank you for all the grandchildren that has brought me such joys; Thanks for allowing me to be included in your life; And finally accepting me as your dad's wife

This is dedicated to Aaron and Jabari & the grandchildren they have given to us.

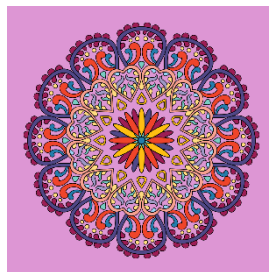


FIG. 30 – SHARED LOVE

31.

ALL THINGS IN GOOD TIME

Learning to wait on the Lord

We live in a society where anything that is slow; Is no longer needed everything must move fast you know; Like a spinning wheel so fast it appears standing still

No one has the patience to wait; Everyone is in a hurry as if not to be late

It's because we live in the age of technology; That we tend to forget about the God of Eternity

God will provide all things in good time; Which gives us more time to think and unwind; He will not hurry so we don't have to worry

Even though we don't want to wait; There is one thing for sure He will never be late

He can do more than we could ever ask or think; Learning to wait on the Lord will allow one to swim and not sink; God will give you living water to drink

He is our lighting rod; He wants us to be still and know that He is God.

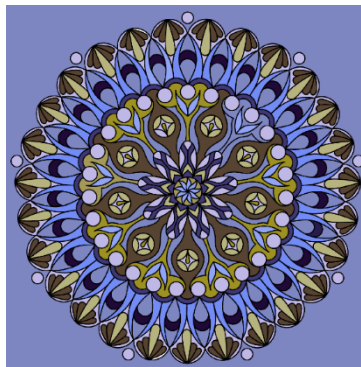


FIG. 31 – SPINNING WHEEL STANDING STILL



Fig(s). 32 & 33

LOVE BIRDS : “IN OUR OWN PLAYGROUND”

WE HAVE KEPT SECRET DEVOTION AND ENJOYED GOD GIVEN FELICITY