SPRING

SPRING IS A TRILOGY

OF LIFE

WARMTH

AND BEAUTY.

THAT NO OTHER SEASON,

CAN COMPARE.

BECAUSE **NEW** LIFE,

IS WHAT SPRING

HAS TO SHARE!

HAPPY SPRING!

Adults on bikes,

With little tykes.

Kites held up

By a string?

Robins come back to sing.

We are bouncing,

Into Spring!

Snow melting without a sound,

Tulips peaking out of the ground,

Mud oozing all around,

Spring is everywhere to be found.

Sun shining all through the day,

Breaking forth from winter’s grey,

The weatherman without a lot to say,

Tomorrow will be another nice day!

Happy Spring!!

THE FOG

Out of the fog,

Into the clear,

I am glad that,

My Savior is near.

When I started my day,

With a prayer,

I always know that,

He will be there.

My joys and my burdens,

Always to share.

To Jesus’ love,

In this world,

There is no compare.

He lifts my spirits,

When I am sad,

And makes me glad.

I pray to him when I am mad,

He is the best friend,

I’ve ever had.

He fills my heart,

With overflowing praise,

Keeping me through the days.

Showing me the way,

Through life’s maze.

I’ve seen the world’s

Darkest night.

Thank-you, for bringing,

Me to the light.

Help me always to know,

What is right.

WALKING IN THE SUNSHINE

I walked out of the shadow,

Into the sunshine,

When I knew that Jesus was mine!

I walk everyday with Jesus,

Hand in hand,

I tell Jesus everything,

Because I know he will understand.

Freedom doesn’t come automatically,

When born in the land of the free,

But when you realize,

What Jesus did on Calvary!

God sent His Son,

To put sin to the test,

He gave His best,

So we can be in eternal rest.

A SNOWY DAY

It isn’t often that

A snow storm comes our way,

That lasts though out,

A whole entire day.

Sometimes the flakes,

Are lazy and few,

Sometimes the sky is white,

Instead of blue.

Snowflakes are so pretty,

They glitter, float and fall,

They’re quiet without fanfare,

But silently the snow banks grow tall.

There is nothing like,

The moon on new fallin’ snow,

Such a panoramic view,

Is the purest beauty to know!

You could escape to Florida,

Or wing yourself away,

But you wouldn’t want to miss the wonder,

Of a pure white snowy day!

WINTER

There is excessive snow,

In every yard.

Piled in mounds,

Like rendered lard.

It is only January,

The snow is very deep.

A smile on my face,

Is very hard to keep.

The weather is very tricky,

With temperatures high and low.

Weather must be dealt with daily,

As through this life we go.

We will be complaining next July,

It is too hot and humidity too high.

It doesn't matter what the weather,

We are going to cry.

The snow is deep, the temperature low,

The sun is bright, the sky is clear.

It is a cold winter’s day,

Be of good cheer, Spring is near!

SPECIAL DAYS

January starts a brand-new year.

February brings a day of love,

Only for those sincere.

March there's a Blarney Stone to kiss,

Every day is a day to live,

Don't let a single day go amiss.

April days of gentle showers,

Make a sweet May day,

Of fragrance and flowers.

June inspires the summer bride,

And September's grandparents day,

Keeps us all in stride.

March has a lamb and a lion,

October commemorates Columbus,

June salutes our flag affiant

A scary day in October, comes our way,

And Martin Luther King

Has his own special day.

Each day lived is a day past,

God help us at as we live today,

That we'll make this day in our memory last.

WHICH SEASON?

Oh Lord, What is a season of my soul?

Do I have plenty of time to be made whole?

If it is the summer of my soul,

I have plenty of time to put you in control.

If the season is spring,

I have plenty of time to grow and sing.

If my souls season is fall,

On you, Lord, I need to call.

If now is the winter of my soul,

Time is tight,

It is time to be put right.

Since we don't know the season of our soul,

Today is the time to be made whole.

VISIONS OF SPRING

When I smell,

Fragrant lilac lotion,

Of spring and summer,

I take up a notion.

I see the woods,

With leaves lush and green.

The beauty of wildflowers,

Grandest wonder to be seen.

When I smell the fragrance,

Of lotion with lilac flower,

I almost can hear,

The pitter patter of a spring shower.

With the beauty of nature all around,

Chipmunks and squirrels scampering by.

My fishing line in the water, I think,

Life is good, sitting back with a sigh.

I can hear Robin sing, see butterflies fly,

Frogs croak the songs they all know.

How can it be? Smelling lilac fragrance,

When I look out all I see is snow.

SEASONS

Some think year starts in winter,

But everything begins new again in spring,

When the grass greens,

Trees bud and the robin sings.

Spring comes with warming softness,

The snow melts, the creeks run,

The mud makes a mess, then dries,

No more cold to spoil the fun.

Butterflies emerge at summer's delight,

The flowers explode in magic bloom,

There are lawns and gardens,

To cultivate and groom.

Summer seems to be the perfect season,

There are fish to catch and worms to be dug,

Sun to bathe and tan in. So what's the catch?

It's the nasty thing called a bug!

Bugs come in different shapes and sizes,

Some bite, some sting and some are just there,

Bugs and their bites are sometimes,

Difficult to bear.

That all too soon in a secret style,

Fall changes the blue sky to gray,

The leaves change beautifully and die,

Night comes quicker every day.

Then winter comes with flurries white,

And make the landscape look pure,

The bitter cold and slippery roads,

We must learn to endure.

The seasons of the year,

Are like the way life goes around,

We sprout, grow, and bloom,

Then life, like seasons,

Slip away without a sound.

CHILD'S YEAR

Think back of spring,

When first Songbird would sing.

The crisp but gentle April shower,

Would bring forth the May flower.

From gentle June to cool September,

Lazy days and days wadding in the creek to remember.

Then God with color and pallet ball,

Would change leaves for autumn to fall.

Then leaf houses would appear,

Although we knew winter was near.

In the fall, the time for giving,

But among nature's dying, were the living.

As winter gray would steal the sky,

And white flakes would fly,

As the pond water froze,

Out came the skates and warm clothes.

Gliding down the snowy glen, sled to steer,

Or snowman on the lawn appear,

And hot chocolate in the kettle bubble,

The dreams of Christmas became no trouble.

As winter days would lengthen,

Thoughts of spring would strengthen.

So as each year comes around,

The perennial child can be found.

SUNSET

A SUNSET,

CLOSES MOST EVERY DAY.

A FLEETING MOMENT,

THAT CANNOT STAY.

GOD OPENS OUR DAY,

WITH SPLENDOR AT DAWN.

IN THE EVENING,

GOD PAINTS THE SKY,

WITH AWESOME BEAUTY.

THEN THE SUN IS GONE!

SUNSETS SHOULD NOT BE IGNORED,

THEY ARE FOR OUR DELIGHT.

ONLY A MOMENT TO ENJOY,

FOR THEN COMES THE DARK OF NIGHT!