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Poetry & Life

Traveling Highway 60 Together in Poems

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Severo Chavez



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Traveling Highway 60
Together in Poems

Severo Chavez

Traveling Highway 60 together in poems

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Dedication

For my supporters and reviewers.
Thank you for your generous support
to my dear wife Stephanie Chavez,
reviewers, Dr. David Lee,
Kent Sturgeon,
Monita Benner,
Magdalena Nuñez.

*So teach us to number our days
that we may get a heart of wisdom.*

English Standard Version

Psalm 90:12

*Enséñanos a entender la brevedad de la vida,
para que crezcamos en sabiduría.*

Nueva Traducción Viviente

Salmos 90:12

“ I think clarity is the real risk in poetry because you are exposed. You're out in the open field. You're actually saying things that are comprehensible, and it's easy to criticize something you can understand. ”

—Billy Collins

Prologue

I was born in 1947 into a mining family. My father was a miner and his father was a miner and we lived in the old Spanish village of Magdalena, New Mexico. My first language was Spanish and I learned English when I started school. I knew early that I wanted to write poetry. I was in 5th grade when the love of poetry started, but life, as it so often does, got in the way. I worked in an underground mine for several years after high school.

I went to the University of Arizona College of Landscape Architecture and received a degree in Landscape Architecture, became a private pilot and worked for over thirty years as a Landscape Architect. After retirement, my love for poetry was rekindled to write poetry. These poems fall into five broad categories: faith, hometown (Magdalena, New Mexico), family, flying and mining.

The choice to use Highway 60 as the link made sense, because it represents my life in poetry. It is an East-West highway that goes through the downtown of the old Spanish village of Magdalena, New Mexico and continues to Globe, Arizona where I started school, and Tucson where I went to college and learned to fly. It was a logical link threading my life events together in poetry.

Some of the poems are in Spanish because it is a natural fit for me, but sometimes I go between languages. It is not Spanglish but carries the meaning of the message best and it makes sense of the world to me. Use of Spanish also honors the language and peoples of hispanic origin.

When I started school there was nothing like bi-lingual education, so if you spoke a different language it was your problem. Education has advanced today.

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Faith

End of the Trail

*Standing on high ground looking upward
Searching for strength to push forward
Mindful of being on a righteous trail
Seeing a body once strong--now frail*

*Looking back through many decades
Dwelling on many trials and escapades
With a past now both dim and shrouded
Memories fogged, faint and now clouded*

*Sins are forgiven and wholly absolved
Straining to see vistas still hazy and unresolved
The present is indeed a gift—a glorious present
Everything is from Him who is omnipresent*

*Guard the precious gift of today
But it too-will eventually fade away
The trail demands you to watch your feet
Consider your God and yourself not cheat*

*Sons and daughters of the living God are you in prayer?
Are you drawn ever closer to your heavenly Father!
For on that day when standing before "I AM"
You'll be joyously enveloped--with Abraham!*

El fin del sendero

*De pie en un terreno elevado con la vista siempre hacia arriba
Consciente de permanecer en el sendero santo
Busco las fuerzas para seguir siempre hacia adelante
Viendo desde de un cuerpo que alguna vez fue fuerte y ahora frágil*

*Mirando hacia atrás a través de muchas décadas
Con un pasado sombrío y envuelto
Mientras pienso en muchas pruebas y aventuras
Son empañan en débiles y nubladas memorias.*

*Recordando memorias desenfocadas y, sin embargo, absueltas
El presente es de hecho un regalo, un presente glorioso
A pesar que, se centra en las vistas todavía confusas y sin resolver
Un regalo misericordioso de un Dios Santo, que es omnipresente*

*Guarda el regalo precioso de hoy
El sendero exige que veles tus pies
Pero esto eventualmente también se esfumará
Considera a tu Dios y no te engañes a ti mismo*

*¿Estás en oración? Porque aquel día que llega para todos creyentes
al estar de pie delante del «YO SOY, EL QUE SOY»
¿Serás llevado más de cerca a tu Padre celestial?
¡Gozosamente envuelto y abrumado—con Abraham*

Poema de Severo Chávez © 2015 Traducido por Bertha Díaz de la Vega M.

An evangelist in the field

*As I walk in the sunny watermelon field,
think'n, what will it yield?
I'm under the burning sun,
yes, I feel like, I'm the only one!
I grab a handful of sandy loam soil,
think'n it's the product of years of toil.*

*Then, I see hid'n a watermelon,
under leaves, fat, ripe and swell'n,
it's not too big, and not too small,
about the size of a basketball,
bursting with water.
Yes, this one won't go to the slaughter.
From the vine, I tear off the melon!
It's one—the owner won't be sell'n.
Reaching for it in one motion,
then tossing it down with emotion.*

*It bursts open, exposing its red meat,
(its life blood) both juicy and sweet.
I eagerly reach for its heart.
Now, I've done it—that's my part!
I tear out a handful with my bare hand,
primitive and crude. Do you understand?
I lift it to my mouth,
that's how it's done in the south.*

*They're sweet, and juicy like watermelon.
Here's one the "owner" won't be sell'n.
As its life juices run down,
I'm think'n, He's has for me a crown,
as another soul is won from this earth!
Surely it's the reason of our birth!
Our mission is to bring souls to (Abba) our Father.
There's no reason for us to go any further!*

*It's why we've been called into the field.
Souls for His kingdom is the only worthy yield.
The Lord said, "Whom shall I send?" I said, "Send me!"
This is why my Jesus hung and died on that cruel tree!*

References: Isaiah 6:8, John 4:27-42, Luke 19:10, John 12:31, John 14:30,
Ephesians 2:2, John 16:11, 2 Corinthians 4:4

A Father's Heart

*A days journey and every step was toward Jesus
resolve expressed—as faith—surely that pleases
The father (a king's official) loved his son
and believed Jesus could heal anyone*

*"My son is sick unto death.", was his pleading
he sought Jesus for a touch and healing
head bowed down came this official
he said a prayer—pure and simple*

*he said, "Sir, come before he dies!"
Jesus heard the father's cries
Yeshu'a was ministering, you know
He said, "Your son will live." "Go."*

*In faith the man believed the Lord
the next day from his servants he heard
his son's fever broke at the seventh hour
That's when Jesus spoke with Holy power*

*When the father collected his thoughts—he spoke
It was really the seventh hour when the fever broke
A healing, and a miracle, the son and family received
all the family rejoiced and in Jesus they all believed*

Reference: A retelling of Jesus Heals an Official's Son found in John 4:43-54

Brother Floyd's passing

*Waiting outside the hospital door,
where everything to do was being done.
It was early in the morning, about a quarter to four.
It was Brother Floyd, but it could've been anyone.*

*My spirits sank when I learned of his illness,
we needed to pray, pray, pray,
and my heart was filled with sadness.
Now in a few hours we'd see a new day.*

*Hospital rooms have an antiseptic perfume.
He was lying there in bed supine and still.
Brother Floyd always had a heavenly bloom.
Alone, but not alone, as he awaited God's will.*

*Waiting for his Lord and Savior, Jesus.
Then a cough, and the labored breathing stopped.
I thought to myself, "Jesus sees us"
and, in astonishment my jaw dropped.*

*Then came the unexpected joy of acceptance,
as his body relaxed and yielded to heaven.
Dying was an experience of transcendence!
Floyd's life began at exactly five minutes to eleven.*

References: John 3:16-21, 5:24-30, 11:25, 14:1-3, Matt. 10:28, Php.3:15-21, Rev. 1:18, 21:4

Gone Fishing

*I go fishing alone.
To listen to body and soul,
and the water's melodious tone.
Dreaming and knowing I'm not in control!*

*Just fishing for trout.
World is imperfect, but God is perfect.
hope is in the air, as I'm heading out,
Peace, Shalom, now that's correct!*

*Give'n no thought 'bout germs
nightcrawler, maggots, or Power-bait.
Was the bait earthworms?
Now that bait is great!*

*Oars sink deep into the water soft.
Rowing resolutely to the fishing spot.
Duties lost in thoughts aloft,
finding a joy that I once forgot.*



*"Into the forest I go, to lose my mind and find my soul."
John Muir (1838-1914)*

The end of the road

*Looking through the boxes of pictures
on the back, one said this, another said that.
One inherited box had some old light fixtures,
or was it a box that once held a fancy hat?*

*The back of one frame was marked, "To Stephanie
my dearest niece this is now your heirlooms."
Another was a box marked, "Christmas tree."
All from an aunt who lived within two rooms.*

*Some costume jewelry, not worth much,
and a box of buttons, bows and ribbons.
Treasures the kids once couldn't touch.
What about the painting of pigeons?*

*A lifetime of stuff
collected in cardboard boxes.
Nothing ever seemed to be enough
She'd say, "I don't care what the cost is."*

*In time, The Last Will and Testament will be read,
and we'll go out and see her last resting place,
and somebody will fight for her old mahogany bed.
But will the preacher say anything about grace?*

*At—the end of the road
may I be a fragrant memory,
not a memory residing in an empty abode.
I'd like you to say that you remember me!*

*I hope my legacy is that together we cried,
and that I helped carry your load,
we prayed, and on the Lord we relied.
That's what I want at—the end of the road.*

Making prison soup

*There you are...
one had tats, another a scar.
Prisoners locked and safe
dealing with institutional chafe.*

*Today's lunch is soup of bone,
but it can't be eaten alone.
You'll need a very large pot
filled with water and boiled until hot.*

*Now add some salt,
not much, or failure will be your fault!
then take a bone, maybe a thigh bone.
The recipe is simple, yet unknown.*

*Toss the bone into the bubbling water.
It's not gourmet, but does that matter?
Salt, water, bone, forms a broth.
Boil it till you see on top a froth.*

(Continuation of Making prison soup)

*Now. To finish the soup.
Outside is a hungry troop.
So, let's seek some advice!
They said, ya gotta add rice.*

*Four to six cups
of rice for soup deluxe,
and if the garden yields
celery from the fields.*

*So, there you have it.
Soup with rice as it was writ.
by cooks to feed about fifty.
In prison you have to be thrifty.*

*It keeps together body and soul.
As it's poured into a plastic bowl.
Life is hard when you're doing time,
but serving soup is the real crime!*

References: Psalms 68:6, Hebrews 13:3

Prison soup poem explained

I was in El Hongo prison outside of Tecate, Mexico with a group called IntoFocus where they fit glasses and share the Good News with inmates in this Mexican maximum security prison.

When I sat down to write this poem, I began to think of inmates, and the scriptures related to them. I am now convinced that God has three pots or three special categories that He specifically cares about. They are widows, orphans and prisoners. So, I wrote a poem as if I were a prison kitchen worker.

The last line is pointing to what I consider to be the real crime that is being unjustly treated. Prisoners are not adequately cared for by the prison system. This is really how the soup is made, but what makes it so painful is these inmates are under another's care. They have no say in their lives.

Yes as a poet, there is a rhyme in the last line (time/crime) there, but more importantly there is an important message, it is sad that the inmates are so mistreated.

I once saw a man in that prison. He was handcuffed too long, and it was so cold and his hands had a purplish cast and the margin around his hands and fingers was yellow. That (in my opinion) is inhumane treatment.

The last line is a subtle underhanded poke at "THE MAN".


Psalm 68:6 NIV

6 God sets the lonely in families,[a] he leads out the prisoners with singing; but the rebellious live in a sun-scorched land.

Hebrews 13:3 NIV

3 Continue to remember those in prison as if you were together with them in prison, and those who are mistreated as if you yourselves were suffering.

He's my Banner



*I
felt
the heavy
mantle fall on me!
He said, “Congratulations,
Man of God.” Insecurity and
timidity, and a measure of fear
overwhelmed me. I was thinking,
I’m not worthy to be called, “A Man
of God” then, I realized it wasn’t about
me. It was about Jesus, and as a follower of the
Lord Jesus I had a position with God the Father. I
indeed was a “Man of God!” not by my actions, or even
my inactions, but by the sacrificial actions of my dear Lord
Jesus Christ. The only word that even comes close to fitting my
heart response, or even a proper response at all is the simple word—
humility.*

References: 1 Kgs 13-14, 2 Kgs 13-14, Jn 15:15-16, Heb. 4:16, Rom. 5:8, Gal. 4:7,
Jn 1:12, Eph. 1:4, Gal. 3:13

“And Moses built an altar and named it “The LORD is my Banner.” -Exodus 17:15
Jehovah Nissi

Él es mi estandarte

*¡Él es mi estandarte!
Y sentí el peso del manto caer sobre mí!
Él dijo: "Felicidades, Hombre de Dios." Inseguridad y timidez, y una medida de miedo me abrumó. Yo estaba pensando, No soy digno de ser llamado, "Un hombre de Dios". Entonces, me di cuenta de que no se trataba de mí. Se trataba de Jesús! Y como un seguidor del Señor Jesús, yo tengo una posición con Dios el Padre. Yo de hecho, era un "hombre de Dios!" No por mis acciones, ni por algo que no he hecho. Si no por las acciones de sacrificio de mi querido Señor Jesucristo. Esto me hace humilde y esa es la única palabra que incluso se acerca a encajar mi respuesta del corazón, o incluso una respuesta adecuada.*

Traducido por Patty Vazquez 2023

Referencias: 1 Re, 13-14, 2 Re. 13-14, Jn 15:15-16, Heb. 4:16, Rom. 5:8, Gál. 4:7, Jn 1:12, Ef. 1:4, Gál 3:13

Éxodo 17:15 NTV

15 Entonces Moisés edificó un altar en ese lugar y lo llamó Yahveh-nisi (que significa «el Señor es mi estandarte»).

Crossing a graveyard

*It was a memorable day in Santiago,
Chile, when I took a shortcut,
but there was no path to follow.
I can see it now with eyes closed shut.*

*As I crossed that old graveyard
there was a headstone I came across.
I recall it as if it were in my backyard.
It was weathered and covered with moss.*

*My name was on that headstone!
It had a birth date and a death date,
and, for a moment, I felt all alone!
It was not mine, but I didn't wait.*

*I ran from that graveyard,
a headstone with my name!
I ran head down, fast and hard.
I knew that I was alive all the same.*

*So teach us to number our days
that we may get a heart of wisdom.
That's what Ps 90:12 says,
Now, it's urgency for the kingdom.*

Psalm 90:12 ESV

Disembark

*When my time comes this life to disembark
towards the light and away from the dark.
As I set out on my promised journey
to that shore of no worry.*

*I'll know when I'm finally home,
at water's edge with lapping foam.
Knowing that Jesus has a place for me
and it's Jesus I've come to see!*

*As my boat onto the gravel grates,
I'll look up to those pearly gates.
Knowing my arrival is almost complete
and saints await to meet and greet.*

*"Remove your sandals", they will say,
and "Welcome, Follower-of-the-Way."
My inner spirit will then rejoice,
—that is, if, or when, I find my voice!*

References: John 14:2-3, Hebrews 11:16, John 14:23,
Revelation 3:5, Exodus 3:5, Acts 24:14

Life's lessons

*At seventy six, I have had many chances
and precious gifts in this wonderful life.
Some profound, others silly under many circumstances.
On reflection life is filled with both joy and strife.*

*Here, my dear friends, are some life lessons
taught to me along the way that I've learned.
Not much is gained from personal possessions.
And almost everything of value is earned!*

*With age (and time) you begin to think of death,
and of the many who have gone on before us
often, in a quiet journey, to their last breath.
For many it's a subject too close to discuss.*

*But the direct evidence is—we will all die!
Aren't we in a long line of a people mover?
many before us have gone to the sweet-by and by.
Truth is we're all walking each other to the future,*

*to a new home, or a change of address.
God allows us to chose our home; heaven or hell?
This is the question, I do hereby humbly express,
I can't answer for you, only you can tell!*

*Scriptures says, "...whoever hears my [Jesus] word
and believes him who sent me [God the Father]
has eternal life." Is the message plainly heard?
Only through Jesus, will we once again gather!*

*It's a promise that God conveyed through king David
I shall go to him, but he will not return to me [my friend]
The promise, albeit old has never ever faded.
Where all sorrows and pains will surely end.*

References: John 5, 24, Revelation 21:4, 2Samuel 12:23

Amante

*Yes,
I once
had a mistress.
(true confession)!
She was so expensive.
Rarely was she available,
when she was, she charmed me!
Now you may say. "How can that be?"
Well, my friend you have to tell the truth!
That is when she wasn't in the shop
Her name was Mercedes Benz
She was a two door coupe
beige with a sunroof
and lovely brown
leather seats,
and my
heart*



References:

Matthew 6:21, 6:24 NIV

21 For where your treasure is, there your heart will be & 24 No one can serve two masters. Either you will hate the one and love the other, or you will be devoted to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve both God and money.

A lifetime together

*Together now for over 40 year, that's 43,800 meals ago.
In that time we've learned to lean on one another. Too
time and life goes on, and yes, it feels, as you know
good sometimes it's soup, and sometimes it's stew.*

*A marriage has yielded now to a lifetime.
Our candles have melted into a single puddle.
For the other there's no mountain we wouldn't climb,
and without a word—we give —a cuddle.*

*Thank you for each of the 43,800 meals,
and sharing together life's joys and sadness.
Together we've been wounded, and this reveals.
We've bonded, and overwhelmed with gladness.*

*Gladness, joy, love and comfort,
we've joined together for these reasons.
Enduring times of real discomfort,
for a life together, and its joyful seasons.*



A Godly Vessel

*We have a joyful princess in our flock.
Her smile is infectious, this I do concede.
She loves the LORD, as He's the solid rock,
with no need to impress, so let's proceed.
From her heart she sings any worship song.
Her voice may be either sharp or flat.
She holds a note a bar, or two, too long.
No one challenges her for singing like that.
Praise and worship of Abba is never wrong.
God's angels must be jealous in heaven!
We want to serve and finish strong.
Worship is reflected glory of truths given.
A special needs child who is very special.
LORD, we want to be such a Godly vessel.*

Reference: 2 Timothy 2:21, a sonnet, see Spanish version of this poem,
Vaso Piadoso.

Vaso Piadoso

*Tenemos una princesa
muy alegre en
nuestro rebaño.
Su sonrisa es contagiosa,
esto voy a conceder.
Ella ama al Señor,
y Él es la roca sólida.
Ella no tiene necesidad
de impresionar,
así es, sigamos.
Ella canta desde su corazón.
Cualquier canción de adoración.
Su voz puede ser aguda
o plana y sostiene una nota
demasiado larga.
Nadie la llama por cantar así.
Adoración y alabanza de Abba
nunca está mal.
¡De verdad, los ángeles de Dios
deben estar celosos en el cielo!
Nosotros queremos servir
y terminar con fuerza.
La adoración se refleja en la gloria
de las verdades dadas.
Ella es una niña con necesidades
especiales que es muy especial.
Así todos debemos esforzarnos,
por ser un vaso piadoso.*

Referencia: 2 Timoteo 2:21 NTV

Apologetics, Excuse Me

*"Apologetics" is a fancy word.
Now, what does it really mean?
The strangest word I think I've heard.
Once I did see it in a magazine?*

*Bring out the candles and the kerosene
Let's study—and knowledge receive.
Really what does it mean?
Reasoned arguments, I do believe.*

*Maybe, it's an argumentative discourse
Oh my, what could that actually be?
Or maybe it's taught as a college course
All I know is Jesus died—JUST for me!*

*How much more do I need to know?
From that moment that the scales fell
I knew that Jesus loved me so
Now, I can't wait to go and tell*

*All about my Savior and Lord.
Apologetics, I don't understand.
I do know is He's my shield and sword
and by Him I do surely stand.*

*The Holy Spirit moves about
and convinces all of His real love.
I just want to praise and shout!
Now, this I hear from heaven above,*

*YOU—get out of the way!
and I'll use use YOU to tell the story,
don't worry about fancy words, and by-the-way
It's about Jesus' love and his eternal Glory.*

Church Plants

(A sonnet about purpose)

*There is something about soil.
The refreshing comfort of damp earth
calling us to willfully labor and toil
in a garden of promise and new birth.
As the sun bathes the soil with its warmth
to awaken a bed prepared to receive its seed
and where dying causes life to springs forth,
and everything is in place as decreed.
From all corners, north, south, east and west
come believers planted into the fertile soil of church
to live, grow, love and humbly serve their best.
Surely, God must look down from his heavenly perch,
and say, "They're my church, my people of promise
planted to serve the good, and my glory, honest."*

References: Psalms 139:17-18, 1 Corinthians 3:7, Genesis 2:15, Isaiah 58:11, Mark 4:26-29, John 12:24, John 15:8

*"In commanding us to glorify Him, God is inviting us to enjoy Him."
from "Reflection on the Psalms"
by C.S. Lewis*

Tempest

*Storms of life are a plenty.
Some mild and dainty
Some, a gentle rain
Some a hurricane*

*Yet, the righteous stand calm
tall, straight, as a palm
These are the children of God
Rooted strong on Holy sod*

*Although the winds blow hard
leaving land empty and scarred
yet, the righteous will flourish
and surely none will perish*

*Psalm Ninety-two verse twelve
if into the meaning you delve
And you stay in the Word
Claiming God your Lord*

*The storms you'll endure
and survive them for sure
Big as Lebanese cedars
Strong as biblical leaders*

*In the storms of life
while dealing with its strife
a bastion against all storms
For me He wore a crown of thorns*

All for His Glory

*Blame, blame who is to blame?
Was it papa, mama or me,
Really, it was a cry'n shame.
Then a shadow came over me.*

*Couldn't see, I'm blind.
My spirit told me he was there.
The man over me was kind.
Hope was in the air.*

*Then I felt something wet.
To Siloam pool, he said go,
this day you'll not forget!
To God be the glory, you know.*

*It felt wet and gritty,
Go to the pool, friend.
It didn't look pretty.
How would it end?*

*Blind since my life began.
I CAN SEE! I CAN SEE!
They asked, if I was that man?
I was, (between me and thee).*

*Who did this among us?
He has shown mercy on me,
a Rabbi named Jesus!
I was blind, but now I see!*

John Newton, 1779
Amazing Grace how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

Reference: Jesus Heals a Man Born Blind, John 9:1-12

Just a little talk

*How Are you? Friend, you can talk to me.
Friend said, "I just want to cease to be—
I'm saddened, down and out, tonight,
tortured all day and well into the night!"*

*"I have tried to change, Pastor."
Pastor said, "We all have a master."
"Yes, but I can't be changed."
Pastor, "I've seen futures rearranged.*

*That's someone else, not me.
"Not true, "God can see."
"No, you don't know how bad I've been."
Pastor, "Jesus sees outside, and within,
Jesus will draw near, I've seen it for years."
Then, Pastor, speaking with visible tears.
He looked on with a caring face
The room was a holy and somber place.*

*He said, "Will Jesus reach out to me?"
Pastor said, "Yes. He will. You can be free."
He doesn't know the beds I've slept in?
Then, you could've heard the drop of a pin.*

*"Pastor pray", He said, "I'm in real need!"
Pastor, "Jesus can pardon. Yes, indeed."
(Continuing), "Let's pray, just you and me—
Let's pray, that Jesus will your master be."*

*Until our prayers are answered, "I won't leave."
Friend, "I'm yours, Jesus, I want to believe."
Pastor said, "Now, please repeat after me."
Friend prayed. A prayer as simple as could be.*

*Then the Pastor said, "Come into the fold,
being with God, is more precious than gold.
The path we'll walk together as co-laborers,
and we will always, always, be neighbors."*

References: Luke 19:10, John 1:1-18

Roadside Ministry

*The sound of running water,
as it echoes on the rock wall,
Master and disciples chatter
listening to their clarion call.*

*The Master teaches a lesson
Great is the servant of all,
It was Jesus' plain direction,
to serve is the most holy call.*

*Saying you must be a slave,
and over them not lord,
walking toward his grave,
saying, Abba will reward.*

*Blind by the highway
was the beggar Bartimaeus,
calling for help every day,
Learning Jesus was among us!*

*"Give me sight", he said to the Rabbi,
"Son of David, have mercy on me!"
Looking to God The Most High,
Jesus was on a mission, His destiny.*

*Saying your faith has made you well,
as the beggar received his sight,
his earnest response, was pray tell,
as he followed Jesus into the light.*

Inspired by Mark 10:42-52
Jesus Heals Blind Bartimaeus en route to the cross

Mary's Discourse

*Here I am—a servant of the Most High
may my words and heart never you deny.
Let it be onto me according to your Word
From Gabriel the good news I have heard.*

*Be it onto me according to your will
my Lord and my God—my cup fill,
I am your bond slave and your child?
May all mankind can be reconciled.*

*Bowing on my knees before my God
speechless with humility feeling awed
Filled with hope, joy and thanksgiving
God, with you is life giving*

*Humbly yielded—not knowing tomorrow
forgetting yesterday's pain and sorrow
I believe you have only good for me
may your word be fulfilled, we agree*

*Claiming you as my precious promise
the good news healed me, honest.
Rescued and adopted into your family
may I see your holy majesty*

Inspired by Luke 1:38, Luke 1:46-56, and Acts 1:14

Madre e Hija de Dios

*Aquí soy una sirviente de la Altísimo
que mi corazón y mente nunca lo niegan.
Deja que sea sobre mí de acuerdo con tu Palabra,
"Las Buenas Noticias" que escuché de Gabriel.*

*Que sea conmigo de acuerdo con tu voluntad.
mi Señor y mi Dios por favor me llenan.
Soy tu esclavo de bonos y tu hija,
que toda la humanidad se reconcilie.*

*Con humildad sintiéndose asombrado,
de rodillas ante mi Dios.
Con acción de gracias,
Dios estás dando la vida.*

*Ella cedió a un mañana incierto,
olvidando el dolor y la tristeza de ayer.
Creo que Dios solo tiene algo bueno para mí
que se cumpla tu palabra. Estamos en acuerdo.*

*¡Lo eres, mi Señor y mi Dios!
Las "Buenas Noticias" me curaron.
Soy rescatado y adoptado en tu familia,
¡Quiero ver a tu Santísima Majestad!*

Inspirado en Lucas 1:38, Lucas 1:46-56 y Hechos 1:14

The King's Mercies (English)

*I was five. We heard that father and Saul died
Yes, I am son of Jonathan, son of Saul
father was battle killed, Saul by suicide
We fled in a panic, now I'm not well at all!*

*You surmised right—Mephibosheth is my name
Kill—is what they do to families of fallen kings!
We rushed to leave, and I fell—now I'm lame
Certain we would be killed and other things*

*Later, King David was pondering, deeply thinking
Is there anyone alive in the house of Saul, he said?
Kindness to the household of Saul, keep looking
I would like to show mercy and give them bread*

*King David said to me I am king and I am able
I said, "Why should you notice a dead dog like me?"
King David said, you will always eat at my table
My blood covenant is honored with thee!*

*Put fears to rest—the King said, be my guest
Leave your sinful life, your cares, your strife
LORD, Son of David have mercy, I'll rest
Eat at my table, JESUS said, have eternal life!*

References: 2 Samuel 4, 9, 16, 19 & 21

Los Reyes Misericordias (Spanish)

*Tenía cinco años. Oímos que padre y Saúl murieron
Sí, soy hijo de Jonatán, hijo de Saúl
padre fue asesinado en batalla, Saúl por suicidio
huimos en pánico y ahora no estoy nada bien!*

*Tú lo adivinaste—Mefiboset es mi nombre
¡Matar es lo que hacen a las familias de reyes caídos
Nos apresuramos a irme, y me caí, ahora soy cojo
Cierto nos matarían y otras cosas*

*El rey David estaba pensando, pensando profundamente
¿Hay alguien vivo de la casa de Saúl, dijo?
Amabilidad con la casa de Saúl, sigue buscando
Me gustaría mostrar misericordia y darles pan*

*El rey David me dijo que soy rey y que soy capaz
¿Para que le muestre tal bondad a un perro muerto como yo?
El rey David dijo: siempre comerás en mi mesa
¡Mi pacto de sangre es honrado contigo!*

*Ponga los temores a descansar dijo y sea mi invitado
Deja tu vida pecaminosa, tus preocupaciones y tu lucha
SEÑOR, hijo de David, ten piedad de mí, descansaré
¡Come en mi mesa, dijo JESÚS, y ten vida eterna!*

Referencias: 2 Samuel 4, 9, 16, 19 & 21

Just a seed

A

*little seed
a scarlet weed
Pursed curled lips
and loss of fellowship
They didn't look within
Nor give thought to HIM
Evident that it had no worth
Growing fast in the gritty earth
Odoriferous, it had a terrible stink
Maybe, it would pass. They did think
Groing in the desert sand it a bitter gourd
As debate began thoughts spiraled untoward
That seed was small about the size of a little gnat
Some thought it meant this, others tho't, it meant that
Who would've thought, it would make us all so very sad
A seed was planted, and it was not meant for good, or bad
Planted it they did. It was a thoughtless, careless, wanton deed
but they planted it a little, no good, really bad, rotten, terrible seed*

"Just a seed" explained

Well, let me see if I can explain this little ditty.

I'm trying a different way of saying things. I usually strive to speak plainly when I write. A poem should have a beginning, middle and an end. It should be internally consistent and it needs to say something important, not just have a last line rhyming. Well, I broke all my rules with this one.

The poem starts out irregular, all the lines end with a rhyming word except the first line. The letter "A" is an oblique reference to the scarlet letter. The use of the word seed, is to avoid using the word SIN. This poem is about the downhill trip of SIN, it becomes more convoluted and longer, as an attempt to justify it, and not deal with it. Because that is the nature of SIN.

The capitalized HIM, is a reference to Christ and how we don't check our moral compass. The interplay is how we try to deal with sin, by not recognizing it, by ignoring it, by calling it something else. But, SIN grows uncontrollably and over time makes itself more evident (there is always a Nathan in your world). Partly, I was striving for an uneasy feeling, that someone may not completely understand, but makes you feel uncomfortable. Again, the nature of SIN.

Now with these keys, I hope it makes more sense

Encounter on the Road to Emmaus

*On our way home—lost in thought
sad news—all seemed lost—all for nought
We were downcast and without hope!
slowly walking to Emmaus, no way to cope.*

*“Followers of the Way” were the two of us
faces saddened we walk’d and talk’d, thus
nothing comforted, not even a holy tome!
Joined by a stranger—he said Shalom.*

*Then said, "didn't the prophets and Moses
fulfill scriptures were—all is not hopeless".
Didn't they teach the messiah would indeed suffer?
It's late stranger, stay with us—was our offer.*

*He blessed the bread and our eyes were cleared,
yet in the twinkling of an eye He disappeared
It was the Nazarene whom we call Jesus,
we ran saying, "We saw Him and He's with us!"*

*Our hearts burned as scriptures were open
News, News—the Holy silence is broken!
Within the hour we rushed to tell everyone
the Lord is risen! His work is surely done!*

Based on the Walk to Emmaus in Luke 24:13-34

Two Islands

*From life's waters arose two islands,
each different, as two diamonds;
one called empathy,
the other sympathy.*

*Empathy, you're cry'n in the rain
and feel'n again.
Your mind says, "Don't submit",
but, your heart says, "Don't quit".*

*With sympathy there's no pain
and your heart doesn't strain.
You may understand
but, it's jus' a demand.*

*It's one thing to walk the road
but, to carry someone's load,
you feel it thru your shoes,
as you're sing'n the blues!*

Reference: John 11:35

A night in Tarapoto

*The night was young, the air and the music moisture-laden
as we stepped into that church expecting to see God
Uplifting music, but the words were foreign
For us the message was translated
We knew, then and there,
that we were on
a mission field.*

*Being unaware of what to truly expect,
we were called forward—why, oh why?
Chairs were lined in a straight row.
What, oh what, did that mean?
Our host prayed, we prayed,
then a line of disciples
marched forward.*

*Each carrying anointing oil, a towel. a pan
with heads down—they were looking down
What, oh what, did this really mean?
No one there was being baptized!
But, it meant the same thing.
We just needed a little cleaning.
Tearfully, they washed our feet
and caressed them with oil.
Humbly, becoming Jesus
to us—before our
very own
eyes!*

References: Luke 7:44, John 13:1-16

Una noche en Tarapoto

*La noche era joven, el aire y la música cargados de humedad
cuando entramos en esa iglesia esperando ver a Dios
Música edificante, pero las palabras eran extranjeras
Para nosotros el mensaje fue traducido
Sabíamos, entonces y allí,
en el que estábamos
un campo misionero.*

*Ser inconsciente de qué esperar realmente,
fuimos llamados hacia adelante, ¿por qué, por qué?
Las sillas estaban alineadas en una fila recta.
¿Qué significaba eso?*

*Nuestro anfitrión oró, nosotros oramos,
luego una línea de discípulos marchó hacia adelante.
Cada uno llevaba aceite de unción, una toalla. y un tazón
con la cabeza hacia abajo, miraban hacia abajo*

*¿Qué significaba esto realmente?
¡Nadie allí estaba siendo bautizado!
Sin embargo, significaba lo mismo.
Solo necesitábamos un poco de limpieza.*

*Entre lágrimas, nos lavaron los pies
y los acarició con aceite.
¡Humildemente, convertirse en Jesús
a nosotros, antes de nuestro
muy propio
ojos!*

Referencias: Lucas 7:44, Juan 13:1-16

Burying the Dead

*Striving to keep up with my Rabbi
I said, "Jesus, I'll go wherever you go!"
He turned and looked me straight in the eye
From where his response came—I do not know.*

*Jesus replied, "Foxes have dens and birds nests,
but the Son of Man has no place to lay his head."
I wondered if this was one of his spiritual tests?
Then another asked, "Can I go and bury my dead?"*

*This is what he said, (but what did he mean?).
"Follow me, and let the dead bury their own dead."
The dead bury their dead, now that sounds obscene
In a moment it occurred to me what he really said!*

*With his few words, I knew there would be a real cost
to be a follower-of-the-way, one of Jesus' disciples
Holding to all loosely, for me, the irony was not lost
to consciously release, each and all entangling idols*

*Could I relinquish everything including family
to follow Jesus? A decision I had to make
It was a simple decision of sober gravity
Now. there are actions I must take!*

References: The Cost of Following Jesus:
Matthew 8:19-21 and Luke 9:58

Walk'n and Talk'n

*Walk'n in the woods turning over rotten logs
Coexisting much too peaceably lie belief and unbelief
I expose a troubled heart to you in prayerful dialog
“Dear Lord, I believe, help me with my unbelief!”*

*As Abraham raised his knife you surprised us
Isaac pleaded, “Where is the sacrifice?
You gave your Son for his son—you are wondrous!
And all before Isaac could ask twice*

*The reply was Jehova jireh, God will provided
God, you are a sweet and unexpected surprise!
Angeles celebrated and the Trinity was glorified
When I think I know what you will do, I realize*

*You, again in your magnificence amaze me!
Justifiably—you could have sent a terrifying warrior gruff
Opening my eyes to things unseen—I see!
You sent a vulnerable baby to live and walk among us?*

*Help me not to rebel, but join in your everlasting story
Teach me God to turn from my rebellious ways
To see you in your majesty and all your wondrous glory
Submitting to your plan—all of my numbered days*

*Dying daily to my rotten unclean selfish reliance
Of my own free will I have chosen to come—palms down
It's not—am I good or bad, but am I yielded in obedience
I'm released in sweet surrender before your glorious crown*

*Shamelessly, unreservedly to you dear Lord—my will I tender
No longer will I fear the call—“Adam where are you?”
I raise my hands and bow my heart in unconditional surrender
Together now—we walk and talk in the morning dew*

Reference: Genesis 3

Glimmer of Heaven

*Summer yields to Fall, then Winter, then Spring
And again, the world turns and life happens as times pass
Spring awakens and earth's Summer flowers and birds sing
These are a just a dim foreshadowing of Heaven's Sea of Glass*

*Proclaiming a new earth, where only righteousness dwells
It's called Heaven, where holy clouds wrap everything
Old, New testament describe, yet there are no parallels
there we'll praise our Heavenly Father and to Jesus sing*

*If a twenty-three and a half degree shift and tilt of the earth
brings us the four seasons distinct for all to savor and enjoy
Heaven's shift is more radical with no death, and so forth
no sickness nor orphans, and to God's glory we'll not be coy*

*Apostle John saw a New Heaven and a New Jerusalem
yet, it's still an unclear promise that we can only imagine
But, if somehow we could measure Heaven in global unison
It could only be understood through the lens Christ and His Passion*



Answering John the Baptist

*Alone was John the Baptist—ALL ALONE
Few words said, but—now and again, a GROAN
Awaiting the break of day—the morning sun
Believing his MISSION was UNDONE!*

*He only had ONE URGENT question
Proclaiming the Messiah, his OBSESSION
FORETOLD by the prophet Jeremiah
Are YOU—the awaited MESSIAH?*

*the Devil danced in the daughter of Herodias,
Jesus answered the question for ALL of US!
Have you not heard? Jesus did proclaim
as LORD and Son of David his HOLY name*

*GO tell John, as others have seen?
The deaf HEAR—the lepers are CLEAN
The dead are RAISED, the Lame can walk
BLIND see, and are town talk*

*LORD is OUR Righteousness, said Jeremiah
Yes, Jesus is LORD. The anointed Messiah!
To the poor, the GOOD NEWS is PROCLAIMED
Questions ANSWERED with actions Explained*

References: Jeremiah 23:5-6, Malachi 3:1, Matthew 11:2-15, Mark 6:14-29, Mark 10:45-47

Awaiting the Gardener

*Wind carries seeds around
to struggle on barren ground
falling here and there to root
seeking water and sun to fruit*

*Detritus added to the soil bed
Repeated many times. It's said
A solum profile on bedrock ground
Awaiting a gardener to be crowned*

*Life and death is embedded within every seed
An eternal truth that a sovereign God decreed
Through satan—man was seduced and wounded
Dusty man awaited a Messiah to become rooted*

*The account is in Genesis three, and yes we did fall
Truth is earth groaned and heaven quickened for all
Redemption came through a man-God. A Holy carpenter
Yeshu'a our Messiah the true long awaited royal gardener*



Unbroken Chain

*Standing in a long, long line—not alone
before us are old saints, some unknown
forged through hard times, to a saintly image
behind us children forming an entire village*

*All were holding onto one another's hand
having chosen God and taken a stand
becoming an unbreakable chain (each link)
Written into life's book in indelible ink*

*From every tongue and nation they came
to the roll call and their inheritance claim
as the betrothed dressed for the wedding
Saying, "To Jesus we're heading."*

*We all began to joyfully sing—again
Worthy is the lamb who was slain,
together lie the Lion and the Lamb."
Holy, Holy, Holy is the great "I AM"*

References: Luk.10:20, Heb. 12:22-23, Dan. 12:1, Phil. 4:3, Rev. 3:5, Rev. 21:27,
Exod. 32:31-33, Ps. 69:27-28, Rev. 13:8, Rev. 17:8, Ps. 56:8, Ps. 139:16, Mal. 3:16



Raven O'raven

*Raven, O'raven
betwixt noon and six
Longing for safe haven
with gift and market mix*

*Muffled widow's feeble call
Yea ravens respond to the task
Talk'n about Elijah and St. Paul
"How are you"—I say, "If I may ask?"*

*With encouraging talk
Reaching the sick and elderly
None watch the clock Caring
for the bride—tenderly*

*It's such a heavenly fact
A soft word—a touch conferred
two gracious gifts, one hollowed act
This, dear LORD, is what I heard*

Inspired by 1Kings17

Tall Palms Psalm XCII vs 12

*Storms of life are aplenty.
Some mild, some dainty,
sometimes a gentle rain,
sometimes a hurricane.*

*Yet, the righteous are calm
Strong and tall—as a palm
The children of GOD
Rooted on holy sod*

*Winds blow hard
with the land scarred
yet, the righteous will flourish
and their enemies perish.*

*Psalm Ninety-two verse twelve
Into the meaning you delve
If you stay in the Word
and GOD's your LORD*

*The storms you'll endure
and survive them for sure
As mighty cedars
strong as biblical elders*

*Weathering the storms of life
Enduring strife
There's protection from harms
In God's protective arms*

References: Psalms 92:12 ESV, "The righteous flourish like the palm tree and grow like a cedar in Lebanon.", also Ps 92:12-15

A New Day in Bethlehem

*Voice over, "Ten generations from Isaiah we waited
for His Glorious Kingdom which would never cease,
Ruler, Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God as stated
Named Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace!"*

*Act 1—Stage dark under the cover of night,
shepherds quietly watching their sheep.
Resting after ninety miles to the birthing site
Tired, cold Joseph and Mary couldn't sleep.*

*The stable in Bethlehem was the stage,
Joseph a decent man sought a place for Mary
Opening of the greatest play of any age!
She didn't complain as this night was not ordinary*

*Suddenly the heavens opened in a magnificent choir,
Gabriel's announcement and to God—praise they gave
God's people they needed a Savior.
Through Christ—sin would no longer enslave.*

*Act 2—Born in the most unlikely place (a dirty stable).
Acceptance as Lord and Savior is all He would require.
Before them was the completion of Cain and Abel
Seeking the Holy One would be man's purest desire.*

*Holiness wrapped—in rags unclean
By a fear-filled couple seeking a way.
Joseph and Mary waiting in a smelly scene,
Together in the cold awaiting a new day.*

*Through tears a young mother kisses God!
A child born of a virgin in a humble place,
In Bethlehem where once King David trod.
Lovingly she looked into her Savior's face.*

*Shepherds rushed to exclaim the good news
Joining the choir of Angels singing praises.
Telling everyone we have no time to lose
Christ will save us and we know where he is!*

*Act 3—To an unclean world came our Savior.
Proclaimed by the Nazarene John the Baptist.
Crying—with God we have found favor.
He preached and put holiness into practice.*

*Christ coming was the greatest play ever.
Jesus the Christ has come to show us the way
Joseph, Mary and I, we all needed a Savior.
Emanuel—God with us—alleluia. It's a new day!*

Isaiah 9:6 English Standard Version (ESV) Modified

The Proffer

*God's opening remarks were a proffer,
said another way—a settlement offer.
There's evidence your sins are as scarlet.
I've seen you, "You've been a harlot!"*

*Though your sins be crimson red
"Blood Red", I thought He said
Your sins could be white as snow,
that would be good—you know!*

*Your sins can be like good fleece,
we (you and I) can be at peace.
Your sins can be as clean wool.
Listen, you know I've got pull.*

*That's what the Lord said to me
Let's settle, between Me and thee,
That's what every sinner wants,
Sinner, I await your response.*

"Come now, let us reason together, says the Lord: though your sins are like scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they are red like crimson, they shall become like wool..." Reference: Isaiah 1:18 ESV



Jus' Say'n

*Serving, I feel His presence and pleasure.
My heart response is a bona fide measure
experiencing joy serving God's children
Kingdom Buildin', That's Right, Pilgrim!*

*Together, "Obedience" and "Service"
are yoked like devotion and purpose
"For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."
Fight'n for my wife, children and what's right*

*Saints placed on our shoulders—a mantle.
and Elisha, used his yoke, as an example
to feed his people he burned his yoke
Burning your livelihood, Holy Smoke!*

*We shouldn't be discouraged
as God's word gives contagious courage
For proof see God's word, the Bible
Jus' say'n, cuz, you may have another idol?*

References: (1) Matt 11:26-30, (2) 1 Kings 19:19-21

Vanity Fair

*The illusions of Vanity Fair
Where there is no there–there!
Bollywood or Hollywood
Is peeking through a veiled hood*

*Is there no there–Anywhere?
Seeing smoke and mirrors everywhere!
And I don't live as I should
But, I'm a son in a royal priesthood*

*Behind the alter–there I stood
He is my reality–is that understood
With Jesus–you don't despair!
Dust to dust and life's unfair*

*Seeing Jesus as my only good!
In Holy prayer there I stood
Vanity Fair and my place up there
Pondering Eternity and Vanity Fair*

A Father's Heart

*A days journey and every step was toward Jesus
resolve expressed—as faith—surely that pleases
The father (a king's official) loved his son
and believed Jesus could heal anyone*

*"My son is sick unto death.", was his pleading
he sought Jesus for a touch and healing
head bowed down came this official
he said a prayer—pure and simple*

*he said, "Sir, come before he dies!"
Jesus heard the father's cries
Yeshu'a was ministering, you know
He said, "Your son will live." "Go."*

*In faith the man believed the Lord
the next day from his servants he heard
his son's fever broke at the seventh hour
That's when Jesus spoke with Holy power*

*When the father collected his thoughts—he spoke
It was really the seventh hour when the fever broke
A healing, and a miracle, the son and family received
all the family rejoiced and in Jesus they all believed*



Reference: A retelling of Jesus Heals an Official's Son found in John 4:43-54

A Pastor's Heart

*I encountered a pastoral leader. A pillar of the church.
When someone said, "We should—such and such do."
With caring eyes the room he gently did search
Then softly said, "God spoke not to me, but to you."*

*Sage words from a man who had seen many tears
Saying, "God spoke to you. You need to promptly act."
A pastoral ministry which had embraced many years
Say'n each believer has a ministry, and that's a fact.*

Love and Language

*The hospital room was dark and sterile
As I walked into the monitored room
all were dressed in ecru —apparel
The air had a HEAVENLY bloom*

*MOM had translated FOR ME all her life
thinking SPANISH—speaking ENGLISH
Recognition—WAS as a cut by a knife
"Pensamientos de AMOR en inglés"*

*Dying had taken weeks—then days
Hours melted into a precious moment
Witnessing the day's last golden rays
DEATH came as a quieting MOVEMENT*

*the COST of LOVE is ANGUISH
She spoke English BECAUSE of LOVE
JESUS spoke HEAVEN'S language
Heaven to earth, the grave, then ABOVE*

References: Luke 10:22, John 8:19, 8:28, 10:15, 12:50, 14:9,
16:2,16:15,17:25, Philippians 2:13, 1 John 2:14

Amor y lenguaje

*La habitación del hospital estaba oscura y estéril
cuando entré en la habitación monitoreada
todos estaban vestidos en de ropa blanca
el aire tenía una floración celestial*

*Mamá había traducido para mí toda su vida
Pensó en español y tradujo al inglés
reconocimiento fue como un corte con un cuchillo
pensamiento de amor desde mi corazón*

*Morir había tomado semanas, luego días
las horas se fundieron en un momento precioso
presenciando los últimos rayos dorados del día
la muerte llegó como un movimiento silencioso*

*El costo del amor es angustia
para mí hablaba inglés por amor
el lenguaje del cielo fue hablado por Jesús
de la cruz a la tumba, de la tumba al cielo*

Referencias: Lucas 10:22, Juan 8:19, 8:28, 10:15, 12:50, 14:9, 16:2,16:15,17:25,
Filipenses 2:13, 1 Juan 2:14

Lessons from the Vineyard

*You may say, I've never seen a miracle
I've looked and looked, yet none is visible
We think of Jesus' times
the water to wine signs?*

*While roots and tendrils entwine
we prune and guide each vine
Yet, no one directs how
sap is drawn through a bough*

*We plant vineyards and watch them grow
they reach for the sun (row after row)
and caressed by the wind to awaken
approaching the time the fruit is to be taken*

*I am the vine, you are the branches, said Jesus
"If you abide you'll bear much fruit that pleases."
Friend, if you abide in Him and He in you
Your joy will be complete, through and through*

References: John 15:1-17 (I Am the True Vine)

All In

*Elijah found Elisha and threw his cloak around him
To Elisha it was a sign, to go wherever, Elijah went
He thought about it, and for him it was no whim
He knew if he didn't follow—he'd never be content*

*No longer behind the oxen plow would he trod
Deciding to give it ALL UP, yes—give it ALL UP
Elisha heard the call to follow the LORD God
And choosing to drink from the servants cup*

*Burn the plow, burn the yoke, burn, burn, burn!
Slaughter the oxen and cook them for my people to eat
I'll never look back, and I'll never again return
To follow the man of God was my pursuit, so sweet*

*Our cry, "Jesus let your mantle fall on us!"
Lead us with the sound of your sweet voice
We're ALL IN to serve you LORD, let it be
ALL IN for Jesus—for there is no other choice!*

References: 1 Kings 19:19-21

only One

*Life's wounds and scars are very revealing,
everything is affected including your feelings.
Psalm 90:10 describes a lifespan, friend -
eighty years or, maybe, three score and ten.*

*Life brings us all more or less pain.
Attention now, and allow me to explain.
Some wounds are painful, and some not.
Be grateful when scars are all you've got.*

*Scars and pain are problems for so many,
and all who've lived have scars aplenty.
Scars for them, and you, and some I got.
Oh my dear, I almost forgot:*

*In heaven there's only ONE with scars.
He made the moon, the sun, and the stars.
His names include Redeemer, Savior, Jesus.
Forever, He bears our sinful scars for us.*

Reference: Psalms 90:10, John 1:1-3, Isaiah 53:4-5, 1 Peter 2:24,
Matthew 8:17, James 5:14-15

Freedman

*As I looked into his guilt filled eyes
I saw a soul imprisoned for many a year
Told him about Jesus—to him a surprise
That day I truly saw a miracle appear*

*Given reason to live day-by-day
He said, "Y'all, I've been saved!"
Certain I am, I'm freed in every way
No longer a slave, no NOT enslaved!*

*Discovering a HOPE in a Man/God
A Savior called—Jesus of Nazareth
And they could be as Two-Peas-in-a-Pod
I awoke as a man—known as Lazarus*

*Say'n yesterday's gone, tomorrow's not come
It's a blood-stained CROSS that frees us
Yes, I'm freed, free not BOUND, like some
I'll tell'm them ALL about this Man/God—JESUS*

References: Luke 19:10, John 38-44, Revelation 7:14

A Shepherd's Prayer

A Shepherd's Prayer

*Dear LORD this is our PLEA,
we WANT to smell like sheep!
Sounds strange, But—let it BE
Yes, with them we'll Weep*

*Let YOUR aroma surround us
Serving is a duty SACRED
Steep us in Servanthood—Jesus
We're yours—Consecrated*

*Together we'll talk
And grow
And walk
Your GRACE to show!*

*Let us cry or laugh with EVERY soul
Together we'll SEEK your HOLY face
And live—with a simple goal—
to be found—with Favor and Grace*

*Dear LORD this is our Plea
Let us smell
An Aroma of what's to Be
Serving and Praying that all goes well!*

References: 1 Peter 5:1-4 , John21:15-16, Ephesians 4:11

Third Act

*To the beggar the mendicant
Eyes raised with puzzlement
John prayed and Peter said
Beggar take up your bed*

*Silver and Gold have I none
In the name of Jesus, God's Son
What I have I freely give
Through Him you too can live*

*In the name of Jesus of Nazareth -walk
Rejoicing gleefully—he started to talk
Forthwith healing came to this lame man
and off to Solomon's Colonnade he ran*

*Walking and jumping and praising
He ran to the synagogue voice raising
He went with them rejoicing to the court
Claiming God's mercy, so much to report*

*The people said, "Is this the same man?"
It was through a miracle that church began
The lame man healed at the gate Beautiful?
It was Jesus' presence, that was irrefutable*

*Foretold by Abraham, Isaac and Jacob
Peter said, "Here and now-wake up!"
The God of our fathers are glorified
It is Jesus who is to be magnified*

(Third Act, continued)

*Jesus who died for us and was sent
Evidence those legs formerly bent
Truth is-God raised, Jesus, His servant
Turn from your evil ways and don't forget*

*We are delivering the Good News
It was Jesus whom you accuse
He suffered and was crucified
For us He was killed and died!*

*The Father raised Jesus from the dead
And Jesus healed this man. Peter said
Truth is, we hereby, bear His witness
Jesus brings healing and forgiveness!*

References: Acts 3, Deuteronomy 18:15,18,19, Genesis. 22:18; 26:4

My Son, O My Son

*My family was blessed with a son, a little man
We knew that—with a son we'd never be alone
That's when my story with Jesus began,
One day my little boy grew ridged as a stone*

*Then—we realized that he couldn't speak
Surely, it was an evil spirit that took him over
We sought healing, that what—we did seek
We asked the disciples for a healing—to discover*

*He foams at the mouth and gnashes his teeth
Teacher—our son—your disciples could not heal
He throws himself into fire and into water beneath
Rabbi Jesus said, How long and it's not what you feel!"*

*If only you believe!
He continued, "With God everything is possible, my son."
I cried, I believe—help my unbelief, healing I receive
He prayed, evil spirit leave and it was done!*

*Healing came that day for our little boy
The disciples said, "Why could we not drive it out?
Jesus, frustrated, but he did not want to annoy
Patiently said, "Prayer that's what it's all about!"*

References: Jesus Heals a Demon-Possessed Boy, Matthew 17:14-21

The King's Mercies

*I was five. We heard that father and Saul died
Yes, I am son of Jonathan, son of Saul
father was battle killed, Saul by suicide
We fled in a panic, now I'm not well at all!*

*You surmised right—Mephibosheth is my name
Kill—is what they do to families of fallen kings!
We rushed to leave, and I fell—now I'm lame
Certain we would be killed and other things*

*Later, King David was pondering, deeply thinking
Is there anyone alive in the house of Saul, he said?
Kindness to the household of Saul, keep looking
I would like to show mercy and give them bread*

*King David said to me I am king and I am able
I said, "Why should you notice a dead dog like me?"
King David said, you will always eat at my table
My blood covenant is honored with thee!*

*Put fears to rest—the King said, be my guest
Leave your sinful life, your cares, your strife
LORD, Son of David have mercy, I'll rest
Eat at my table, JESUS said, have eternal life!*

References: 2 Samuel 4, 9, 16, 19 & 21

Los Reyes Misericordias

*Tenía cinco años. Oímos que padre y Saúl murieron
Sí, soy hijo de Jonatán, hijo de Saúl
padre fue asesinado en batalla, Saúl por suicidio
huimos en pánico y ahora no estoy nada bien!*

*Tú lo adivinaste—Mefiboset es mi nombre
¡Matar es lo que hacen a las familias de reyes caídos
Nos apresuramos a irme, y me caí, ahora soy cojo
Cierto nos matarían y otras cosas*

*El rey David estaba pensando, pensando profundamente
¿Hay alguien vivo de la casa de Saúl, dijo?
Amabilidad con la casa de Saúl, sigue buscando
Me gustaría mostrar misericordia y darles pan*

*El rey David me dijo que soy rey y que soy capaz
“...para que le muestre tal bondad a un perro muerto como yo?
El rey David dijo: siempre comerás en mi mesa
¡Mi pacto de sangre es honrado contigo!*

*Ponga los temores a descansar dijo y sea mi invitado
Deja tu vida pecaminosa, tus preocupaciones y tu lucha
SEÑOR, hijo de David, ten piedad de mí, descansaré
¡Come en mi mesa, dijo JESÚS, y ten vida eterna!*

Referencias: 2 Samuel 4, 9, 16, 19 & 21

Wounds and Scars

*Life's wounds and scars meld into healing
life can be measured by Psalm 90, verse 10
Clapping the bells of life, they are a pealing
a life is measured as three score and ten*

*All who have lived have scars a plenty
for you, and them, and some I got
a day may find us fearful and empty
wounds may be painful, but some are not*

*Bodies have armies to attack a lesion
mustered barriers to fight enemies there
septic shock then is surrender or treason
It doesn't seem just—it doesn't seem fair*

*Life brings us all, more or less, pain
Some pains are memorable and some not
Now pay attention and don't complain
Just be thankful that scars are all you got*

*Scars are evidence that you are alive
and with your life you've dared to try
With scars and wounds you'll soon arrive
So live as one going to the sweet by and by*

Reference Psalms 90:10

Messiah

*Alone was John the Baptist—all alone
awaiting the breaking day—the morning sun
Few words were heard only a groan
Believing his mission undone!*

*He had but one, yea one, urgent question
Claimed by the prophet Jeremiah
Calling for the Messiah was his obsession
He would come, said the prophet Malachi*

*Answered by the blind beggar—Bartimaeus,
Son of David have mercy—he did proclaim
It was the eternal question asked for all of us
Jesus answered, as Son of David—his name*

*John, did you hear as others have seen?
Lame jump with glee—unashamed
The deaf hear—the lepers ceremonially clean,
Remember Bartimaeus, his sight reclaimed.*

*To the poor—the good news is proclaimed
Said Jesus—the anointed messiah
Truth answered by actions explained
From the messenger acclaimed by Jeremiah*

References: Jeremiah 23:5, Malachi 3:1, Matthew 11:2-15, Mark 6:14-29

Anointing by a Sinful Woman

*This side of heaven we'll never know her name
Known only as "Sinful Woman" for all eternity
But she loved her LORD and had no shame
Selfless love displayed for all posterity*

*Certain Her LORD was at the Pharisees house
Taking her, old-age insurance, some called it perfume
No matter now, as she held it to her blouse
She felt His captivating love as it filled the room*

*From an alabaster jar, she poured out her future
Joyfully onto the head of the LORD she loved
It felt so natural, as she gave her precious treasure
For He loved her, and she was His beloved*

*Overwhelmed by grace she fell at His feet
Filled with tears and joyful gladness
She gave herself, no need for deceit
Absent were all those years of sadness*

*She came out of the darkness to serve
This man-God was Holy and wholly worthy
He was her love, and love did He deserve
Washing His feet-oh He's praiseworthy,*

Reference Luke 7:36-50

Morning Prayer

*Lord, here I am on this porch—jus sitt'in
In the morning coolness watch'n birds flit'n
Lord this I ask, "Why are birds so carefree?"
Your secret is safe betwixt you and me*

*They haven't a care, not a single care
At times my labor is more than I can bear
Dear Lord—I labor both day and night
I'm thinking it jus doesn't seem right!*

*They neither sow or even reap
They do not store in barns to keep
Lord, let me be as the birds of the air
Relying not—on myself or barns everywhere*

*The birds of the air trust only you
LORD—you just got through!
You care for the birds of the air
I'll trust you, here and now, and there!*

Amen

Reference: Matthew 6:26 ESV (English Standard Version)

26 Look at the birds of the air: they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not of more value than they?

Heavenly Addition

According to the Apostle Peter

*Thoughts from 2 Peter 1, and the Apostle
Whose name and temperament was changed
Simon to Peter—the Rock now docile
From Jesus, Peter could not be estranged.*

*Said he—we are called to His glory and goodness
Pureness, the gift though Jesus' divine power
Recalling that we only escaped by pureness
Through Jesus the Christ our strong tower*

*We have been given everything we need
through knowledge for a godly life,
Jesus—who for us died and did bleed
We're beneficiaries of no stumbles or strife*

*Add faith to goodness, to knowledge above,
Self-control, to perseverance, to Godliness
to mutual affection, to real Love
This equals a life filled with cleanliness.*

*Confirm your calling to never stumble
looking steadfast toward the eternal kingdom
Living life, clean, clear eyed and humble
Freed from sin—seeking our heavenly welcome.*

Inspired by 2 Peter 1

My testimony began when I met Jesus

*My story started in Capernum, back then, it was a little city
I had a servant who is suffering terribly— he was paralyzed
I saw Jesus there and I thought — Jesus would have pity
on my servant, as I was a man under authority and not despised*

*I asked Jesus and He looked me in the eye and said, “Shall I come
and heal him? It was at that very moment — when this, I heard
I realized how unworthy I was and where I was from
I do not deserve you to come under my roof, just say the word*

*I am a man under authority with soldiers under me
I say to this one go, and he goes and that one
come and he comes, do this and he does, you see
as a man of authority whatever I ask — it's done!*

*When Jesus heard this he turned His face upraised
and said to those following him, “Truly I tell you,
I have not found anyone in Israel with such faith, it's unfazed
Then the Lord taught us with a parable about the kingdom, too*

*I say to you that many will come from the east and the west,
and will take their places at the feast with Abraham, Issac and Jacob
in the kingdom of heaven with the rest
But the subjects of the kingdom will be thrown outside, a shake up*

*Into the darkness, where there will be weeping and gnashing
of teeth.” — Then Jesus turned to me and said, “Let it be done
just as you believed” Then with a look flashing
Repeating as if for emphasis, “Go—let it be done, as you believe my son.*

*And my servant was healed that very moment my
servant and I, yes, we were both healed that day by my Lord and King,
This is my testimony, and I tell you that from that day forth, I
put myself under His authority, it was a Holy and precious thing.*

Inspired by “Matthew 8: 5-13 “The Faith of the Centurion”

Seeing Heaven in the Ordinary

*Peering out my fragile windows
Into a pensive and anxious heart
Wind blowing, the laundry billows
Thinking, I am—but a small part*

*Mundane everyday laundry
Common sheets and shirts,
The Holy ghost within me
Salve on original hurts*

*Morning turns slowly to night
Nothing seemed to move
Everything does—in plain sight
God—I'm yours and you approve*

*Jesus is in our plain and everyday
Even our secrets, whatever they contain
Yielded to—the potter I am the clay
gently moulded from profane*

*O my Jesus, my connection
Exalted from the ordinary
Heaven moved in a earthly direction
Fear nothing, not even the cemetery*

*For the Son of Man came
To seek and save the lost
Heaven and earth joined to proclaim
Jesus paid the bloody cost*

*To make the ordinary Holy
He's our hope, everlasting and eternal
Because of Him there is no melancholy
Heaven sent—a spiritual force supernal*



Reference:

Romans 8:23 New International Version (NIV) 23 Not only so, but we ourselves, who have the firstfruits of the Spirit, groan inwardly as we wait eagerly for our adoption to sonship, the redemption of our bodies.

Status Quo

*Twisted times—revolving cycles
Round and round—anything goes
Bound'n ever tight'n spirals
Reality is?—LORD knows?*

*As a betrothed disciple
Of Loves dynamical trio
Grafted thru a sanctified recital
Hope rooted by a nurishing flow*

*Rivers of life within the Bible
Inspirational seeds for all to know
Sown into warm soil for survival?
“Be not afraid”—just let go...*

*It's NOT—a never ending spiral
I AM, your FATHER, you know
You're washed by my cleansing cycle
and can break through the status quo*

Sailing to shore

*At the altar—years past now
She with six bridesmaid women
I with Six groomsmen promised thou
We'd sail to new life—we did begin*

*Marriage unions can be undone
by passing through a gate or door
Six pall bearers a new life's begun
sailing to an eternal heavenly shore*

Real Joy

*An uplift of water to form mist.
The Life Giver said, "Let it be!"
At that time rain did not exist,
then life burst forth in the sea.
Rivers gathered to feed Life's Tree.*

*All was good before the fall,
everything was as it should be,
and the garden was the all-in-all.
Then God wanted us you see,
and He breathed upon common mud,
creating man as flesh and blood.*

*Oceans with the salinity of blood.
Man, salt of the earth, was he!
Water, earth became mud,
God breathed and this is how.
the first man was birthed—now,*

*Earth dissolves to become salt water.
To compete man, He created woman, Eve.
Creating the first couple, my brother.
The couple fell—naked they did grieve.*

*Only God could rescue them, just imagine!
God sent, the second Adam, for our restoration!
His son was more Holy than any could fathom.
God made for us a way with no condemnation!*

*He lived here for thirty-three years.
This God/man is my precious Jesus.
He showed us God in laughter and tears.
He came to die, and thereby save us!*

*Now, there's joy in heaven, earth and the stars,
and Jesus' joy is complete, and with Him, so is ours.*

Looking for the Jubilee

*You may say, I don't think I've seen a miracle
when we think of Biblical or even former times
We've looked and looked they're not visible
No lame man walking and no surprising signs*

*Yet we plant seeds and watch them grow
the damp seed embraces the sun to awaken
vines unfurl nourishing grapes, you know
happens in plain sight with no thought taken*

*We toast and drink white or red wine
giving no thought on whence or where
or why roots grow and tendrils entwine
nor do we think how birds fly into the air*

*Miracles here, there they're everywhere
was it not a miracle that the seed of promise
was fulfilled and Abram became Abraham there
and the second Adam replaced the first, honest*

*Aren't miracles here, and everywhere?
But, we neither look, nor we do not see
cavalier and thoughtless we seem not to care
Look and see a joyful and life long jubilee*

Miracles Divine—water into wine

*It was a beautiful day for a wedding
Cana in Galilee was the happy place
Arose there—something so upsetting
Nowhere could be found a smiling face*

*On the third day, Mary turned to Jesus, her son
then to the servants—saying, “Do what He says.”
About her son, she said, "He’s the One!"
Her eyes said “Divine is as divine does” – always*

*Jesus turned to his mother,
“Woman why involve me?” – He replied
Stone water jars, one next to another
with His disciples at his side*

*Six ceremonial washing Jars of stone
He said, "Fill with water to the brim, yes fill them."
I say the kingdom of God will not be overthrown
Spoke the man-God humbly born in Bethlehem*

*It was the first glorious sign, it was a holy sign
the beginning of a forty-two month holy journey
declared to all, News, News Jesus turns Water into Wine!
Jesus said with his Father's call on his heart—don't worry*

*This was the first—of many signs revealing His Glory
It was a joyous time that He turned water into wine
Setting into motion our very own Salvation Story
Proving to us that Jesus is Divine!*

Jesus Changes Water into Wine—Inspired by John 2:1-11

Ranch wisdom

*He carried a pocket knife all his years
Why do you carry a knife?, I would say
T'was a strange question—it appears
Say'n, y'all might get a chew today.*

*having never been offered a chew
wondering, wondering, just search me
then I realized what is patently true
Be prepared! Now we're talk'n turkey*

mh

We can meet again

*Good bye, good bye, we sadly say
Our paths may part, BUT we can BE together!
One alone to strive another day
the other WILL be doing much, much BETTER*

*One to LIVE, the other to LIFE
she to a strident walk
He to LIFE—without strife
Albeit, if there's confusion, let's talk*

*Jesus "the Christ" LIVED and DIED for me
The Gospel, is—The really GOOD News”
YOU—as I—can indeed be FREE
But, you must freely CHOOSE*

*IF you choose MY LORD as Him
and Jesus is Lord, be saved—Go to HEAVEN
You'll find PEACE as your light grows DIM
And we'll MEET again—FORGIVEN*

References: 2 Samuel 12:15-23, Isaiah 6:1, John 1:12-13, Romans 10:9

Worst Man on Earth

*Could've been Spurgeon. I'm uncertain
His words cut like a practiced surgeon
The Sermon was, "For the Worst Man on Earth"
Looking into my heart and I questioned my worth*

*The preacher then began to meddle.
But, I was unwilling to settle.
As I squirming on the wooden pew.
listening to his words both good and true.*

*Reflected was my soul as if by a spiritual mirror
eyes downcast, I cried, "Be merciful to me a sinner!"
There was a collision of conscience and prayer
Yes, I needed God's presence—then and there*

*"God be merciful to me a sinner," A cry so pure
I questioned how I could continue or endure
A talk with God was had, a prayer throughout
Candid confession—that's what it's all about!*

*Less about words and more about meaning
as real as gold and I wasn't dreaming
It was a sinner's prayer, direct and simple
I was adopted into God's family. It's official*

*He granted me joy, mercy and forgiveness
GOD and I—were joined to do His business
He dealt with the worst sinner on earth
Now, I am a King's child of royal birth!*

References: Luke 18:13-14; After, "A Sermon for the Worst Man on Earth",
by Charles Haddon Spurgeon

“Babel-ishous”

*Created in the highlands of Babel
Yeah, they did craft a lofty world
On an old desecrated alter table
Vowels and constants with lips curled*

*New languages are defined
Communicated by human desire
By the lost and groping blind
From self-centered muck and mire*

*Language created by the hard hearted
Gives rise to a prideful tongue
reliant on self—from God they departed
Pride is their unholy god unsung*

*Black and white make an ugly gray
While they forgot their birthplace
Self-sufficient—they did not pray
Unaccepting of God’s holy grace*

Inspired by Genesis 11:1-9 11

The New Earth and New Heaven

*Summer slips to fall. then winter yields to spring God breathed
spring arouses all to gleefully sing
The world turns and the seasons change. Alas.
all portend of the longed vista of the sea of glass*

*Seasons (in all their beauty are a glimpse of heaven
Each calling us to be heaven bound and love driven
Earth's seasons may be filled with joy or labored breath
But, in the new earth and heaven theres no crying, or death*

*Heaven will descend to earth where only goodness dwells
The Testaments describe it, but there are no parallels.
There are no seasons only an eternal glorious spring
where the redeemed sing to the trinity for everything*

*Isaiah, and others. saw a new heaven and a a new earth
Could we somehow understand or grasp its real worth?
If we could only understand or grasp, or fully comprehend
Jesus died for me, made me a place and He's my friend!*

References: Isaiah 65:17. 66:22. Revelation 4:2, 4:6. Matthew 5:12. 1 Corinthians 2:9. 2 Peter 3:13. 1 Corinthians 15:50. Revelation 21:1-5. Hebrews 13:14. 11:16. Revelation 4:6. 15:2, 21:1, 22:1-5, John 14:2-3, 1 Thessalonians 4:17, John 14:2, Luke 19:10

friend
of a friend's friend

*Three degrees of unity.
The Holy Father truly
loves His Son Jesus!*

Jesus loves me,

I love Jesus!

Jesus sent the

Holy Spirit to

comfort and

to convict,

therefore;

the Eternal

God who

lives

loves

me.

&

*this announcement
is to be accompanied by
the sound of angelic trumpets.*

The Gift

*It was my first day on Heaven's sod
and all was well—in the neighborhood
Finding there an intimacy in the three-in-one GOD
Here—there'd be NO goodbye's for Good*

*Each was different, yet each complemented the other
I came to know God through Jesus, the Son
and that led me to appreciate MY Heavenly Father
The Holy Spirit—was always the background ONE*

*They were close. NO—we were very close
A FAMILY as it was always meant to be
Evidenced by the first FRUIT when He arose
because of LOVE He DIED to RESCUE me!*

*I was given a new name on a white stone
It was almost more than I could believe
Knowing INTIMACY to my very bone
We were then closer than I could perceive*

*Only He knew my new name on that stone
As He pressed it into my palm with a wink and a nod
I knew, then and there, that I'd never, ever be alone
My passport was a new name GIVEN by my God*

References: Matt. 11:27, Jn 7:29, 8:55, 10:15, 17:25, Col. 2:12, Rev. 2:17

Where do you find justice?

*What and where is Justice?
Searched I to the narrow gate
They said, believe us—just us
I've searched and now I wait*

*Truly Moses talked to Jethro
he said —bring out the Judges
They'll do justice you know
push, shove—yet no one budges*

*Judges or courts are out of control
But, I found justice hanging on a tree
Alone He saved my embattled soul
A death sentence was waived for me*

*He died for me—this I can't forget
Jesus is mercy and why I obey
He died to pay my crimson debt
Jesus is justice and He's the way*

Light invades darkness

*It took three to hoist him upon the cross,
two Romans soldiers, and me.
Then, I didn't believe that it was a loss.
Although, I saw it, I really didn't see.*

*I didn't nail his arms and feet to the tree.
But my sins drove those rusty dark nails!
I saw his arms open. Open just for me.
Open to love, and love always prevails!*

*Beaten and blooded was Jesus,
One said, "Give'm forty lashes less one."
I know He saw me—no He saw us.
and the beating ended, as it had begun.*

*Then darkness fell on the land at noon,
a sign of God's impending judgement.
It continued until three in the afternoon,
ending His suffering and torment.*

*The earth began to tremble and shake.
It was a divine revelation without fail.
God spoke and caused an earthquake,
it split the rock and tore the temple veil.*

*Tombs were opened, and saints arose.
Before it was death for all. Now let's proceed.
This is how God did disclose
salvation, to meet our most urgent need.*

*Darkness, a torn curtain, a quake and dead raised
These all happened one after the other.
Now we have the Bible, and He is to be praised,
and we are to love one another.*

*It was the day that heaven came down,
and the God/Man's death yielded a new birth.
Jesus became royalty and a crown.
It was the first day for us on earth!*

*Right then and there darkness turned to light,
as dark sin met glorious grace through the Son.
The second Adam made everything right.
When he said, "It is finished," it was done.*

*Now, Jesus is my Savior and my King,
and at the foot of the cross there I'll fall.
Lifting my voice to worship and to sing,
celebrating God's love for one and all.*

References:

- you murdered by hanging on a tree, (Acts 5:29-32)
- The darkness, (Mark 15:25, Matthew 27:45)
- The curtain, (Ephesians 2:14, Hebrews. 9:12; 10:19-20)
- The Earthquake, (Matthew 27:51)
- The Dead raised, (Matthew 27:52 and 1 Corinthians 15:20-23)
- Love One Another, (John 13:34)

Land of no shadows

*I closed my eyes and slipped into a dream
to a land where there was no cryin'
and yes, there was a flag of love flyin'
All were praising with eyes raised a gleam*

*Former prisoners danced gleefully
Having been led out by Jesus
they were singing, "God is among us..."
from Joshua 3:10, so joyfully*

*Nowhere was there a sad widow
who in times past suffered by herself
now they're comforted by God himself
In this land without a shadow*

*Orphans could not be found
because God was their father
Yes, His son and His daughter
and they were regally crown'd*

*All were flourishing in a land sublime
with Christ's light there was no night
Yeshua was always in plain sight
In a land without shadows or time!*



References: Joshua 3:10, Psalms 68:1-6, John 1:14-17, Colossians 1:6, 2 John 1:3, Matthew 28:20, Hebrews 13:5, Romans 8:38-39, 1 Corinthians 3:16: Revelation 3:20, John 14:16-17. Psalm 23:4, Psalm 139:7-10, Revelation 21:23

Home town

(Magdalena, NM)

Magdalena's Sea of Grass

*Wind blowing across a Sea of Grass
Magdalena's plains swept; so fast
Through history's looking glass
Ruts carved by schooners past*

*Adelantes sailed into history, then
settlers sowed upon rich grasslands
Spaniards-Indians powwowed, again
birthing these rich enchanted lands*

*Indians, cattlemen arose with the sun
bowed and broken together at roundup
Trails End defined by trains and gun
history so rich, you'd better—look up*

*Hope swells from an unknown depth
Tacking and jibbing into the wind
Living history's heights and breadth
The holy see of our soul and mind*

Magdalena speaks

*Los pioneros españoles, after a
long and loving glaze
saw the mountain and said,
"¡Magdalena!" That's the lady
they thought they saw!*

*Spaniards were adventurous,
and loved that romantic name.
Seeing the face on that mountain was fortuitous, and for years,
"Magdalena"
waited for her Hollywood cameo.*

*The Spaniards sought treasures,
El Dorado to be precise. While,
the Navajo, Apache, Mescalero
Indians all passed by.*

*She continued her royal reign,
looking down, she saw the cowboys. Tired from the cattle drives,
traveling all the way from Arizona or Texas.
Cowboys drove the cattle, to the last
railroad spur. Then the cattle went East, to become Chicago's
famous steaks.*

*Then, there were railroaders
hanging with ruffians, and gamblers,
all meet'n in stink'n cantinas.
The miners followed, and they
brought in the lumber jacks.*

*She has see them all, hard, rough, and ragged, and she heard them
all cuss, each in their own language, Spanish, English, Italian,
Apache and Navajo.*

*The "lady" on the mountain surely
has seen it all. Looking down to the
Village of Magdalena, she said, (in a husky voice), "Final de los
senderos",
or loosely translated, "Trails End".*

Battle at Valverde (February 20-21, 1862)

*Blue and grey a civil war, come join the army
Some from the North, some from the South
Battle lines drawn at Valverde on the Rio Grande
Armed with canons, guns, hoes and so forth*

*Union conscripted—why did we go
Frijoles and Chili, we were salt of the earth
Fighting for our families you know
It was a raging battle back and forth*

*They were all somebody's son
Fighting for the Union in a battle gory
At Valverde with and without a gun
Fighting then, now we can tell our story*

*We were there for daughter and son
Civil War battle in the Southwest
Off to the battle went José and Juan
Hispanics stood the bloody test*

*Where black and white met brown
Where brothers showed respect
Joined to fight to not be put down
We chose to fight, not disconnect*

*Anglos fought to stop slavery
We fought for our sons and daughters
And although they fought bravely
We fought cause they were squatters*

Sanitizing the outhouse

*Poor as a mouse
is how we did live.
In a one-room old house,
with little, if anything, to give.*

*The house had a single room,
and it's hard to explain
but, it didn't have a bathroom.
A pot, "to-go" at night, or in the rain.*

*In the cold, ya gotta go quickly,
the outhouse was, yes, a little crude.
In yards it was less than, I'd say, fifty.
Jus' say'n, and try'n not to be rude.*

*Every year, they'd say,
we'll dump powdered lime
down the two hole(r) and pray.
To keep it from smell'n over time.*



*You let'r rest, and you let'r boil.
Then drop a match. That was the feat!
Especially, carry'n a lamp filled with oil.
It was hard to be discreet!*

*If it was done at night, for better or worst,
it was an adventure, and a flash.
"Fire-in-the-hole", a boom, or a burst.
While you raced the fifty-yard dash.*

*In the morning you'd check.
Is the roof and the door still there?
And oh, what the heck!
Did the seat fly off—somewhere?*

Vaquero o buckaroo!

*What happens when you have Spanish
In the same range as ranch English?
'B' y 'V' son letras que suenan igual
I know—porque estoy feo, fuerte y formal*

*Anglos hear Spanish with an unusual ear
There is confusion and things are unclear
Vaca means cow, and sounds like baca
baca means 'dam breach' and sounds like vaca!*

*If vaquero is said after a swig of brew
Or after working a tobacco chew
Maybe hold'n your mouth a little askew
Vaquero becomes buckaroo—who knew*

*When you speak and don't listen
Or with language your a tinkerin'
So, vaquero means you guessed it—my little buckaroo
Do you understand, or am I fooling you?*

A cowboy's plea

*A cowboy mama—I want to be
At a dollar a day we'll buy winter hay
I'm twelve and a man is my plea
In the dirt I no longer play, I say*

*The trail boss a hire'n
I can ride a horse
Try'n not to start bawl'n
A pinto or a paint a course*

*Rid'n the trail in the saddle
Papa you gave me a gun
And a horse I want a straddle
—taught me to not run*

*I'll drive those dogies—I will papa
In my bedroll looking at the stars
I know God will protect me mama
I'll pray to the God of ours*

*When I have the night watch
I'll watch the weather
I'll tight'n my belt a notch
And protect my leather*

*After days on the trail
I know there'll be rain and pain
I promised Papa I won't fail
Y'all gave me strength and a brain*

*Days may be hot and nights cold
A cowboy mama I want to be
I'll herd the cattle into the fold
I'm twelve and a man—is my plea*

Pick'n Piñones

*When I discovered the nuts of the piñón
T'was on a cold, crisp, early autumn day
There on the ground on a windswept cañón
Roasted nuts, and slightly salted, I'd say*

*Piñón nuts and I—we've formed a bond
Handful to the mouth, rolled on the tongue
meaty, crunchy, sweet, a treat beyond
Now that's how a song—should be sung!*

*Chew'n an' spitt'n shells—talk'n bout life
A gift from the enchanted land
think'n bout life and all its strife
It's Manna—don't you understand*

*Pinus edulis, pinyon, or two-leaved pine
A short, slow, crooked drought tolerant tree
Producing nuts from a cone, they're so fine
They bring forth nuts—kinda like, you and me*

The day I learned to swim

*My father (for whatever reason)
thought it would be a good idea
to teach me to swim, and
why not, there was water,
and he had a rope!*

*It was a stream, not
too deep, and not too wide
but, cold from snow melt.*

*He tied a rope
around my middle, and
(without so much as,
it's for your own good),
tossed me into
the cold water!*

*I sank, down, down, down
(I remember it took a long time).
When I hit the sandy bottom
I crouched and with all
my might pushed
and rose to the
surface for air!*

*All afternoon I did this,
until I could thrash and stay
on, or near the surface.*

*I was twelve when
I learned to swim,
and to trust
authority less.*

1st day of 5th grade

*1st day
of 5th grade
it was a morning,
so clear, and so cold.
I came with a belly full
of oatmeal and warm Levis,
(Momma had just ironed them).*

*Near the school yard
was an old scarred tree.
I saw it had a branch just
low enough for me to reach.*

*I reached up
and swung a foot
over a branch and pulled
myself up, then upright and
then onto another, as I climbed
that old tree.*

*I discovered that
the tree had fruit.
It was early fall, and
there for the taking
was abundant fruit!*

*Mulberries, plump
reddish/purple and sweet.
Soon they were in my hands,
on my face, and on my clothes!*

*I arrived at the first day of school,
with everything—stained purplish.
But the mulberries were oh
so sweet, and so good!*

Magdalena on my Mind

*There-I sat on the wooden floor
Sun poured through the open door
Air filled smoke from the stove wooden
The smell of tortillas and chili cook'n*

*We were six or seven at most that day
The morn was cool as we sat to play
Knowing Magdalena -We'd have to leave
Dumb of what was, or the need to grieve*

*Days and distance separated José and I
Someone said, son don't cry
He to his mother's, but I had to stay
Say'n, "He'll learn much in Santa Fe?"*

*But, we rode west on Highway 60
Settled in Globe the family with me
Datil, Pie Town, then onto Pinetop
Spanish to English--I learnt to swap*

*We were just kids with a little hope
He grew up learned and able to cope
Well, I became Magdalena's son
Sharing my poems with everyone*

A Poet's Promised Land (English)

*There must be a home for poets somewhere
for old poets who are more than, say seventy.
A place where they can intimately share,
where cigar smoke (incense) rises heavenly.*

*Where they talk about dancing,
and how, as young men, they flew!
Where caressing words—is romancing,
and there's nothing better to do!*

*Than to write poetry in rhyme and meter.
Th'o your body and mind can't fly, you do!
What act, or calling, could be sweeter,
than dancing with GOD a "pas de deux"?*

*Unfettered from earthly tethers and be given
a body and mind driven, yet flexible.
Rhyming together in a place called heaven.
Where saved poets thrive—how incredible!*

La tierra promesa de un poeta (Spanish)

*Debe haber un HOGAR para POETAS en algún lugar.
Para los viejos poetas, que son más que, casi Setenta
Un lugar donde puedes compartir y jugar
Y el incienso (humo de cigarro) baila CELESTIAL*

*¿Dónde puedes hablar de bailar?
Y CÓMO, cuando eras joven, VOLAS
Donde acariciar palabras ES romance
Y NO HAY NADA MÁS QUE HACER*

*Que escribir poesía, en rima y medidor de poesía
Tu cuerpo y tu mente no pueden volar. HACE LO.
¿Qué acto o vocación podría ser MÁS DULCE?
¿Que bailar con DIOS un "pas de deux"?*

*Sin restricciones de las ataduras terrenales, su vuelo
Un cuerpo y una mente, IMPULSADOS, pero flexibles
Rimas juntos, en un LUGAR llamado CIELO
Donde SOLO existen epigramas. ¡QUÉ increíble!*

Clyde, New Mexico

A Ghost town, south of Albuquerque

*Clyde, New Mexico has a past murky and dim.
South of Albuquerque and north of Las Cruces.
A story so sad, and yet so grim,
Clyde, now white sands, here are some clues.*

*Home of the Gallegos, scientists and army.
They stared at the vastness without words.
and looked at war as both ugly and stormy,
saying, "We'll build an "A bomb", not plows or swords."*

*We will make a weapon like none ever seen,
so awesome and fearful the world will surely dread.
So powerful it will even be used in a submarine.
Ten thousand falling among the shadows—I've read*

*In an instant, without sun, the night became day.
With little boy and fat boy on Nagasaki,
and dropped on Hiroshima from the Enola Gay.
Leveling ground to become dusty and chalky.*

*Shock and awe was heard from Tokyo to perth.
Death fell from the sky quietly and irrevocably,
as we learned of a policy called scorched earth.
A phoenix arose, surrendered, and then democracy.*

*Where the greatest generation saw the end of WWII.
This I was told by a little historian attorney.
Surrender came on VJ day—were you told this to?
It all started in a town called Clyde and a survival journey*

The Water Pump

*In the morning came the urgent call!
The truck broke outside of Gila Bend.
The water pump caused it to stall,
and come to its steaming end!*

*Uncle's family was moving to New Mexico,
to start a new life with hopes and dreams.
He called my Father with sadness and woe.
Temperatures now were in the extremes.*

*110° in the shade, if there was any,
but shade was nowhere to be found!
A water pump cost a pretty penny,
with few parts stores around.*

*Mid-afternoon, in the heat-of-the-day,
he lifted the hot steam filled hood.
The belt was still smoking, I'd say.
It was difficult and hot. Understood!*

*Father reached into the inferno,
doing it for his brother and family.
Changing the water pump, going slow,
working without a complaint, naturally.*

*A lesson on love by a brother and father,
leaving with burned hands, and worn tools.
Now, love is shared when we're together.
A good life lesson and they weren't fools!*

Hunting with Dad

*We would start late in the afternoon,
with just enough light to set-up a crude camp.
In the cold morning, at first light, we would set out.*

*Two abreast, always keeping each other in sight.
Looking, really, really hard behind the bushes,
 around the rocks to see a twitch, a movement,
 natural, and yet, unnatural.
We would move slowly
 with the wind in our faces.*

*My father would whisper, "They're laughing at you!"
And my conviction to settle the matter grew, even
 more intense!*

*(Whispering)
There, there one!
A rabbit.
(He's still as a shadow).*

*I draw up
 my 22 single shot rifle.
Then I reach into my pocket
 and take out
 the 22 short.*

*Slide it into the chamber,
 and lift my sights,
 onto the yet still rabbit—who
 then, makes us breakfast
 with biscuits in a Dutch oven!*

Another Fourth of July

*The sky is filled with burst, some red hot,
add white and blue, all loud and colorful.
Just another Fourth of July, is it not?
A nation's celebrates. Is it wonderful?*

*Bands play, and the military march,
but where's the harmony,
or the triumphal arch?
Smoke filled air uncertainty.*

*Where's the harmony, or peace?
Oration is now chosen pronouns?
The public square is not—as it was in Greece,
we have politicians and royal clowns!*

*Celebrating our nationhood?
The question is—do we have a nation?
Or is it an excuse to be misunderstood,
or the failure of public participation?*

*Maybe, an excuse to eat burgers and hot dogs.
and ponder where we could be hid?
Or are we worshipping false gods?
This is how I saw it, and I am so sorry that I did.*

Mettle

*Once, I was asked,
“What frightens you?”
I thought about it, and
said, “Not much!”*

*You see, as a
young lad, I held a
flashlight for my father,
as he whaled with a two
pound hammer on
a volkswagen
transmission!*

*With multiple
blows, it yielded,
(fell into two halves)*

*But,
I held it
together!*

Coraje

*Una vez, me preguntaron:
"¿Qué te asusta?"
Lo pensé y dijo:
"¡No mucho!"*

*¡Ves, como
un jovencito, sostuve una
linterna para mi padre,
cuando golpeaba
con un martillo
de dos
libras una
transmisión
volkswagen!*

*Con golpes
múltiples, se rindió,
(cayó en dos mitades)*

*¡Pero, lo mantuve
unido!*

A grandson remembers

*My grandparents were an interesting duo,
like the dishes posolé and menudo,
different, but similar were they,
I'd say, "In every way."*

*Through rosy cheeks he liked his wine,
her weakness was cigarettes rolled fine.
She'd go around hiding his wine,
and the dance would go on all the time!
He hid her rolled cigarettes.
And they laughed with no regrets.
I never heard, or saw them fight.
Something must have been right.*

*He'd say, "Yes, old woman,"
and then the work put in!
She smiled and talked
and together they walked.*

*Trece niños más tarde,
das el alma hasta entregarte.
Amor era la enfermedad
y los nudos de la cuerda.*

(Translation of last stanza:)
Thirteen children later,
you give your soul until you surrender.
Love was the disease
and the knots of the rope.

What's your name? Mine's Severo.

*My name is strange, I will admit.
In Spanish it means "severe," that's it.
"Viento severo," is a severe wind, or storm.
Does that make you feel cozy and warm?
How do you say, you could say, well.
Now my nickname is "Sevy"—swell!
But, autocorrect changes "Sevy" to "Sexy".
Think'n about this could cause apoplexy!*

*Now, I have to up my game.
Yes, that really is my nickname!
By way of introduction may I ask yours?
Your name, whatever it is, will open doors.
To say all this is to say my name is mine.
And yours is yours and that's fine.
Before your parents met, now don't throw a fit,
you had a name and couldn't even argue about it.*

*As a child of God you have been uniquely called.
It is a mystery and you shouldn't be appalled!
Even before you were a gleam, brother or sister.
You were a child of God. Listen to me mister!
Believers are called to serve a loving God.
What would it matter if your name were Claude?
Revelation 2:17, says we'll be given a white stone
with a God-given name and it's all yours alone*

Reference: 2 Timothy 2:21, Revelation 2:17

A

Desert Tempest

*Lightning and thunder
the rain parted the night air,
a desert storm, a natural wonder.
Step into the open, only if you dare!
Bullets sharp and hard pounded as rain.
No there was nothing that could be done,
as it began to rain, again on the desert plain.
It came so fast the waters could not be out-run.
Lightning flashed again, against the blue-black sky.
Rat-a-tat-tat, like a machine gun, over and over again.
The thunderous echos growled low pitch, not high,
that night was no ordinary night, as I did explain.
All night the rain pounded, a constant pelt.
Now, you know just how I felt!*

A Desert Tempest

Acetaminophen and Me

*I had a strange thought that I must confess.
Where is comfort in times of distress?
I had one bloody tooth extracted,
and this, my friend, is how I reacted!*

*I was told of a guy who had all his teeth
pulled the ones on top and the ones beneath.
They said, "Just think of his loss and his pain!"
But, it got me thinking of my pain again!*

*I was looking for comfort in a time of distress.
But nowhere could be found relief or redress.
If all my teeth were being pulled, one-by-one!
I would sprint, or at least break into a fast run!*

*I said, "It just couldn't be!" It hurt so bad.
The experience left me painfully sad.
No relief could be found, but to keep it short
I clasped (2) 500 mg acetaminophen for support!*

*There
stood two,
one with a gift, the
other with open palms.
Yes, there stood two persons.
The one with the gift gives
it to the other one, whose
palms are now, not open.
The strangest thing is
that only one item
was exchanged
but there were
indeed two
gifts, one
by the
giver
and
the
other
by
the
receiver!*

Gifts

Family & Friends

family, friends & happiness

After Carl Sandburg, "Happiness".

*Wondering how or where,
could be found happiness?
I asked, but I only got a stare,
long faces, with blankness.*

*Neither businessmen nor professors
could describe to me where to find
happiness at seminars or lectures.
Learned men who were just plain blind!*

*Then, I came upon a large family,
a band was playing and after a few bars,
the kids and parents all looked so happy,
they had an accordion and some guitars.*

*It was at Riverside park,
where I found happiness,
and they played until dark.
Happiness was togetherness.*

*Laughter, dancing and music,
blooming flowers, with love in the air,
happiness was so therapeutic
family & friends brought happiness there.*

Tin Can Pick'n

*Grandpa had a one-ton truck and was down on his LUCK
We'd go (us kids and he) "T.C.P'n", Tin Can Pick'n
That's RIGHT—pick'n tin cans with a BIG RED truck!
We were paid daily, fifty cents and a burrito of chick'n*

*We slept on the TRUCK bed where the wind blows
We woke to a COLD day, some cocoa and little pay
The morning started long before the sun arose
Travel'n to "beer-can-ally" on a winters day*

*We'd work all day collecting cans of tin
loading them into bags, then onto our shoulders
Then—we were tough, strong and thin
Because we worked ALL day as little soldiers*

*I was fourteen or maybe fifteen
albeit, my brother was two years younger
you know those years where you're between
adolescence and manhood, just a little stronger*

*At the END of the day, we SOLD the cans of tin
By the pound, PLUS a little WAT'R!
At a recycle yard is where we'd CASH in
'Twas STEAL'NG and YOU know, you shouldn't oughta*

Grandfather's Advice

*Looking up I said, "That's nice".
He said, "It'll be another ice cream season".*

*Instantly, capturing a message and advice.
As I patiently waited, needing no other reason.*

Covid 19 Heroes

*Heroes marshaled with med's and soiled scrubs
Doctors, nurses, medics, janitors, technicians
With police and soldiers and a handful of drugs
Joining the fight scientist and politicians*

*They attacked a virus invisible to most
PPE, that is, personal protection equipment
Gloves and face shields to fight the ghost
Serving with unfailing commitment*

*Embolden with courage. What is courage friend?
Courage the willingness to step forward regardless!
Days and nights of labor seemed to never end
Beds, ventilators and IV's., tools of the relentless*

*Heroes--most certainly must be crazy
Fighting mano-a-mano for a patient's breath
Heroes oft paying with their lives and safety
Medically standing betwixt man and death!*

My school Daze

*T'was late one summer
or maybe early fall
Oh what a bummer
when I heard da call*

*Days were surely shorter
the air was chilly cool
nights seemed longer
when I start'd school*

*The smell of new books
Falls fresh crisp air
the feel of new looks
Going with nary a care*

*One task—then two
And what I didn't know then
yellow and green make blue
And learning to count to ten*

*I came as a little tyke
with snot on my sleeve
a lock for my bike
and told when to leave*

Continuation of "My school Daze"

*With watery eyes
Not cause the air was cool
With shiny school supplies
Anxious, I went to school*

*The bell brought a new call
Between the wall, you and me
I heard it in detention hall
And I was so carefree*

*Teacher, with glee in her voice
Said, "welcome, y'all—come on in
with learn'n y'all have a choice"
She said—with a big toothy grin*

Bald Bob & the Barber

*Off to the barber to cut my hair
Bob was next as he moved to the chair.
As I sat there—a strange thing did I see
Puzzled I looked, betwixt you and me*



*Bob was bald as the day he was born
There was no need for him to be shorn
Moved to the chair with a wink and a nod
Now for me—that was—a wee bit odd.*

*No need for clippers, only scissors
Not a comb, not even mirrors
Talk, talk here and a clip, clip there
Why I asked, did bald Bob care?*



*Certainly—a haircut Bob did not need
World events and games, indeed
Just therapy with his barber—there
But, under the chair was nary a hair!*

By Hand with Love

*Daughters watched mother, and grandma,
they learned from one another, (no drama).
Making tortilla stacks with caring hands
A soul food of love. That, she understands.*

*There was no recipe, just remember
They stoked the fire to a glowing ember
A handful of this and a little of that
Love in the kitchen is where it's at*

*Flour, salt, warm water, lard make dough
Some work fast, others slow
Each portioned their own ingredients
flour, salt, wholesome basic nutrients*

*Work the sticky masa, slowly add more flour
This labor can take more than half an hour
work the soft dough now, firm and slow
Feel the dough, be gentle around you go*

*Rolled tortillas, laid on a hot stove
There's a signature, a treasure trove
stamped with love, a seal, a handprint
a pattern burned on each. It's a hint*

*The aroma of a fresh homemade tortilla
The song in my heart was Ave Maria
A rich heritage few can speak of
Tortillas made by hand with love*

We Await

*Winter solstice, the shortest of days,
and the longest night, (in December).
A time to consider our ways,
to pause, and to remember.*

*We cover plants to protect them
from the bitter cold and frost,
to protect both branch and stem,
so, that all will not be lost.*

*Yet, lying beneath the frozen ground
are roots, seeking the warmth of spring.
Expressed hope...here it can be found.
We long for the harvest it will bring.*

*Those who are rooted in God
We cry out and long to be called forth.
We yearn to tread on heaven's sod,
and to leave this soiled earth.*

*We await the everlasting spring.
We await the conquering Lion.
We await our Christ, and King.
We await His feet touching Zion.*

Arrival in US of A

*Traveling from Mexico,
I stopped at a food vendor
thirty miles inside
the US of A.*

*I stood at the counter and asked,
“Do I need to use the machine
to purchase something?”*

*Her response was,
“I don’t speak Spanish!”
I knew then and there
that
I had arrived.*

Going to the store with grandpa

*(Ir a la tienda con el abuelito)
As a child, I hardly spoke English.
He didn't see well, and spoke Spanish.
¡De la mano caminamos
para que no nos perdamos!*

*A la pequeña tienda iríamos.
El viejo y el joven juntos,
caminando lentamente él y yo.
I miss my grandpa you know.*

*Years have come and years have gone,
Other hands I now rely upon.
Tomando la mano de mi Padre celestial.
God the Father cares for me that's special.*

*Yes, even when the winter wind blows.
Todo está bien cuando los vientos soplan fríos,
viviendo con el Espíritu, Abbá, y su Hijo.
¡Un océano en una gota de paraíso Ganó!*

This is a little story of a meeting with my grandfather. His name was Jacobo Baca Chavez. It was because of him that our family changed their name from Hoehne to Chavez.

A name written on our Hearts

*Alma is a name written on our
soul.*

*Words from her were soft or
hard.*

*But she was always in control,
even when talking to a guard.*

*Doing what was necessary
She could smile or scold,
in or out, of the sanctuary
being firm or gently bold.*

*Whatever was necessary
to share the love of God.
Nothing was ordinary.
Prison is where she trod.*

*A name written on our souls
to courageously live like her
is among our highest life's goals
Shaken, but our hearts she did stir.*

Her name was Alma Ayala, but everyone called her “Alma” which in Spanish is soul. She was in the Mexican prison ministry for many years and she referred to the men as “her sons,” and she loved all her sons.



Thinkin' about Safety

*It was a gloomy kinda day, like others.
Driving, here and there, on Danger Road.
Fearful, ya know. My dear brothers,
Here are lessons that God showed.*

*When driving on, or about, a roundabout,
there's danger here, there, and everywhere.
So KEEP, an eye out, yes a lookout,
Pray, pray, pray don't just sit there!*

*Look left, then right, and then again,
seeing danger hid'n everywhere.
It's a lesson—simple and plain,
But, use the BEST of CARE.*

*I did discern another drivin' lesson,
although one—usually unspoken.
But, it's important and a blessin'
Yes, pray with BOTH EYES open!*

Adonis

*The man in the mirror
strong—fit, today's Adonis
posing—nothing could be clearer
everything is all about him—honest
as he listens to music on his earbuds
I'm sure with a hypnotic and heavy beat
You could say he's just a stud among studs
exercising his toned body from his head to his feet
if only the truth were told, he is just a poser or loser
he does not care, nor does he fear his dangerous state
without Jesus Christ, he has no tomorrow, or future
but he still thinks he is—wondrous and great
Lord help me to be real, and not a poser
Holy Spirit may our walk not be thus
when they all look in the mirror
may they only see our Jesus
that we may draw nearer
Holy Spirit hear us
Amen*

You're my shining star

*It happened a long long time ago
Maybe you thought it was only by chance
Each was moving—ever so very slow
Striking the other in a passing glance*

*One car was white—now a bit of blue
The blue car was now undeniably white
The white car was blue—a certainty true
Marked by the other, it didn't seem right*

*Pondering this—caused me to think
My life's been changed with only a sigh
A simple glance, a gentle wink
Yes, changed in the sweet bye and bye*

*In life's encounters it's certainly true
Beautiful messes that's what we are
Passing in the night, who knew
you would be my shining star!*

The "Severo" defined

*I have given this SOME thought
and I would encourage you to do the same
Now, a zeptosecond is the shortest unit of time, is it NOT?
But how does that affect me—it really isn't a game!*

*A Planck is the smallest distance MEASURABLE.
All well and good, BUT again, how does it affect me?
Well, I'd like to propose a new measurement, albeit, NOT pleasurable
It is a distance that varies, but it means the same to me and thee*

*Standing—the distance is, from the tip of you fingertips to the floor
Now, if you are agile or young
That distance is of no significance, as BEFORE
But, just THINK about it before you wag your tongue*

*The moment you fingers release an object
and it falls to the FLOOR
The distance is now measured by your body—I must interject!
As you stretch to reach the floor THINKING—HOW MUCH MORE!*

*Nerves rage, muscles engaged, tendons pulled, ligaments tugged
All-in-one excruciating painful experience happening in both time and distance
Putting on socks adds a surreal dimension, hopefully by then, you're well
drugged
My proposal is to call the distance from your finger tips, with your indulgence,*

*A "Severo", which of course, in Spanish means Severe
It's a measurement of a special, painful stretch as you reach for the floor
but in any language the distance is unique to the individual, MY DEAR
Jus think'n 'bout time-n-space, as I'm holding onto the DOOR.*

She's just a friend, really...

*There she stood
alone in the corner
stiff as a staff made of wood
tall, skinny and without honor*

*Attentive and ready for service
when the urgent call comes
no one deserves a friend like this
she's there when everything numbs*

*Yeah, a friend like no other
night or day she's ready
we lean on one another
She keeps me upright and steady*

*My trusty old cane
allows me to amble—ever so slowly
Say'n—as I'm dealing with pain,
"You'll always be my one and only"*

PS—Her name is "Sally"

To the daughter of my heart

*Daughter of my heart, my lovely daughter
I do remember, the night you were born
One look- my heart melted, ice to water
My little pink bundle you were that early morn*

*Seeing you skin-to-skin with your mother
Everything changed in that moment for me
"Twas an eternal heartfelt binding my daughter
One day I will look and see you on my knee*

*The wonders of life looking in your eyes
Would it be off to school and makeup too?
What was your future? Would I be wise?
These were my thoughts as I looked at you*

*In your eyes I saw a faint reflection of me
You gave me a measure of joya promise
Your protection is what I wanted you see
That's how I felt in that moment—honest*

A Visitor a Call'n

*Pain, pain, shooting, harder and faster
Pain, has no master
with muscles quivering
Never leaves, tho you're tired and shivering*

*It lies down with you at night
There's no need to put up a fight
and it rises with you by day
no matter what you do, it won't go away*

*It just won't quit
It doesn't matter if you hate it
Pain is pining to do its work
It has a duty—that it won't shirk*

*Day and night it arrives to visit
Now, I've come to this—and this is it
it's a most unwanted guest
It teases respite, but gives no rest!*

To My Dear Wife

*How do I put your worth on the balances of life?
Moved by a gentle smile and gracious touch
These have value my DEAR wife
They can be grasped—but ONLY so much*

*On life's balances—How do I measure?
You recognize my urgent need
You're a precious gift—a real treasure?
Yielding to my needs you graciously accede*

*Accepting the duties of the union
Where two are mysteriously joined
In a blessed and holy communion
It is a holy sacrament enjoined*

*How do you put these—on life's scale?
Compared to the value of diamonds or platinum
Or even the lavish speech of a king's regale
These would only dimly adorn your diadem?*

*Your value to me, my dear WIFE
MY foretaste of heaven for SURE
the greatest GIFT of my life.
Your value is FAR beyond measure!*

Lazy Days

*Went out to the shed
There blood I've bled
Looked for a tool
Saw an axe, I'm no fool!*

*Then, I looked at a knife
Dull, dull like my life
Grabbed the carbide
on the bench far side*

*Began to work the edge
until sharp was my pledge
Lazy days, that being said,
forgot, why I went to the shed*

*So, I didn't do any work
Relaxation I couldn't shirk
You know, I didn't do much!
Who says, "I'm outa touch?"*

Boatswain or first mate

*As a young lad of twelve, or maybe thirteen years.
First, let me set the scene for those sensitive ears.
It was the time when bodily changes came, so naturally.
I was practicing boat handling at the lake with family.*

*At the dock, approached a beautiful black eyed Indian lass.
Off to the other shore? Didn't even think to take a pass.
To the other side we were going? I hope, I'm not too late!
Upon arrival my cousin said, "How was your first mate?"*

*It took time, counseling and therapy,
for this a red-faced kid, you to really see.
And it was so dumb!
But it took years to overcome.*

Hirin' a Pastor

*Pastor's inner thoughts, "Preaching
is caring for needs, God meets need!
Duties are so, far-reaching,
and part of the pastoral creed."
The board meetings were so long,
They asked, "Do you play piano?"
"We think we can all get along,
also, does your wife sing soprano?"
About keys? Pastor did interject!
We'll close the build'n, to keep out the chill!
Preach'n is something we can't neglect!
Bills volunteers, "I'll lockup still?"
"We think we have a winner here,
and we don't smoke, or drink beer!"*

Words and Birds

*The question is what makes a poet?
Let's explore it for just a moment,
as I've given it some thought
and here's what I've got.*

*Is a poet someone who just rhymes words,
to captures thoughts that fly like birds?
I've learned writing is not a choice,
and won't get you a Rolls Royce.*

*Who is a poet? The question remains.
There's no rest from those binding chains,
seeking melodies in disharmonious chords,
and pithy sayings using the fewest words.*

*Thoughts snatched out the air,
a truth teller, albeit, raw and bare.
It gnaws at the gut with a haunting voice.
I have learned, it's not a choice!*

*A cobbler of words, maybe, a scrivener,
or a troubled writer, and, or a prisoner?
Thoughts captured, nothing is done in jest,
if it were a choice disuse would bring rest?*

*A poet is thoughtful and looks everywhere
to reveal truth, and beauty; naked and bare.
Stirs it around, and shake it up,
then pour out, as if, from a cup.*

*Tying concepts with connective cords
using words that flutter like birds.
Searching the heart. That's what we do
to find the beautiful and the true.*

Beans in a Pot

*it's late in the evening
a single candle burns
to find the beans
in a burlap bag, then
poured onto the table for
tomorrow is coming*

*poured in a pile
to be sorted to remove
the deformed, the frauds
(sticks and stones)
then washed for
tomorrow is coming*

*into an pot with water
covered to draw in new life
the life of the poor
beans soaked all night for
tomorrow is coming*

*the next day they're put
on the stove to cook all day
cooked slowly, slowly
a soup without meat for
tomorrow is coming*

*life will be better tomorrow
if we have, onions, or chilies
but, it will be beans for...
breakfast and supper for
tomorrow is coming*

Frijoles de la olla

*es tarde por la noche
una sola vela se quema
para hallar los frijoles
vertido sobre la mesa de una
bolsa de arpillera, para
mañana viene*

*vertido en una pila para
eliminar los deformados
y los fraudes
(palos y piedras),
luego lavado, para
mañana viene*

*en una olla con agua para
cubrir y para empezar
un nuevo día
es la vida de los pobres
los frijoles se cocinan
toda la noche, para
mañana viene*

*al día siguiente
se ponen en la estufa
para cocinar todo el día
cocinado tan despacio
una sopa sin carne, para
mañana viene*

*la vida será mejor mañana,
mañana podemos comer
con cebollas o chiles
pero serán frijoles para
almuerzo y la cena
somos pobres, pero
estamos orgullosos, para
mañana viene*

Winter of '29

Reference: retelling of a story by Julian Romero Nuñez

*In 19 and 29, we had a DARK and cold winter
Kids, wife and I that year—we all DID shiver
We had NO flour, salt, coffee, or sugar sweet
Everyone was hungry, BUT there was no meat*

*Wind rattled the rusty roof of our adobe
Lord I Prayed, "If there's a WAY—let it be!"
I looked to the mountain and it CAME to me
In the morning I would go a hunt'n—you see*

*Taking my GUN and my ONLY bullet
I arose EARLY, I knew I had to PUSH it
The trail was HARD, the air was COLD
But, we had NO food, NO silver, or gold*

*Trekking up the trail, I prayed I'd find a deer
I caught my breath and listened—with a careful ear
Chilled by the rusty OLD gun—I inserted the bullet
Sighting down, I squeezed—the trigger I DID pull it*

*My ears heard a most sick'n crack
The deer fell onto its snowy bloody track
Thank God—and the deer—they kept us alive
and I knew then and there we'd survive*

Recognizing a Veteran

*How do you RECOGNIZE a veteran—is the question?
While others are seated with OUR FLAG in the air.
LOOK for the ONE standing at attention
In PAIN lifting himself—WITHOUT fanfare!*

*What would you GIVE—to hear his STORY?
But you WON'T hear it from him
How the BATTLE was waged and who got the glory?
He's quarantined them in memories dim*

*Yet VIVID are his memories of the fallen
He knows what he DID—for whom and why
Comrades are honored with a time—quiet and solemn
Under his breath only he hears HIS sigh.*

*Teary eyed for FALLEN comrades in arms
Men who fought but didn't return, yet never aged
Who answered the call, and heard alarms
Or POW's beaten and cruelly caged.*

*At nights he is restless and wakes in cold sweats
The sound of a firecracker or the roar of a motor
He knows his life is owed to others; he has regrets
Stressed by a bout of post traumatic stress disorder*

*He knows the horror and the smell of death
Bombs that blasted and guns that thundered
He alone heard the gurgling of a final breath
In his heart of hearts—he knows why he mustered*

*He has a far away look if talks turn to the battle's time
You'll know he's a veteran for his BEARING is heroic
He alone recalls the sounds, the smells and the grime
Look up and you'll see—a VETERAN ever so stoic.*

Abuelita Abigail Nuñez

*Rode in on the Santa Fe (when tickets were on sale)
The mother, of my mother, came a visiting by rail
Abigail, "mi querida abuelita", as I remember today
She would travel all night, arriving the following day*

*Sweet lady, came with a wink and a grin
the train porter said, "Step right in."
We, "nietos", tried to speak to grandma,
but didn't know Spanish grandma'*

*Her comforting smile completely covered us
Saying, "¿cómo estás?" and this and thus
We didn't understand her Spanish words
as we looked at her as needy little birds*

*She looked at us, I'm sure thinking,
"Los amo", then she began singing,
"Mis nietos, mi herencia,
¡Y así será mi descendencia!"*

*She gave us a dollar, and a grandma's love
Inspired by heritage and a love from above
eyes gleaming as she reached for a cigarette
This was a visit, I surely wouldn't forget*

The Funeral Service

*It was a perfect day for a funeral
The streets covered by raindrops
cleansing, slick and wet in general
Rain to hide the flowing teardrops*

*Why are funerals so dark and grey
with eulogies filled with memories
and bright flowers to deny the day?
or was it a dream that filled our stories*

*Motorcade travelled slowly—lights on
Traffic lights no longer did constrain
Telling the world that he is really gone
to a spot under a pine tree to be lain*

*The final message was simple
and chilled us to the very bone
Standing speechless in the temple
Then off to see the recent headstone*

*With final thoughts shared on life
The grey becomes more than black
for all—and the widow—his wife
Drop the mic, we're on the same track*

Bisabuela Beatriz

*We met bisabuela when we were seven or eight
She greeted us with a smile and a figgy newton
Coffee on a wooden stove—thick, hot, straight
Strange, but we knew noth'ng bout gluten*

*Cool'd can milk wrapped in coarse burlap
Coffee served with milk, but almost black
She smiled big and suggested we take a nap
Coffee in hand there was no turning back*

*Our grandmother loved Maggie and I
Primos, we shared—a moment in time
Lovingly—she looked us in the eye
She spoke Spanish, we pantomime*

*Holding out the cookies, I got it
I took one—but Maggie, she took two
One in the jacket and one in the pocket
But, my bisabuelita she loved me too!*



This is a little story of a special visit with my great-grandmother (bisabuela), Beatriz Abeyta, and my cousin (prima) Magdalena (Maggie) Nuñez and me. We went in to see her in her darkened room. Although she was very poor, she generously offered us kids cookies and thick hot coffee hot right off the wood burning stove, a real treat. She added a little canned milk which had been cooled by being hung outside the window in a burlap sack.

She offered us the fig newton cookies from a package. But she kept her thumb on the end of the package to keep us from taking too many! I took a fig newton, but when my cousin reached in she was allowed to take two cookies! This was the reason I questioned if my great-grandmother loved my cousin Maggie more than she loved me.

A Poet's Promised Land

*There must be a home for poets somewhere
for old poets who are more than, say seventy.
A place where they can intimately share,
where cigar smoke (incense) rises heavenly.*

*Where they talk about dancing,
and how, as young men, they flew!
Where caressing words—is romancing,
and there's nothing better to do!*

*Than to write poetry in rhyme and meter.
Th'o your body and mind can't fly, you do!
What act, or calling, could be sweeter,
than dancing with GOD a "pas de deux"?*

*Unfettered from earthly tethers and be given
a body and mind driven, yet flexible.
Rhyming together in a place called heaven.
Where saved poets thrive—how incredible!*

Stella (mamá)

*Awaiting birthing delivery time
Comforted by a quieting voice
A voice both pained and sublime
Inextricably joined—no choice*

*Gentle rocking waiting movement
Listening to mother's expectant heartbeat
comforted in a protective encasement
Feeling my own, eyes, nose and feet*

*Notes formed into language patterns
¡Dios es bueno todo el tiempo!
Hushed painful cries, yes it matters
Mind and limbs grow*

*Born of flesh and blood
Second birth folded into prayer
In a swooshing patterned flood
Pulsating holy air*

*Learning early—God is personal
¡Mí mamá, gritando, no llores!
Incense holy and irreversible
Learning God will never disown us*

*Sounds of my mother's tongue
Rhythmic patterns in my mind knitted
Solely dependent on her I hung
Stella was her name—we fitted*

*To Stella I sing a grateful ode
En una casa adobe she cried
For she led me onto a holy road
I lived and to her youth—she died*

*Levanté mi corazón y exclamó
«¡Alabemos a nuestro Dios!
¡Démosle gracias, porque Él es bueno!
¡Dios nunca deja de amarnos!» 1*

El toque del cielo

*Tortillas calientes con mantequilla,
el olor de las tortillas de harina quemó.
Yo era sólo un niño con una tortilla.
Mantequilla goteando del codo.*

*y la fiesta que tremenda es
la orquesta del cielo*

Touch of heaven

*Mama's cookin' waftin' sweetly in the air
Using both hands to climb upon a chair
Little feet that could not reach the floor
Just able to reach the counter for more*

*Impatient for Mama's cookin' and supper
handmade tortillas warm with butter
comfort with butter running to elbow
A touch of heaven. Don't you know?*

These two poems are essentially the same. But you can't translate word for word from one language to another and have the exact same meaning. Therefore, these two poems read different because they are written in two languages. But mean of both are the same.

A new start

*They were a
young couple
we met camping.
They were trying
to start over.
Somewhere
somehow
they had
crossed
the law
&
spent time
incarcerated!*

*Sitting in the
camp ground
with no money,
in an old car
with just
enough
gas
to get
down the
mountain.*

*They
came over with
desperation in their
voice, and eyes
asking the
unthinkable!*

(Continuation of "A New Start")

*They wanted
to borrow our old
camping mattress.
They were tired
&
had a simple
need, or desire!*

*A few days later
they looked us up
and returned that
soiled mattress.*

*With love and hope
they said, "Together
we can make
it!"*

Flying

Living & Flying

*Is life flying?
Surely, flying
is like life.
You may ask,
how can that be?
First,
every flight
demands
a return to earth.
Likewise, everyone
born will someday
return to earth.
Every flight is
based on
North,
Magnetic & True North.
And flights are referenced
by a flight path.
Everyone needs guidance!
No one has the ability to
turn back life's clock.
Life is
one-way,
you can not
return to infancy,
or childhood,
or return to
young adulthood,
or from any of
life's stages.
Life is onward & upward. Every pilot checks
the flying machine's
weights & balances
for safety.*

*We too
must check
our life's values.
We must seek to have
a balanced life,
striving to
eat well,
sleep well,
exercise well,
take medicines &
care for our bodies.
Likewise, we must
service & maintain
a flying machine.
Flying is not always
in blue skies
with fair weather.
There is weather that
makes flight difficult.
Also, everyone runs into
grey days & troubles.
Flying requires
total & undivided
attention.
Life requires your total,
& complete attention.
Pilots follow
tower & ground
control directions.
We too must heed
tower & ground
controllers,
they're called the
"Helper & the
Living Word."*

First solo flight

*It was a day with the air filled with promise and lift
As windows began to rattle and the little engine roared
the wind was gentle, and the engine smooth and swift
As it began to roll I called in, "Just one soul onboard!"*

*I gained speed as the end drew near, soon up in the air
not down there. if you know what I mean. Not scared
I pushed in the throttle with nary a thought or a care
At the end of the runway I knew I was prepared*

*Out of time (and runway) with a gentle tug of the yoke
I was freed to go up, down, and left and right
But all I could see was open sky. I was in flight. No joke
At that moment both my spirit and I took flight!*

*Excited on final, I was over the moon, even to Saturn
If you know what I mean. I had that indomitable feeling
knowing I'd soloed that day, as I rounded the pattern
On that day—gravity was robbed and I did the stealing!*

Finding your way

*Have you ever clutched a little map?
Hoping to get from here to there
knowing you need to close the gap
and arrive with time to spare?*

*Are you a pilot or a navigator?
Leader or follower pay attention
a question arises sooner or later
Do you know the way? Is the question.*

*A pilot turns port and starboard—full stop
Travel direction is to the top or nothing
A navigator turns the map—north to top
and travels, yes, on a radial bearing*

*Do you know where you want to go?
pilot or navigator do you know who you are?
But there is only one North Star—you know
fixed and certain is Jesus—our North Star*

*Jesus is heaven's bright star in the Bible
and if you turn your mind, body and eyes
including your heart upward as a disciple
Surely, you'll find the way and be wise*

An air traveler's thoughts

*These thoughts visit before every flight.
Hoping all goes well this very night.
While wait'n for the boarding call, actually
it takes two or three hours internationally.*

*Wondering where they're all travel'n,
in an aluminum tube hurl'n like a javelin.
Some to business, others to family,
some to good fortune, others to calamity.*

*Flight (you see) has only one real certainty.
Does that cause a you a sense of urgency?
Once in the air you must return to earth!
What is this little tidbit worth?*

*This very night we could all meet our end.
Have you given this any thought my friend?
The night could end really rotten!
Once said, it can not be forgotten!*

*We could settle to the runway in a gentle fall,
or crash to earth in a fiery burning ball!
We each have to deal with our own humanity.
But, do you know where you'll spend eternity?*

References: Psalm 95:7, Proverbs 27:1, Isaiah 55:6, Hebrews 3:7, John 7:6

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Mining

"Nieto de Minero"

*Kelly was a mining town, There it lies
where piñons meet the clear blue skies
on the eroded slopes of an ancient caldera
Near the Spanish pueblo of Magdalena*

*Anglos and Spaniard labored in sorrow
to win ore to be smelt in Socorro
Livin' in houses, hand-hewn and crude
"Comían frijoles con tortillas", real food*

*There miners and wives did toil
clothes were washed in a lye boil
their sons, and their sons remember
nights that ended by a dying ember*

*This was our history as told to me
by "mís abuelitos" who lived in Kelly
They mined there for silver and lead
now they're buried in the tailings dead*

*"La familia ayudarse el uno al otro,
y no es una cosa importante. Es todo."
This I learned from my miner grandfather
He had no money, but they had each other*

1. Miner's grandson (SP), 2. Kelly, New Mexico is now a ghost mining town located in south central New Mexico near the old Spanish towns of Magdalena and Socorro , 3. Caldera: geology term, a very large, circular hollow that remains when the central part of a volcano falls in after an eruption, 4. (SP) they ate beans and tortillas 5. my grandparents, 6. tailings are the waste product of mining, 7. (SP) Family always help one another, and isn't an important thing. It's everything translated by Severo Chavez



Mineros en Kelly

*Deep within the earthen bowels crawl miners
Drilling with a double jack setting posts and cap
They see in the dark with candles and shiners
Miners who hold the earth back with timber scrap*

*Oh that the canary doesn't die
Looking to see that the water don't rise
Hoping to hear the canary's pleading cry
Where winning ore is the hard won prize*

*Fighting the earth with oak and pine
Miners are men who believe in tomorrow
Here in the place called the Kelly Mine
Hoping their children avoid their sorrow*

*Each to the head frame then to the cage
<<El Dueño dice otro día>> and another night
Battling the cold, the fear and the rage
Where a strike could mean an awful plight*

*Headache come from blasting powder
<<Con orgullo>> they give their all
Loud in the day and at night—louder
<<Gritando aquí>> at the shifts roll call*

(Continued)

*Driving a drift and sinking a shaft
Hoping the grizzly doesn't consume
These are the tools of their craft
And could be their final tomb*

*Where wet, cold, tired are found
Now and again silicosis takes a life
Yet with diggers luck riches abound
Tomorrow needs—trade for the strife*

*Hoist man yells, the cable stresses
<<Mira el cable, principalmente>>
<<Toca el timbre uno, dos, tres>>
Take me down <<lentamente>>*

*Kelly's a mine where time stands still
Silver, lead and maybe some tin
Yet a cave-in can suddenly kill
then to the tailings and buried with kin*



Miner Lorenzo (Lencho) Chavez working a slusher over a grizzly other photo he is driving a drift at the Globe Miami Mine, circa 1951

The Mining Memorial

This is a conversation that I had in front of the mining memorial.

There stood an old man. As he stood before me, we began to talk. He was a worn-out old man, a broken man, then he said, "I was, no I am a miner." As he looked at the memorial, I could see that there was a tear in his eye.

He said, "I was, but a child when I started working in the mines. It was hard, but it was important to work in the mines. My father was a miner, and I followed him into the mines. My father said, son it is hard work, but honest work. and besides that, it is important work. you see almost everything we touch comes directly or indirectly from mining!"

My reply to him was, "How can that be?" He replied, from mining comes almost everything we see. Jewelry, and precious stones are extracted from the earth. Toothpaste can't be made without limestone, which is mined out of the ground. And almost everything, of any worth, comes from the earth.

Yes, without farmers or miners, and even the farmer depends on the minerals for the land that are mined. Yes, there wouldn't be civilization as we know it. No, there wouldn't be civilization as we know it. There wouldn't be any precious metals and no rare earth metals without miners. Did you know that! Silver and gold are gifts of the mines and miners? We look, but we just don't see, we just don't see!

Without miners there's no transportation, no cars, no planes and no trains, they all need metals. Metals extracted from ores from the mine. For all those things to exist, you need mines and miners.

Son, he said to me, this is just a short tutorial on the value of mining and the sacrifice of miners. We owe them so much.

He continued sharing his thoughts as we stood before the mining memorial.

I was thinking of all the men, women and families who worked in the mines. Allow me, to share some thoughts about the memorial and to give you a short mining tutorial on those who, labored to win (yes extracting ore is called winning) the ore, to get the metals to make life as we know it a reality. Yes, even to make our very civilization, as we know it, can only be possible because of mining.

Did you know that paint, yes paint, needs metals in it for it to become paint?

Everywhere you look, you see the touch of a miner, from the drugstore, the grocery store, the roads and bridges are evidence of mining. Did you know, we mine limestone, grind it fine and fire it to make clinker, this is mixed with gypsum and ground to to a fine dust to form what we call hydraulic cement, this is mixed with the mined small stones, or sand, and gravel and then we add water and it forms concrete. A pourable rock! We call it Hydraulic Portland Cement. Did you know that?

Yes son, everything we touch is from farmers or a miner. Now, you understand why I stand here in awe and reverence. Not only is it a way of life, it is what we know and recognize as life today. Thank you, miners and mining families! American Mine Worker Memorial. click the link for more information <https://americanmineworkermemorial.com/american-mineworker-memorial-2/>

Papa was a miner

*Papa was a miner, a hard rock miners.
A man who worked in the bowels of the earth,
a man-among-men, one of those old timers.
His father was a miner, so he was one at birth.*

*He worked three shifts; Days, Swing and Graveyard.
Every two weeks, a shift change, never finding a rhythm,
ever adjusting to the schedule of life...it was hard.
Eight hour days, two weeks on, then off, no rest for him.*

*The Nitric oxide gas caused headaches, a miner's fate.
Danger here, and there, danger everywhere.
Did the dynamite, or the primer cord detonate?
No escaping the gases or the dust that filled the air.*

*Each man had a job, there was the hoist man.
The job was lower the men and raise the muck, or ore,
sending the bucket down, and up, then repeat again,
and each time to exceed the last to fit even more.*

*The "chute tapper", uses a sledge to break boulders
small enough to pass between bars, called a grizzly.
Swinging a double jack were men with broad shoulders,
It was like a choreographed dance. It made me dizzy.*

(Continuation from Papa was a miner)

*Train operators passed ore cars under the grizzly,
ore and muck lifted by the hoist, (an A-frame structure).
This is how and where they worked, all were busy.
It is always night—underground. It's the mining culture.*

*A man molded by his work; tough, strong and smart.
He waited to hear it all before he made a decision.
He was rough, but he still had a big and caring heart.
A man who worked for family, and their provision.*

*Looking for better times, this was what he told me as a boy,
"Son, work hard and save your money, So, when you are old,
you can afford the things that only young people can enjoy!"
This poem captures the man and his sayings. I've been told.*



Hardrock Miner

*Reached by shafts to a WORLD underground
WHERE days—are nights and nights are day
a miner listens for the timber's groaning sound
they call us for silver or gold—WORK for PAY*

*We put on diggers—torn, tattered—cotton or leather
sometimes there's ventilation—sometimes NOT
Air is heavy with water, yet there is no weather
'Tis a harsh LIFE, say'n—"Hell ain't this HOT!"*

*But we can be found in a clawed cavern
Working—an' say'n—"Is that all ya got!"
Daylight doesn't reach this earthen tavern
Yet, miners still labor, it's our only SHOT*

*Hardrock Miners with double jack
As mucking machines fill the air
with smoke—blue and oily black
be a MINER—only if you DARE!*



Why I'm not a mining engineer

*The job was to measure mining progress underground,
and that day my desire to become a mining engineer was turned around!
The task was to measure shaft progress—a job for which I did not ask.
It certainly was a most unpleasant, and difficult task.*

*I was to go into the mine's underground,
and measure (this and that) all around.
Measure the feet of vertical shaft excavated,
and that was by itself was not too complicated.*

*The first thing to do is put on your diggers,
(raggedy clothes), miners wear, it just figures.
Next, get a helmet headlight to see in the dark.
This job would be no walk in the park!*

*The next a trip is to the headframe.
It's a steel support structure just the same.
A wench and cable pulled over a spool to a bucket,
a bail is attached to a 4 ft tall bucket, and you just climb in it.*

*You ask the hoistman to raise the bucket and open the shaft doors,
then you free fall a thousand feet (try not to wet your drawers).
It is dark, and damp, as you fall seeing windows of light,
Passing each horizontal level as day dims to become more night.*

*Passing through a cable suspended structure called a "galloway."
Going through the galloway holes, it's an overhead structure anyway.
Below is protection from falling rocks and tools (have mercy on us all).
Reaching the shaft floor, you find broken rubble and a craggy shaft wall.*

*You signal the hoist man you've arrived. And take out the measuring tape
to measure the pipe, etc. But fear visits as you see that there is no escape!
Warm rain like water falls on you, and you are wet to the bone,
and a fan blows on you wicking a chill— a cold you've never known.*

*The billiard lights hanging under the galloway swing freely in the air
casting shadows, here and there and everywhere.
Dizzying shapes as your mind chases wild shadows
and disorientation of what that is—only God knows.*

*Nitric oxide, and other gases, fill the air from dynamite blasts
giving you a miner's headache that lasts and lasts.
Once you've taken all the measurements, so miners can be paid.
This is how they earn money, and how the bonuses are made.*

*To make the ascent—you must reverse the descent process,
which is not easy, and it really is an uncomfortable mess.
As you climb into the bucket you signal the hoist man to go slow.
This (my friend) is the job of a mining engineer. You know,*

*it is for these reasons, I never became a mining engineer!
And that is why I said, "Miners, make a hole—I'm 'OUTA' here!"*

Misc. Haiku poems

Watermelons for Sale

*Ripe watermelons!
Sweet, seedless melons picked fresh,
yesterday at noon.*

Amber Honey

*Bees search for golden
pollen mixed with saliva,
to make sweet honey.*

Sunset

*Sunset in the west
closing a daily chapter.
At the end of day*

Dog Wag

*Do you need a friend?
Get a dog it will not judge.
A wag is a smile.*

Naked

*Under all your clothes,
between your nose and your toes,
you're birthday naked.*

Life Goes On

*Girls flirt, they all do.
The guys eye the girls who flirt.
Life goes on—my friend*

Heliotropism

*Heliotropic.
Sunflowers follow the sun.
Christians seek the Son*

Otherwise

*God, He made us all.
We are His alone, unless
we choose otherwise.*

God Alone

*In the land of blind
The one-eyed man is a king.
But, God sees us all*

Fatherly advice

*Son, save your money
So, that when you're old you can
buy what young enjoy.*

Heterodox

*Heterodox views,
heterodox views from all.
We want to hear them.*

Note:

The haiku is a short Japanese poem. Each poem needs to be three lines. The first line has five syllables, the second seven and the third five. And each poem needs to say something.

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Biography

Severo Chavez



Severo Chavez — a retired Landscape Architect, began writing poetry four years ago and writes about faith, hometown (Magdalena, NM), family life, mining and flying.