

Poetry Series

Carolyn Ford Witt
- poems -

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Carolyn Ford Witt(1943)

I am a retired Nurse, married since 1961,4 children,12 grandchildren,8 greatgrandchildren so far. Raised 8 children, and numerous foster children over my lifetime. Have a profound belief in God and know that He is my guide in every part of my life.

I love to write poetry and take long walks beside the River. I also do genealogy and have over 120,000 names in my database.

Many of my poems are memories, some feelings, most religious, and many written to a specific sentence or plot given me by someone else, such as 'Titanic' and 'Indianapolis' or 'Aviation'. Most of the Love poems were either for my husband or for a theme write. The friendship poems are for special people I have known.

- * A Soldier's Prayer * -

- * A SOLDIER'S PRAYER * -

I stand here in this foreign land
As I look into the sky
And see a full and glowing moon
Abiding there on High.

So far away, I know you are,
In a land where Freedom stands
That's why I am still fighting,
Here in these foreign lands.

In freedom, my eyes behold
The beauty as I see;
And pray that soon....no more in fear
Those unshackled, will stand with me.

For everyday, I cherish more....
The freedom for which I fight
And pray these actions that I take
Will help our lands Unite.

And some day soon, with golden hand,
God might bless us with His love
And shed His light from that same moon
To bless All from above.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 3-18-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- * **Amour** * -

- * AMOUR * -

My love, there is no measure
for the feelings that transpire.
I know that deep inside of me
they build a raging fire.

Each little touch or whisper
sets off a tremoring wave,
That shakes each quivering particle,
my body to enslave.

So how can I endeavor
to think about today,
When every waking part of me
is in such disarray.

Tomorrow may not come again
for I cannot endure
The all consuming aftermath
Of your grandeous Amour.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 10-29-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

- * Enchanted Fantasy * -

- * ENCHANTED FANTASY * -

Barefoot there upon the beach
In play by waters edge,
Ebbtide pulling at the sand
The feel of shifting wedge.

The sun so warm upon my skin
Leaving me with such a glow,
Breezes blowing through my hair,
Walking, Oh so very slow.

A look out o'er the Ocean's face
Rich wonders do I see,
As from behind you approach
Silent standing beside me.

The sound of waves in ripple
As they come upon the beach.
Sand castles built by children,
Stand just beyond their reach.

Soak in enchanted fantasy
My love for you imbide.
Those gentle ripples touch my skin
They softly reach inside.

A tremor of excitement
As your love I do enrage,
They'll mystify emotions
And erase this thing called age.

For now we are as children
Our youth so frank and bold.
Each whisper that we murmur,
To Age, life has retold.

And as these waves wash out to sea
Our Love goes on and on
Through out the years...forever
Our Love is now foregone.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 3-29-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- * Enfold Me Again* - -

- * ENFOLD ME AGAIN* - -

Across a bridge..down in the park
I watch daylight..appear from dark
Where shadows stretch...from trees so long
And tinkling brooks...can do no wrong.

As starry night..turns into day
And birds begin...to sing what may
The light will slowly...spread across
And soon it will..Landscape emboss.

The pleasant quiet..of this morn
That all this world..has come to scorn
For busy noise..will now emerge
And chaos again..this land insurge.

For in the light..will all subdue
The pleasantness...that quiet renews
My Savior will..be pushed aside
As in life's jungle...we do reside.

But after all...this day is done
Enfold me again...my glowing Son
To hold me tight...here once again
And wash away...this life of sin.

To hold me up...for I am weak
And in this life...do Heaven seek
Please hold me now...O' Holy One
And lead me back...My Father's Son.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 12-28-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

- * Love You My Friend * -

- * LOVE YOU MY FRIEND * -

I played out in the rain today
I had a lot of fun.
I splashed in all the puddles
Wherever I did run.

I turned my face up to the sky
To catch a dropp or two
And all the time I played in it,
I remembered thoughts of you.

Remembering all the fun we had
In Younger days of play
And here is a reminder.....
I still love you, everyday.....

'Love you My Friend'

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 4-06-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- * Mama's Legacy * -

- * MAMA'S LEGACY * -

When I was just a little girl
I lay in Mama's bed
To listen to the fairy tales
From the little books she read.

Of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
Cinderella and her Prince
Of Rumpelstiltskin-Puss 'N Boots
And Aladdin and his tents.

I couldn't get enough of them
I'd ask her every night
But sleep would always conquer me
No matter how I'd fight.

I'd recite the words along with her
I knew them all by heart
She'd read to me from anything
Some knowledge to impart.

She taught me about the world around
From books she read aloud
She made my life worth living
And made me live it proud.

When I had children of my own
I read from those same books
To teach my children that in this life
You need brains, not just good looks.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 10-27-05

dedicated to my mother
Wilma Ford

4-16-1912-4-19-2009

Carolyn Ford Witt

- * My Day * -

- * MY DAY * -

This day has been a battle
Of such intensity.
My mind and body both
Are working against me.

So Now, I'll say a little prayer
And Jammies, I will don,
Before my last ounce of sanity
Is so most finally gone.

I'll grab my little pillow
And my blankie, soft and blue,
And I'll wrap up Oh so comfy
And dream..Sweet Dreams...of You.

Nite-Nite.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 4-5-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- * Storing Gold * -

- * STORING GOLD * -

I have these many memories
Of the stories that were told,
Stories of my Savior
That I now consider Gold.

They told a story of His Love
And how He sacrificed His all.
When He hung upon a Cross
And gave heed to His Father's call.

Some never think of what He did
To wash away our sin,
For many don't believe that
A new life they will begin.

But I can witness, All my friends,
That for Him, I'm storing Gold.
Within my heart, I'm storing it
So that soon His Hand I'll hold.

So yield unto my Savior.
To Him your life, You'll give,
And in His arms in Heaven
You will surely, one day, live.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 4-5-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- * Thanks For The Memories * -

- * THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES * -

You used to send me little things
that brightened up my day.
You'd send a joke or poem
that you'd found along the way.

Or you'd send a little message
that you'd written just for me.
How I miss that little kindness,
that I no longer see.

But you, I'll ere remember
until my days are done
Because in my mind you'll always be
My friend-you're number one.

Thanks for the memories.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©55117 10-29-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

- * The Dance*-

- * THE DANCE*-

We twist and turn
In gentle splendor.
To the music
We meander.

Swaying as the
Music plays,
As though our minds
Are in a daze.

Mesmerized,
The senses thrill,
Moving us beyond
Our will.

And as we dance
Across the floor.....
Now, our yearnings
Ask for more.

We'll dance away
The night so late,
More fulfilled
Because we wait.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 3-22-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- * The Faucet Of Our Tears * -

- * THE Faucet of our Tears * -

We think about the things we do
And try to censure what's untrue
To bring them into context now
The things that our God does endow.

Sometimes perhaps to wipe away
The fears that we put into play
And just stand up to all those fears
And turn off the faucet of our tears.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
ine

© 2005

Carolyn Ford Witt

- * The Measure Of My Life * -

- * THE MEASURE OF MY LIFE * -

You are the measure of my Life, Oh Lord,
You are the measure of my life.
You are my Guide-You are the Word
You are the measure of my Life.

You are the guidance of my Life, Oh Lord,
You are the guidance of my Life
You keep me safe-When all goes wrong.
You are the guidance of my Life.

You are the measure of my Life, Oh Lord,
You are the guidance of my Life
You lift me up-You keep me strong.
You are the measure of my Life.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 10-25-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

- * Together * -

- * TOGETHER * -

As we talk to each other
No matter where we are
Or talk across the internet
Some where from afar.

You put a smile upon my face
That I can't wipe away
And make my life more able
to embrace another day.

We dream of things, that aren't,
And hope that they will be.
For together we can face the day
and write God's symphony.

Thank You for Being My Friend!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 10-29-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

- *indianapolis* -

- *INDIANAPOLIS* (INDIANA) -

From a land of standing timber
Fields of cane.. that grew so tall
Golden grasses.. buffalo grazed on
Pioneers wielding Axe and Awl.

Grew a city... warm and inviting
Stretching across the River "White"
From the Trolley To the buses
From small buildings ... To new height.

Racing on the track... At Speedway
Baseball diamond ... At Victory Field
The RCA Dome holds our Colts team
And our Pacers does, Conseco, yield.

Military Park with all it's gatherings
White River with it's walkways grand
Paddleboats to span their waters
Eiteljorg displays... our native land.

O're our streets the Grand Art's Garden
Crossing to the Circle Mall,
The Monument in glory stands
As the theater gives out Symphonies call.

Everyone will here find something
All their interests to suffice
In our city, INDIANAPOLIS,
To ply each traveler, with this cities spice.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 1-19-2006

Carolyn Ford Witt

- * Alzheimers * -

- * ALTZHEIMERS * -

Sometimes, I'm in the shadows
Of this life, here, day by day.
Sometimes, I just sit inside
And watch all the others play.

With energy displayed so well,
They're running here and there
But here I'm in the shadows....
For I exist nowhere.

I try to hide so skillfully
Embracing life around,
But sometimes in these shadows
I feel that I might drown.

Pull me back up to the surface,
Grab me from the shadows here.
Please keep me in Your Keeping
For the shadows...I do fear.

They seem to just engulf me....
Seeping in more everyday,
And sometime soon...They'll keep me
And never let me out to play.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 4-2-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- * Give Back The Devils Due *

- * GIVE BACK THE DEVILS DUE * -

So quickly we forget
the lessons we did learn,
And for the sad and worldly things
We begin to yearn.

We walk beside the evil
that engulfs our very soul
And unleash the demons' lurking
And we're losing all control.

The mad man of our minds
Entice these things unseen
Twisting and cajoling
Our intentions to demean.

Our tempers flair like forest fires
Blazing over the land
No buckets and no battlements
For we must take a stand

To Praise Him or to turn our backs
On all that's good in life
I ask you Lord to take away
This misery and this strife

Return to us the pleasantness
that comes from loving You
and give Satan back his yearnings
-Give back the devils due-

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 10-30-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

- * God's Hands *-

- * GOD'S HANDS *-

A storm is building quickly
Dark clouds are overhead
Lightening clashes fiercely
As I toss and turn in bed.

Inside, my life is turmoil,
As I rush through every day
Sometimes I have such trouble
As I try to find my way.

So now, I turn to Jesus,
Put my life into His Hands
And try my very hardest
Just to make some small amends.

This fierce storm is lifting,
The skies becoming clear.
As I kneel down in solemn prayer
He'll wash away my fear.

So, if your heart is heavy
And your life is filled with fears
Just put your life into His Hands
And be washed clean by His tears.

For daily, He will guide you,
As your Knowledge, He expands:
The only thing He'll ever ask,
That you put... your life into His Hands.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 3-28-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- *first Love Yourself *-

- *FIRST LOVE YOURSELF *-

To a little bit of something,
Just a tiny little girl.
She wants to know what love is
And have it take her for a whirl.

She is so very very young that
She can hardly-now endure
What someday she will realize
When she is more mature.

That, if you learn -right now,
In yourself you must find love,
Then our Heavenly Father
will send true love from above.

Because-if you can't First Love Yourself,
and think of You as great...
When that young man comes -into your life,
The love you give won't rate.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 10-24-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

- A Birthday Blessing-

- A BIRTHDAY BLESSING-

Here is a Birthday Blessing
For a very special Friend,
Just a little Blessing
That I pray will never end.

For Happiness and Prosperity
To come to you this day,
And touch your heart with Joy
In a very special way.

Happy Birthday,
.....My Friend!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 4-29-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- A Prayer For You-

- A PRAYER FOR YOU-

My prayers are always with you
In all the things you need
And to you a sense of harmony
I'll send to you God's speed.

I pray that all the little things
In your life are in His care
And I'm asking many blessings
That the larger things he'll bare.

Here's hoping that your life is good
And that all your problems in accord,
For to you I'm sending this blessing
Directly from our precious Lord.

God Bless!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 5-25-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- A Summer Day-

- A SUMMER DAY-

The coolness of a Summer breeze
On the hottest of Summer days
The briskness of a trickling brook
Beneath this steamy haze.

The comfort of a shady tree
With a book propped on my knee.
The whisper of a Father's word
So gently sent to me.

I love this time when none can see
Away from all the world
When you send each breeze to touch my cheek
And my life is now unfurled.

When mysteries that I've kept inside
Can be released to You
And all those worries that I hide
Can be cleansed from me anew.

And now I go back into life
Refreshed by God's own hand.
He has, to me, given new strength
And by His side, I'll ever stand.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
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Carolyn Ford Witt

- And When I Die-

- AND WHEN I DIE-

Please form my lips into a smile
Let no tears fall from your eye
For you each know...It's not my style
Standing idly while others cry.

Just place a smile upon my face
Cheerful conversation hear
Know that Heaven...I will grace
As Heavenly Father holds me so near.

Don't let a frown adorn your lips
Or sadness grace your Hearts
And now remember...those transcripts
Existence doesn't end...It only starts.

'God Loves you, and so do I'

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©5-2-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- At Heaven's Gate-

- AT HEAVEN'S GATE-

A friend has lain
His head to rest
And here on Earth
Has passed the test.

For now he flies
On golden wing,
In flight as mighty
Angels sing.

And when we hear his
Trumpets blare,
We'll know our friend
Has entered there.

He stands there watching
Over all
As now he's answered
God's blessed call.

For when at Heaven's Gate
We stand.....
We'll each be greeted
By our friend...

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©5-28-2006

Carolyn Ford Witt

- By Jesus' Name-

- BY JESUS' NAME-

Sometimes I tend to close the door
And keep my Faith inside,
Closing off the outside World,
Just God and me to hide.

Not to share His Blessings
But to closet them away,
Secreting His words to me
Not sharing them today.

How could I ever be so vain
As to think they're all for me,
When each blessing that He ever grants
Should be out for all to see.

So when I share a subtle smile
Or nudge your arm and share,
Know that with each whispered word
Our Lord, is always there.

He's granting every blessing
That, in prayer, I ask for you;
And now I'm sharing this again,
His promises are always true.

So if you doubt these words I say
Just remember, where from, they came
For every word I say right here.....
Is blessed by Jesus' Name.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©7-10-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- Eight Sisters-

- EIGHT SISTERS-

When I was very little
And Mama's sisters gathered round
All the serious talk would go
As joyous laughter would resound.

With every woman talking
Loud laughter would erupt....
All the men would run for quiet
When their ears had had enough.

I'm not sure where it came from
For their parents, I didn't know,
But I was very happy
With their joyous laughter show.

And now those laughs are quiet
As all eight sisters now have passed,
But I bet God was really smiling
As He waited upon the last.

Because their joyous laughter
Brings smiles to all who hear,
And I know, up there in Heaven....
They are thought of very dear.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©6-1-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- God Grant Us Peace-

- GOD GRANT US PEACE-

I cannot cry for you today
I must stand strong and quietly pray
That all might come to better stead
And our hearts will not be misled.

As Waking Sun does bring the dawn
And stars and moon are now withdrawn,
Enlightenment, my heart will see
As I get down on bended knee.

For prayers go up to God on High
As all these fears are brought to nigh.
So Lord, please Bless and comfort give,
In this life, that now we all must live.

And when these fears surround us now
With us Your strength You will endow,
For now the chaos will surely cease
And You, My God, will grant us Peace.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©7-5-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- Happy Birthday-

- HAPPY BIRTHDAY-

I wish you a Happy Birthday
For this day is just for you,
A very special day that's given
Just to do what you wish to do.

So to you, I ask a blessing,
From Our Lord along the way
That He will give especially for you
A most Blessed Special Day.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
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Carolyn Ford Witt

- Heaven's Door-

- HEAVEN'S DOOR-

Life is one continuous battle
Never ending, never o're
And each Christian's path to glory
Is a conflict evermore.

Satan always watches around me
Trying to find my weakest part
And in moments, I most need Thee
Quickly throws his firey dart.

If by chance, my heart grows weary
With this struggle and the fight
And each day seems dark and dreary
Seeming like the dark of night.

When that light is fading blythly
Still it guides me evermore
And aft every battle, leaves me,
Stronger then the day before.

Guide me gently precious Savior
Bring me home forevermore
And your blessings, I will pray for
As I stand at Heavens door.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©6-23-2006

Carolyn Ford Witt

- He'LI Welcome You-

- HE'LL WELCOME YOU-

With songs of Peace now trilling
And the calm that's now restored;
For our blessings, we do thank You
And our prayers strongly outpoured.

Prayers for those of misfortune
No matter to what degree,
And for those unable to listen
To Your bountiful decree.

We see that hearts are turning
As strong fears, seem to encrouch,
And the days of our own judgement
So speedily approach.

Each one of us must realize,
Each action is written bright.
So please start, as you are reading this
To make each action right.

And when that judgement day does come
And you're asked each question true,
You know that as you're answering,
God will surely Welcome You.....

God Bless You All!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©7-23-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- His Eyes-

- HIS EYES-

My Dad taught me to be a skeptic
To question every whim....
But my Father filled me with compassion
So that I would follow Him.

He kissed my heart with empathy
Then filled it to the rim,
With Love and Sensitivity
To bring right back to Him.

Then He wrapped me with a cloak of Faith
So that my heart could endure
And gave His son to die for me
My salvation to ensure.....

So now when you would look at me
I hope you'll realize
That each day...I walk His footsteps
And I see you through His eyes...

God loves you and so do I.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©5-18-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- -Hopefully-Last Snow- -

- - HOPEFULLY- LAST SNOW- - -

The trees are white and puffy
Snow clings to every branch
The Lake a mirror so placid
Within an open trench

The quiet does surround us
As though we had gone deaf
Not a peep from nere a bird
Not a footprint right or left

And I could swear the calendar
Says that we should be past this thing
For it is almost April
Past the day that we call Spring

So where is all the Sunshine
Where are the birds that sing with glee
I'm so tired of all this Snowfall
Where's the Spring you've promised me?

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms Caroline
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Carolyn Ford Witt

- I Cherish-

- I CHERISH-

As Jesus walks across my mind
I hear His glorious voice,
This soothing conversation
Just marks my previous choice.

For long ago I decided
That on Him I'd always lean
Because He Loved me so much
That, from sin, He washed me clean.

He's guided me through a lifetime
Taking me to heights unknown
And I have flourished here on Earth
Within this love He's shown.

I cherish this great friendship,
New life I've surely found
And I pull His teachings around me
My very being to surround.

One day when life is over
To Him again, I will go,
And all that is within me
My Father will ever know.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©5-10-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- I Know, He's There-

- I KNOW, HE'S THERE-

I keep some things so sacred
That the ambience, I cannot share
For words are never adequate
This feeling, for me to bare.

This feeling of a shiver
When God envelopes me,
A gentle touch, within my heart
Goosebumps are all you'll see.

But I will know His nearness..
These things, we cannot share
That little kiss within my heart
And the Fact, I know, He's there.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms Caroline
©8-30-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- In The Father's Hands-

- IN THE FATHER'S HANDS-

So many times in life
we want to just give up
Those are the times we need to drink
from God's own precious cup.

He'll offer you a sip or two,
if you will only ask
Refreshing drink right from the Son,
within whose light you bask.

He'll strengthen you each step
that you go upon your way
And soon, so strangely,
you'll notice a new and brighter day.

So don't give up the struggle
that on your shoulder lands
For we both know unconditionally,
you are in Our Father's hands.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©8-17-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- Life's Game-

- LIFE'S GAME-

These Years have been so awesome,
My heart still filled with love.
We've been the perfect couple,
Our life planned from above.

You were my fine Prince Charming
There standing by my side.
I was honored by the wonder
When you, made me your Bride.

We were a striking couple
So young, Us standing there,
Knowing that a lifetime
We would most surely share.

And now, we look back on it,
Those years of love and strife,
I know you will agree with me
It twas a perfect life.

For though our hair is silver,
Our feelings remain the same.
Just you and I, My lover,
Together through Life's Game.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©4-20-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- M-O-T-H-E-R-

- M-O-T-H-E-R-

'M' is for the Memories
.....so sweet upon my mind.
'O' is for Only good
.....because good is, Oh so kind.
'T' is for Things given
.....only with a Mother's love.
'H' is for her Heart
.....given blessings from above.
'E' is for Eternal
.....as only Mother's love can be.
'R' is for our Righteous Savior
.....whose way you taught to me.
Together these spell MOTHER
.....so precious and so warm,
For She is next to Jesus
.....In keeping me from harm.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©4-27-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- My Brother-

- MY BROTHER-

As I was sitting quietly,
My life in contemplation.
I started to think about
Being born in this Great Nation.

Here we have a Melting pot
Of Brass and Lead and Gold
For all of us have come
From a uniquely different mold.

We have blood of every nation
Running through our veins,
But All are now Americans
Though our memory remains.

So if you judge another
As different race or creed,
Look into the Bible
And God's word you may heed.

He says we are All brothers
And I know that it is true,
Because He is Heavenly Father,
So special to me and you.

We are all His children
No matter where we're from,
And all our Father asks of us is
'NOW...won't you please come'.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©5-17-2006

Carolyn Ford Witt

- My Daddy-

- MY DADDY-

You were the strength of my existence
My guide at that young age.
You tried to be my teacher
My father-and my sage.

You brushed the dirt off of my knees
And checked the bruises there
And taught me to express myself
In a way that would be fair.

You taught me things to sustain me
Through every step of life
You tried to always protect me
And hide all kinds of strife.

You made your daughter strong enough
To face each problem here
That's why, I'll always love you,
Thank You, My Daddy dear.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©10-04-05

To my Daddy-Happy Birthday
Arthur Edward Ford
10-5-1911 to 3-22-2001

Carolyn Ford Witt

- My Friend-

- MY FRIEND-

I'm writing you this poem,
My friendship to declare;
Just to tell you simply
That, for you, I'm always there.

I'll carry half your burdens
if you, will them remand.
I'll guard your every step
If you'll just give me your hand.

We'll walk through the torrent
Of this life we do endure.
We'll gather up the loving gift
Of a Friendship, true and pure.

THANK YOU FOR BEING MY FRIEND.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©4-29-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- My Journey-

- MY JOURNEY-

So far my life has journeyed
Traveled far and wide.
I've learned so many things
That education has supplied.

But all the things I really need
Were right here all the time,
Stored away for me inside
This tiny little rhyme.

No need to travel farther
No countries to be toured,
For here inside of my own heart
I feel the comfort of my Lord.

I live within a temple
That He has built for me
And everyday, displayed in life,
For all the world to see.

It may not be the purest white
Of alabaster stone,
For it is only made
Of simple flesh and bone.

But I will try to keep it sacred
And attempt escape from sin,
For all that I must do on Earth
Is know and believe in Him.

So remember little children
Those lessons learned before
And pray you will remember
'Til you enter Heaven's door.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©4-19-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- My Judgement Day-

- MY JUDGEMENT DAY-

When I was just a glimmer
in my Earthly mother's eye
I knew my Heavenly Father
and said ' I'd like to try'.

I could have an Earthly body
if I'd forget this Heavenly place
And try to earn my way back
Into His Heavenly grace.

I would have to loose these memories
that were precious to me today
And hope my faith was strong enough
To return to God's own way.

At birth, into this harsh cold world
slight memory still remained,
But as I grew into a child
Memories could not be retained.

There were times I thought I knew some
who walked into my life,
But the devil pushed and prodded
and filled my memories with strife

I still heard gentle stirrings
deep inside my mind so clear
That made me yearn for knowledge
to cleanse away the fear.

And as my mind was filled with words
the knowledge grew and grew
He blessed me with His Words on Earth
And the memories-He'd renew.

My faith grew stronger day by day
One memory at a time.

The beginning of my Life in Faith
That stairway I would climb.

That stairway takes a lifetime
to reach the top, you know,
Sometimes you climb it quickly
sometimes it's very slow.

But if you fight temptation
and send Satan on his way
You'll move into God's Mansion
On your very own Judgement Day.

Author Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 10-25-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

- My Quiet Time-

- MY QUIET TIME-

I stand here in my memory
Looking from atop a hill,
Down into a valley
To the sound of Whip-O-Will.

I hear the stream a bubble
As it rushes 'cross the rock.
I see the trees all clad in green,
As though a summer frock.

There is a silence in the air
As the day begins to wane
And I walk lazily through the dusk
Along my winding lane.

I travel on in setting sun
To a lake hidden from all view
And there in silent wistful prayer
My feelings do renew.

A small fire on the levee
Will signal kids and spouse
That I'm OK and soon will be
Returning to the house.

But here I have my quiet time
To just spend here with You
And be refreshed for tomorrow
So I can do things I have to do.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©5-18-2006

Carolyn Ford Witt

- My Touchstone-

- MY TOUCHSTONE-

You are my measure

.....My Standard

.....My Touchstone

You are my significant other

.....The Most important person

.....In my life

You complete me

.....And make me whole

You are the only Constant

.....In my existence

You are my true Friend

.....Without criticism

.....Without judgement

You are my unconditional

.....Love

You are my Touchstone

.....My Soulmate

.....Forever! ! !

You are my Love! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©6-06-2006

Carolyn Ford Witt

- Oh, Mr. Webmaster-

- OH, MR. WEBMASTER-

Oh, Mr. Webmaster
What worry we do cause
Please don't check your contract
For that Non-Anxiety clause.

I know that you have truly felt
'Why did I ever start? '
But please have patience with us all
For We are really good at heart.

Your children here, may argue,
For we are children all,
But like a gentle father, you,
Pick us up when we do fall.

So, Daddy, Please don't spank us,
I promise...We'll be good.
And with our fingers crossed behind us
We will say 'We always should.'

Love you Skip. (Our Webmaster)

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©2006

Carolyn Ford Witt

- Oh, Well! -

©- OH, WELL! -

I had this little pillow
That I kept upon my bed.
A fluffy little pillow
On which I laid my head.

But this jealous little dog of mine
Angered cause I wasn't home,
She made my little pillow
Her very smelly own.

I have washed it and scrubbed it,
Bleach I did enlist.
But that little doggies smell
Truely will not desist.

My little pillow has gone now
For I couldn't stand the smell,
Given to my little doggie
And I must just say, Oh, Well!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©4-19-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- Our Prayers And Wishes-

- OUR PRAYERS AND WISHES-

If you chance to see a shooting star
Streak across the velvet sky
Just know...it means that God will grant
A single wish for you or I.

So if your eyes are fully blessed
And a silent prayer, you say,
Just watch so very carefully
For He will grant that wish someday.

And if the stars seem to twinkle
Know an angel has winked at you,
For all our prayers and wishes
Those in Heaven... make come true.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©8-19-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- Road To Nowhere-

- ROAD TO NOWHERE-

There's a road that leads to No Where
Just South of where I live
And someday I will go there
To see what, No Where has to give.

I've walked the road that leads there
But I can't go very far,
Because my Mama tells me...
That we must stay here where we are.

Soon I'll grow into a man
And I'll make sure that I go there
And when somebody asks me,
I'll just say 'I'm goin' No-Where.'

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©2006

Carolyn Ford Witt

- Solutions-

- SOLUTIONS-

Never have I felt so safe
Enclosed in love so true
The wisdom of so many Faiths
Held up by just so few.

Unteathered we'll rely on
God's goodness as we plea.
Solutions to these problems
You have given me.

Press each gentle message to me
With the pressure of the wind
And guide me ever closer
To the concious prayer at End.

Entwined in blessings unnumbered
Passed along to all who hear.
Envelope me in Faith of God
And draw me ever near.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 7-29-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- The Credit Card Of Life-

- THE CREDIT CARD OF LIFE-

God sends us down upon this Earth
With the Credit Card of Life.
He leaves with it, instructions,
To banish discord and strife.

He gave Ten Commandments
Of the things we should not do,
But to everyone He gave a choice...
To even Me and You.

That Credit Card's name is Jesus
And He died for all our sin.
Your payment on that Credit.....
Confess and believe....in Him.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 4-19-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- The Fishing Tradition-

- THE FISHING TRADITION-

Tiny Tots with long cane poles
Granpaw's knowledge he extols
Putting worms on crooked hooks
Whipping line in rippling brooks.

There each weekend they would stand
All expertise, small hands command,
For there in awe they do observe
No less then Grampaw does deserve.

Handing down traditions fare
To little tykes just standing there
And now Adults traditions stand
When Little Tykes turn into Man.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 4-30-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- The Model T-

- THE MODEL T-

My Daddy drove a Model T
With paint of shiney black,
On narrow wheels with spokes of wood
A spare tire on the back.

He thought he'd teach my Mama
To drive this Fine machine
So he put her into the drivers seat
Down back streets, to careen.

She popped the clutch so many times
Before the car would go
And then forgot a simple word....
That simple word was 'Slow'.

They were coming to a corner....
That word, She didn't hear.
She pushed the gas..missed the brake.
Into His heart...Went fear!

He grabbed the wheel with hands so strong
And pulled with all his might
As the Model T cornered on two wheels,
His discription, 'What a sight'.

We laughed while he was teaching Me.
Thank God for cars so new
But everyone can make mistakes
And I'm sure I made a few.

So funny as I remember
These tales he told to me,
I hope these memories help you
And their laughter, you might see.

So if you have any memories
That you would like to share

Just write them down for posterity
So your family, some day, can be there.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 7-21-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- The Music-

- THE MUSIC-

I've listened to the music
Throughout my many years,
But there is only one type
That will bring my eyes to tears.

It is songs about My Savior
And the love we have for Him
Instead of all those other songs
That fly upon a whim.

I'll sing His praises daily
As the Good Book says to do.
I'll sing of glorious blessings
That He prepares for me and you.

For nothing is so gracious
As the Blood He shed for me
So help me sing His praises
That we will sing in harmony.

I'll sing those glorious praises
For I know His ears will hear,
And I'll always call Him precious
And hold His love to me so dear.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms Caroline
© 5-11-2006

Carolyn Ford Witt

- The River's Wane-

- THE RIVER'S WANE-

This silvery flow at end of day
Decries a river long,
And summer waifs a fragrant way
With this majestic song.

These placid waters silvery scene,
Mine eyes, do pleasure give,
And joy of quiet so serene
Does in my heart now live.

These flowing waters winding around
Each harbor safely tucked again
To keep the boats so safe and sound
As we will see the River's wane.

But now the quiet gentle lull
Will my heart here renew
Again this gentle lulling call
As daylight says ado! ! ! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 6-22-2006

Carolyn Ford Witt

- These Little Windows-

- THESE LITTLE WINDOWS-

These little windows
That I see,
They just appear
And devour me.

The first ones
Were so very rare,
So insignificant
I didn't share.

For then was
Just a thought or Two
Nothing I could
Explain to you.

Directions that
I would forget,
A name or face
I must admit.

Then instructions
All tangled up,
For all that was written
Spilled from my cup.

My words don't
Always come out right,
Then I'll hide
Stay out of sight.

What is this thing
Here in my mind
How could life be
So very unkind.

Forget the day,
The time, the year.

Don't understand,
What is this fear.

Anger sometimes
Does now lash out
Sometimes I just Wish
I could Shout!

My stomach hurts..
Forgot to eat...
How do you do this...
Won't you repeat...

And now the windows
They have turned,
Cannot remember
Things I've learned.

Only these flashes
Do remain,
My life has simply
Become inane.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 8-5-06

Sorry if this is distasteful or hard to read for some,
But it has to be written for all those who suffer the
Terrible affliction of Alzheimers....maybe this will push them to
Find a cure!

Carolyn Ford Witt

- These Words-

- THESE WORDS-

So many years I only read
Just what other people wrote
Words went dancing through my head
As I made each mental note.

I've always had a little song
I would make up as I went
Singing about the right and wrong
Of every little event.

I'd make up songs for my children
That they remember to this day,
Just a little bitty rhyme
On the things, I wished to say.

And now, with songs still dancing
I hear the rhyming more
As those words continue prancing
And out of my head...they pour.

I felt That Magic Finger
That touched me on my head
And sent these words to linger
On these pages...so well read...

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 8-22-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- Those Tiny Wooden Boxes-

- THOSE TINY WOODEN BOXES-

A box appeared in my mail today.
It was full of friendship, love and joy.
It came from a very dear friend
My senses to employ.

As I opened each little paper,
Shiny sanded wood to see.
I ran my fingers o're it,
Each grain enticing me.

So smoothly, my fingers traced them
A rose, A butterfly;
And there an Angel spreads her wings
As she flies across the sky.

I know each of these tiny boxes
Were made with loving hand,
Into my heart, each image,
Throngs of friendship would remand.

There is a gentle feeling
That is so precious there,
That gentle loving friendship
That we will always share.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 6-27-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- To Use The Hand Of God-

- TO USE THE HAND OF GOD-

I'd like to share His love with you,
Some days I don't know how;
But everyday, I'm trying,
Of this I do avow.

I try to give His smile to you
Or touch your arm with Love.
I try to share this feeling
Given me by God above.

This feeling of peace and calmness
That He puts within my heart,
Just this simple loving peace
That sets my earthly life apart.

I try to use the Hand Of God
To touch each heart around,
And use the softness of His word
To calm the loudest sound.

And for the ones who know me
I'm sure you can attest
That God goes with me everyday
And my life is surely blessed.

So, one day when I've left this World
And my life here is no more,
I hope those memories of me will
In Him, your faith restore.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 6-16-2006

Carolyn Ford Witt

- Today We'll Share-

- TODAY WE'LL SHARE-

Please don't wake me if I slumber
For my strength I do renew.
And after sleep, His love I'll share
Joy and friendship....Just for you.

God told me that you needed me
And the strength that I have to share.
He put me in this special place
So you'd know that I am there.

I'll help you bare those burdens...
Paint a smile upon your face.
So now, please let me slumber
For today we'll share... God's Grace.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 6-27-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- What Do We Do? -

- WHAT DO WE DO? -

Sometimes when life is difficult
And all our options through,
We are faced with hard decisions
And we don't know what to do.

We'll ask our friends and acquaintances
For advice that they can give.
We'll get so many opinions
On ways this life we'll live.

But, we never think to ask Him,
The only one who really knows;
The only one who really cares
And whose love forever shows.

So if your life is so confused
And you've made a total mess,
Just get down on bended knee
For to the Lord you must confess.

And in your heart you'll feel it
For directions will be there....
When you come unto our Lord
In simple silent prayer.....

May God Bless You.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 5-17-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- You Here Beside Me-

- YOU HERE BESIDE ME-

So many times I've wondered
Where You would have me go
And then in Silent direction
Somehow, my heart would know.

I know that You are guiding
Each tiny step, I take
But back when I was younger
I'd tend to bolt and break.

But now that I am aging
I hear the whisper in my ear
And with each little whisper,
I'm drawing You so near.

So if this aging body
Is what I must endure,
I'll take all these aches and pains
Your presence to ensure.

And when my knees no longer bend
To get on them in prayer,
I know you'll hear me just as well
As we're talking from my chair.

I love You here beside Me.
And my hand You surely hold,
And I know that You'll still hold it
As we walk those Streets of Gold.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 7-21-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

- You Make-

- YOU MAKE-

You make the (S) unshine brighter
You make the (M) usic, OH! so sweet
You make (I) deas, more profound
And (L) ove seem, OH! so neat.

Then (E) ternity seems longer
When you come with all your style
To share with me the wonder
Of this beautiful loving S M I L E!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 7-30-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

* Shouting Hallaluah*

I'm walking in the sunshine
Across the new mown field
Talking with my Father
To see what it will yield.

Shouting Hallaluah
Shouting Praises to the Lord
Singing all His praises
'N spreading far His word.

So many we have gathered
So many brought to Him,
Filling up His Chariot
Filling it to the brim.

Shouting Hallaluah
Shouting Praises to the Lord
Singing all His praises
'N spreading far His word.

For now the fields are ripened
And the grain a golden hue
Ripened for the gathering
Of His faithful chosen few.

Shouting Hallaluah
Shouting Praises to the Lord
Singing all His praises
'N spreading far His word.

Singing Glory to the Father
Singing Glory to the Son
Depending on the Spirit
Joy to the Chosen One.

Shouting Hallaluah
Shouting Praises to the Lord
Singing all His praises
'N spreading far His word.

3-23-2015

Written by Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms Caaroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

A Baby

-A BABY-

There's something about
A baby,
That sets my heart
aspin.

It makes me want to
Tell a tale,
But where should
I begin?

A whisper touch of
Downy hair,
So soft against my
face.

The scent of soap
And powder
Wrapped in gossimer
and lace.

Ever so sweet and
Cuddly,
The innocence beams
forth.

Who could ever put
A price on you
And say what you
are worth? ? ?

author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 11-19-1977

Carolyn Ford Witt

A Child In Us

- * A CHILD IN US * -

Have you ever lain on a rowboat seat,
Waves lapping at it's sides,
As the sandman makes his visit
And drops sand into your eyes.

You drift off into dreamland
With fantasy on your mind,
Clouds just drifting quietly
Making thoughts of a different kind.

With Angels dancing happily
In a cloud of soft white foam,
Carrying little pleasant thoughts
For your heart to take back home.

Whispering little messages
To tuck away for another day
To bring back out and remember
When the skies have turned to gray.

And as you wake from this dreamy state
I hope that you all will know.
These dreams He gives to every child
Are just God's sweet fantasy show.

For as we grow into adults
These dreams will still remain,
As long as this special fantasy
Of the child in us, we retain.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 2-21-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

-a Child Of God-

-A CHILD OF GOD-

I lay on my back, in the
fresh cool grass.
The smell, so clean, as Spring
touches me to my very soul.
The soft white clouds float effortlessly
across the azure sky.
Overhead,
meadowlarks trill their bright and cheerful song.
The leaves on the trees rustle as the breeze
kisses their branches, ever so gently.
The babbling stream hurries along to places unknown-
the sound like the tinkling of tiny bells upon my ear.
Here, in this magnificent splendor,
I make my peace with God.
His infinite grace envelopes me and
replenishes my soul.
Here I know my Heavenly Father.
I bask in His Wonderous Glory.
Here I Know-That I
am a Child of God! ! ! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 5-09-1976

Carolyn Ford Witt

A Child On Loan

-A CHILD ON LOAN-

A child,
loaned to you for a time
to teach-to nurture
to love.

How long we keep that child
depends-not on us
or him
but God.

We must thank God for
that loan of a
precious spirit
so dear to Him.

And must not balk
when He asks for
repayment of that
loan.

Author Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 9-15-1976

Carolyn Ford Witt

A Christmas Blessing

-A CHRISTMAS BLESSING-

Something special every year
Will come to you this day,
With memories of the precious love
From a babe upon the hay.

With Him, He brought a blessing
To each and every one,
Of life and love eternal
From our Father and His Son.

'Have a very Merry Christmas-
May God's love shower forth
upon you all'

Author: Carolyn FordWitt

Ms. Caroline

© 12-10-1976

Carolyn Ford Witt

-a Family-

-A FAMILY-

I have a tree here in my background
With names hanging from each limb
And when I chance to read each one
Love fills me to the brim.

Because each name that hangs there
Is just a piece of me,
Each so carefully hung there
On my Stately Family Tree.

People call me from all over
Just to hear a name that's there,
And lovingly add a history
or a problem we'll all bear.

So throughout the Revolution
And later as churches sprang....
Forging through the wilderness
Onto the amber plain.....

Through Civil War and contention
Friend and family fighting friend....
Generations learning
Each one to our lives amend.

And now it stands so stately
Each leaf in beauty formed
So cherished, each name that hangs there
A Family.....My heart is warmed.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 7-29-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

A Friendship Lost

A FRIENDSHIP LOST

My heart will see the good in All
Spread God's love to everyone.
Give the Kindness of His word
Emphasized by His Son.

There are so many disappointments
In actions, I'd never say,
Showing not the blessings of Our God
But going another way.

When they do, my heart is broken,
For more forgiveness, I need to hone.
Now their hands go right through me
Like ghosts and walls of stone.

No longer cheer and laughter
What does joy in friendship cost?
For now, my heart is weeping
For This....A friendship Lost! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
11-27-06
By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

A Gift Of Heart

A GIFT OF HEART

It is a quiet Summers day
Far off in our retreat
As we play in the Island's cay
Sweet words we now repeat.

Alone at last in Nature's arms
With silent songs on ear,
As secretly I search your charms
To find each others care.

A gift of heart now given,
Sweet gentle wind of love;
A crust of bread unleavened
Handed down from God above.

As secret words revive me
Enhance my beings wealth
And bring back, now, for all to see,
My Love's enchanting health.

With roses scent upon the air
And Lilacs, full in bloom,
The gladiola waving fair
Sweet presence to entomb.

A hard stone seat on pathway
Each step of life ensue,
To rest upon the pass of day,
Relieve the weary few.

And there the willow droops it's arms
Enrapt in Spring's delight,
To spread its shade for lovers charms
As Sun bears down so bright.

Beside the trickling waters edge
So soothing to our ear

As we do watch from jed rocks ledge
No longer do we fear.

Serenely we have concured all
As wings of birds do glide
And on the shoulders of the Fall
Our hopes do surely ride.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

2007

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

A Kiss -A Touch

A KISS - A TOUCH - A SWEET EMBRACE

Tears can't wash away these memories
That I have of loving you;
Memories going back so far
Of when our Love starts anew.

Each precious little memory
Sketched in my heart long ago
A Kiss - A Touch - A Sweet Embrace
And I would love you so.

Those memories, they have grown
Throughout a lifetime of no regret,
As gentleness and a love ensued
Until illness did beset.

And now that time has passed us
I no longer have you near,
But I have those precious memories
As I shed each loving tear.

Of A Kiss - A Touch - A Sweet Embrace
The past that we were given;
For now I wait with memories
'Till we meet again in Heaven.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-a Knarled Oak Tree-

-A KNARLED OAK TREE-

The beauty of a knarled Oak tree
Sculpted wood and bark to see.
Twisted with the weight of time
Tested beauty, so sublime.

Green leaf floating in the wind
Fantasies to my mind send,
So tall and stately do you stand
Sculpted gently by God's hand.

Squirrels play high among your branches
Jumping 'round through all the trenches
Scurrying now to hide their larder
Saved for times when huntings harder.

Birds a twitter, perched up high,
Floating across the darkening sky,
Or resting as the day does end
All their songs to me do lend.

As the close of day does come
Knarled branches against the setting sun
For stands the stately old Oak Tree
Standing there.... in harmony.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 8-9-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

A Land In Chaos

Before I write this poem, an explanation:

This was written for a friend named Ahmad (I think that's how you spell it) , who wanted this put into words that were understandable. Some are his words, some are mine. Here it is, with his blessing.

A LAND IN CHAOS

In vain we ask for peace
Ask for a brighter day
Ignored our prayers to Allah
Ignored the prayers we say.

We had so much to live for
Education ruled the day
Until the crimes of a tyrant
Came into our country to stay.

He ruled with greed and cruelty
Generations to destroy
Generating hate and ire
For man was just his toy.

When others came to save us
Our elders were all gone
And all those children left behind
Felt they were just a pawn.

Now we fight against our brother
As history does repeat
For none are now enabled
To hold that lofty seat.

No 'Leader' is empowered
To govern in Iraq
No leader Has the Strength
To fend off our brother's attack.

We need a gentle Master,

With help of men who know,
To pull our world together
A wisdom and gentleness show.

So..Mighty Allah....Mighty God...
That 'Great I Am' on high....
Please...bring our nation together
Let us reach up to the sky.

Please now, begin our education
Help Us learn goodwill to man
Help Us create a Nation
Give Us the courage to say
..... 'I can! '.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

A Mansion

- * A MANSION *-

I walked into a Mansion,
A butler at my stead.
A wafer on my pillow,
As the maid turned down my bed.

I could call down for a sandwich
Before the strike of nine,
But we'd eaten in the dining room
So now, I felt just fine.

In my Powderroom was a basket
Made up especially for me:
Of bath oil, shampoo, conditioner,
And Champagne just to be.

The Doorman called me Madam,
The Maid just called me M'am.
The Butler walked me to my door.
Now, you know- how special I am.

But, soon, we'd have to check out
And back to our home we'd fly.
I want another Business Trip! ! !
Oh, Gee! ! ! I want to cry! ! ! ! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford

© 3-16-1987

Ms Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

A New Beginning

-A NEW BEGINNING-

Her wizened old face peered over crisp white sheets,
as I quietly entered the room.
A small withered hand reached out for mine.
As I gently took it, her face alit. The smile and twinkle
in her paled eyes told a sad and lonely tale.
One of life that passes by each day without
compassion-without love-without hope.
One of waiting day after day-For What?
The end of misery? The end of loneliness?
The end of pain?
Or is she waiting for something else?
A new beginning.
The joy of seeing family and friends again.
The joy of returning to the arms of her Father in Heaven.
I like to think that, maybe, this is a new beginning
to life and not an end.
A looking forward-not a looking back.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 8-20-1976

Carolyn Ford Witt

A New Day Dawning

A New Day Dawning

As I look from my window this morning,
my eyes behold the shimmering dew upon
each blade of grass,
shining like beads of glass as the sun
peers over the horizon.

It is not quite light, but not dark either,
as though a giant shadow still hung across
my face.

The sun glows orange as it slowly rises
and enlightens the shadowy earth.
The ominous outlines become trees
and homes as the new day dawns.

Soon the noise and clatter will again envelope
us, but for now, God's magic time
abides with us all.
The peace and serenity preparing us for
the hustle and bustle of
a new day.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt 5-07-1976

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

A Newcreation

A NEW CREATION

Profoundly now in silence
We walk these last few miles,
No longer with the joy of youth
No longer with life's smiles.

Each step becomes a Labor,
Each movement now benign
As we leave this Earth's existence
And enter into eternal time.

We'll leave this shell behind us
For no longer, it, we'll need
And stand in sweet emergence
No body to impede.

In essence we are the lightening
The beauty before the storm
We'll lift, we'll fly, We'll emanate
We'll exist without true form.

Each one will be a Legion
Each Legion then a Nation,
Into Forever we will repeat
For we are a new Creation.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

12-2-06

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

A Picture Of Love

- - A PICTURE OF LOVE- -

In the beginning, love is like a tiny seed-
waiting for the rain.

When the shimmering rain falls from the Heavens,
you see tiny green sprouts emerge.
As these sprouts grow and twine,
they reach upward for more nourishing rain.

Soon there are tiny buds on the green shoots.
They unfold their soft petals to the loving sun.
The softness of these petals,
reflect the time, love and patience
that has gone into their creation.

If we handle these fragile petals harshly,
without thought, they are crushed-
Their beauty gone forever.

Love is like this beautiful flower.
It grows, day by day,
and must be nourished throughout eternity;
that it's delicate petals
will not be crushed, and it's beauty
lost forever! ! ! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 5-4-1976

Carolyn Ford Witt

-a Place-

-A PLACE-

Our everyday existence parallels
With those who've gone before
And when we want to hear them
We must open up the door.

Directions we are given
From a world we cannot see,
A parallel existence....
A Place we'll someday be.

A Place of eternal beauty
Floral colors in array,
A Place where God's sweet spirit
Turns the darkness into day.

A Place where lies are never spoken
And compassion fills each heart,
Where those, who are together,
Will never want to part.

A Place where love encircles
Each being that exists
And where the gentle love of God
Each memory....enlists.

A Place where kindness is eternal
And each heart is filled with love
Blessed with all the goodness
That Heavenly Father stores above.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 7-26-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

A Poet

- * A POET * -

Some of us write with whimsey,
Some of us write with grace,
Some of us write for attention,
Some of us just to debase.

Some of us write with wisdom,
A message to endow,
But all will write, right from the heart
Come let us teach you how.

We write about a lover
Or a feeling within our heart.
We'll write about a stand we take
Or something, we would, impart.

So why not come and join us,
A few words to entwine....
Just add a little flourish
And they become sublime.

Now, you'll become a poet...
We'll see, to what renown,
So put those words together
All you do is write them down.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

© 12-12-05

Congratulations to all our poets,
Your words will always be remembered.
Ms Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

A Poet's Lair

A POET'S LAIR

We have no patience for repetition
Perfectionism is our game.
No strange excitement do we cherish
Peace and Quiet, Life will tame.

Mystery will all enchant me
Whisk away a mundane life.
Whistling notes, Enchanting pieces,
Like the simple haunting fife.

Merry tunes of our existence
Tripping through the days gone by
As we dance to mysteries temptings
Now, to face ourselves, so shy.

The secrets, known, are wrapped in laughter
Hiding selves with music's blare
Placing all our thoughts on paper
All the world, a poet's lair.

So enchanting to the listener
With the songs upon their tongue
For with our words of adoration
Naught will live their lives unsung.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

2-17-07

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

A Sensual Reply

-- *A SENSUAL REPLY * --

Here.. a kiss, a sweet caress
Making my heart pound
A gentle smile... a touch so soft,
Pulling me around.

Into your arms
I'll glide with ease.
Nibbling ears
My senses tease.

Your fingers running
Down my thigh
Gently plying
This skill you try.

Goose bumps jumping
upon my skin
Tantalizing me
Without.... within.

Synchronized movements
To and fro
This rhythmic pleasure
That we do know.

And soon explosions
do erupt
This whole experience
To interrupt.

Then in exhaustion
We do lay
No more this game
Can we now play.....Ummmmmm!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

A Simple Rose

A 'SIMPLE' ROSE

I send to you a 'Simple' rose
So delicate of hue.
No duplicate to master
Just touched by morning's dew.

God kissed it's bud to open
And with beauty it was spread.
Each petal there is so unique,
Created in God's hand.

Each blessed with joys of greatness
So many we don't know,
But with this Rose, I send to you
My 'Simple' love I show.

Happy Valentine's Day, My Love.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
2-1-07
By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

A Soldier

Do not weep for me as I stand
Weary and broken in this foreign land
Stand by my side and steady my gun
Lift me if I fall and push me to run.

For I am your soldier...sent off to war
Fighting for freedom...near and far
Too little sleep...cold food in my pack
My fellows and I watching each others back.

Yes, stand by me Lord, for fear is my name
Help me to fight and not bring you shame
And when the time comes that I laid down and died
Your comfort I feel...as you stand by my side.

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

A Soldier Of My Lord

- * A SOLDIER OF MY LORD * -

I am a soldier of My Lord,
Standing for what I believe,
Trying to spread My Savior's Word
To those that Satan would deceive.

I'll wear His mighty Armor.
His love does clothe me now.
I'll spread His word until I die,
Of this I do avow.

I'll banish Satan from my life,
each time he does appear,
And always praise You daily;
I'll always hold You near.

So when my time has come and gone,
To You I'll come again.
I'll pass right through those Pearly Gates,
But for You, I'll work, till then.

May My Father's word come unto your hearts daily.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 3-5-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

A Special Friend Like You

A SPECIAL FRIEND-LIKE YOU

Dear Friend, I'd like to tell you
How special that you are
Even though I cannot see you
Because you live so far.

Each day you make my heart sing
When an E-mail, from you, I see.
No matter what is said in it,
I know, You thought of me.

I feel like a special person
And I know that it is true
Because I have a special friend,
A Special Friend...Like You! ! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-a Special Kind Of 'One'-

-A SPECIAL KIND OF 'ONE'-

If I had had a sister,
She'd have been just like you.
We'd have been inseparable.
Everyone would say 'You Two! '

We'd have climbed those trees together
and waded every creek.
We'd have climbed o're hills and hollers
and taken every trek.

And as we grew, we'd stay so close
as we started dating boys,
and every night in our shared room
We'd discuss each other's joys.

We'd talk about the fun things
and discuss our many fears.
We'd talk about our problems
and we'd share each others tears.

But wait-as I remember
Those are the things we've done
Because our sincere friendship
made us a Special Kind of 'One'.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 10-17-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

A Stone From His Garden

A LITTLE STONE FROM HIS GARDEN

I took a walk in The Garden
In which my Jesus prayed,
Where blood dripped from His every pore
And innocent nerves were frayed.

I felt His presence around me
Felt His love within my heart.
I kneel beside a lonely tree,
Pick up a stone 'fore I depart.

So many years ago that was,
That stone now worn so smooth,
But when I need it the very most
That stone, my nerves, does soothe.

I carry it with me everyday
To feel my Lord so near
And when I rub it the very most
My Savior, I do hear.

He tells me that He loves me,
That for my sin He died,
And from His glorious presence
I no longer have to hide.

And when I touch it's smoothness
A sense of peace I feel,
For the little stone from His Garden
Makes everything so real.

And when doubt seems to flicker
Or when I need Him more
I put my hand in my pocket
And rub that stone, Yes, His for sure.

Just a tiny little symbol
One of forgiveness and great pardon

A small symbol of the peace He gives
Just a little stone from His Garden.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

11-26-06

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

A Whisper Of Faith

A WHISPER OF FAITH

I laugh and I cry
A compassionate soul,
My life filled with
Joy and Dismay.

I will shout it out loud
My Faith to extol,
I'll share it with all
Along life's way.

So when you take sight
Of this Spirit inside,
Please witness this
Heavenly glow.

And know that His Love
I can never deride,
And His presence I will
Most surely show.

A whisper of faith
Everlastingly dear,
Enhanced by the Lord
In my being.

How can I share it
For no longer I fear,
Spread out like a picnic
Of Believing.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Across The River

--ACROSS THE RIVER--

She lived across the River
In the poorer part of town,
But she didn't let her lacking
Bring her beauty down.

She held her pretty head up
To face each coming day,
Always clean and gentle
As she went along her way.

She sang His wondrous praises
No matter what she did,
And though she had no money
Could not keep her beauty hid.

He held her on a pedestal,
Cherished her from afar,
For into each and every day
She put into his life, a star.

He wooed her and he courted
Until the lady said 'Yes'
And stood right there beside him
In her pure white wedding dress.

As time went on, so cherished,
Five children they would leave
For in their Golden Lifetime...
They both surely did believe.

As time went on and her lover passed
In her life she was left alone...
But she just waited patiently
For her God to call her home.

This story happened Long Ago
I cannot tell you farther

But I do know, They lived in Faith,
For I am their gt-gt-gt-grand daughter.

Dedicated to Luther and Sallie Jane Gravenor
of Ghent, KY.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Across The U.S.A.

- * ACROSS THE U.S.A. *-

From cliffs above the Atlantic
Through the wetlands and the hills.
Sun coming o'er the Mountains
Light the day...that starts our thrills.

We drive through grassy Valleys
O'er the Rivers where they wend,
Into the hilly Forests
Leading to another Land.

Across the vast dry desert,
No water is..in sight.
Thinking back to earlier times
The dryness...such a plight.

Then, Mountains reaching to the sky
With Clouds enfolding them.
Many men have lost their lives,
In winter to condemn.

Down to greener pastures
The Trees, so tall, will be
And on we go...this mighty trip
Ends Only at the sea.

And where, in these five verses,
Does your..Family..reside
Just be out there beside the road
And we'll take you.... on this ride.

Each one...will enjoy it
And will find the words to say
Just how much we loved.. This trip
.....Across the U.S.A....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 3-8-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

-all My Friendship-

-ALL MY FRIENDSHIP-

I've never thought of counting
What a person does for me.
I'd never put a number
On any good deeds that I see.

I don't count soft words spoken
Or things that you have given,
Because I really do not care
About every little vision.

I'll give you all my friendship
And do whatever I can do,
Because I consider you a friend
Just as I'm a friend to you.

I hope you feel that friendship
And I hope that you'll agree,
For the two of us are already friends
And I hope we'll always be.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©4-20-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

All The World's A Stage

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

Today is just another day
And all the World's a stage
Where we can write a Symphony
On every other page.

With Concerts each presented
At perfect Intervals
An Aria of Movements,
Each Score in Syllables

Each Movement will be cherished
Each Octave a reprieve,
As all our senses languish
And in Symphonies deceive.

For all the World's a stage
Each Concert played in full
As we must engage in daily life
These fantasies to pull.

And when the day is over
Again real life we'll see
To live life as we want it
And plan Our next fantastic symphony.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Alone Within

-ALONE WITHIN-

Behind blank eyes-a world
alone,
The silent state, where quiet
drones.

I know you're there-you can't
come in,
This is my private place
within.

Here, I am, safe from all
strife,
That this world offers me
in life.

The things around me-so
unreal,
Can't hurt me now- I
cannot feel.

Alone within-No strife
about.
Please come-reach in and
pull me out! ! !

Author Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 6-2-1976

Carolyn Ford Witt

Amanda Jane

Amanda Jane

Just thirteen, with wide bright smile
Across the field, she'd ride a mile.
Encampment there, with tents galore
Too much excitement... she can't ignore.

Then she see's him standing there
Young leath lad, wavy brown hair
A soldier boy who stands so tall
He's answered now, his countries call.

Amanda Jane, Amanda Jane,
A fine young soldier you have seen,
With shoulders wide and eyes gray-blue
Some day He'll ask to marry you.

For nigh four years, men fought and died
Mothers wept and Widows cried
What's left of family, moved up North
These trends of war, no longer worth.

This fine young man of twenty one
No longer carries a soldiers gun,
But now must try to ply his trade
Three years a carpenter, some money made.

Amanda Jane, Amanda Jane,
A fine young soldier you have seen
With shoulders wide and eyes gray-blue
Someday this man will marry you.

Now a young woman of nineteen
Among the young men she would preen
So far He'd travel, for her hand
And to her soldier she'd remand.

Back from Indiana to Kentucky
A blushing bride, She'd feel so lucky,

A home He'd built there just for her
And in his arms, she'd surely purr.

Amanda Jane, Amanda Jane
A fine young soldier you have seen
With shoulders wide and eyes gray-blue
This time He's finally married you.

Three boys, God blessed, this family with
A simple life, they now would live.
Builder of ships, this man became
A new frontier, Rivers to tame.

With paddle-wheelers on decline
He had to move on down the line
To deliver now a ship so tall,
Released from life....A fatal fall.

Amanda Jane, Amanda Jane,
A fine young soldier you had seen
With shoulders wide and eyes gray-blue
This day, My Love, I bury you.....
.....I bury You! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-amee-Amee Was Her Name-

-AMEE-AMEE WAS HER NAME-

I went into a store one day
And found a little treat.
A friend for my little girl, I
didn't think I would repeat.

It was a little rag doll
Who wore a gingum dress,
So soft and small and cuddly
For a small girl to caress.

Her face was painted on the cloth
With eyes of deepest blue.
No matter though-this little doll
Was her love-Through and through.

How many times I washed her
And mended tears and snags,
Until each little bit of her
Was turned to thread and rags.

I replaced that doll so many times,
Each one was just the same,
Until my child was six years old.
Amee-Amee was her name.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 9-30-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

Another Step To Heaven

ANOTHER STEP TO HEAVEN

Sometimes we worry needlessly
About what God has in mind.
We search and search through everything
Hunting whatever we can find.

At times like this, Release It,
Hand all your cares to God,
And if we could just see Him
He'd give that soothing nod.

Do not go back and question
What God can do for you,
Just remember you've released it
And trust God with what He'll do.

Then when time comes to look back
And you can see what God has given
Just know that this is another step
A step taken toward Heaven.

May God Bless!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
11-1-06

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Arise!

ARISE

Arise!

The bells are chiming.
Throw back the covers of Our Lord.
Dimension now is changing
As we listen for His Word.

Observing prostrate Nations
Review all that we have done.
Stretch out the thick veil's splendor
Awakening is won!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
©2-3-07

Ms. Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

As God And I Just Hang Around

-* AS GOD AND I JUST HANG AROUND *-

Walking down this dusty lane
As day begins to wane,
A rippling of the water
Upon my ear is lain.

The crunching of the gravel
Underfoot.....I hear.
The soft warm breeze.....
Soon blows away, the etchings of my fear.

And still I walk in humble awe
This beauty that I see,
As colors glow throughout this scape
That God has given me.

I'm soaking in the splendor
These smells and sights and sound,
For this is what it feels like
As God and I just hang around.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-ask Of God-

-ASK OF GOD-

Sometimes we tend to question
When things don't go our way,
Or question others motives
When we witness that they stray.

But just know that we have choices
In all the things we do
And when we see those others stray
It can seriously, affect you.

There's a verse right in the Bible
That tells how problems we should meet.
It tells you if they slam the door,
Turn away and dust your feet.

So, if anothers' actions,
Your Faith might compromise
Just turn away and dust them off
Don't listen to their lies.

Everyone of us has the option
To Pray and Ask of God
And when we get His answer
We must, in our Faith, trod.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©7-24-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Assurance

- * ASSURANCE * -

We walk in utter silence
Along this path of God.
We reach out for His wisdom
Because we each are flawed.

Where light is shed upon us
His grace, then we will see.
We are folding back the veil of life
For the light of God we'll plea.

The brightness we'll encounter,
No mortal could endure,
As He stands there to welcome us
Our lone faith to insure.....

For each of us must walk alone
That last walk we may stride,
As we seek the face of One on High
His blessings to abide.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©11-22-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

Astride Him

ASTRIDE HIM

Straight and tall I sit astride him,
Legs clamped tight around his girth.
As we gently glide along
Keeping stride upon the earth.

Rippling muscles move beneath me,
As I feel them tighten up
As we move slowly-round the course
Then the lift is so abrupt.

There he strides in all his grandeur
Sleek of coat and high of tail
For, my horse, with pride and triumph
Will in contest, never fail

As the gentle stride renews me,
Knowing that our course was true
Then up to the cheering grandstand
The shiny silver cup we will pursue.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt 10-31-05

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Aviation's History

- * AVIATION'S HISTORY* -

In the early nineteen hundreds
On a North Carolina shore
A young Orville and brother Wilbur
Opened Aviations door.

They stirred up great emotions
All around that little town
Evoking TransAtlantic flight
Of John Alcock and Arthur Brown.

Preceding Amelia Earhart
Mr. Boeing and Lockheed
Before Our Charles Lindburgh
And Aviations new Jet speed.

We'll remember the barnstormers
Of a forgotten time of lore
At a time when the US Air Force
Was the US Flying Corps.

But now we glide above the clouds
In comfort and light speed,
Today's Aviation research
Providing for our every need.

So now you know this story,
Aviation is it's name.
In Peace and war, It's our lifestyle
And we'll never be the same.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt.

1-19-2006

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Back In Nineteen Hundred Three

-BACK IN NINETEEN HUNDRED THREE-

There were camp meetings every summer
And they were quite a sight.
The big white tent among the trees
Different preachers every night.

A raised floor for the pulpit
Wood benches for the folks,
Horse and buggies lined earthen road
And were tied among the oaks.

The preachers were so vibrant
Preaching fire and brimstone there,
All the families brought their picnics-
More than enough-to share.

And after all that shouting,
Family and friends would gather round
To hear the ole time music
And to sing and stomp the ground.

Grampaw Arthur played the fiddle,
He was a master with his bow.
Uncle Tavy shared the spotlight
With his worn old banjo.

Uncle Jim played the juice harp
Hooked to a frame around his head,
As he strummed the mellow guitar
With it's stripe of flaming red.

They played into the morning;
By the end, their hands did ache.
But they played that ole time music
Until the morning sun would break.

Then they hitched up horse and buggy,
Slowly filing out t'ward home

To put the horse to pasture
Happy there to freely roam.

These stories Daddy told me,
Would fill my mind with glee
And now I have to share them
with all my friends and family.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Before The Last Bell Tolls

BEFORE THE LAST BELL TOLLS

There will be a time of wonder
Just waiting there for you and me
A time so deep within to ponder
That some may not want to see.

A time when you may be there standing
On the street within a crowd
When some are gone in light's first flashing
Those left behind now cry so loud.

A time when fears will soon surround them
And their eyes in wonder gaze,
A world destined to constant mayhem,
War and chaos, it displays.

Where all the good on Earth are taken
And those left have no belief,
Pray their Hearts will now awaken
So that they...may find relief.

Violent years of terror given
All that is lost...you can regain.
Learn the map that leads to Heaven
And it's blessings you can attain.

All that are lost...will then be driven
To rethink their neutered goals
As their thoughts no longer hidden
Change... before the last bell tolls.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline

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Behind Me

BEHIND ME

Behind me stands a Mountain,
He's stood there from the start.
He sent me in the beginning
And remains here in my Heart.

His kiss good-bye did bless me
As I entered into this existence
And because I chose this varied life
There was no fained resistance.

He's been there with me through the years
Under every kind of condition
And gladly dwelt within my heart
When I'd ask for His Attrition.

Each day He stands there massively
To shore up this small frame,
Teaching love and happiness
Emotions, so long, too tame.

And now, in age, He stands there
Supportive at my side
For soon my life will be over
And I'll go for that last long ride.

There behind me stands a Mountain
He stood there from the start
And when my time is o'er,
Father, with You, I will depart.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline

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Bended Knee

- BENDED KNEE-

by Miss Caroline

So long ago, I came to You
Arms opened wide and let me in.
So young I was, so immature,
Not knowing then what would begin.

Back then, I thought I knew it all,
How could I have been so vain?
But as I grew and learned from life
That courage began to wane.

Each new episode You taught me,
I held so close at heart
And traveled a journey so steadfast,
Feeling we would never part.

I held so close beside You
Temptations, there were, galore
Swimming those rivers of sadness
To safely reach Your shore.

Now as the years are mounting
And that veil is growing thin
I can see what's waiting for me
And I can see where I have been.

Lord, with Your gracious blessing
I know You've brought me here
To pass the greatest test of all
And put away my fear.

For soon the time is coming
When Your sweet face I will see
And there within Your presense
I will be on Bended Knee.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt (Ms. Caroline)

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Bless You My Friend

BLESS YOU MY FRIEND

This prayer is ever going
For you my special friend
For joy and health and happiness
To you 'til time does end.

Each day I say it over
Your happiness to ensure
For this is what a friendships for
And Ours will ever endure.

All God's blessings I am sending
Into your life today
To shelter You and comfort
Your life along the way.

God Bless you now My Dear Friend
In all the things you do
And just remember always
My thoughts are there with You.

Bless You My Friend!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Blessed Assurance

- *BLESSED ASSURANCE * -

We walk in utter silence
Along this path of God.
We reach out for His wisdom
Because we each are flawed.

Where light is shed upon us
His grace, then we will see.
We are folding back the veil of life
For the light of God we'll plea.

The brightness we'll encounter,
No mortal could endure,
As He stands there to welcome us
Our lone faith to insure.....

For each of us must walk alone
That last walk we may stride,
As we seek the face of One on High
His blessings to abide.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt 2005
Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

But Lord

BUT LORD

Good morning, Heavenly Father.....
Now, What would you have me do?
You know, I would do anything,
If You tell me.....Just for You.

'GO OUT AND BEAR ME WITNESS
TO ALL YOUR FRIENDS AND FOE! '
But Lord, I can't bear witness
For away they'd surely go.

'GO TALK TO A LONELY PERSON
OR HELP SOMEONE IN NEED! '
But Lord, I can't help anyone...
I've no way to do this deed.

'GO GIVE AWAY A SMILE TODAY,
MAKE ANOTHER FEEL MY LOVE! '
But Lord, I can't make people feel,
That must come from up above.

'MY CHILD, I'VE ASKED THREE SIMPLE THINGS
THAT I WOULD HAVE YOU DO! '
But Lord, I can't do any of these....
For I just haven't got a clue.

If I could change the whole of things,
I would change but just one word.
For CAN'T would e'er be changed the most
And never again be heard.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

By Their Faith Driven

--BY THEIR FAITH DRIVEN--

The story of a fine race
Who came across the sea,
As gentle and as loving
As any race could be.

They came and built a city
Far south of a river Grand.
Built their faith and built a life,
Yes, they would take a stand.

A visit from their Father
Made Faith an easy thing,
But warring tribes would force
Them North with the budding Spring.

They traveled and they traveled
A safe place they would build,
Continuing to practice Faith
Their lives were soon fulfilled.

As years went by with neighboring tribes
They'd tend to get along;
Then strangers came to war with them
And change their Father's Song.

They hid their ancient writings
In a hill, before New York State,
To be retrieved by mankind
At a much much later date.

An Orb left to decipher all
These writings that were left
Would change it all quite accurately
Into a written script.

A Book would then be given
History of a faith so long ago,

That a long forgotten race of men
Brought from a foreign shore.

It is a mighty witness
Of this Heritage, now given,
And the story of an Indian tribe
Who were by their Faith driven.

Written by inspiration

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Can You Know?

CAN YOU KNOW

Can you know,

What can't be known?

Can you see,

What can't be shown?

Can you hear,

What can't be heard?

Not a whisper,

Not a word.

It has no substance,

It cannot feel,

But when it's there,

It's very real.

You will not know it

At a glance

For when it's there

It's just

'SILENCE'.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Cast To Earth

CAST TO EARTH

As Satan's cast from Heaven's arms
His darkened wings leave earthbound charms
His followers now in carnal bliss
Of him will see, nothing amiss

His beauty will their hearts entwine
No sin, too great, will him enshrine.
And nevermore, God's face to see
For his endeavor is God to be.

Cast to this Earth no more to fly
Enticing every soul to die.
No resurrection, there will be
For all of those who follow thee.

No comfort, love, camaraderie;
No face of God will his followers see
Just pain and hate will they endure
Forever in that place...Unsure.

©6-24-2006

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

Chocoholic

CHOCOHOLIC

I am a Chocoholic...
And this season is disaster.
I must get down upon my knees
And pray unto the Master.

For families bring in Tons
Of delicious Chocolate goodies
Not thinking about the many pounds
That it puts on Nurses Booties.

They are impossible to ignore
A never ending supply,
For even if we hide them
They will surely catch our eye.

Temptation, Get behind me,
You'll ever hear me say
And that is where you'll find it
At the end of every Holiday!

OH, my!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Clouds Of Discontent

CLOUDS OF DISCONTENT

A story of Alzheimer's

Clouds of discontent and
Clouds of disillusion
Rolling trembling clouds
Creating an illusion...

Creep into my heart
Cloud my mind and wander
Through this maze of life
Terrying here and yonder.

Tumalt in the air
Changing my desire.
Tumalt in the air
Breeding hate and ire.

Clouds of discontent and
Clouds of disillusion
Rolling trembling clouds
Creating more confusion.....

author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Consider The Wind

CONSIDER THE WIND

by Ms. Caroline

Consider the Wind
Each whisper a prayer,
The essence of knowledge
That our Lord is there.

Each breeze will be witness
Each flutter a treat,
Of each whispered word
That we will repeat.

He kisses our cheek
And He tousles our hair
With each little breeze
We know that He's there.

How special I feel
As each hurt He will mend,
With each whispered prayer
We consider the Wind.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt (Ms. Caroline)

©2009

Carolyn Ford Witt

Day After Thanksgiving

DAY AFTER THANKSGIVING

Hello, my very dearest friend
I hope your day was Grand
And hope you were as smart as I
And wore pants that would Expand.

I ate and ate till day was done
Just a nibble here and there,
But I am sure the pounds crept on
While I was talking, Unaware.

So now the exercise begins
Each day I'll walk a mile
And next year it will be the Same
As I EAT ALL with a smile! ! ! !

HAPPY DAY AFTER THANKSGIVING! ! ! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

11-24-06

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-depression-

-DEPRESSION-

I Am, crawling in the basement
Of a house so-called depression,
Cannot lift myself from under
This Rock of non-expression.

Just lingering in the darkness,
Not a candle in the way
And now I lie here motionless
Into another day.

No feelings in my body,
No thoughts to fill my mind;
For if I cannot awake from this
My fate is now resigned.

There lurking in the darkness
Is one who summons me.
The man who holds the sickle
Does now call out in glee.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©2006

Carolyn Ford Witt

Down In The 'Hills 'O Brown

- * DOWN IN THE 'HILLS 'O BROWN'-county that is.-

As I lay here in the darkness
And again I cannot sleep,
I'll wander through my memories
Of childhood, Oh, so deep.

I'm traipsing o're a little farm
Down in the 'Hills 'O Brown'
As I saddle up my painted horse
And ride back into town.

I'm going to meet a friend of mine,
Who has a little Bay.
We'll ride into the 'Hills 'O Brown'
To wile away the day.

The country roads were dirt back then,
Soon they would be no more;
But now we would explore them
As we ride to that country store.

We'd water down our horses
In the creek that ran nearby
And she and I would pay ten cents
For a cold bottle of Nehi.

We'd eat our peanut butter
As we sat upon the bridge
And we'd watch our resting horses
As they munched grass on the ridge.

Then we'd pack up our belongings
And ride back another way
To end up back in our little town
Right at the end of day.

We'd brush them and we'd curry,
Then we'd feed them both some hay,

And put them out to pasture
To await another day.

The memories-they were perfect
And I wouldn't put them down,
As we wiled away our childhood
Down in the 'Hills 'O Brown'

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

ine

©11-29-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

-each Little Mountain-

-EACH LITTLE MOUNTAIN-

I will always consider you a friend.
We all have faults we carry,
But forever I consider you my friend
And the problems we will forsee.

Each mountain that we might climb
Each issue that we could face,
Will strengthen our relationship
Problems vanish without a trace.

So when mistrust envelopes you
And our Friendship...you would doubt,
Just remember those little mountains
And together we can work them out.

Your friendship...I will treasure
In all things large and small
For remember God gives these gifts
And Your Friendship..is the best gift of all.

Author< Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline

©4-29-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Energize

ENERGIZE

I wish we could run on batteries
When our bodies begin to fail
And when my butts a draggin'
It would energize my tail.

It'd restore that spark of energy
That my body seems to have lost
And give that little Umph I need,
I wonder at what cost.

I'd wind my little key up
Like the Energizer Bunny,
Scurrying here and scurrying there
And life would be so funny.

But when that battery began to drain
And life began to slow,
I'm sure, if someone asked to wind me up,
I'd have to tell them 'NO'.

For unlike that little Bunny,
I have muscles that have grown old
And they are growing weaker,
At least that's what I am told.

So now I want to lie down
And sleep a little while
And when I wake, I'm sure....
That I can manage a little smile.

Oh My!

Author; Carolyn Ford Witt
By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Eve Of A New Year

ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR

On the Eve
Of a New Year,
I sit with You
My Lord so dear.

To contemplate
The days now past
And wonder
To the very last.

Wondering what things
Should I change.
Make life worthwhile
What to rearrange.

So many things
To share with You
If only I
Can follow through.

No promises
But I will try
To share with all
And reach the sky.

A blessing here
A blessing there,
Just little things
That I can share.

And try not
To provoke a tear
On this the Eve
Of a New Year.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
12-28-06

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Everyday

EVERYDAY

Everyday I think about you
And a tear slips from my eye.
My heart will surely skip a beat
I'll let out a little sigh.

So cherished are you to me
You're held within my heart,
I know some souls are truly destined
To meet before they depart.

When we meet again in Heaven,
That same closeness will be there
And that special Love in Christ
We will most surely share.

I knew you in the beginning
And it's true I know you now...
I'll still know you when we've passed beyond
And before the Lord we'll bow.

These feelings that I'm feeling
Were really meant to be,
For both in Heaven and on this Earth
You will be a part of me.

No friend could be so cherished
No friend could be so loved
For you hold a special place within my heart
You are My Savior's Own Beloved.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

12-12-06

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Fall

-FALL-

As I stepped outside this morning
A coolness nipped at my cheeks
Making them sting as I tried to
Warm them with my hands.

I looked up to see the leaves changing
Colors and dancing in the wind
Only to fall into piles on the ground
making mounds of yellows and browns.

Our beautiful warm summer is
coming to an end, and Fall
is enveloping us into a cool crispness
that shouts of a warm fire and
a cup of hot chocolate.

Snuggling down under a crochet throw
and dreaming of sugar plums
and angels that will soon decorate
our tree, in celebration of Your birth.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Fantasies And Love

FANTASIES AND LOVE

Miracles are truly made
Out of Fantasies and Love,
Wrapped in silver linings
to be sent from up above.

They're spun sugar to the palate.
Woven silk that you can touch.
Fairy dust upon our eyelids,
That brighten days so much.

They break into our lives each day,
With many images to share
Bringing silken dreams and fantasies,
Much more than we can bear.

They'll wrap around tomorrow
And wash Reality away,
To manipulate my daydreams
In hopes that you will stay.

A host of Angel blessings
That promise you are there,
To kiss my lips with passion,
Run your fingers through my hair.

So many touching fantasies
Entwined within my days
Dancing gently in my Heart
In so many enchanting ways.

These Miracles, I'll cherish,
That You send from up above...
Just silken magic miracles
Made from Fantasies and Love.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Feast Of Love

FEAST OF LOVE

I prepared My Lord a sandwich
Two hands together, filled with prayer,
And as I knelt down on my knees
Inner feelings did I bare.

To Him, I gave a feast of love...
One that He first gave to me.
A feast filled to overflowing,
Unveiled, for all to see.

And when my heart was emptied,
My Lord filled that emptiness with Love,
Sharing all the beauty of life
That He has stored there up above.

And when I asked to go with Him,
He blessed me and was gone,
And I heard this from the clouds above
Your work here is not done...

Time marches on!

Now each day, when I feel weary,
I take heed of those words He's said
And bare to him, my feelings,
Giving my hands to Him....as bread.

And when our meal is finished
And our time of prayer is done,
I feel this fullness in my heart
And I know His blessing is won.....

Time marches on!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

3-1-07

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Feather On My Pillow

THE FEATHER ON MY PILLOW

I saw a feather on my pillow
It was of the purest white.
I thought it was a fanciful dream
Of Angels wings in flight.

Then on my window sill so dim
I saw this Angel's dust.
A sparkling golden glitter there
And believing was a must.

So when I went to bed that night,
I feigned I was asleep,
And soon I saw an Angel there
My safety for to keep.

She watched me as I lay there
As Mother's Love glowed bright.
I'd never seen such grandeur
Never seen such a glorious sight.

She sang those songs so beautiful
Such sweet sounds on my ear,
And soon I fell asleep again
In her arms without a fear.

And when I awoke in morning
The sweetest thing I'd see,
A feather on my pillow
That she'd left there just for me.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

2-27-07

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Feelings

- FEELINGS-

by Miss Caroline

So many words scurrying through my head
So many words that remained unsaid.
Fanciful words not making any sense
Words unsaid....that make me so tense.

How do I put them....into a rhyme,
How do I declare them right, at this time?
Fanciful, perfect, just what you'd want to hear
Words with the power to make you feel dear.

Declaring, in statement, just how I feel,
Letting you know that my feelings are real.
So when you read this...Read between the lines
And you might untangle the unreadable signs.

Of feelings unmentioned, of feelings unsaid,
So read over these words you've already read
Denied or unmentioned...the feelings are real
So read over again....to know how I feel.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt (Ms. Caroline)

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Carolyn Ford Witt

First Encounters

THE FIRST ENCOUNTER

That first encounter
Warmth wrapped around my virgin body
Dampness enveloping me
Surrounding me as I come up for air
Sensually seeping inside me as I sink
Once more into this moist
oblivion
Undressing me with gentle caresses
Which empower me to once again push
Up to the surface
And with long strides pull
Myself to the side of the
winterpool
Lifting my moist body into
The cold winter air
Wrapping myself in a terry robe of warmth
And scurrying across the cold concrete
To the crackling warmth of the
Fireplace.....
Inside.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

2-11-07

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

First Snow

FIRST SNOW

I stepped from my doorway this morning,
to hear silence all around.
The morning noise muffled by the
crisp white blanket, which covers the ground.
The air is cold
and wind nips at my nose.
I walk softly,
each step crunching
as my feet sink into the
deep white snow.
The trail I leave behind
suggesting an unknown stranger
following me across the way.
The branches of the trees hang low
with their cottony burden.
In the distance,
I hear the jingle-jingle
of tire chains
as they cut through the crisp whiteness
on the deserted streets,
suggesting an awakening that
I felt in anticipation.
Soon, people will be hurrying
on to work-more exhilarated-
more refreshed,
by the clean white newness
that surrounds them.....
A fresh new world beneath their feet.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

©12-01-1976

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-flea Markets And You-

-FLEA MARKETS AND YOU-

We go out to the market
To just buy a couple Fleas,
Just searching all the offerings
Each one our lives to please.

So many things for sale there
Some are old and some are new,
Each little thing I pick up
Soon to buy a few.

Old jewelery, I will pick up.
Silver ring with ruby red.
Plus a bright sunvisor
To cool my sizzling head.

I found some hanging plants there
And a candy bar or two.
Oh, how I love Flea Markets
Especially when....I go with you!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©8-10-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Fly With Golden Wings

-- *FLY WITH GOLDEN WINGS * --

Someday we'll fly with golden wings,
After we have left this Earth;
As each of us- most surely did
Before our Human Birth.

If we can now- believe in HIM,
And follow that ancient plan;
Then, one day- not too long from now
Before HIM- we will stand.

Will your name be in HIS book,
Or will you -stand in vain,
Never to go and be with HIM
For, to you-- all life will wane.

But, if you'll listen quietly,
You'll hear HIS words- to you.
So silently you'll gain HIS grace
And you'll know just what- to do.

You can start -right now
In this life- to do those very things,
So at the end of this earthly life-
You will fly- With Golden Wings.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-for My Eternity-

-FOR MY ETERNITY-

I will love you throughout eternity
Until the birds can no longer sing
Until the highest mountains fall
And the Church Bells no longer ring.

I will love you through the darkest night
And into the brightness of the day
even through the harshest storm
Or if I had lost my way.

I'd love you if you were squeaky clean
Or covered with soot and ash
I'd love you if your words were poems
Or if they were crude and brash.

I love you for being the perfect one
That God has made for me.....
You are the one that, in this life,
Was sent for My Eternity...

And if our life were forfeit
So thankful I would be
That our hearts were entwined as one
And I know that you loved me.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©8-19-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

For The Bible Told Me So

THE BIBLE TOLD ME SO

I can hear my Father calling
To this body old and weak
And I know those special blessings
That in this life I'd seek.

For I've heard His whispers daily
As I've trod this Earth so long
And He gather's me into His arms
Just to hear the Angels song.

Now that this Age is ending
This old body about to die
He gives me young wings, strong and steady,
For the journey through the sky.

And I know that He is waiting
As He said so long ago,
That, in Heaven, I will see Him
For the Bible told me so.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

2-24-07

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Forgotten Time

FORGOTTEN TIME

Thankful for a forgotten time
Sound of rain on an old tin roof
The whinny of a welcoming colt
The sound of a galloping hoof.

The trickle of raindrops into a barrel
Quiet of a starlit Summer night
The sound of the crickets down in the glade
The Awe of a new dawn's light.

Walking in shallows at the beach
Bare feet on a warm dusty lane
Soft new grass where you sit in the shade
That sweet smell of coming rain.

The haunting call of a mother's cry
When her calf has strayed too far
The longing look up into the sky
At the brilliance of each new star.

Each little glimpse of my memories
Quickens these strings in my heart
Putting a song into life's refrain
As forgotten time does impart.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Foster Mother

--FOSTER MOTHER--

Good morning, Little Sunshine,
As you awaken for the day.
With eyes so bright and shining
I'm so glad you came to stay.

I know that you're the angel
That God sent here to me;
Just a little piece of heaven
That He sent for me to see.

How long you'll get to stay here
Is not for me to know
For birds are singing brightly
And God's love, to me, you show.

Just this tiny little bundle
Shared with me, just for a while,
To bring this little bit of Heaven
And make a Foster Mother smile!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Freedom's Call

Remember Freedom's Call

I've dreamt of sweet magnolias
And of another day
When white verandas wrapped around
And the fields were filled with hay.

When 'coloreds' worked the fields
Then sang gospel 'round the fire
And all the little chil'en played
Ignoring, they were for hire.

Back when the grandiose parties
Ruled southern society
But then swept in a tall gaunt man
Promising, All Man, Liberty.

As grown men cried out
That surely their world was lost
And families lay broken,
This Freedom, What a cost!

As brothers fought brothers
The Land was soon lain black
As soldiers marched across it
Not one could then look back.

A war fought, oh so bitter
That families all were torn
As old customs were slaughtered
And new ones were born.

Only after the victory
A president...shot down,
No more of his wisdom
For he'd stood his last ground.

We do hardly remember

These things that we once gave
As we fought against our brothers
This mighty Nation to save.

How very very ungrateful
That so much blood was shed
Back in a time.... when
The fields all ran bright red.

So many now have fallen
To let our Freedom ring;
How can we e'er forget them,
Forgetting everything!

That Freedom is so precious..
Held high by us all....
Can we not Remember,
REMEMBER FREEDOM'S CALL!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Fried Apple Pies

FRIED APPLE PIES

Our orchard, small and scraggly,
Only apple trees we grew
With Jonathan's and Winesap's,
Granny Smith threw in a few.

We'd pick them when the blush was on
Before the frost was due.
We'd peel and slice, add spices rare,
Those apples we would stew.

Then roll the biscuit dough out thin
And a dollop of apples belied,
Folded over and sealed real good
Then in the pan, it's fried.

This special treat we'd cherish,
When the cold of winter blew
And snow stood on the corn shocks
In the pictures Daddy drew.

So far away the Spring seemed
As in cold, Animals had to be fed.
We thanked the Lord for plenty...
Thanked Him for our daily bread.

But Sundays were the best of times
There under Mama's loving eyes,
When she graced our Dinner table
With her cherished Fried Apple Pies.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
2-28-07

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

From Sands Of Time

FROM SANDS OF TIME

Atop this perch above the sea
My heartbeat seems to rush
As foaming whiteness of the waves
Upon the rocks does crush.

Billowing up in sparkling peaks
Then gently trickling down
Flowing brilliantly out to sea
This Island's sparkling gown.

In calmness, ripples shimmer,
As back out to sea they go,
They'll now retreat from sands of time
To create another show.

As darkness hides these footprints
In the sand, there left behind,
To shroud the very existence
Of this witness of mankind.

Then way up high in darkening sky
The pale moon will display
As those shimmering reflections
Upon the waves do play.

And softly now each prayerful thought
My mind is swirling through
Continually sent from within my heart,
From within my heart.....to You! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

2007

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

G.L.Y.A.S.D.I.

G.L.Y.A.S.D.I.

I'm singing now these praises
Heartfelt hymns into the air
Joyous noise unto the Lord
Sweet songs we have to share.

So shy, to say those words
But in song, My heart I give;
For He'll always be my center
Most precious Life, for me to live.

Now when Clouds are descending
I go back to this phrase,
Way back when this life was so new
It would give, my God, His praise.

That phrase was Oh so simple
But it reaches up to the sky,
As I share it with you daily
'God Loves You And So Do I'.

So, if your heart is singing
His praises into the air,
Just remember these initials
And, with others, God's Love you'll share!

G.L.Y.A.S.D.I.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Glory Land

IN GLORY LAND

I've reached down to the darkest depths
Some pleasure there to see
But I must confess, those pleasures,
Did escape the likes of me.

Then I reached up into Heavens realm
With brightness glorified
And beauty there beyond belief
My eyes have now espied.

No longer now, can I look down
For my eyes are trained above
And here within my human heart
I've felt celestial love.

As songs of praise escape my lips,
Sweet psalms of praise so fine
And now for Our sweet Savior's touch
I do, so truly, pine.

Each blessed whisper in my ear
Each touch of wind, my cheek,
Does change to beauty this life here...
It no longer looks so bleak.

And one day when this life is cold
And this human body dust,
I'll praise You there in Glory Land
For in You, my heart does trust.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
1-25-07
By Ms. Caroline

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God Reaches Out

GOD REACHES OUT

I know you're feeling very down
And I wish you weren't sad.
There are so many things around
That make us feel so bad.

But when you awake in the morning
To the chirping of a bird,
Just remember that may be God,
Whose singing you have heard.

And when you walk into a store
And a beggar there you see,
Just remember, that sad face,
The face of God, may be.

And when a child smiles up at you
With innocence in their eye,
Just remember that each day
God gives innocence to you and I.

So when you're feeling down and sad
And your heart seems to break,
Just remember that God reaches out
And says, 'My Hand, you now must take.'

Love you my friend.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

God Sent Me An Angel

God sent me an Angel

You sent an Angel to me
He rode into my heart
He was singing all Your praises
All Your Wisdom to impart.

He spoke those words I needed
I heard him, Oh so clear,
He talked of all your blessings
And I held them, Oh so dear.

Your Words, he was now writing
Each sentence was Your Praise
And as I read them carefully
Tis the quiet ending of his phase.

This Angel was sent to tweak me
Make my faith grow deeper still
Just to exercise my memories
And bend me closer to Your Will.

Now, as his Earthly body dwindles
And my Faith just grows and grows
Please God, bless this gentle Angel
And take to him this Single Rose.

Just tell him, that I love him,
As if he never knew....
For someday, this gentle Angel,
We'll send back home...to You....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

God's Blessing

-GOD'S BLESSING-

Take rest my child, I commend you,
Abide inside your faith
For I prepare your challenge
Please rest within My Wraith.

I will furnish you, Sweet respite,
In this shadow, I create,
For this vessel here is fleeting
And Heaven, my children, await.

Here I will enhance you,
Give you Great Strength, to endure.
Enable you to enjoy this life
And bring you back, Through Christ, so pure.

But for now your life is needed
In that place that you call Earth
I bless you now, my sweet child,
As I did blessed you at your birth.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

God's Gift

The day is awakening. Birds are singing. The trees are whispering, 'Rain is on the way' 'Rain is on the way' The leaves have turned their bellies up to catch each miniscule drop. The branches are swaying as if to say 'Come, Come'. The sky is white with the endless cloud cover. You can smell the dampness in the breeze. I see each leaf fluttering as though they were giggling amongst themselves and gently reaching up for God's blessing. The torrential downpour that follows will greenup the parched brown grass that was once our lawn. How can we not know of God's touch when we see His miracles in our everyday life. Stop and look around at what God has given us.....

Carolyn Ford Witt

God's Little White Retreat

God's Little White Retreat

There was a little chapel
In the trees upon the hill,
With a tall and spindley steeple
And a bell that sends a thrill.

For when it rings....it calls me
To this place of silent prayer,
And I know that God will bless me
As He walks beside me there.

He touches me so simply
As He reaches into my heart,
In the tiny little chapel
For that's where my Faith did start.

His peace....He'll give us daily
If we ask a blessing sweet
And simply take hiatus
In God's little white retreat.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

12-18-05

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-god's Own Beauty-

-GOD'S OWN BEAUTY-

To mesmerize.....a state we're in
We spin these tales, believed within.
Lie to ourselves...that the more we have
In opulence....our lives we'll save.

But what of all the simple things
Real joy and happiness, to our lives bring.
A simple sunset viewed from a beach
In calm and serenity, Our Lord will teach.

A smile, a whisper we hold so dear
No chaos there, no threat, no fear
So if you feel you need it all
Just kneel down...give God a call.

He'll redirect your priorities
He'll change your life from chaos to ease
So listen to His words on High
When wealth's web you want to ply.

And to your life a glorious view
Into your sight will then ensue
For peace within will then enlist
As God's own beauty..we no longer resist.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline

©8-16-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

God's Pictures

-- * GOD'S PICTURES * --

The mountains crown
With snow is cloaked
And at it's feet
With green trees stoked.

A misty blue
Of Nature's Scene
Blending in to
Darkest green.

The Sun will Grace
It's pure white peak
As God on high
We surely seek.

In quietness,
This World will Bless
And take away
These years of stress.

So when on Nature
You do gaze,
Remember, God's Pictures,
He displays.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-god's Sweet Love-

-GOD'S SWEET LOVE-

Please, do not doubt me, if I slumber
Do not think that I don't care;
For sometimes I grow weary,
But I cherish that you're there.

Sometimes I need to take your strength
If you can share a smile or two
Just a little laughter that
You give to me, will do.

You are an Angel sent to Earth
To share God's love with me,
Sent here at a special time
For only my heart to see.

Sent here as a special blessing
A blessing from above,
To give me warmth and friendship
An Angel spreading....God's sweet Love.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©7-2-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Good Morning

GOOD MORNING

Good morning to you my dear friend
On this day so filled with rain
But just to know that you are there,
A smile, my face will gain.

You are a SPECIAL person
Who fills this world with cheer,
You chase away these raindrops
When I can feel you, Oh! so near.

May God bless you, now, each second
As you walk along His way
And give you all those special charms
To make for a brighter day.

God Bless You my Friend!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-goodbye Daddy! -

-GOODBYE DADDY! -

Here I sit
Here at your side.
I wish I could
Just go and hide.

This waiting game
I cannot play
I don't know if
It's night or day.

A youngster still
Of eighty-nine,
Your life with me
I can't define.

But I sit here waiting
For you to die.
I cannot feel,
I cannot Cry

I pace the floor,
I clean and shine,
I hurt so much
I cannot pine.

At last, I hear that
Breath you take.
The one that makes
My heart to break.

It takes so long
for me to smile
And you've been gone
for quite a while.

These feelings that I
once called grief,

Have ebbed into what
is now belief.

You've crossed the veil
to go back home,
No longer this cruel
world to roam.

You now look down
and walk beside,
You're job has changed
To Heavenly Guide.

GoodBye Daddy
I cannot Feel

Author Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©9-21-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

-graduation Day-

-GRADUATION DAY-

The mist hung slight
Above the ground.
Students all were
Scurrying 'round.

With testing done
The college plight,
Such merriment
It t'was a sight.

As mortar boards
Flung into the air
Their joy and sadness
Each to share.

Forward as their
Lives would go,
And where they lead
No one does know.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©5-28-2006

Carolyn Ford Witt

Granmaw

GRANMAW

Slippers 'neath the bedstead
A braid beneath her cap,
Nightgown to her ankles
As she lay down for her nap.

The quilt upon her bed
Made gently by her hand,
Oh so dry and calloused
From her work upon the land.

The wrinkles on her face
Like the furrows of the field.
The goodness of this lady,
The measure of her yield.

To me she was a blessing
Sent from God above,
And though I was the youngest
I got the measure of her love.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
11-15-05

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Happy Easter My Friend

Just for you at Easter
This cheery little card
To tell you that you are my friend
And this is our reward.

So to you I send this blessing
Carried over, every other day,
To bless you with His saving grace
For as Friends, we'll always stay.

Happy Easter My Friend

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©4-13-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Happy Valentine's Day

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY

I'm looking through my window
Your image in my mind,
Thinking about our friendship
And You, so very kind.

I'm holding you within my heart
And keeping you so near,
Praying that our friendship
Lasts throughout another year.....

HappyValentine's Day
My Dearest friend!

Author Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

He'LI Wipe The Tears

HE'LL WIPE THE TEARS

When all the world's in sorrow
And a tear falls from each eye,
From Our Lord's own heart we'll borrow
The weeping of the sky.

As He sheds His mighty power
And He cleanses away our fears
He'll bring into our lives each hour
The sunlight of the years.

And when the veil is gone forever
On this mountain of our Lord
Then death will be a memory
As we bask in His sweet word.

He'll wipe these tears from faces
For no sadness there will be
As He opens eyes of those gone on,
Now His goodness... all can see.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

1-25-07

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Here In God's Arms

©- HERE IN GOD'S ARMS-

As I slowly strolled down the country lane,
the rocks pushed up against the soles of
my thin sandals.

The dust rose in tiny swirls as the wind
danced in the mighty trees that lined
the roadway.

As I walked along, the sun played children's
games with me, peaking from behind the leaves
momentarily and was gone again just as quickly;
It's flashes of light warming me to the
very soul.

In the distance, the cows and horses grazed silently
in the bright green meadow;
their tails swishing in the air like flags in the wind.

At the end of the lane, I came to a serenely
hidden lake, with dark trees dipping their branches
down to sip the cool sparkling water.

No noise-No strife-No bickering abound
in this hidden place.
Only peace and serenity abide here in God's
arms.

This beauty-this peace is what God intends
for us to hold within our hearts each day.

I pray that my life will always be as God intended it-
that His peace will abide within my heart forever.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

5-08-1976

Carolyn Ford Witt

His Army

-- * HIS ARMY *--

Where did all the Soldiers go,
Who stand up for the Lord?
Are they bunkered by the way,
And soon to spread His word?

Have they trained for every snare,
Or are their eyes still blind?
Have they put on their armor
Or do we weaknesses still find?

Will Satan use this weakness
To corrupt the whole platoon,
Or have they knelt together
So that they are all in tune?

Now, we are soldiers of the Lord...
His banner we hold high.
We shout His praises to the world
His goodness to espy.

Stand up, with His word, bravely....
To lead unto the Gate,
For there we each stand firmly,
Our future to await.....

And when St. Peter asks us
If, to Him, our lives were sworn,
I'll gladly stand there straight and tall
His raiments, to adorn.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

His Grace

-HIS GRACE-

I've walked a path so long and aimless
For no where would it lead my day,
Chasing things that were Oh! so needless
That sight was clouded, of The Way.

Wandering through the distant forest,
Nothing there to really see...
All the sights that I was seeking
Hidden by a single tree.

How I sought Him, seeking ever,
Rushing here and rushing there,
Looking through the many castles,
Here on Earth, so very rare.

I was lost, no way to wander,
Hidden blessings n'er to see.
Until, My God, saw in the darkness
Reaching in to rescue me.

He knew my heart was ever seeking
To return into the fold, He held,
Braising me in heat and water
Onto the Mighty Cross, He'd weld.

And when I have tired and fallen,
Lifting with His mighty Hand,
Giving strength and gentle guidance
Make me strong, on foot, to stand.

Everyday, He'll prime my spirit
Priming it with Love so strong,
Lifting me to heights unmeasured
Resistance there to things so wrong.

How could one deny existence
Of one so peaceful and so grand,

One whose greatest love and goodness
Lifted me with His own hand.

Now I linger, teaching others,
Whispering God's word in every ear
For I know the time is coming
When all will need Him, in their fear.

And when that time is close in hand
And all the Nations see His face
I pray that God will know, I love Him,
Enfolding me into His Grace.

For each must seek their own salvation
Asking Him to lend them Grace
And one day in their sublimation,
Each shall see His smiling face.

11-11-07

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

His Presence

©- * HIS PRESENCE * -

TICK-TOCK, TICK-TOCK
The time is going fast.
Who will be the first,
And who will be the last.

Many have gone on
before this day, you see.
Some preceding you,
Some preceding me.

All that went before us,
Will honor us up there
And for each and every one of us
Our burdens they will share.

His teachings we have savored
Each blessing we retain,
And someday in the future
His presence we'll regain.

Author; Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©11-15-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

-his Sweet Embrace-

-HIS SWEET EMBRACE-

In sadness do I gently weep
O're simple crimes of disbelief
Lack of compassion that some teach
Across this wide Earth, it would reach.

The lies so spread that none could care
No where to live a life unfair
While others tend to follow a whim
The few, in earnest, will follow Him.

This rocky road a humbling place
For we cannot run to win this race.
Each step a treacherous ordeal,
Each day God's blessings we wish to feel.

For in each one, a fight will ensue
For possession of the soul that's so surely you,
As your life would be devoid of choice
No longer blessings to rejoice.

A drudgery of our daily life
Each day filled with an inner strife.
No joy, no light, no inner peace
No God, these sins, to then release.

Where chaos reines and pulls us down,
No smile, there lays, for just a frown.....
Two thousand years.....when will we learn
A promise that these souls will burn.

If they'll but listen, to the few
Their lives God promised to renew,
And teach them of a greater fate
And let them stand at Heaven's Gate.

As His book does open to let them through
Will you be one of His chosen few?

To dwell in Heaven's Highest Place
And feel, again, His sweet embrace.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

©3-8-06

Miss Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

His Warriors

©- * HIS WARRIORS * -

There are so many questions
In this old World of ours.
Why can we not just live in peace?
Why have we all these wars?

For when you look in history
Clear back through ancient times,
You'll see a lot of treachery.
You'll see a lot of crimes.

Why even in the Bible,
You'll see a little flaw,
When Our Father cast out Satan
For not abiding by His Law.

But if we let just everyone
Do as each of us may please,
We'd soon abide in chaos
And Satan would rule with ease.

So if your heart is burdened
By the wars we have to win,
Just think of the alternative-
A world overrun by sin.

For God has sent HIS Warriors
To fight this war for us
And take them back to live with HIM
So please don't make a fuss.

For they came here with a purpose,
Just the same as everyone.
Theirs was to come and fight for us
Then return Home with HIS Son.

Thanks to all who serve and die for us.
May God bless and keep you in HIS arms.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
ine

©12-01-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

-his Will

-HIS WILL-

Dream away in dreamland
the worries that you feel,
Let them float upon the wind
until they aren't real.

Lift your spirits way up high
and let your worries go,
Put your life into His hands
and soon, His will, you'll know.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 10-28-1976

Carolyn Ford Witt

-his Will-

-HIS WILL-

Dream away in dreamland
the worries that you feel,
Let them float upon the wind
until they aren't real.

Lift your spirits way up high
and let your worries go,
Put your life into His hands
and soon, His will, you'll know.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
10-28-1976

Carolyn Ford Witt

Honky Tonk Girl

-HONKY TONK GIRL--

She works all week 'till Friday
Goes home at 3 P.M.
She jumps into the shower
Fixing herself up for them.

She dresses in her best blue jeans
Red sequined chemise and all
And walks into the Honky Tonk
Striding to the table against the wall.

The guys...they're looking closely
Admiring all she has displayed
Like bees buzzing 'round the hive
They are by her, enslaved.....

She picks and chooses carefully
From all that do admire
Then turns on her simmering charm
To light their inner Fire.

And after all the flirtings done,
She takes him home to play
Knowing that by morning
Her admirer, has gone away.

An empty bed, when she awakes,
So sad she feels right now
For what she yearns...is to have some Love.
She really Doesn't care how.

How lonely, in this world, she is
As each week she goes to work
Then every weekend is just the same
As men, do her lifestyle, smirk.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

How Can We Leave Out Jesus

HOW CAN WE LEAVE OUT JESUS

How can you leave out Jesus
From Christmas, may I ask,
For it was He who started this
And took the world to task.....

He gave His life for all our sin,
This much You have to know,
And now you say- that for this deed
His name we cannot show?

Well, I for one, will shout His name.
Each day I'll yell it -loud,
And you can sit there in your courts
While I rise above the cloud!

For I'll believe upon His Name
Until the day I die
For someday soon - You will remain,
While I go to Him On High.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

12-01-05

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Hymn Of Hope

HYMN OF HOPE

Dear Lord, pull me to thy bosom
Carry me on to higher plains,
Gently guide me through this existence
As You, My Father, take these reins.

Far and wide You're always with me
Watching me with Father's pride,
And as I walk in humble believing
You will always be at my side.

When life grows ever fearful
And Your tears wash this away,
I will ever be encouraged
That tomorrow, exists, a brighter day.

Holy Father I will follow
As You guide me through the strife
And encourage with this knowledge
That I go to a better life.

And Dear Lord, please hold me gently
Carry me on to higher plains
As You guide me through this existence
For I have given You these reins....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
2-16-07
By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

I Can Endure

I CAN ENDURE

I was a child who followed,
No matter what you'd do.
I'd never put my foot down,
Nor to myself be true.

Then something happened, I said,
'I've grown wings, I want to fly'
And when you turned away from me,
I thought that I would die.....

But soon a new day brightened
And my Sun began to shine
For I found that even without you,
My life... would be just fine.

I'd climb up to my highest dreams,
My fantasies to ensure
For I know that now, through anything,
Alone..... I can endure!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

2-18-07

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

I Can Say 'I Love You'

I CAN SAY 'I LOVE YOU'

I can say I love you
And that God, on you, has smiled
You could be my darling lover,
My best friend, or my child.

There are many different people
To which I could say this phrase
And delicately ply them
With my ministries of praise.

To me you're ever treasured
Within this life on earth.
You fill me with such pleasure,
such faithfulness, such mirth.

So if you are my lover,
My family, or my friend;
I hope you know, I love you,
And know you are my dear
Godsend.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-i Can Travel On-

-I CAN TRAVEL ON-

Lord,

Each day I take these problems
And spread them upon the floor
To just wrap them very carefully
And send them to You, My Lord.

I go over everyone of them
And feel them deep inside.
I wrap each one in paper
Each one for You to hide.

No longer will I see them
No longer their weight, I bear,
Because I've given all to you
And their resolution...You can't share.

My Faith is in You, My Father,
These problems now are gone
And now my life I live again
And, God, I can travel on.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©8-10-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

-i Have A Little Problem-

-I HAVE A LITTLE PROBLEM-

I have a little problem
With these rules we do ensue.
I can't remember what day this is
And what day are we due?

I'm counting down the numbers.
Is it ten or is it past?
Do I have to PM,
Or, can I just answer FAST?

My minds in such a dither,
Now, I can not hardly think.
I know I'm going bonkers.
At least, My mind is on the brink.

So if my little problem
Causes you a problem, too,
Please give me a little slack...
I think my medications due.....

EEEEEEKkkkkkkkkk!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©4-28-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

I Know Lord, I Love You Too

- * I KNOW LORD, I LOVE YOU TOO * -

Take my hand
I come to Thee.
Yes, Dear Lord,
It's only me.

I hear your voice
Most every day.
Just take my hand
Show me the way.

My heart is filled
With all your love.
Just take my hand
Guide me above.

Why must I wait
Your face to see.
Oh Lord, I know
For You've blessed me.

So here I'll stay
To teach of You,
And I know Lord
I Love You, Too.

Author; Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©2-14-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

I Love You

I LOVE YOU!

So many words scurrying through my head
So many words that remain unsaid,
Fanciful words, not making any sense,
Words unsaid that make me so tense.

How do I put them into a rhyme,
How do I declare them...right at this time?
Fanciful, Perfect, just what you want to hear,
Words with the power to make you feel dear.

Declaring, in statement, just how I feel,
Letting you know that my feelings are real.
So, when you read this, read between the lines
And you might untangle the unreadable signs,

Of feelings unmentioned..of feelings unsaid
So read over the words you've already read,
Denied or unmentioned...the feelings are real
So read over again..to know how I feel! ! ! ! ! !

I Love You! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

I Miss You

-I MISS YOU-

I miss you
When you're gone away
I miss you
Both in night and day

Your haunting laugh
Your fleeting smile
That vibrant way
That fun-loving style

I miss you
When you're gone away
I miss you
Most in every way! ! ! ! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©8-09-1980

Carolyn Ford Witt

I Now Have Won!

Sometimes I think we're growing old
Have aches and pains galore,
But I can't think about it now
'Cause I can't add anymore.

I have to keep on going
Each second of every day
Until I am exhausted
And my head can hit the hay.

So many things have to be done;
the house, the yard, the chores;
I start out in the morning
And end up on all fours.

It seems that when I wake up
The day will never end
And as the day progresses
This fight I'll never win.

But then, just as the day ends
And I survey what I have done,
I know within my very soul
That this day, I now have won.

And as I say my prayers at night
And thank God for strength and power
I know that He's been with me
Every second of every hour.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

©4-7-2012

Ms. Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

I Still Have You On My Mind

- I STILL HAVE YOU ON MY MIND-
by Miss Caroline

I heard the whisper of the trees
And a tear slipped from my eye
For your voice came into my heart,
Why did I start to cry?

I felt the touch of raindrops splash
So soft upon my skin
Remembering the glorious day
That my heart had let you in.

Time has passed for many years
Each second seems so long
And now each time I think of you
I hear our loving song.

I think about the whispered words
And with each thought I find
Although the years have passed away
I still have you on my mind.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt (Ms. Caroline)
©2009

Carolyn Ford Witt

I, He, You, We

- * I, HE, YOU, WE * -

I wrote a little story
I wrote it for my Lord
I wrote it as a message
To spread around His word.

He gave me all the words
He gave me the message too
He gave me inspiration
To get His word to you.

You only have to read it
You only have to pray
You only have to understand
To find Our Father's way.

We will always know Him
We will always understand
We will always get the chance
To take Our Father's Hand.

God Loves You, And So Do I!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©3-2-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

-if-

©-IF-

If rainbows weren't in color,
Would we love them just the same?
And If towns were just one soul or two,
Would we still give them a name?

If days were shrouded in darkness,
Would we still call them a day?
If a map now had no writing,
Would we each still know our way?

If there stood, only a single tree,
Would there still a forest stand?
Or If a sound fell on deaf ears,
Would it still be a sound so grand?

Such simple little questions
But, of us, each question asked.
A life can not be lived
Without each plan that we have tasked.

But, to You, we're now returning
With these questions still unanswered.
No worries now, for You have said,
This Life, My Child, you've mastered!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©8-31-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

If I Could Make A Miracle

- * IF I COULD MAKE A MIRACLE * -

If I could make a miracle
I'd make one just for you
If I could make a rainbow
That's just what I'd do.

If I could change a second
Of any day gone by,
For you I'd do it anytime
Or at least, for you, I'd try.

If I could change your life anew,
I'd change it for the best
But since I haven't angel wings,
My powers aren't blessed.

So if you don't mind-for I'm not sure,
I'll call upon another:
The one who can do anything
My own sweet Heavenly Father.

To Him I'll send a prayer for you,
One that will make you blessed
As you carry on this earthly life,
On this your heavenly quest.

This is the very greatest gift
That I have to provide,
To send my precious Heavenly Father
To sit at your sweet side.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 11-04-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

If I Could Whisper

- * IF I COULD WHISPER *-

If I could whisper in your ear
I'd promise you the stars,
But you won't let me tell you
For you carry many scars.

If I could whisper in your ear
I'd tell you of my love,
But you just hide behind the pain
Of another's push and shove.

If I could whisper in your ear
So many things I'd say,
But because you listened to her then
You now, push me away.

Well, I will whisper to you now
And my love to you disclose,
And thank the Lord for the knowledge
That, for me, You're the one He chose.

And if you'll listen to Him
I know you'll realize,
That I'm the one He sent to you
When you look into my eyes.

IF I COULD WHISPER.....I LOVE YOU!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©2-28-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

I'M Sorry Jesus

- * I'M SORRY JESUS * -

HAPPY BIRTHDAY JESUS! ! ! ! !
I just thought that we would say,
I hope you know we love you,
On this glorious Christmas Day.

We know you love us dearly,
And gave the most amazing sacrifice.
When you gave yourself upon the cross
To give Us eternal life.

So Happy Birthday to you
Blessed Savior-And Our King,
I know that you have blessed us
Everytime I hear bells ring.

So don't let them squish the Army
That stand ringing at the door,
For as I leave the buildings
I do donate for the poor.

Don't let them erase all mention
Of your name now in our schools,
For the prayers and plays and stories
Are Our best inspirational tools.

Don't let them remove the name of God
From the money that we pay
For, I'm afraid that all will be lost
If we let there come that day.

Yes, Happy Birthday, Jesus!
But I wish you didn't have to see
What is happening in this World...
That from sin, you died, to set us free.

I'M SORRY JESUS!

Author: Carolyn Ford

©12-13-05

Ms Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

Immortality

IMMORTALITY

Did you listen to the wind last night,
God whistling His tune.
Whistling sweetest Lullabies
To the fullest October Moon.

I heard Him singing softly
Through the greenest of pine trees
As all these sounds lit sparingly
On my ears, through wafting breeze.

The rain soon fell so gently
Pit-pat on pavement bare
Whisperings of my Father
Giving fleeting Life it's share.

He talks to me so quietly
With every gentle breeze
With every raindropp that is shed
Through everyone of these.

So in the quiet of your life
Please listen carefully
And give your all to Our Father
and gain....IMMORTALITY!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

In Bethlehem

IN BETHLEHAM

So long ago in Bethlehem
A baby boy was born.
He brought the greatest Love of all
And earned His nations scorn.

The blessings that He brought to Earth
Were majestic in design
But He gave willingly of all,
God's plan, He would define.

He gave the ultimate sacrifice...
Gave to us what He was given,
Blessed us with His saving Grace
That we might arrive in Heaven.

And as we reach the end of every year
That memory does appear,
The memory of a Savior born
To erase all of our fear.

So please remember, on Christmas Eve,
To wrap your gift to Him.
The only gift, He asks of us
Is to give Him..... all our sin.

So Happy Birthday Jesus,
At this blessed time we see.
Thank You for this blessing...
Thank You for remembering me.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

©12-9-07

Ms. Caroline

In Heaven

-IN HEAVEN-

From shadows deep within me
I see a light so clear
A light that shines from way inside
And wipes away each fear.

The Light of Christ, My Savior,
Who died on the Cross for me
And in three days He rose again
That all the World would see.

He shouldered all our burdens,
He took on all our sin
And with His blood, He freed us
To wash us clean again.

In chapters, He is chronicled;
In Verse, His story told;
For in Him are all our riches,
In Him is all our gold.

We'll store away in Heaven
These riches that we gain
So that Eternal Life, with Him,
In Peace we might attain.

So live this life, on Earth, in awe
Of all that He has given
That in the end, Your life will be
With Our Savior up in Heaven.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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In Humble Prayer

* IN HUMBLE PRAYER *

In humble prayer we come to You
To talk to You each day
And thank You for Your blessings
Or take some time to say,

Our hearts are ever turned to You
As we commune in prayer
To share our innermost secrets
And our lives to You we bare.

I always tell you things I feel
Although you may disagree,
And if those feelings are so wrong
For Your forgiveness I do plea.

I ask that You will teach me
The things you'd have me do
And I will listen in silence
To that voice that comes from You.

And if I forget, chastize me;
For at times, you know, I do.
Dear Father, guide me and bless me
And please bless all my friends, too.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©2-11-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

In My Heart

IN MY HEART

The Hymns of childhood echo
Crying Glory to the King,
As all the psalms of David,
Within my ears do ring.

Singing Glory Hallelujah
Raising praises to the sky
As in my heart, with wisdom,
His words will truly lie.

He's risen in the morning
Of the third day to restore,
The purity and Faith
That we cannot ignore.

For each of us is humbled,
No pride can go before,
As the Angels sing in chorus
And open up the door.

Praise Him now all believers
As down on bended knee,
We ask for His forgiveness
And the Great 'I AM' we'll see.

Saved from our indiscretions,
Pure heart and soul regained,
To follow in His footsteps,
That purity, maintained.

So follow what the good book says,
Sing your praises to the Lord.
Hear His blessed whisperings
And read the written word.

Sing Glory to the Highest
For to us a prize is given

As we gain the chance to sit with Him
There beside His throne in Heaven.

God Bless!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©2009

Carolyn Ford Witt

In My Lord I Trust

IN MY LORD I TRUST

If my heart is heavy laden
And my spirit broken down,
I will look up to my Father
Sitting up there with His crown.

And to me He will give respite
In a place I do adore
For He knows that I am needing
On that far and distant shore.

He will whisper sweetest words of love
As my broken body's sleeping
And tuck them deep inside my heart
For another times safe keeping.

Then when I am awake again
And my spirit does seem down
All I have to do is look inside
To see His precious crown.

Of sparkling stars sweet twinkling
Stirring high up in the sky
Or the beauty of the Sun's rays
Lightly dancing on my eye.

He's given such simple pleasures
To the likes of you and me
And all that each of us must do
Is open our eyes and see.

That all this love He's given
Is again stored in my heart
Each day, each hour, each second
For it has been there from the start.

Though the tears may tumble
And this body turn to dust

My spirit will be lifted
For, in my Lord, I'll ever trust.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
2-1-07

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

In Solemn Stillness

THIS HOME IN SOLEMN STILLNESS

Walking through these empty rooms
So long with laughter rang,
Where giggles wafted from corners
And voices of children sang.

Through the years, so long, of growing
Of joys and tears galore
Through every minute second
Each memory did this home store.

With illnesses and blessings
All vibrance did we share,
Meeting all those challenges
That a family has to bare.

Now I walk these rooms in silence
As they in solemn stillness lie
No longer to hear the laughter
Or a sweet child's cheerful cry.

From this home we're now departing
To a condo, Oh so small
But now in this solemn stillness
I still hear my families call.

The memories, I'll take with me
No matter where I go
And remember all the seconds
When I came to love you so.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
12-23-06
By Ms. Caroline

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In The Autumn Of My Life

- * IN THE AUTUMN OF MY LIFE *-

In the Autumn of my life
I call on you, my Lord.
I wander through this existance
And I savor every word.

Your comfort, you have given
To every part of me
And now my heart is weeping
As I humbly come to Thee.

I bend my knee in humble prayer
And hear Your voice so clear
That with this glowing comfort
I know that You are near.

I feel Your hand caress me
For here I am Your child,
And know that You do love me
And, on me, You have smiled.

And as the burdens lifting
Shoulders no longer bend,
For You have taken all of this
With which I did contend.

My life has now been mended
By Your love, to me displayed,
For all the things You gave to me,
As the blessings, for others, I prayed.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©3-3-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

In The Middle Of The Night

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Up again...in the middle of the night
Cleaning house and making things right.
Maybe God thinks, I need this quiet time
Just to listen to Him and to make things rhyme.

Washed all the dishes, did laundry and more
Swept the kitchen and mopped the floor.
Please tell me why, God--the middle of the night.
No one is up and.....It isn't even light!

Sent a letter to a dear friend of mine
Answered a PM, but it still isn't time.
Dark outside....but quiet, too.
Just sitting here quietly listening, God, to You.

Needed this quiet to clear my mind,
Just a little down time, Your wisdom to find.
Reading inspiration and finding things to do,
Pulling ever closer, in my quiet time with You!

-May God's quiet time enter Hearts-
--Around the World---

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Indianapolis

-- *INDIANAPOLIS* --

From a land of standing timber
Fields of cane.. that grew so tall
Golden grasses.. buffalo grazed on
Pioneers wielding Axe and Awl.

Grew a city, warm and inviting
Stretching across the River White
From the Trolley, To the buses
From small buildings, To new height.

Racing on the track At Speedway
Baseball diamond At Victory Field
The RCA Dome holds our Colts team
And our Pacers does, Conseco, yield.

Military Park with all it's gatherings
White River with it's walkways grand
Paddleboats to span their waters
Eiteljorg displays... our native land.

O'er our streets the Grand Art's Garden
Crossing to the Circle Mall,
The Monument in glory stands
As the theater gives out Symphonies call.

Everyone will here find something
All their interests to suffice
In our city, INDIANAPOLIS,
To ply each traveler, with this cities spice.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
1-19-2006

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Infatuation

- * INFATUATION * -

I am the gentle stirring
Of the softest Summer breeze.
I am the tiny flutter
That within your breast does tease.

Not the Roaring River
But the trickle of the stream.
Not the rumblings of a nightmare
But the tempting of a dream.

I'm the tantalizing sunlight
Through the trees after Summer's rain
I'm the lazy wiling daydreams
That go dancing through your brain.

So when you wonder who I am
As I chance into your heart
Just remember..... 'Infatuation'
My tempting fantasies impart.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©2-16-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

-intensity-

-INTENSITY-

Intensity...brought on by time under stress
Contributing to a greater emotion called duress

I thought it was all... under control
Until all Hell began to eruptively unfold

When safety turned off on this machine
Only to have all emotions begin to careen

Into sheer chaos they plummeted down
And all life's control began to drown

Panic...terror...chaos all enchyme
Elapsing now into life's crime

Pulling silently into the abyss
Please, no more Intensity...I must insist.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©8-20-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Internet Friend

INTERNET FRIEND

Have I ever told you this story,
Of how I met a friend?
I just got on the Internet
And I clicked a spot marked send.

I got back a short question
Saying, 'Who the heck are you? '
I said, I'd received a message
And had decided to follow through.

Isn't it just a miracle
That we found each other there
For, now, instead of being a lonely 'One'
We are a cheerful 'Pair'.

Each day we share an E-mail
Maybe a joke or two..
Thank God, I received that message
And gained a friend, like YOU! ! ! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Into My Arms

- * INTO MY ARMS * -

Your form in tempest
Came to me.
Your pain was fresh.
Fresh as could be.

The Anger wearing
On your sleeve.
You yell at me
I turn to leave.

But all at once
The tempests calm
As anger wraps
In words of psalm.

And eyes of blue
Do look inside,
And there is no where
That I could hide.

The gentleness that
Did ensue
Into my heart
Would bring me, you.

So late she did
Throw you away
Into my arms,
You come to stay.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©2-16-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

It Softly Lingers On

-IT SOFTLY LINGERS ON-

I hold the delicate blossom
Within my open hand,
The softness like a whisper
Against my tender skin.

I can close my hand and hide it,
Where it's beauty lies,
Or leave it out to light the world,
Until it wilts and dies.

But, even then, it's wonderous scent
Will softly linger on,
And so is life-it's memory here-
Even when it's gone.

author Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©7-03-1976

Carolyn Ford Witt

Joy Of Music

THE JOY OF MUSIC

The violin sang so softly
In the hands of this old man
As he sat there on the wooden stool
Bow held gently in his hand.

His wife played grand piano
Sweet music they did make
As from the hard work of the fields
This respite, they would take.

Gentle music of God's praises
They played for all to hear.
The sweetest music in the land
Was falling on God's ear.

They passed along this joyous sound
To children they did bare
The most relaxing trait of all
The gift of music rare.

Now throughout the generations
Which do continue to abound
We hear the perfect notes and songs,
The joy of music...does resound.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
2-11-07

By Ms. Caroline

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-just A Housewife? -

-JUST A HOUSEWIFE? -

Freely, I give each day
of life
To what others call
eternal strife.

To cook and clean
and scrub the floor
Then, fresh and bright,
meet you at the door.

To listen with
a loving ear
To all the things
that you hold dear.

To gently touch'
at end of day,
The worry lines
I ease away.

But, just between
the two of us,
What is this liberation
fuss?

Chauffer-Mother-Cook
or Maid
Nurse-Helper-Lover
and Aide.

The pay that I receive,
with glee,
Is the love you freely
give to me.

Author; Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline

© 4-26-1977

Carolyn Ford Witt

Just A Little Christmas Present

JUST A LITTLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT

I'm asking, God, a special blessing
That I'll call down from above,
Just a little Christmas present
That's filled, to brimming, with God's Love.

Just a special Christmas present,
That is sent from Me to You.
May God bless you with your 'Greatest Need'
And in that way, He'll have blessed me, too.

' Love you all. God Bless You'
Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
-Ms Caroline-

©12-15-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

-just A Little Note-

-JUST A LITTLE NOTE-

Here's just a little note
To say 'Hello' to you.
I'd like to tell you volumns
But there's really nothing new.

So I'm sending you this little note
My love to you I send.
Just a reminder everyday
That to you, my heart, I'll lend.

May blessings fill every second
Of every coming day.
May God be by your side
As you go along your way.

May all your problems be minor
And your burdens lightened more,
While you are traveling on this journey
As you approach, Heavenly Father's Door.

Be well, my friend!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©2010

Carolyn Ford Witt

Just A Tiny Bible

JUST A TINY BIBLE

I've walked the halls of sorrow
And felt so all alone
Steeped in doubt and sadness
Thinking I'd never make it home.

Each little sound so grating
Standing all my nerves on end
Wandering there so all alone
Just praying for a friend.

Then out of all the darkness
A flicker did I see
Growing to a guiding light
Sent there for only me.

The doubt and sadness floated
Off to a distant shore
And I was filled with love so dear
To guide me evermore.

Just a tiny little Bible
Left upon a bedside tray
A guide for all the ages
Giving me a brighter day.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-just For You....As You Retire-

-JUST FOR YOU....AS YOU RETIRE-

We've known each other so many years...
Forever and a day.
And now our Friendship strengthens
As our hair does turn to gray.

I'll always cherish memories
Of the things that we have shared
And blessings that were given
When'ere our hearts were bared.

And if this be the last time
That our paths on Earth may cross,
I want you now to realize
It's considered a great loss.

Just remember that we both know
The paths that we have trod,
And if I miss you here on Earth
I'll see you next.....with God.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©5-14-2006

Carolyn Ford Witt

Just Smile And Say Goodbye

JUST SMILE AND SAY GOODBYE

Did you hear the Heavens open
As they greeted her this day?
Did you feel those special blessings
And each hug along the way?

For you know, in white, she's shining
Like a young bride in her veil,
As she strides up to the Master
On young legs that cannot fail.

You can hear the whispered blessing
As He welcomes her to His fold
And fits her with such beauty,
Her beautiful wings of gold.

So do not cry those tears for her
But for yourself as you sit alone
For she has reached...her final blessing
As her spirit's going home.

And tomorrow, you will hear her
As she sings in heavenly choir on high,
So don't shed these tears of sadness,
Just smile....and say goodbye!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

3-5-07

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Just Suppose

JUST SUPPOSE

Just suppose
That we were youngsters
Who grew up side by side.

Just suppose
That as teenagers
We always went out for a ride.

Just suppose
That as young adults
I was always by your side.

Just suppose
I said I love you
And you didn't run and hide.

Just suppose
That you gave me a ring
And I became your bride.

Just Suppose!
As time does glide.....

JUST SUPPOSE!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

1-31-07

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Life's Senseless Fantasy

--LIFE'S SENSELESS FANTASY--

In Song, we do immerse our dreams
Enticing to degree
For fantasy's, imagined fate,
Intriguingly we plea.

To dance across our consciousness
And tantalize our senses,
Lulling us to that degree
Of dropping all defenses.

Endless songs of fantasy
Dancing across our mind
In wonderment and senseless hope
Imagined life to find.

The truth does now escape us
Thoughts, turned off to reality;
As we go on with our imagining
Life's senseless fantasy.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Lift Us Lord

- LIFT US LORD-

Lift us Lord for We are sinking,
Crying, Lord, for Your reprieve
Asking, Lord, for Thy direction
Humble of heart we cannot deceive.

Angry forces are now assaulting
Leaving hearts now seeping blood
Waves of pain are flowing forward
Covering us.... a painful flood.

How can we now lift up our bodies
Wracked with pain, we cannot deny,
So we beseech Thee, Lord of Heaven,
As we search the Eastern sky.

Lift us Lord and make us stronger,
Stronger both of frame and mind
Help us Lord, this world, to reason
Help us now things to define.

Change our thoughts to things so righteous
Guide us to Your nurturing side
Lift us Lord in Your direction
That We no longer have to hide.

Write Thy message far within us
Upon these pages within our heart
Erase these doubts that we might harbor
Within us now, Thy love impart.

Guide us swiftly from the horror
That this World does now embrace
Erase the doubts, despair, and sorrow
Enfold us in Thy loving Grace.

For still, Dear Lord, we are only children
Only children, in a World of shame

Listening, Lord, on knees so humbled
Listening for when You will whisper our name.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline

©11-28-2011

Carolyn Ford Witt

Like Tears In The Rain

LIKE TEARS IN THE RAIN

A map of tangled hair
A dirt smudged face
Bare feet running in the sand
And torn jeans
A grin that quickly turns to a laugh
A trusting heart
An image of a small child
Too soon grown
From childish whims
All our memories lost in time
Like tears in the rain.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline

©5-11-2012

Carolyn Ford Witt

Little Candle

- LITTLE CANDLE-

Little candle in my window
Flickering light so bright and gay,
Glowing softly in the darkness
Waiting for the light of day.

Filling me with peace and quiet
As my mind just wanders on;
Soft and gently lulling peace
Till the dark of night is gone! ! !

author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©11-18-1976

Carolyn Ford Witt

Lost

-LOST-

Lost
A vacant
Wandering

Knowing
No direction
No end

Just
Impenetrable
Incomprehensible
Emptiness!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©3-13-1980

Carolyn Ford Witt

Love Fills My Heart

LOVE FILLS MY HEART

There is a love which filled my Heart
Before all others e'er could see,
Put there by my Heavenly Father
Before I came..to be.

I was formed there in the Heavens
My soul there in His Hands,
Inclusive of His Spirit
Inviting His demands....

And though my life is not exciting
All remember what I impart,
As I live this life so fully,
There is His love that fills my Heart.....

Author Carolyn Ford Witt
2-1-07

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Love In Simpler Times

* LOVE IN SIMPLER TIMES *

I wish we could go back to simpler times,
When our morals didn't include these sensual crimes,
For I don't understand the way things are now
Of handing out sex instead of Love. Oh, Wow!

Sex has no depth..It is just for the instant,
But Love is different..for you know the intent.
I'm sure that in history, you can all see the fall.
The '70's really did... change it all.

When the concept of Free Love came into being,
It sure clouded fellings...it sure clouded seeing.
But now, I can tell you, from the depths of my heart;
If you give away sex..without giving thought,

You'll loose of yourself, more then you can receive,
For yourself and another you'll surely deceive.
So please save the sex, until Love does appear,
Then remember to hold it in your heart so near.

For when Love comes to you and your heart starts to pound,
Just pray and ask God 'May I keep them around? '
Then know in your heart that His wisdom is good,
For your True Love, He will bring you the only way that He should.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

©12-17-05
Ms Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

Love Letters

Tied with a ribbon
And stored away
Ready to read again
Another day.

Just words on paper
Of a pastel blue
Sweet whispered words
Of a love so true.

Kept in a box
For so many years
To open and read
With a flood of tears.

Sweet love letters written
From across the sea
Your words so tender
Just meant for me.

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

Love On The Net

-LOVE ON THE NET-

There are many young men, who like to play games
With the feelings of women they've met,
To bolster their egos, they'll weave such a web
With lonely women they meet on the net.

Their gift is so subtle, it enraptures them all
Our emotions they tangle so well,
Until we begin to compare what they've said
and their motives-will soon start to smell.

How do you punish this stark disregard
For emotions we wear on our cuff?
You stake them-you shake them-you skin them alive
Or Ladies, am I being too rough?

So Ladies, be warned that emotions do show
And some men will play them with skill,
Think long and think hard before entering in
To relationships that compromise your free will.

Author Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 11-16-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

Love You, Mom!

LOVE YOU, MOM!

So many times I've thought about
The things you used to do
And now those little memories
Are whispers, to me, of you.

Of when you held me on your lap,
Brushed the dirt right off my knee,
Or took me to the city park
Holding a leaf for me to see.

You read the greatest stories
Until I fell asleep
And sat beside me as I prayed
For God, my soul to keep.

And as I grew, you taught me things
That I'd need later on,
And We tried not to think about
The time when you'd be gone.

So now I'd like to tell you
That those days were just the best
And that our close relationship
Has surely stood the test.

To tell you that I love You
More than any words can say,
And that I pray each evening
That We'll enjoy another day.

For now our roles are just reversed
As I tuck you in your bed,
And hope that all the words are there....
And that, to you, They've all been said!

LOVE YOU, MOM!

Author: Carolyn Ford WITT

4-30-2007

By Ms. Caroline

Dedicated to my Mother

Wilma Wood Ford

1912-2009

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Loves Last Sweet Song

LOVES LAST SWEET SONG

Here in the silence of my heart,
I hear loves whisper clear,
Sending chills up and down my spine
As I draw you ever near.

A sweet caress upon my arm,
A soft nibble on my ear.
The feel of warmth is building
Into a hot iron burning sear.

How did I ever miss you,
Upon this road so long
Waiting, Oh, so patiently
To hear loves last sweet song.

And then when eyes are opened,
I see you, yet again...
It is as though the first time,
For life can now begin...

Age has naught to do with
This joy that I now feel,
As love once more caresses me
In an age that is so real....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
2-16-07
By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-loving You-

-LOVING YOU-

Someday when this life is over
And the vale, I've entered through,
I'll see the Light I've yearned for
Since I was last here with You.

A gentle warmth extended
To fill me with such peace
And all those anxious moments
From my lifetime will release.

I'll take Your hand extended
With gentleness and love,
As I settle into this mansion
You've prepared for me above.

And as I look back down on Earth
And hear the blasphemy,
I thank You Lord, with all my heart,
For saving a soul like me.

You nurtured me so gently
In a World that didn't care,
Reminding me each second
That, in the End, You would be there.

To envelope me into Your arms,
Let Peace and Love ensue....
For in the end, all will be clear
When I'm here loving You.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©5-20-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Make Room

MAKE ROOM

I think I just found something
It was a card that said 'Make Room'
And what a picture came to mind
Of Jesus and His broom.

He was sweeping out the anger
All the bitterness and ire,
Washing out the hatred
To cleanse our hearts desire.

He made a room inside our hearts
A place to lay His head
A place to bring in peace and love
A place where good is spread.

So if you wonder the purpose of Christmas
Just read these words and what they say
Please make a room for Jesus
On this Blessed Christmas Day.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

12-23-06

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Mama's Legacy

MAMA'S LEGACY

When I was just a little girl
I lay in Mama's bed
To listen to the fairy tales
From the little books she read.

Of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
Cinderella and her Prince
Of Rumpelstiltskin-Puss 'N Boots
And Aladdin and his tents.

I couldn't get enough of them
I'd ask her every night
But sleep would always conquer me
No matter how I'd fight.

I'd recite the words along with her
I knew them all by heart
She'd read to me from anything
Some knowledge to impart.

She taught me about the world around
From books she read aloud
She made my life worth living
And made me live it proud.

When I had children of my own
I read from those same books
To teach my children that in this life
You need brains, not just good looks.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline

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-masters Of Our Lives- Prose

-MASTERS OF OUR LIVES-

We are the Masters of our lives, allowing
what we will Allow
Giving permission for what
we will permit
And all we have to do,
to have rest,
is say 'No'!

Each of us have the choice
of Acceptance or Denial!
And if, in fact, a problem comes;
Remember. that we each agreed to
this problem prior to our Existence
on this Earth.....How will we bring
this problem to an acceptable
conclusion without betraying the One
who gave us these problems to solve.
I for one will listen quietly to His urgings
and request His help in all things.
May He bless You with His knowledge.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©9-07-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Memories

- * MEMORIES * -

Ripples of the water
Sparkling of the rain
Dripping from the gutters
Running down the drain,

Parting of the clouds
And clearing of the brain
Washing away the cobwebs
Memories to retain.

Author Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 11-06-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

Memories Charms

MEMORIES CHARMS

Each comment that you gave me
I hold here within my heart
Each Kiss.....Each Hug.....Each Letter
That you did ever start.

My eyes filled with the shadows
My eyes fill with new tears
For each tiny little memory
You've given through these years.

I could never forget you
For within my heart you dwell
Winding throughout my being
As my inner doubts dispel.

And now that you are resting
In Our Heavenly Father's Arms,
These memories... must now suffice
As I immerse in memories charms.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

2006

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Merry Christmas

MERRY CHRISTMAS

The full moon waltzed 'cross inky sky
This winter land caress,
As cold lay heavy on the ground
Like dew on frosted glass.

Breath was seen as misty blue...
Each exhale moist in air
And all were wrapped in fluffy fur
As they dance without a care.

The hills are spread all white with snow
As children scream with glee.
Those white orbs fly through frosted air
As scurrying each would flee.

Where sleighs are pulled by horses fair
And bells ring out in time,
Turning heads with horses hooves
And hearing Church bells chime.

For this our Winter Wonderland
Brings joy to young and old,
As now we gather 'round the fire
For wondrous stories told.

As chocolate drinks warm our insides
And tales enchant our minds
With fairies dancing on the wind
From those castles in the pines.

For Merry Christmas rings out true
And Carolers sing with joy
Each present laid out under tree
For every girl and boy!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

12-5-06

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Merry Christmas To You

-* MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU * -

The twinkling lights, of Christmas scenes,
Strewn across the countryside;
As the family takes it's ever famous,
Night before Christmas ride.

You'll see, baby Jesus in the manger,
With Mary and Joseph standing near.
Santa's sleigh is by the chimney
And, there in front, his eight reindeer.

There's a snowman and a snoopy
With children playing there with glee.
And there are presents sprightly piled
Neath the snowy Christmas Tree.

Luminaries dancing along the walks
Lighting pathways up the hill
While Carolers sing for everyone
Sprinklins of snowflakes can't break their will.

Then slowly we'll drive back to our home in A land that is so free
Snuggling in our bed to dream of a Babe upon the hay
Then we'll wake up in the morning, to presents neath the tree;
And please remember- our Blessed Lord's sweet CHRIST-mas Day.

Have a Merry Christmas My friends.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

©12-11-05

Miss Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

Miss Liberty

MISS LIBERTY

She stands before a Nation
Her torch held high in hand
A symbol of our freedom
Liberty throughout our land.

Her stature is symbolic
Hostess to all who came
A land of wealth and prosper
For those who play the game.

So come my burdened children,
Come to Miss Liberty's door.
Come my yearning children
Whether you be rich or poor.

I stand in New York harbor,
To welcome you this day.
Welcome my dear children,
Welcome to the U.S.A.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Misty Morning

-- * A MISTY MORNING * --

It is a misty morning
As I walk along the trail.
The fog..hanging softly
Like unto a misty veil.

Silence walks the parkway
As I tread so softly there,
Enveloped in Your gentleness
My heart....it has no fear.

The trees....Their faces craggy,
Stand solemnly...at large
Standing at attention
Before their mighty charge.

The stream so softly gurgling
As it rushes down the way,
Swiftly flowing water...
Going to another day.

My mind is held in awe
As now I hear you say,
'My child, I'll always love you,
Just let, now, come what may'.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Mom's Jelly Beans

- MOM'S JELLY BEANS-

Every week we'd buy them
And I'd wait until the last
After everyone had tossed aside
What I thought was the best.

They'd eaten all the others
Down to the very last one
As I'd waited round so patiently
Til I'd get to have my fun.

Becca liked the sweet red cherry
Patrick liked the purple grapes
Dan and Mark ate all the lemons
All while watching movie tapes.

But soon, each one, would slowly file
back into their own bedroom
While I straightened all the pillows
and wielded the old straw broom.

Left there in the bottom
of each and every bowl
Were those tiny black morsels
They'd left like cooling coal.

I'd take each small black morsel
Of stinging tangy licorice
And put it into my own mouth
With a finely metered flourish:

YUM! ! ! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Moon's Magic

-MOON'S MAGIC-

by Miss Caroline

The Moon hanging high in the darkness
Softly light comes filtering down,
Stars scattered o'er the horizon
Lying there, as diamonds in a crown.

Each moonbeam kissing Earth's senses
Traveling silently across the night sky,
Spanning the Earth in it's darkness
Renewance of Earth in God's eye.

With all of Life's enhancement,
It plays the music of the night
Of the chirping and crackling and rippling
From all things out of our sight.

Enhancement of shapes and of shadows
In perspective of those who will see,
Dipping and swirling and dancing
All through the darkness with glee.

And there in the mist of the morning
The magic of the Moon seems to wane,
As Earth gives up her darkness
To the glory of the Sun, not in vain.

Be of Heart, for returning is forecast
As the silence of the night does descend
And the Moon's magic once again enchanting
For it's magic will last to the end.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt (Ms. Caroline)

©2011

Carolyn Ford Witt

More Precious Than Gold

--MORE PRECIOUS THEN GOLD--

I'd been waiting for a letter,
A little something that I could see;
Just a little recognition
That somehow, You're hearing me.

But now, I know that all along,
Those letters were already here;
A soft breeze blowing in my hair
Or a warblers song upon my ear.

The suns warmth softly caressing
The senses on my face,
Or the many solemn sunsets
That, my aging eyes, did grace.

My heart so simply quickened
With the knowledge that you give,
So many of your loving gifts....
Bless this life that I now live.

I Thank You for this knowledge
That does my quiet life em-bold,
For now I realize, what You've given,
Is more precious than any Gold.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Morgantown Where?

MORGANTOWN WHERE?

If you looked upon the map for it,
You wouldn't give another thought;
For it's just a little crossroads town
That hard work, there, has wrought.

Where farmers used to come to town
For feed and goods and wares,
Just a little quiet town
Where we hid away our cares.

This town that I was raised in
Just spanned a mile each way
And I was very truly blessed
To live there everyday.

I knew everyone who lived there
Within five mile, each way,
For when anyone would move in
They were always bound to stay.

Everyone would come to visit
The store that we owned there.
They'd come in just to look or buy
Some of our store's hardware.

I miss that little town of mine
Where younger days were spent,
And as I age, I wonder where
Those younger days have went.

But now, when I return there
And see how it has grown,
That simple quiet little town....
I always do bemoan.

Our memories always seem so fine
For flaws, they have none of;

And now I return to the memories....
Memories of a quiet home, I loved.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt.
Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

My Best Friend

- * MY BEST FRIEND * -

When I have no inspiration,
I just have to think of you.
Your friendship will just fill my heart
And I'll know just what to do.

I'll make a little phone call
And soon your voice I'll hear,
To bring into this heart of mine
A measure of good cheer.

We'll laugh and reminisce a while
And talk of things gone by,
Enjoying all the little things
We'll laugh until we cry.

But most of all we'll share our love
As we talk of good and bad,
And I'll have to tell you this my friend
You're the Best Friend I've ever had.

Love You My Friend!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©2-28-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

My Blessed Country Usa

- * MY BLESSED COUNTRY USA * -

I sing your praise
To all the world
In solemn oath
Your flag unfurled.

I hold your banner
Way up high
I'll keep it there
Until I die.

Defense of Country
And of pride
For this I sing
I cannot hide.

I sing of honor
And plead my case
I'll meet the enemy
Face to Face.

And if I live
Another day
My honored country
N'er betray.

For honor, pride,
and glory too.
This blessed Country
You are due.

Blessed USA!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©2-15-06

My Carpenter

--MY CARPENTER--

I once knew a Carpenter
So meticulous and grand,
He loved each piece of precious wood
That He held within His hand.

He'd carve it and He'd sand it
Perfection would abound,
Into a perfect instrument
Fine music to resound.

Each tone was so exquisite
That it made the Angels sing..
So fine a tone, all is worthwhile
As blessings now would ring.

Each piece of wood He molded
Was shaped like you and I;
Each blessing an example
Of that blessing in the sky.

For My Carpenter will bless you
When His message you have heard
My Carpenter...is Jesus
And the Bible...is His Word.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

My Childhood

MY CHILDHOOD

Gentle tinkle of bells
With each tiny breeze
Soft music to my ears
As I listened then with ease.

Windows were wide open
Air so warm and stirring.
Cat sitting near my shoulder
Still he's softly purring.

The scent of blooming day lilies
Air so pungent and sweet
As I rise now from my bed
And get onto my feet.

These memories of home
Whisper in my mind,
All the tiny stirrings
That to me, were so kind.

I'd drink me some coffee
Have some lightly buttered toast
Walk to the Post office
Some letters there to post.

Hear the bells a ringing
In the church across the street
The best time of my life
Time can never defeat.

Then walk out to the farm
At the edge of town
To feed my aging horse
And gently curry her down..

Adjusting the bridle
And tighten up the girth

Celebrating the morning
Of this glorious days new birth.

We'd both limber up
As we trot back to town
And gather up speed
As we cover more ground.

We'd ride through the fields
Cross the creek with a leap
Spanning a hill
That was never too steep.

Rounding the lake
Each Sun ray to see
Just God's gentle spirit,
My horse, and me.

These smells and these sights
I'll remember forever
For from this life, my childhood.
Time cannot now sever.

Pristine Memories
Of a time long ago
Memories so precious
They will forever go.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

My Childhood Friend Forever

My Childhood Friend Forever

You are here within my heart
Though you're so far away
For I think about the fun we had
Each and every day.

When we were just as children
Imagination to compare
We'd change our thoughts like clothing
And we would soon be there.

One day we'd be a princess
With golden locks so long
The next we'd each be singers
Trilling God's immortal song.

On our horse, we'd be a cowpoke
Riding on a Western trail
Rounding up some cattle
Neither of us could fail.

We had dolls that we did nurture
Dressed in frills and lace galore
And with our imagination
We had so very much more,

But as we grew, life changed us
And, for sure, we grew apart.
These days, as age descends us,
I still have you in my heart.

So when your thoughts may wonder
And your memories reconvene,
I hope you will remember
The things that we have seen

And with our imagination
These things we can compare

And in each and every thought,
We Two, will both be there.

We'll be those young girls with long brown hair
And a Summer to have fun
With suntanned skin and not a care
In youth, our bodies run.

We will forget that age descends
And we are so far apart
For imagination concurs all
As I still have you in my heart.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
©5-13-2012

ine

Carolyn Ford Witt

My Country

- * MY COUNTRY * -

Why do they hate us?
What e're did we do?
I just don't understand it
For I hate so few.

I know, in this country,
Our Freedom will win.
Why would they come here
A new life to begin,

If they don't like our freedom
Why don't they just stay
In their very own country...
Live their lives their own way.

You cash in on our freedoms
To damage our laws.
I know we're not perfect
We know there are flaws.

But this is MY COUNTRY
And if you don't agree
Don't try to change
What's important to me.

In this Country we're blessed
By our Father above
And you'll never destroy
All these things that I love.

Trying won't gain you
Even one little thing
For We will strike out
Just to let Freedom Ring.

You might try to destroy it
And make us your slave,

But I'll tell you, Al Queda,
You'd better behave.

Our Warriors are awesome
Our weapons, top notch.
You'll never get past us
For we stand here at watch.

For Freedom, we'll fight you
For we'll perservere.
With God Blessing America
We have nothing to fear.

This is MY COUNTRY
God Bless Us I Pray
For freedom reign's o're us
Forever this day.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

©2-15-06

Ms Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

My Daydreams

-- * MY DAYDREAMS * --

Far away into forever
We will fly upon a cloud,
Savoring perception
Of this life we are allowed.

Imagination will indulge us
In a fantasy profound
Upon a plain, so gentle,
That only Angels can abound.

So now into my daydreams
You gather me in love,
Enclosing me in rapture
In the white wings of a dove.

You'll gently kiss me warmly
My cheeks are all aglow,
But then fantasy awakens
And to my real life I must go.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

My Eternal Song

- MY ETERNAL SONG-
by Miss Caroline

God moves in such a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.
He'll plant His footprint's on the sea
And ride waves upon the storm.

Deep in the deepest darkest mines
Of never-ending skill,
He'll treasure up His bright designs
And work his glorious will.

So, fearful souls, fresh courage take
From those clouds so full of dread
As filled with mercy, they shall break
True blessings o'er our head.

Judge not our Lord with mindless sense
But trust in Him for grace
Behind a frowning recompense
He hides His smiling face.

His purpose will now ripen fast
Unfolding hour by hour
In mouth the bud leaves bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief, will sure be error
And see His work as vain,
For God is His own interpreter
And will make His words so plain.

And now Thy kingdom forever stands
While Earthly thrones decay
And time will submit to Your commands
As the Ages roll away.

Thy blessed bounty freely gives

It's inexhaustible store
As all of nature truly lives
On Your sustaining power.

Precious and just in all His ways
God's providence Divine
In all His works immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.

This praise of God, His immortal theme
Shall fill my heart and tongue
And let all Creation bless His Name
In this.....My eternal song!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©2009

Carolyn Ford Witt

My Father In Heaven

- * MY FATHER IN HEAVEN * -

You sit right here beside me
But Your presence, I don't know,
For You're only here in spirit
And in spirit You will go.

Sometimes I hear a faint faint voice
From deep inside my heart;
Sometimes in the night it will
Awaken me - with a start.

You exist right here inside me,
Overflowing from my being.
That's why I have such faith in You,
Even without seeing.

Your presence does enfold me
Within Your loving grace,
And then I know-when life is o're
I'll surely see Your face.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©11-06-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

My Garden's Call

MY GARDEN'S CALL

The colors do
In grandeur play,
Where in my
Garden they display.

Add catnip, lemon,
Spearmint and sage,
Throughout my garden
Scents will rage.

Sweet aroma
With warmth does blend
My senses with
Sweet smells amend.

To wrap me in
These scents each day,
As children in
My garden play.

I'll tend the dirt,
New life to grow.
A peace inside
It does bestow.

So when, in stress,
My garden calls
Enticing me
As quiet falls

I sit in wonder
At the peace
That calming scents
Do now release.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

1-31-06

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

My Granddaughter

- * MY GRANDAUGHTER * -

Sometimes I don't agree with you,
But that's no consequence...
Because it wouldn't change my love..
It wouldn't make much sense.

We have our own opinions
That may change as days go by,
But it shouldn't make a difference
How we feel-just you and I.

Just because we are related
And I raised you as you grew,
Granddaughter by relationship
But My daughter through and through.

So if you ever doubt it,
I'll remind you every day
And I will say 'I love you'
Every step along the way.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©11-17-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

My Invisible Friend

-MY INVISIBLE FRIEND-

My invisible friends come to me
in the darkness of the night
To make my life more cheerful
and make it seem alright.

They'll sneak into my bedroom
with much more cheerful banter
Bringing with them lots of smiles
displayed with random candor.

We talk about the world at length
the subject-it may change
But I never tire of talking of these
things that don't seem strange.

They don't really know me
And I've never seen their face
But we get behind a little screen
to escape this old rat race.

It must have been a blessing
Cause to me it brought a smile
Just a small amount of friendship
To make this old world worthwhile.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

My Little Bit Of Heaven

- * MY LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN * -

As I was walking lazily
Down the long pathway
I watch the sunlight flicker
On the passing of the day.

It lit up all the flowers
That grew up through the rock
That lined the gravel roadway
That ran beside the walk.

The birds were singing gaily
And the butterflies alight
Flashing bits of color
In the bushes, Oh so bright.

And as the sun is setting
And the shadows lengthen there
I bow my head so humbly
As I say a little prayer.

I pray to Heavenly Father
A thanks for what He's given
In this tiny little hideaway
My little bit of Heaven.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©3-3-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

My Love

- MY LOVE-

by Miss Caroline

So many times I've missed you
Just a fragmented fleeting thought,
The reminiesce of time, now blue,
Of the happiness you brought.

With smiles and tears entangled,
You walk my thoughts today,
My heart and feelings mangled
As cheer, my tears, betray.

And if I ever cross your mind
While you sit there by the fire,
I hope those thoughts will be so kind
And, of me, you do not tire.

For this day, you're sitting here with me
Soft and cuddly, in my heart,
Although, your face, I may never see
To you, my love, I impart.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt (Ms. Caroline)

©2009

Carolyn Ford Witt

My Precious Friend

MY PRECIOUS FRIEND

My Friend is gone forever
He's standing at God's Side.
The tears are flowing freely
For this grief, I cannot hide.

No longer will he be joking
Nor give a laugh throughout the day
With every little E-mail
That he chanced to send my way.

So totally unexpectedly
He'd tell a joke or two
No longer were we saddened
For each laugh was just for you.

His heart so filled with God's Love
That He would share with everyone,
Just tiny little glimpses
Of Our Father and His Son.

He brought each one a blessing
That was so blessed by God above
Filled with all the little things
That make us feel God's Precious Love.

May God Hold You In His Hand,
My Dear Friend, for all eternity,
And when I get to Heaven
May you be waiting there for me.

Goodbye My Friend,
God Bless!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

My Pride

- * MY PRIDE * -

As I stepped out my door today
I dropped a step or two
Forgetting that my patio
Construction was in lieu.

Forward I tossed
On my butt, I'd land
Oh, thank you God
for construction sand.

I got up fast
and looked around
Did anyone see-
As I hit the ground?

No one I can see
God's here again
Now I have time
My looks to Amend.

Brushed myself off
My poise I regain
Oh! my-my Pride-
Oh! what a pain.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
©11-17-05
Ms Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

-my Shining Star Of Happiness-

-MY SHINING STAR OF HAPPINESS-

You're my shining star of happiness,
a spring that feeds my need.
You bring the sun into my heart,
with every thought and deed.

When I feel down, you lift me up
and hold me in your hand,
Then when I'm up, you stand me down
and let me view this land.

You've made me free to pick and choose
the way that I will go.
Please guide me now into the way
that's far from strife and woe.

I hear your call-Please louder now!
Call me into your grace.
I've heard your voice-I've found the way.
Now let me view your face.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 9-04-1976

Carolyn Ford Witt

My Stairway

MY STAIRWAY

There is a stairway
In my mind
Spiraling upward-
Ever Upward.

Upon my journey-
I sometimes tire
And must
Stop to rest.

At times,
I fall back a step
Or two,

But always,
I look upward
As I travel
On my journey.

Upward, I travel,
On that spiraling
Staircase-
Toward a reward.

The reward
Our Heavenly Father
Has promised
So long ago.

Just the twinkling
Of an eye.
A whole lifetime
for you and me.....

Only an instant
In Eternity.....

author: Carolyn Ford Witt
3-25-1980

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-my Strength-

-MY STRENGTH-

It's just a little nippy
As I walked out of my door
And goosebumps form upon my legs
As I go about this chore.

A cool wind blowing gently
As daylight does ensue
And my mind strays this morning
To quiet thoughts of you.

Are you awake this morning
Or did you sleep at all.
I just wish that I could go
Dial up that comforting call.

But all these fears inside me
Are welling up more tears
And I would not upset you
By voicing all my cares

So down on bended knee I go
To ask again in prayer,
That God might give a blessing
And with you, my strength, now share.

At my age, I don't need it
But you are still so young
And God knows that in this world
We need to be so strong.

So, if my friend, you chance to feel
A surge of strength or two.
You'll know that God just granted my prayer
To give half my strength to you.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©7-5-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

--My Wedding Gift To You--

--MY WEDDING GIFT TO YOU--

Here's just a little blessing
I'll send you both today.
I'm asking God's true blessing
That your love is here to stay.

And if a disagreement
Should ever raise it's head,
Just remember to say 'I love you'
Before you go to bed.

If you always will remember
That our Lord has blessed your love,
My friends, you'll always cherish
What's been sent here from above.

May God bless you both
on this beautiful day.

Author Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

Nest Of Straw

NEST OF STRAW

I sat down in my chair that I have
On the front porch of my house
I heard a little peep above
And became quiet as a mouse.

I looked all around me
Then looked up in the eave.
There in a small nest of straw
All others to deceive;

And in it's midst is gathered
This tiny peeping brood
But I could not watch too long
I couldn't be so rude.

For hurriedly flying back into view
Were a very startling pair
Squawking loudly and chattering,
Their brood, they wouldn't share.

So now I sit inside and watch
Much to their delight
Until the time this brood grows up
And, some day, will then take flight.

Hopefully very soon! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

New Year's Resolution

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

Our New Year's resolutions
Thought out so very long
If kept and someday soon resolved
Bring life a brand new song.

No matter what their content
No matter how great or small
So many little things in life
Resisting nature's call.

And now that resolution
Within my heart so deep
I'm going to make a vow to me
I have promises to keep!

Resolve to give to others
Resolve to change my attitude
Resolve to get down on bended knee
No resolution will elude.

So no matter what your resolution
We'll give a prayer before we sleep
For tomorrow I must remember
I have promises to keep!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
12-23-06
By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

No More Holidays

NO MORE HOLIDAYS

What day today I do not know
For I've been running to and fro.
So many things I've had to do
These holidays, I need something new.

I cannot keep this pace with age
My bodies screaming now in rage.
I'll give the honors to the young
All Christmas things to be un-hung...

I'm tired, I'm beat, no more to stand
No energy is now at hand.
So now these holidays must go
For next year, I will be 'No Show'.

Just go back to my everyday
For in my bed I'm going to stay.
No holidays, do I want to see
Can I just go back to being me?

Exhaustion now is setting in
And my old age is beginning to win.
Now as I stand with blurry gaze
I ask you please, No More Holidays! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

12-26-06

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

No Tears In Heaven

-NO TEARS IN HEAVEN-

There will be no tears in Heaven,
God has promised, no more pain,
And the Son will shine so brightly
He will cancel out the rain.

In a place that is so perfect,
No tear would there abide..
For no sadness can enable
With our Lord there by our side.

So sing now, 'Glory, Glory'
For soon that time will be,
When He wraps His robes around us,
There in Heaven...You and Me.

We will sing our songs of gladness
Our joy no longer hidden,
As friends and family greet us
For there'll be no tears in Heaven.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline
©2009

Carolyn Ford Witt

No Time

NO TIME

I had no time to tell you
What you really meant to me,
Because you were so young
Because you were so free.

I didn't get to know your heart
Or teach new things to you,
because, my precious child,
Your life was just too new.

But you gave me a gift
More precious than is known;
A piece of God's most precious Love
A gift to me alone.

You brought the face of Jesus
Back into my life again
You touched me with, your goodness,
Placed into my shaking hand.

I had no time to love you
No time for life's sweet passion,
But one day soon, in Heaven's Home
That existence, God will fashion.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©7-7-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

-not A Game-

-NOT A GAME-

Each heart we touch
With daily care
We change in concept
So unfair

So watch each day
What you might do
For others may not
Have a clue

And feelings that
We stir inside
Might break a heart
That can't abide

The daily stress that
We proclaim
For this is life
and not a game.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 10-20-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

Old Age

--OLD AGE--

I woke up on this
Wintry morning
And found that overnight
And without warning

My joints have frozen,
They just won't bend.
There are aches and pains
That just won't mend.

My mind has lapsed
Into a forgetful state.
What's the day?
Can you tell me the date?

The muscles have sagged
And wrinkles appear.
What's happening now?
I'm beginning to fear!

My hair got gray,
Since I looked last time.
Oh Boy! Old age,
It should be a crime!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
9-21-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

-on The Eve Of A New Year-

-ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR-

On the Eve
Of a New Year,
I sit with You
My Lord so dear.

To contemplate
The days now past
And wonder
To the very last.

Wondering what things
Should I change
Make life worthwhile
What to rearrange.

So many things
To share with You
If only I
Can follow through.

No promises
But I will try
To share with all
And reach the sky.

A blessing here
A blessing there,
Just little things
That I can share.

And try not
To provoke a tear
On this the Eve
Of a New Year.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
12-28-06

By Ms. Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

Only You

ONLY YOU

There is a closeness that I feel
A warmness in my heart.
A feeling that I've been with you,
Even from the very start.

The brightness of your countenance,
I long to have in view,
To see the fine and gentle one,
That long ago I knew.

As I remember talks we've had,
And feel your mighty strength,
I know-that wondrous wisdom,
You'll impart to me at length.

And when my time has come and gone,
Again you're face I'll see,
As you gather me into your arms,
For all eternity.

The life-the Love you've given,
No one else would even bother,
But you gave freely-of it all--
Only You--My Heavenly Father.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

7-3-1976

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Our Father's Care

- OUR FATHER'S CARE-
by Miss Caroline

I'm sending you a prize so great
More than you'll ever find;
Like no other prize you've had
For this prize is one in kind.

It was a prize sent from above
Not for just one, but for all;
Faith and wisdom it will bring
If you'll accept and hear the call.

A richness that you'll feel inside
A peace and calm ensue;
As I send this, most precious prize
Just rushing home to you.

It is the Love of Our Father,
Who gave His Only Son;
To save us from these earthly sins,
Each and every one.

So when you, too, receive this prize
You must with others share
And as you do, Each day you'll know
You're in Our Father's Care.....

Author; Carolyn Ford Witt (Ms. Caroline)
©2010

Carolyn Ford Witt

Our Fathers Love

-- * OUR FATHER'S LOVE * --

Beside me walked a simple man
With his feelings on his sleeve.
I felt the urge to share with him,
The things that I believe.

He balked at first, when I spoke to him,
About my Father's love.
He said, 'I can't believe in that.
There's not anyone up above.'

I asked him, 'Are you married?
And do you have a child? '
He answered, 'Yes' to both of them.
'But my life is sort of wild.'

I asked him, 'As a father,
What does your child mean to you? '
His reply was 'She means everything,
But I don't know what to do.'

'My wife and I have problems.
We are not together now.'
I said, 'Do you have time to listen?
Maybe I can tell you how.'

'Do you love your child,
More than anything that is near?
Well, Our Father up in Heaven,
Holds each of us as dear.'

'He knew us up in Heaven,
Before each of us were born.
And would gladly have kept us
From this worlds hate and scorn.'

'But if we really wanted to
Experience ALL His love,

We'd have to gain a body
And come down here from above.'

'We'd have to trust that He'd provide
A way for our return.
And that His awesome teachings,
We could each relearn.'

'And after we'd experienced
A life down here on Earth,
We've been promised, by Our Savior,
We'd experience a New Birth.'

'We would come up into Heaven,
With our family all around.
And We'll savor in His presence.....
As His true love will abound.'

'So to you I can only promise
That God will give His love,
And for you He prepares a New Home
With your family up above.'

He looked into my eyes that day
And agreed to go with me.
He said, 'My friend, I'll go,
For a new man, I want to be.'

So when you meet a stranger
And your heart begins to stir,
Please heed that nudge from Our Father
For His lessons.....we can share.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Our Many Problems

©- * OUR MANY PROBLEMS * -

Some problems may seem massive
Some may engulf our soul
Some times they're just so many
That we no longer can control.

And if they do engulf us
There is but one thing left to do,
Just box them up and say a prayer
And see what God has for you.

He'll take those many problems
And handle them with care.
He'll work them out for each of you,
If you go to Him in prayer.

All that is left....is to believe
That your problems now are gone,
And that through our daily prayer
God's Love, to you, is drawn.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©3-1-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

-our Relationship-

-OUR RELATIONSHIP-

As I pour the water over you
Your muscles they do sheen.
I scrub your shoulders expertly
Rippling softly as they gleam.

Water streaming 'ore your back,
with Loofa, I will scrub
And after all the soap is gone,
With scented oils, I'll expertly rub.

You'll nuzzle, as I brush your hair..
With oil it gleams so fine.
Then gently comb the length of it
And you know that you are mine.

As I lead you right back to your bed
And turn around to leave,
You nuzzle me in small of back
Our connection, no one can believe.

I stop and close the Dutch door
I rub your ears and kiss your nose.
Tomorrow is another day and
Our relationship will it impose.

Soon we will meet at this same door
A moment to exchange,
For then we'll spend another day
Out on this expanse of range.

No saddle do we need now,
Our bodies move as one;
As you my mighty Stallion,
Break now....into a run.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline

©6-19-2006

Carolyn Ford Witt

Our Seasons

-- * OUR SEASONS FULL * --

The pathway winding down the hill
Fallen leaves are swirling 'round.
The trees are bare and dark....
All their clothing, on the ground.

The ground squirrels scurry here and there
Their larder now to hide
Into the tiny crevices
Where they will soon abide.

The snakes have slithered into holes
So soon to hibernate
Pine cones have fallen to the ground
No trees to decorate.

Assured to nature's splendor
For winter they will heed
And in summer we can be assured
They are a new pine's seed.

So now our nature's put to rest,
It's cover soon will gather.
For now this land is put to bed
By you, Dear Heavenly Father.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Perception

- * PERCEPTION *- -

My perception.....What do I see?
Your warmth.....Love, can it be?
Your kindness.....A perfect medley.
Your Faith.....God gave to thee.
Your Friendship.....That you give to me.
...YOU.....Yes, that is what I see.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

ine

©2-24-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

-please God, Tell Me No-

-PLEASE GOD, TELL ME NO-

I thought that I was young enough
To mow a tiny yard,
So I just got out my mower
And slipped in the key card.

I was going very sprightly
for just a yard or two,
Then I noticed dampness falling
Could it be a little dew?

My breath was getting harder
To get back into my lungs.
Oh, don't let me pass that ladder
I'm hanging on the rungs.

I took that stupid mower
Back into my back yard,
And covered it soon after
I'd removed that yellow card.

I stumbled in the back door.
No further could I go.
Next time I say I'll mow the yard,
Please God! Just tell me 'NO! '.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©6-29-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

-please Use Me-Until Then-

-PLEASE USE ME-UNTIL THEN-

I thank you Lord, for these blessings
That You have, so gently, sent my way.
I thank You, Oh! so very much,
For granting me another day.

To clear my mind and let me think
As in days that have gone by,
For I know that you have many things
I must do before I die.

You have blessed me with your words
To give peace to another soul,
And to guide another's thoughts away
From a doubtful world's great toll.

I know that as long as you'll use me.
I'll do everything that I can,
And someday I will be with you....
But, Please use me, until then.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

©7-6-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Precious Memories

PRECIOUS MEMORIES

I wasn't ready to say goodbye
The day you went away,
There were so many hopes and dreams
Things that I just couldn't say.

So many things were left to do
Things that still remain undone,
So many places left to see
Places where I will never run,

But now that time has come and gone
No more, Your laughs will ring
And in my mind those things will stay
For Time...relief...will bring.

For now, the precious memories
Are all that are left behind,
They are the greatest gift I have
A gift that I.....call mine.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

©11-2009

Ms. Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

Rain

- * RAIN * -

Thunder rolling noisily
As gently comes the rain,
Pattering on my windows
And splashing on my pane.

Cleansing all the dirt away
In the early morning hours
The simple cleansing drizzle
Of these magical Spring showers

What a very wonderful thing
That Our Father in Heaven will do
Cleansing all of Nature
World's beauty to renew.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©2-16-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Realities Gavel

REALITIES GAVEL

I sink into the deepness
Of this concept of your eyes.
I melt into the emotion
Of your emanating cries.

I walk into the gentleness
Of loving open arms.
I wrap myself in the graciousness
Of your sweet loving charms.

My heart now rules my body
With emotions now unseen.
Why can my thoughts not separate
From things that are serene.

For love will blindly lead me
Down this road, I slowly travel
And someday when least expected
I will hear Realities Gavel.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Remembering This Friendship

Remembering this friendship
Each time I think of you I know
That good thoughts are always there
A whispered word..a cheerful laugh
Emotions we would share.

These memories that we've gathered
And secreted in our heart
Will parade across our memories
If we should ever have to part.

We've shared our fun and secrets
In a very special way
And our friendship has surely deepened
As we reach the close of day.

So if one of us should tire
And to our Father go,
Remember that this friendship
Is the finest thing I know.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

River Walk

- RIVER WALK-
by Miss Caroline

I am walking 'long the River
Feel the pebbles 'neath my feet
Listening to the water
And the Rivers' rythmic beat

See the Hills beyond the water
Tall and green beyond the shore,
Watch the Tugboats pushing treasures
Leaving me still wanting more.

Stick my feet into the waters
Feel the sand shift 'neath my toes
Feel the water rushing 'round them
Feel it wash away my woes.

Watch the clouds just floating calmly
O'er this Valley, Oh, so wide
Filling my soul with it's goodness
The worst of life to hide.

Feel the breeze that whispers softly
Gentle sounds that comfort me
And watch the willows waving
As they dance, in wind, with glee.

The trees are bending gently
Dropping branches down to drink
All the gentle sounds surround me
To help me, now, to think.

Just walking near the water
Where this shore goes on and on
All the thoughts and dreams are dancing,
No longer this lifes pawn.

For soon the daylights dimming

And around to home I turned,
Filled with a peace inside me
For that Peace that I have yearned

And a calmness is descending
As the Sun does touch the land
For We are now returning....
God and I, here, hand in hand.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt (Ms. Caroline)

©9-3-2009

Carolyn Ford Witt

Santa's Special Christmas

SANTA'S SPECIAL CHRISTMAS

I was working at the Nursing Home
One year on Christmas Eve,
When a very strange phone call
I just happened to receive.

The man upon the other end
Said, ' This is Santa Claus'
You should have seen the color drain
As my voice took on a pause.

He said, ' If you will open up,
I'll bring in some Christmas glee.'
I said, ' You must be crazy,
I'm a Nurse, You can't fool me.'

But when I looked out the front door
I saw a large man in a red suit.
He carried a bag upon his back
And he looked so very cute.

Against my better judgment
I opened up the door
And from the bag upon his back
The gift's began to pour.

A new walker there for Mary
On it a bright red bow
And there, some red suspenders,
For her husband Joe.

There were Teddy bears and candy,
Fresh cookies in a bag....
And when the patients heard the noise
Not one of them did lag.

They came down to the dining room
To share in the Christmas cheer

And when they arrived, they soon found
That Santa Claus was here.

Each patient got their present
Then they heard this mighty call
'To each and everyone of you,
A Merry Christmas to you all'

We watched that man in the red suit
As out the door he blew
And we all saw his reindeer sleigh
As off again he flew.

We put them back to bed again
Each one tucked in so snug
And all would sleep so very well
After gifts and Santa's hug.

So don't say there is no Santa
For he visited us that night
To cheer the elder generation
And make their Christmas, Oh, so bright!

Merry Christmas to all and to all a blessed good night.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

12-24-06

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Sassafras Gold

SASSAFRAS GOLD

I took hold of the halter,
Threw a saddle on his back;
Tightened up the cinch strap
Not leaving any slack.

Slipped the bridle o'er his head
Adjusting bit just right,
Threw my leg up o'er his back
Boy! we were such a sight.

Out through the pasture we would go
A perfect rhythm in the sway,
As at a canter we did go
Out for a perfect day.

Across the cow-path, around the lake,
In trees with whispering leaf,
As we walked down that earthen path
This scene beyond belief.

Down to the farm road winding
Back to the fields so wide,
A stream ran down the middle
A railroad to one side.

Sweet clover hay did grow there
The creek ran clear and quick,
And at the back edge of the farm
The trees stood tall and thick.

I turned and rode my pony West
Along the rippling brook
Into a widened, deepened space,
A shaded swimming nook.

We traveled on through thickening woods
To a road where cars did run,

But I will pass beneath the bridge
Into the waiting sun.

Up the hill we're riding
Far up to new fields there,
With golden wheat now growing tall
And waving in the air.

I find a gentle ridge line
Exactly where I want to be,
To gather with my hatchet
The roots of the Sassafras Tree.

I dig down to the end of root
Just to trim and prune a bit.
No old root would you tempt to take,
No damage do to it.

These trees have given our family
For many years on end,
A root so fine for brewing,
With each pruning, does it contend.

I package up my treasure
And into saddlebags inter,
Now travel back down to the road
Another day to ensure.

Back at the house, I'm rubbing down
A pony white and brown
Wiping all the sweat away
Before he rolls upon the ground.

And take into the kitchen
This treasure that I hold,
And hand it to my mother;
This little bag, of Sassafras Gold.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

7-7-06

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Savor Every Moment

SAVOR EVERY MOMENT

Life is so very precious
How can we not abide
And savor every moment
With Our Father at our side

He'll guide us through the problems
No one too large or small
As we ask Him for His blessings
He'll take great care of them all.

So savor every moment
That our Father gives us here
And help to spread His message
As we hold Him, Oh so dear.

I've testified in some strange places
Of the love I have for Him
And I know that on Earth or in Heaven
That Love will never dim.

So savor every moment
Every second of this time
And with the blessing of Our Father
Up to Heaven you will climb.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

12-27-06

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-school's Back-

-SCHOOL'S BACK-

Twass once upon a mid-fall's day
With new clothing, worn in great display
And brand new shoes so shiny there
A Brush run through my long brown hair.

Excitement now runs right through me
First day of school, I face with glee.
So shining new is everything
And to my heart does new knowledge sing.

How much of life I'm learning now
Each day, in Wisdom, you show me how.
God given knowledge to me enrich
That I might find my Earthly niche.

Enhancing all that I have learned
All the knowledge for which I yearned
And magnify in spirits soul
This strength You gave me to extol.

Now as I age....This Earth endure
My mind, in reason, so unsure.
Each thing I've learned, I give to You
As in Thy wisdom, You told me to.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
©8-12-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Seasons Four

</>As sun soon rose within the East
Could not be stopped by man nor beast
And diamonds glistened on the grass
'Neath tallest trees of shining brass.

Silence awakening in morning dew
Colors changing, hue to hue.
The Sun comes shining o'er the trees
And with it, whispering gentle breeze.

The leaves are rustling over head
As birds are chattering from their bed.
Oh now, this whisper of God's land
Makes promise to take me in it's hand,

As Fall of days calls out to me
'Come hither child, there's more to see.
Soon white will cover all that's green
And splay to you it's wintry scene,

For I have given seasons four
And promise you, there's always more
Of beauty that I have displayed,
So do not now be oft dismayed.

My child, sweet child, for you receive
These things...for I do not deceive,
These things I prize with great accord
So you, my child, might not be bored.

Then Spring will give you warmth of Sun
The promise of a Summer's fun
With green of grass and flowers bloom,
Relief from all the Winter's gloom.

Sweet child, My promise given to you
No boredom left to make you blue;
Each season made with beauty galore
I keep my promise, of Seasons four.'

So I sat down and looked again
At all He's given since Earth began
And I saw a beauty beyond belief
Within each raindrop...each tiny leaf.

So watch the seasons as they pass
And you will see such beauty, Alas,
For what on Earth, Our Lord has given,
T'will be ten fold, when we reach Heaven!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

©11-8-2011

Ms. Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

Short Circuit

SHORT CIRCUIT

I have a little short circuit....
Where nothings getting through,
Just a tiny disconnect....
And there's nothing I can do.

I think about how wires will loosen
And my lamp will no longer work
Or maybe my computer
gets an aggravating quirk.

Most people wouldn't notice
As my routine will hardly change.
But those so close to me will see
As my words and choices rearrange.

The worst part that is affected
Are the things which are routine,
Things so automatic each day
That they aren't really seen.

Little words that I can't spell
Simple steps I cannot do,
Things so very automatic
To each and everyone of you.

I don't know why, with poetry,
Things come out so very clear;
For so stressed are my emotions
That I continually shed a tear.

Tomorrow may be different,
Thoughts clearer then can be
But I must just accept the fact
That this is now a part of me.

So if you chance to read this
Alzheimer's is it's name.....

And that tiny little short circuit
Is the one that is to blame.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

11-7-06

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Silence In The Snow

The snow was falling softly
In the quiet of the night,
As I looked out of my window
T'was such a glorious sight.

I ran out to my door step
Just to look around,
And saw the softest whiteness
That lay upon the ground.

All I heard was silence,
Street lamps reflecting on the snow.
The white flakes falling faster
Forecast the greatest Winter show.

No tracks disturb this perfect scene
In the whiteness that I see,
Just silence and the falling snow,
And now.... my God, surrounding me.....

God Bless!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Miss Caroline

© 12-2010

Carolyn Ford Witt

Silken Threads

Silken Threads

The sky is filled with cotton
Silver shafts still shining through,
Blackening clouds are floating quickly.....
Don't know where, they're floating, too.

Silken threads are brightly shining
Through the puffs of gray, you'll see.
As clouds show their silver lining
Sun shafts gleaming out at me.

Tiny windows of silver beauty
Brightly peeking through the gray,
As I turn my head to look around
Checking back the other way.

Bright contrast does remind me
That daylight should be here,
As I look into the depths of it
And hold God, Oh so near.

No rain is yet descending
As white clouds turn to gray...
Tumbling now so fiercely
As the darkness shrouds this day.

Storm clouds are now approaching,
The snow will soon begin;
But for now, I'll enjoy these changes
Heavenly Father wants to send.

Author: Carolyn Ford

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Someday's

SOME DAYS I AM

Some days, I am a Whisper.
Some days, I am a Shout.
Some days, I am a mighty Oak.
Some days, a tiny Sprout.

But no matter what I am today,
I ask for patience there,
Just to share these great emotions
That I am inclined to bare.

Some days, I am the Reason
Some days, I am the cause.
Whatever I may be this day,
In this Life, I'll take a pause.

For each of us bares witness
To what God planned for us to be
And I am praying very humbly that,
My Faith is what you'll see.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

9-15-06

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-sometimes We Try-

-Sometimes We Try-

Sometimes we try our very best
to read between the lines
But I don't think we'll ever know
What's on other people's minds.

Don't put your words into my mouth
to make my meaning new,
For all my thoughts are just my own
And I can't talk for you.

And If I say things out of line,
Please tell me to my face,
I've never tried to hurt someone-
I try to walk in Grace.

But sometimes I might slip and fall
and say a thing or two.
Just know I'm really sorry
I'd never intend to injure you! ! ! ! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 10-25-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

Song Of Love

-SONG OF LOVE-

Oh, There is love, I know my
Lord will give me.

Yes, There is love, He puts
within my heart.

And I feel the tenderness
within Thee,
As we've known each other
from the very start.

Oh Yes! He guides me with His
loving patience
And He leads me 'round pain
And 'round the strife.

For He keeps me safe through
All the looming tumult
That this world has to offer
Us in Life.

Author Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 9-14-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

-songs Of Old-

-SONGS OF OLD-

Down the street from where I live
Is a Church of long ago
And every Sunday morning
Ringing bells would sound so slow.

They'd ring those Hymns out loudly
Each chorus rising High
With praises waiving O're the town
And rising to the sky.

I loved those bells so dearly
Their sound I longed to hear
And every Sunday morning
I'd treasure them so dear.

But now those bells are silent
Those hymns no longer there,
And I sincerely miss them
No more praise's do they share.

But one day I will hear them
As I stand on streets of gold,
And I'll hear the Angels singing
Hymns of Praise and Songs of Old.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 7-2-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Spirits

- * SPIRITS * -

As we walk amongst the shadows
Of those who've gone before
They whisper to us gently
Their wisdom, out, they pour.

They float amongst the living
To touch us when they can
And give a gentle nudging
With the softness of a fan.

But if perhaps we see them
They're swifter than the wind,
So instead of seeming tainted
Our thoughts we do amend.

And if you're very quiet
And the shadows you may see,
You can bless the ones that visit
From out past eternity.

Author; Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 11-15-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

Spring

- SPRING-

Have you ever gotten up
on a morning
in the Spring,

And heard the birds
a chirping and the steeple
bells aring.

The lushness of the
greenery just glistening
with the dew,

And the sky so soft
and cloudless and
so very very blue.

The gentle dampness
in the air just makes
you want to sing,

With every ray of sunshine
New hopes, with it,
will bring.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 4-15-1977

Carolyn Ford Witt

Summers Muse

The billow of the whitest clouds
Like puffs of smoke on high
Floating e're so slowly
Across the azure sky.

So many, I can't count them,
As I lie here looking up
Such blessings, God has given,
As He fills my empty cup.

The songs of birds now flying
As Summer comes once more
The skies now filled with wings
As, in flight, they gently soar.

So blessed Summer come now
And warm my heart so cold
Light the inspiration in me
And again my life enfold.

No single inspiration there
Summers muse does now abound
As all in nature comes to fore
Eyes opened....look around.

This gift of seasons given
New blessings begin to grow
And I do thank You Father
For all You let me know!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms Caroline
© 3-21-2011

Carolyn Ford Witt

Sweet Freedom Land

-* SWEET FREEDOM LAND*-

Silence of the field
I see,
The colors shouting out
To me.

Statuesque the Firs
Do stand,
Amid this solid
Freedom land.

With snow capped mountains
To the sky,
Just calling out
To you and I.

Entice me land
That is so Free,
In silence you
Call out to me.

Goodbye, Sweet Scene
In life so grand.
I bow to you
Sweet Freedom Land.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 2-17-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Take Back Control

TAKE BACK CONTROL

Scars upon the wrists of life
Drugs which numb the brain
Caustic Acids that degrade
And flush dreams down the drain.

Vile language that corrupts the soul,
Is life so lived in vain.
How do we save the children now
From the Devil's own disdain.

Take back control as life does go
To renew our dear Lord's context
And right the wrong that now exists
For what's here one day, is gone the next.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
2-3-07
By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

That Homemade Ice Cream

- * THAT HOMEMADE ICE CREAM *-

Custard cooking in the kitchen
Mama stirring all the while
I smelled Vanilla wafting in
As I gave a little smile.

She'd pour it in the old crank freezer
And fill it with the salt and ice
Daddy fastened on the handle
Then he'd crank this old device.

Daddy cranked it till his arm ached
Then passed it on to Uncle Ray.
They'd add more ice and salt into it
And they'd crank into the day.

Finally they'd tightly pack it
More ice, more salt, and then a rug
And let it sit there for a while
All packed down so nice and snug.

After we'd eaten all the bounty
that they'd equally pitched in
And I'd used all the paper napkins
That Mama tucked beneath my chin.

They'd open up that old crank freezer
This creamy custard to reveal
And we'd scoop out that creamy ice cream
To top off the family's meal.

My Daddy and his brother Ray
Would always have this good hearted race
To see who'd eat the most of it
And I'd soon get it all o'er my face.

This would happen every weekend
Of every summer in the sun

And I thought our Homemade Ice Cream
Was just the best of all our fun.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 11-1-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

The Softest Of White

THE SOFTEST OF WHITE

The color of me, is the softest of white
Floating in the bluest of sky
And everywhere below I will see
With the sight of an Eagle's eye.

Wrapped in pure love of the Father above
As pure as the angels on High
Living in softness of a pure white cloud
Just here to ask you all why?

Why of the darkness that surrounds this Earth,
Why of the Hate and the Ire.
Why do the children He sent here from above
Jump into the Pits and the Fire?

When all that He asks, is believe on Him,
Wrap yourself in that color so pure;
And blessings He'll spill out onto you
If your Faith will only endure.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

The Baghdad Kentucky Still

THE BAGHDAD KY. STILL

My Daddy told me stories
Of the Prohibition days,
Of bathtub gin-and flappers
And my gram-maw's teetotaling ways.

They took a trip to Great Uncle Jims'
To find a jug or two
Of our extended families'
Ultra-famous old Home-brew.

After dark they went out driving
To find a shack upon a hill
Where they sold whiskey from the valley
Where they hid the copper still.

The men, they stood upon the porch
With guns propped on their knee.
Back in the hills, on an old dirt road
Down in Baghdad, Kan-tuck-eee.

My gram-paw did the talking
And he laughed and joked a while,
Then down the old back country road
They drove about a mile.

One jug they put into the car
The other in the trunk,
Before the four got back to town
Everyone of them were drunk.

My gram-maw was so mad at them
She wouldn't let them in the house,
And by the time the sun came up
All were quiet as a mouse.

After about a day or two,
Everything was back to norm'

But Gram-paw-his brother-Dad and
Uncle Ray were lower then a worm.

I've never seen my gram-maw mad
And now, I never will,
But I'll never forget the story
Of the Baghdad, Kentucky Still.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
10-20-05

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

The Emptiness Within

-THE EMPTINESS WITHIN-

There is an emptiness within-
Not complete, but partial-still
an empty void.
Sorrow penetrates my heart,
causing life to lose its
radiant joy.
My dreams-are life within-
but I cannot grasp a dream
to hold it close beside.
The loss I feel
is without measure.
It fills my depths with darkness
that only God's light
can penetrate.
But even with God's precious love,
the emptiness remains,
until your love returns
into my life.
Then joy and radiance
can spill forth to fill my world again.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 8-01-1976

Carolyn Ford Witt

The Empty Chair

THE EMPTY CHAIR

Every Holiday, we're greeted
By that ever empty chair.
Your place is always plated
In hopes that You are there.

Some say, You weren't invited,
But this day is just for You,
With prayers of thanks and blessings
And this invitation, Oh! So true.

A table sat for nine
When only eight are there
For this day in our lives,
With You, we want to share.

And when we laugh, or eat, or drink,
Each moment shared again;
Then I know that You have joined us
And each time.... I say Amen.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

12-17-06

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

The Fall

-THE FALL-

On Copple Hill where fluency reins
And all emotion, spiritually drains
Where only money is what matters
No matter how, our life, it shatters.

Where the unidentified spiritually inclined
Are no longer identifiably defined
And in this life all who reside
Are on this speeding roller-coaster ride.

This hollowed out breakable shell
Of all of those who, crumbling, fell
With their lives now striped so bare
Plunged into the depths of our despair.

Now in luxury, they no longer reside,
But they themselves do fearfully hide.
Fear and poverty, make them a bother
As they hide in shame from their Heavenly Father.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-the Feather On My Pillow-

-THE FEATHER ON MY PILLOW-

I saw a feather on my pillow
It was of the purest white.
I thought it was a fanciful dream
Of Angels wings in flight.

Then on my window sill so dim
I saw this Angel's dust.
A sparkling golden glitter there
And believing was a must.

So when I went to bed that night,
I feigned I was asleep,
And soon I saw an Angel there
My safety for to keep.

She watched me as I lay there
As Mother's Love glowed bright.
I'd never seen such grandeur
Never seen such a glorious sight.

She sang those songs so beautiful
Such sweet sounds on my ear,
And soon I fell asleep again
In her arms without a fear.

And when I awoke in morning
The sweetest thing I'd see,
A feather on my pillow
That she'd left there just for me.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

© 2-27-07

By Ms. Caroline

The First Snow

-THE FIRST SNOW-

I stepped from my doorway this morning,
to hear the silence all around.
The morning noise muffled by the
crisp white blanket,
which covers the ground.

The air is cold
and wind nips at my nose.
I walk softly,
each step crunching
as my feet sink into the
deep white snow.
The trail I leave behind
suggesting an unknown stranger
following me across the way.

The branches of the trees hang low
with their cottony burden.
In the distance,
I hear the jingle-jingle
of tire chains
as they cut through the crisp whiteness
on the deserted streets,
suggesting an awakening that
I felt in anticipation.

Soon, the people will be hurrying
on to work-more exhilarated-
more refreshed,
by the clean white newness
that surrounds them.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 12-01-1976

The Flirt

THE FLIRT

There she goes just
Prancing down the street;
Head held high,
Smooth pavement under feet.

Swinging hips
Going to and fro,
Pride just shining,
As you might surely know.

Silver necklace
Hanging 'round her neck,
Tripping so lightly,
Oh, so very quick.

Black hair glistening
Brightly, in the sun.
Flirting so blatantly,
Oh, so much fun.

As we come to the corner
Up her ears will perk.
I say Come along,
Give her leash a jerk..

Each day, just the two of us
Having our talk
As I take, my dog Mandy,
Out for her daily walk.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

9-9-06

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

The Grey Wolf

THE GRAY WOLF

The Gray Wolf standing in the snow
So proudly stakes his claim
Stalking prey as he would go
No puppy, we can tame.

He walks on padded feet of fur
And wears thick coat so proud
Wandering in this lonely mirror
Away from all the crowd.

And after all his food is claimed
Back to his den he'll go
Out in the densest forest framed
This creature of the snow.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

12-5-06

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-the Holy Grail-

-THE HOLY GRAIL-

I tried to find the Holy Grail
And drink from that holy cup,
For I knew that when I drank of it
It would surely fill me up.

I searched the whole world over
That Holy Grail to see,
Then I heard this gentle voice
Saying it's inside of me.

This Holy Grail is Jesus
Filled finely to the brim....
With Love and Faith and Goodness
If I will only drink of Him.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 7-25-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

The Internet

THE INTERNET

Have I ever told you this story,
Of how I met a friend?
I just got on the Internet
And I clicked a spot marked send.

I got back a short question
Saying, 'Who the heck are you? '
I said, I'd received a message
And had decided to follow through.

Isn't it just a miracle
That we found each other there
For, now, instead of being a lonely 'One'
We are a cheerful 'Pair'.

Each day we share an E-mail
Maybe a joke or two..
Thank God, I received that message
And gained a friend, like YOU! ! ! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 9-25-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

-the Irish Wedding Knot-

-THE IRISH WEDDING KNOT-

Have you ever seen a Wedding Knot
Carved from one piece of wood,
Given to an Irish Bride
Before the alter where they stood.

The one I have is walnut
Made by a loving hand.
It was passed down to my father
Just as his mother planned.

A marriage of a lifetime
Carved into that little knot.
A tiny little wooden cage...
Wooden ball within the slot.

That wooden ball just stays there
sliding 'round inside that cage,
Never will it be removed...
Never will it disengage.

Three marriages it's gone through
Each one has lasted long....
And as long as it remains inside
Your marriage won't go wrong.

This special knot I'll treasure
Three generations through.
This loving Irish Wedding Knot
Binds my love to me so true.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 7-2-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

-the Joy Of Music -

-THE JOY OF MUSIC -

The violin sang so softly
In the hands of this old man
As he sat there on the wooden stool
Bow held gently in his hand.

His wife played grand piano
Sweet music they did make
As from the hard work of the fields
This respite, they would take.

Gentle music of God's praise
They played for all to hear.
The sweetest music in the land
Was falling on God's ear.

They passed along that joyous sound
To children they did bare
The most relaxing trait of all
The gift of music rare.

And now throughout the generations
Which do continue to abound
We hear the perfect notes and glorious songs,
The joy of music does resound.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
© 2-11-07

By Ms. Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

The Last Of Sarah's Children

The last of Sarah's children
Has gathered up his cares
And shed the earthly raiment
Of this World's remaining wares.

He heard the call of Angels
Who beckoned him back home
And decided that the time had come,
Here...to no longer roam.

Now far up in the Heavens
He dances...Oh, so spry,
Laughing very gleefully
Up where the Angels fly.

So change those tears to joyous smiles
For his spirit is not dead,
He's resting in our Father's arms
And in the Angel's bed.

Fear not, for he is waiting,
Each one of us to see,
And we will run into his arms
When again his face we see.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 1-20-2010

(in honor of Gilbert L Wood 1915-2010)

Carolyn Ford Witt

The Light I Know Was You

- * THE LIGHT I KNOW WAS YOU * -

Warmth-Comfort- Light
An ambience surrounds you,
Disconnection-Floating above.
This feeling can't be true.

I see this person lying there
And know that it is me.....
But I can't care-I can only look,
I am where I want to be.....

This light is so enticing.....
The warmth just wraps around.
Comfort ever swirling this spirit
O're the ground.....

I really never wanted
To return into this life.....
But then You said.....
'You're a mother, you're a wife'

Just as fast as I had left it,
I'd returned into the past.....
And when I'd finally awakened,
In my memory, I'm aghast....

For the memory is amazing
And I know that it was true....
Of Warmth....Comfort....and Floating
And the Light, I know, was YOU.

Thank You Heavenly Father, for this experience.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 12-07-05

The Little Shack

THE LITTLE SHACK

In a little shack down in the hills
Out on the porch they'd be,
This extended backwoods family
That we had come to see.

They'd get out a jug of cider
And homemade cookies from a jar;
The women sat in rockers
While men gathered round the car.

Kids were running barefoot.
The dust clung to their feet.
They wore old cutoff overalls
With patches on their seat.

We'd go there every Summer.
I'd cherish every day,
Because I knew that every time
Their love was spread our way.

Remembering those fun times
Now that age, my life does grace,
Will always fill that little void
That exists within my space.

For every time my mind returns
To that shack down in the hills,
The love that I felt each Summer
Into my heart, still spills.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

The Lonely Willow Tree

THAT LONELY WILLOW TREE

God made this Earth,
The Sun... The Air.
He placed it all
Into Man's care.

On it He placed
Flowers and trees
In beautiful colors,
Man's eyes to please.

But when He thought
His work was done,
He added this....
A tree.....Just one.

He planted here
A Willow Tree,
Where Man could pray
On bended knee.

But now when Man
Neglects to come,
He named this tree
The weeping one.

Near a stream
Where no one will be
There stands a lonely
Weeping Willow Tree.

And when you see
It's branches weep,
You know that from
God's eyes....
.....Tears do Seep.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
6-22-1979

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

The Mask

THE MASK

A mask does hide the face of Death
As fear it spreads within.
A Fear so strong that it must hide
For those steeped deep in sin.

Cast off the mask that we might see
Behind the mask so pale,
For God will clear the way for us
His sweet love to prevail.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 6-5-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

The National Road

THE NATIONAL ROAD

The National Road stretched longingly
Into the wilderness west
From Wheeling to Vandalia
We'd try our Very Best.

That rich land we would concur
As we moved our families there
By Conestoga and by Stagecoach
To a land we held so fair.

Fine Taverns and the Wagon Stands
Stood there along the way
To greet the the weary traveler
At the blessed end of day.

And soon the giant Railroad
Grew along that very path,
Blazing through the tiny towns
Leaving the Stagecoach in it's Wrath.

No longer heard the horses hooves
The Stagecoach barreling by,
As now the Great Steam engine ruled
The road was left to die.

But Automobiles soon came traveling
Those highways would amend.
National Road, now U.S.40
More convenience here to lend.

From lonely desolation
Out of the Ashes grew
Reaching from Sweet Baltimore
To St. Louis...It just flew.

Fine cities were created
The West would now encode

For all this started with the wagon
And an envisioned 'National Road'.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

The Out Stretched Hand

THE OUT STRETCHED HAND

The outstretched hand was long and slender. In it's palm I saw the scar.

The soft and gentle face so placid, as I reached-it seemed so far.

With His love, He gently clothed me-With His mercy led me by.

Slowly-gently, He did guide me that my soul should never die.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
9-14-1976

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

The Potter's Wheel

THE POTTER'S WHEEL

I am the clay
In the Potter's hand.
He makes me whole
That I might stand.

He puts me on
The Potter's Wheel
Those imperfections
From me to peel.

He smooths the problems
As they come
And makes a Total
From this sum.

So if in life
Your flaws reveal
Ask God to put You
On His Potter's Wheel.

And to you
Will come another day
Each step you take
Upon God's Way.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

4-19-06

Ms. Caroline

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The Present From Above

- * THE PRESENT FROM ABOVE* -

There is a quiet presence
That dwells within me, day by day.
A quiet warming presence
That lights inside, along the way.

A presence that's so gentle
As it soothes my heart with Love.
It is the Light of Jesus....
A Present from Above.

A gentle Loving Presence,
That will never let you down.
He stands right here beside me,
His Light....a shining crown.

A gentle life was given
For the sins of all the Earth,
That all who do believe on Him
Might know what they are worth.

This Present, He will give you,
If on Him you will believe;
For that is all He asks of you
And His Presence...You'll receive.

So put your faith in Him, on Earth,
And your life to Him you' give,
Then in His Presence ever more...
On Earth and In Heaven, You will live.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

The Ravages Of War

RAVAGES OF WAR

Rumblings from sweet Earth's depths
A quivering so real,
Tremblings from another world
That within my heart I feel.

I hear a scream, loudly calling,
Before I realize
It comes from deep within me
As I hear it's lonely cries.

Profoundly, now I know it.
How can it ever be,
That Hell has now erupted
And slowly devours me.

My eyes see fire and brimstone
I hear the screams from Hell
Red is oozing endlessly
From where, I cannot tell.

How can our hearts recover
Will Our minds ever mend
When gentle loving people
With this carnage must contend.

And when destruction is ended
Know we have gone too far
For now each person left behind
Feels the Ravages of War.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

The Reflection

- * THE REFLECTION * -

As I look into the water
Reflections do I see
Reflections of the sun and sky
Reflections of the tree.

I watch as all That ripples
As I stir my hand around
Staring there into the pond
Reflections do abound.

I see the birds fly over
And I wish for more to see.
As I lean out even farther
The reflection there is me.

A reflection in the water
No earthly thing there be,
For this is where my precious Lord
Is looking in on me.

He sees me in reflection
Of this life here on earth
Just a small reflection,
And with calmness, gives me worth.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 3-3-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

The River Trip

- * THE RIVER TRIP * -

As we're watching o're the River
We'll see it flow along.
It's rippling and lapping,
As it sings it's haunting song.

You can see the mighty barges
With their payload weighing deep.
It's pushing-ever pushing
As the river earns its' keep.

And each and every weekend,
As the families do take heed-
Running in their sports boats
Building up their speed.

Along the shore in smaller boats
The fishermen do lurk,
Waiting for the river cats
Down in the muddy murk.

The rivers' many faces
To each-they will reveal
But to me, unlike the rest of you
The river is surreal.

I see it winding gently
And flowing with the wind,
Calming and serene
As it goes around the bend.

Running on forever-
Imagination only sees,
As it gently winds into my heart
And flows with every breeze.

It could go on to Zanzibar
Or Cairo all the way-

Or maybe just to Louisville
For I must return today! ! ! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 11-29-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

The Seagull

-THE SEAGULL-

In sky I see the seagull
With gray on pure white wings
She floats upon the unseen wind
As silent essence rings.

A flap of wing...then float again
Maneuvering as though in dance
The flash on wave down there below
As she'll take her metered chance.

A swoop...A bow... a lift in flight
In air she devours her find,
As passengers aboard the ship
This silhouette....spellbind.

As there against the setting sun
With wings outstretched to glide,
For her pure existence here
Upon those winds will ride.

Author; Carolyn Ford Witt

9-15-06

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

The Simplicity Of God's Plan

THE SIMPLICITY OF GOD'S PLAN

A Tree grows in My garden.

It has many branches,
and each branch, many leaves.

It grows taller and more abundantly
each year.

More branches, more leaves,
to carry on it's genes
within My eternal scope of evolution.

Day upon day, year upon year, century upon century
Eon upon eon.

If it changes slightly, it is within My plan.

Each branch, each leaf,
under My name, under My care,
under My protection, under My plan.

Each with it's own choices,
each with it's own outcome.

And these are the generations of Life,
As I have planned them,

All the variations....Within My plan,
for each of you....
ETERNALLY!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

© 3-30-2008

By Ms. Caroline

The Soldiers Letter

THE SOLDIERS LETTER

I've been waiting for this letter
To have your love so near.
The fragrance of your perfume
That I cherish, Oh so dear.

So long, I haven't touched you
The softness of your skin,
But soon I'm coming home to you..
I cannot wait 'til then.

These tears stream down in longing
Your body to embrace
And see that look, I remember,
On your soft and gentle face.

All the words within this letter
Are written deeply in my heart,
To remain there every second
While our bodies are apart.

For now, just please remember
That my love is deep and true,
And that every passing moment
Brings me closer to seeing you.

This love I have within me,
I'm sending to you this day
With butterflies and roses strewn
Thousands of miles along the way.

--I Love You--

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

The Spirit Of My Savior's Touch

THE SPIRIT OF MY SAVIOR'S TOUCH

The coolness of a Summer's breeze
On the hottest of Summer days.
The briskness of a trickling brook
Beneath this steamy haze.

The comfort of a shady tree
With a book propped on my knee.
The whisper of the Father's Word
So gently sent to me.

I love this time when none can see,
Away from all the world
When you sent each breeze to touch my cheek
And life was then unfurled.

When mysteries that I've kept inside
Can be released to You
And all those worries that I hide
Can be cleansed, from me, anew.

The Spirit of my Saviors touch
Unfurled with Nature's booty,
Clasped against my pulsing breast
This example of God's Beauty.

And now I go back into life,
Refreshed by God's own hand.
He has given, to me, new strength
And I will bow to His command.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

12-3-06

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

The Summer's Storm

THE SUMMER'S STORM

The sky is black in Northern view
A storm is surely pushing through,
As Thunder roars right over head
To shake me from my slumbering bed.

The birds in flight upon the breeze
Calling their friends into the trees.
They know the cleansing soon to come
As they hear God's sweet and gentle drum.

So close I feel the dampness here
And smell the scent of One so Dear.
How much I love the Summer rain
As it cleanses cobwebs from my brain.

And when it's o'er and all is clean
The grass and leaves so brightly green,
I count this blessing, one of mine,
As I see God's Son, now o'er us shine.

Author:

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-the Test-

-THE TEST-

Just when we thought our lives were set
Envision a life without regret
Forever giving to one another
Forever thinking...of your brother.

Going, ever, the extra mile
Using no words that would beguile
Envision the one in whom these words are vest
See the first letter and pass this test.

Thank you, my friend, for being you.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 8-16-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

The Titanic's Demise

TITANIC'S DEMISE

- * TITANIC'S DEMISE *-

Her passengers, in gaiety
Her fame they did proclaim
Unsinkable.....A Palace
'Grim Reaper' would defame.

Her lights lit up the Harbor
A party going strong
Proclaiming it a fortress,
Nothing could go wrong.

The highest of society
Her cabins did employ
The greatest of Ocean Liners,
Titanic's grandeur to enjoy.

They sailed on 12th of April
The year was nineteen twelve
And only three days later
Atlantic's depths would delve.

'Titanic strikes an Iceberg '
The ticker-tape would splay
But the grandeous Titanic,
Her demise, could not delay.

The lifeboats held 1200
Of passengers and crew
Much less then population,
Why did they hold so few?

Seven hundred twenty patrons
Were rescued from the sea
Such a great disparage

All called out....'How can this be? '

On the deck, They stood so bravely
The orchestra would play
Both Classical and Christian Hymns
Resounding throughout the day.

At 2: 15 on that morning,
All light turned now to dark
'Grim Reaper' swung his mighty scythe
And there, it hit it's mark.

The loss was fifteen hundred
Seven hundred more were saved
So many, now immortalized
As in silence, death they braved.

The mighty ship Titanic,
On Atlantic's bottom lay;
The World would never now forget
When 'Grim Reaper' had his way.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline
© 2006

Carolyn Ford Witt

The Trail

THE TRAIL

Let's have a celebration
Of a life, on Earth, lived well.
A life of joy and laughter
And compassion that cast a spell.

Let's have a celebration
Of the years you gave to others,
Years of faith and goodness
Given gleefully to your brothers.

Let's have a celebration
Of a life of truth and light
and when we look into night's sky
We'll see a star that shines so bright.

Let's have a celebration
Of a passing through the veil
Back into the arms of Our Heavenly Father
For...here at home...we are the Trail!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 8-1-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

The Ultimate Choice

The Ultimate Choice

The road was long and lonely
As I trod it through this life
God's teachings kept me in the stride
As I traveled toward the light.

I traveled barefoot on that road
Beginning it so young
Tried not to do anything
That God would see as wrong

The rocks were sharp and cutting
Made me grow up strong and brave
But each of God's true teachings
I tried each day to save

I trod that road I followed
At the end I saw the Son
Knowing, if I followed it
I'd find the Holy one.

And now with age upon me
My heart does now rejoice
Knowing that within this life
That I've made the Ultimate Choice!

God Bless!

By: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

10-2-2017

Carolyn Ford Witt

The Valley

THE VALLEY

We are walking toward the Valley
But the Valley is not there.
We walk toward the barren sea
But it can no longer share.

We try to take a needed breath
But inside us, it does burn.
For the cleansing Blood of Christ
We now, most surely, yearn.

We hear the ranting demagogues
Who twist and turn a phrase
And, in their wake, they're leaving
Our mighty land ablaze.

They'll change God's meaning's royally
For no one takes time to read.
How can they know God's truth
When only others words, they heed.

No longer the love, the kindness,
No longer the Empathy,
No longer here the love of God.
Now what worth will there be?

To God, this World is made of glass,
All this World, Our Lord can see.
But no matter what we each have done
He still loves us....You and Me.....

Now guidance We are seeking
But that guidance is already here
And all that is required of us
Is just to draw Him near.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

12-11-06

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

The Veil Has Now Been Lifted

The Veil Has Now Been Lifted

In the Autumn of my life
I called on You, My Lord.
I wondered through this existence
And savored Your every word.

Your comfort was surely given
To every part of me
And now my heart is joyous
As I humbly come to thee.

While I was down on bended knee
I heard Your voice so clear
And with that loving comfort,
I knew that You were near.

Now all those burdens lifted,
My shoulders no longer bend;
For You have lifted all of this
With which I did contend.

And now my life well ended,
Your love to me displayed
And all those things You've given..
All those blessings for which I prayed.

The veil has now been lifted.
In Heaven I will now dwell.
Family and friends, I've left behind,
I'll see you.....in a spell.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

The Way

The Way

Each day I bring my problems
Into the hands of God,
Laying all my worth before Him
As through this life I trod.

Guidance, I will ask for
And give my thanks, so true
And know that All is taken care of
And He'll tell me what to do.

For that guidance I will cherish
And follow, Day by day,
As Heaven I am searching for
And He is showing me the way.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-these Chapters Of My Life-

-THESE CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE-

Lord, Oh Lord, I speak to You
In silent thought beseege
And every breath, in silent prayer,
From within my heart will reach.

Lightly lifted on floating clouds
Each Breeze sings up to You,
Making sure those words repeat
In volumns, followed through.

I know that You receive them
For sweet blessings You remand...
Each need you've given willingly
As You place them in my hand.

Fulfilled with strengths and blessings
I stand so tall this day
For through this present existence
You guide me safely on my way.

No set backs will ever change this
For by my Faith I'm led,
As I walk, enveloped, in Your embrace
All my prayers...now said.

You've always walked beside me
So silent on this road
And together with Your guiding strength
We write another episode.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 9-2007

Carolyn Ford Witt

These Mirrors

THESE MIRRORS

I have this fine collection
Of mirrors on my wall,
Some are round and some are square
And some so very tall.

They give off a reflection of
Everything that they may see
And facing one another
They reflect Eternity.

Going on forever....
In reflection, Oh so clear,
Standing there before me,
Those reflections in my mirror.

Going on forever....
Into Eternity.....
Into a house of love and grace
He's there...for you and me!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

These Pieces Of My Memory

-PIECES OF MY MEMORY--

I went into my sewing room
A box of scraps to share
And opened it so tenderly
To see just what was there.

I found a piece of cotton
From a bonnet I had made
To protect a tiny baby
And give her head some shade.

And there a piece of gingham
From her sundress at age two
To match her silken tresses
It was a golden hue.

A piece of sleek white satin
From her confirmation dress
And there a fluffy piece of fur
From a Teddy Bears caress.

So many quilts, I've fashioned
From these pieces of memory
That give that gentle comfort
Every time I chance to see.

So snuggle in their comfort
Of these pieces of your life
And revel in good feelings
That can lessen all of strife.

And in your heart and mind
Savor each tiny piece of living
As you use, with loving gentleness,
This Quilt that I'm now giving.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

These Senseless Fears

-THESE SENSELESS FEARS-

The fog lies motionless above
the dismal ground,
like a misty veil,
it covers the earth-
blinding us to things
around.

In the dismal darkness,
figures dance across my vision,
like mystic characters
of a senseless dream.

The wind tosses branches
to and fro,
as my fearful mind
envisions things untold.

Fear-dispair-uncertainty
enfold me,

but then a luminous light
fills my life from within.

Radiant joy and hope
release my wandering soul.

Soon darkness fades
as gloom and mist assend
and change the night
to glorious day.

A bright new knowledge
releases me

from the senseless fears,
replacing them with the
neverending light of
peace and faith...

author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 6-17-1976

Carolyn Ford Witt

These Sticks And Stones

THESE STICKS AND STONES

These sticks and stones assail me
My body bruised and torn,
They cannot break my spirit
For my Lord's cloak, now is worn.....

As life does rack my conscience
And does steel me to the core,
With God right there beside me
I know, I can stand more.....

For when this trial is over
And my life is laid so bare,
I know, He's walked it with me
And that He is always there.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
1-31-07
By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

These Winds Of Life

THESE WINDS OF LIFE

The winds of life keep blowing
Sometimes gentle, sometimes strong,
And we must learn too now contend
And not think all has gone wrong.

Resentment will just fester.
Anger makes your pressure boil.
Forgiveness will be an investment
Toward your own sweet spiritual toil.

For we must learn these lessons
While we are here on Earth.
We're waiting for the next one
As we have from E'er our birth.

But my confidence is with you
For I know you'll meet me there
And I know we'll stand together
As God's love we'll truly share.

God Loves You And So Do I!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

2006

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

They Call It _____

THEY CALL IT

Far out into Oblivion
My mind so often goes
But, just where, Oblivion is
No one really knows.

It wanders into quiet spheres
So empty out in space
And where that trail has led too
No one..... has any trace.

It's emptiness and clutter
All rolled into one
Fear and loneliness
An existence that's not fun.

A blankness that will not release,
A void.....beyond belief
Sucking away at consciousness,
For there is no relief.

Muffled sounds around me
But nothing really clear
Inside this void of emptiness
No feelings...not a tear.....

What name that they have given
As this disease we clearly see?
They call it now...Alzheimers
And it will never let us be.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

They Can Stand Tall

THEY CAN STAND TALL

Each day they go to work
They'll give a little cheer
To people who are aging,
Their families hold them dear!

With minds no longer lucid,
Each memory now gone.
Families stressed..cannot give care,
Staff replace them..one by one.

They bathe each one with Patience
And dress them each with Love,
Place each bite into their mouth
With the Kiss of God above.

With each bit of care and kindness,
They will make their life have joy...
All these gentle tactics
They will everyday employ.

They hide among the simple
Or among the very small,
But each and every Care Giver
Can stand so Very Very Tall! ! ! ! ! !

Thank you my friends,
You are God's Angels.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Things Forgotten

THINGS FORGOTTEN

Into the realm of make believe
My thoughts of you do roam,
Of brilliant thrilling fantasy
They seem to take me home.

Of times so carefree and unadorned
When childish friendship bade
And to a time forgotten,
Of Life's foundation laid.

How kind those memories seem to stir
Of running barefoot and free,
To chase the fluttering butterflies
Oh, how we laughed with glee.

Such childish things we've put behind
Such reckless things forgotten,
A time our lives were sheltered so
As though were wrapped in cotton.

Do memories ever seep into
The steadfast life you lead,
Or do your conscious decisions
Those memories impede.

When grown-up life does soon enact
The boredom of our age
And bygone days are soon forgot
In hunt of Life's new wage.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

© 7-17-07
Ms. Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

Thinking Of You

THINKING OF YOU

I was sitting in my Garden
....And I was....
THINKING OF YOU!

Seasons would come and go
A tree shed it's leaves
....And I was....
THINKING OF YOU!

Warm sun shined upon me
Rain fell over me
The sky was and is
....And I was....
THINKING OF YOU!

Time touched me
With it's every moment
But...My Each moment...went on
....And I was....
THINKING OF YOU!

A time came....I had to leave
But still my eyes watch
My arms are open
My words hang in eagerness
....As I am....
THINKING OF YOU!

Still I hope
You might come late
The path is there...
There to be walked by you
..And I am still here..

THINKING OF YOU!

.....Signed: Jesus Christ

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

This Child Called 'Me'

This Child Called 'ME'

Why do we hunt a perfect world
When this one, God has made,
To guarantee our choices
For Eternity He's bade.

So simply He has challenged us,
Someday, to return to Him
And not just follow others
Not go off on a spiraling whim.

He sent this map before us
Just read and You will know
His words will speak in volumes
And ensure the way to go.

We try to make this struggle harder
To put hurdles where they don't belong
When the simplest of instructions
Will enable Heaven's song.

As I have grown ever older
More clearly can I see
That You've flattened out these hurdles
And welcomed back.....
.....This child called 'ME'!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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This Closed Door

THIS CLOSED DOOR

Into the silence of my room
Down on my knees I kneel
A moment or two of comfort
I dare to try and steal.

And while I talk with You so humbly
This comfort, I do know,
As you ease this pain within me
And Your glorious Love, You show.

This life I've made a shambles
Because Your word I couldn't hear,
All I must do is kneel in Faith
Your goodness to draw near.

And now my life is in Your hands
As it always was before,
And I bow down in humble silence
As You open... this closed door.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

2-22-07

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

This Ford Family Tree

©- - * THIS FORD FAMILY TREE * - -

In a file in my computer,
I have these many names.
Just names and dates and places,
To them their lives proclaimed.

But each one has a history.
Of a life that came before.
Who is this one I write about,
Tis so hard to ignore.

He may have been a preacher
In the white church on the hill,
Or a simple Union soldier
Solemnly marching in a drill.

She may have been a mother
with a young child on her knee,
Or a strapping young Attorney
With a case that He must plea.

But, each one I have remembered
In some tiny fleeting way
And tried to make a memory
Of their fine historic day.

For each one has lived before me
In this extended family
Because each and everyone of them
Was in my Ford Family Tree.

Have you ever really wondered
What made you what you are?
Well I've found each little particle,
And this may sound bizarre.

My looks came from my Grammaw
My love of God from All my kin.

My gentleness was such a meld
Of all who came therein.

The temper I was blessed with
Has religion to define
But this unique blend of history,
I will always claim as mine.

Author: Carolyn Ford

© 5-11-1982

Ms Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

This Friendship

- * THIS FRIENDSHIP * -

This friendship we are sharing
Grows more profoundly as we age.
It grows, Oh so much stronger,
As we turn another page.

For as we turn these pages
And grow older as we do,
There is more to consider
When we look at me and you.

For health does now come into play
Each little ache and pain,
For anything that we might feel
Can no longer seem inane.

But, we'll forever share the challenge
That our Lord gives us this day
And together we can conquer it
To face another day.

My friend, I'm always with you,
In spirit or in form....
To help you through this challenge
And bring you through the storm.

God Loves You and So Do I.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 3-3-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

This Gift I'M Giving

THIS GIFT I'M GIVING

I have this little gift for you,
One that's already been given.
A gift that once accepted
Will most surely lead to Heaven.

A gift so planned by Heavenly Father
To give everlasting life
To every child, or man, or woman,
Every husband, every wife.

The Gift.....A Son so precious,
Whose blood would cleanse all sin
So every person on this Earth
Would have the chance to win.

This precious gift I'm giving
Is the belief...He died for You
And endured a death so hated
A fate He willingly agreed unto.

To rise again to Heaven
He'd shed His blood so pure...
A willing Sacrifice of Love
Your eternity to ensure.

This is the Gift I'm giving
And I hope you will accept,
For when you do I'll guarantee
All the Angels will have wept.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

12-14-06

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

This Guest--A Hero

THIS GUEST....A HERO

I've stood beside a hero
For nigh almost a year
His Faith is ever growing
And to me, he shows No Fear.

He's sure that life is ending
But He's living it his best.
He laughs and jokes to cheer others
For by the Father, He is blessed.

His poetry is inspiring
For in the Father he believes,
Spreading there the Father's word
Great blessings he receives.

Each day he shares a message
Each day he shares a joke.
He'll not complain, he's dying,
He'll just act like other folk.

To me He is so special
For through his eyes I can see
That special place in Heaven
That awaits the likes of me.

And now he pulls away from us
To spare that grief that we do share
But, I know, When I get to Heaven
I will, most surely, see him there.

Blessings my friend.
May God do for you
What you have done for others!

Love You!

Author: Carol Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

This Lazy River

--THIS LAZY RIVER--

Here by this lazy River
Beneath the shadowed Tree,
The ripple of the Water
Plays music now for me.

I hear the frogs are croaking
Sounds of crickets in the brush,
Birds now nesting in the Trees
Nature's Music, What a Rush!

Here sitting on a juttied rock
Bare feet the dampness find,
With whispers of Your Goodness
Just running through my mind.

How near to God, I am, here
Each gentle breeze I feel
As, Father, You share with me
These things that are so real.

Here in this Haven, sheltered,
Each creature so unsure
But You have now refreshed me
And, for You, I will endure.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

This Little Gray Box

* THIS LITTLE GRAY BOX *

This little gray box
That sits on my lap,
It could be a book.
It could be a map.

It has many functions
but the one that I need
Is to bring you right to me,
At a miracle of speed.

At times, I can see you,
But surely We'll talk
And if I can't leave here
My life You'll unlock.

No more Homebound Seniors,
No more Invalid,
As we go anywhere
That our lonely hearts bid.

We can wander the world
From this little box,
Or develop a friendship
For lonely night talks.

You've come a long way
From the room that you filled
Down to this little laptop,
My heart, You have thrilled.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

© 12-17-05
Ms Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

This Rose

-- THIS ROSE --

This Rose, I humbly send to you,
I'll brush across your cheek
And give to you it's gentleness
That so many of us seek.

All you need do is accept it
From my heart to yours
In hopes that with this gesture
Our friendship it restores.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

This Sea * * From Sands Of Time

- * THIS SEA * * FROM SANDS OF TIME *-

From this perch...above the sea,
My heart just seems to rush
As foaming whiteness, of the waves
Upon the rocks do crush.

Billowing up in splashing peaks
Then gently flowing down,
Trickling then back out to sea,
This Islands.... sparkling gown.

In calmness....ripples shimmer
As back to sea they go,
And now retreat.... from sands of time
While creating another show.

As darkness hides the footprints
That we have left behind,
To shroud the very existance
Of this witness.....of mankind.

And there up in the darkening sky
The pale moon will display
As shimmering reflections
Upon the waves.....do play.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 3-5-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

This Thing Called Loving You

-- * THIS THING CALLED 'LOVING YOU' * --

You walked so silently into my life,
and crept softly 'round my heart
Before I'd even realized,
You'd awakened me with a start.

You wound into my being,
And I cannot get you out.
Each day I want to scream,
Each night I want to shout.

I can't get rid of This-
This feeling that I feel-
It can't be what I think it is,
Because it can't be real.

It lives within my mind
My imagination to renew,
But I cannot feel This Thing
This Thing called 'Loving You'.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-this Tiny Little Spectrum-

-THIS TINY LITTLE SPECTRUM-

Sometimes we only focus
On a single flower bloom
And all of our attention,
It's petals, will consume.

We cannot see the garden
With it's colorful array
Or know the wistful beauty
That all the blossoms do display.

This tiny little spectrum
Will narrow all our joy
And we must surely endeavor
That spectrum to deploy.

Engulfing mighty landscapes
Displayed in one accord,
This ever increasing beauty
Given lovingly by our Lord.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 5-23-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Those Elusive Memories

- THOSE ELUSIVE MEMORIES -

As I go out walking
Through the darkness of my house,
Never waking anyone-
As quiet as a mouse.

These memories walk swiftly
Through the shadows of my mind
And words are dancing pleasantly
They are so hard to find.

The rantings of a poet
The writer in me balks,
As those special little memories
Go out for their short walks.

They are so elusive
As I grab at them in vain
All the little memories
From inside my mind -do drain.

I've hunted and I've hunted,
Where did those memories go?
Where in this mind, have I not looked?
I really do not know.

But as I'm hunting everywhere,
I feel a little churn,
As a few of those fond memories
Into my mind return.

They're dancing and they're prancing
I've got to write them down
Or they'll just prance- out of my mind
Before I turn around.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 11-18-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

Those Footprints Through Our Heart

-* THOSE FOOTPRINTS THROUGH OUR HEART *-

Each day our little memories
Make footprints in our heart
For we can trace them so far back
Before the very start.

They start at the Beginning
Before you or I were born,
When we made our special pact with God
The devil we would scorn.

We walked in a special love
With that Holy One on High
And made a pact to come down here
Until the day we die.

And what we do right here on Earth
We'll let our Savior guide
To know His special blessings
Our faces we won't hide.

We were sent here to gain knowledge
And a body for our soul.
We'll learn as much as we can learn
His blessings we'll extol.

And with each bit of knowledge
Those footprints will repeat,
To mark those special blessings
That Satan can't DELETE.

And someday when our task is done
We'll go back home again
To feel that special blessing
Of being Home with Him.

.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Those Memories

- THOSE MEMORIES-

Within the far rooms of my mind
Those precious memories stay
Locked so tight..I cannot find
That elusive hidden way.

Those memories, I held, Oh so dear,
Beyond my reach have been
So far within..that I would fear
I never would get in!

How could they now play tricks on me,
Those thoughts..I can't control.
To take away..as memories flee
Those memories of Ole.

Thank God, I wrote of time so fine
Sweet memories so true,
Those long ago sweet memories mine,
Sweet memories of You.

When all those actions were so clear
And memories so new
Of things that I did hold so dear,
Those things we used to do.

So now those memories, I'll recall
From words written long ago,
No longer does depression fall
For Sweet Memories..I will know!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 2006

Carolyn Ford Witt

Time Away

OUR TIME AWAY

As roses tempt my senses
Lilac's waft into darkened sky
Whispered words upon my skin
Emotions tingle without disguise.

Wrapped within each gentle Whisper
Encircled by your loving Touch
Gently enraptured within your Arms
Our love fulfills...so much.

Let fingers tantalize your senses
As they erase past emotions scars
As we drown ourselves in sweet fantasy
And Let my eyes drink a sky of stars.

Now clothed in silks and satins
A dampness on my skin
You softly breathing...by my side
Warm feelings now within.

This week without the problems
That inhabit our daily lives
Enhance those sleeping Love feelings
Hidden Emotions it now revives.

Soon, problems will engulf us
But refreshed...New Light we'll see
As we return to daily mundane life
With renewed Love...
.....just you and me! ! ! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Time Travel

--TIME TRAVEL--

We gallop across the grassy plain
To reach a grove of trees
Striding with a rhythm
That our horses reach with ease.

Then winding down the earthen trail
To wade the rushing stream
So clear and fresh the water
A tired hot horses dream.

We wait as others hasten
To catch up with the pack,
Standing by the side of horse
Readjusting all our tack.

Small animals quietly scurry
Into the underbrush
As we relax beneath the trees
All around in silent hush.

No cell phones and no Ipod
We take with us today
Just the peace and quiet
Of a long forgotten day.

We'll camp here in the clearing
Out on the open ground.
The camp fire flickering softly
As all finally settle down.

Then wake up on the 'morrow
After tired and restless night
Packing up the horses
As they're prancing for their flight.

Back up across green prairie
As their stride is swift and sure

The whisper of a former life
That wrestles minds so pure.

Returning into the present
With our steeds put out to rest
As back into our lives we come
We've taken the final test.

More refreshed, back in the present
Adventure now is gone
But, in mind, we have a future;
One , Time Travel dreams, will spawn.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Titanic's Demise

-- * TITANIC'S DEMISE *--

Her passengers, in gaiety
Her fame they did proclaim
Unsinkable.....A Palace
'Grim Reaper' would defame.

Her lights lit up the Harbor
A party going strong
Proclaiming it a fortress,
Nothing could go wrong.

The highest of society
Her cabins did employ
The greatest of Ocean Liners,
Titanic's grandeur to enjoy.

They sailed on 12th of April
The year was nineteen twelve
And only three days later
Atlantic's depths would delve.

'Titanic strikes an Iceberg '
The ticker-tape would splay
But the grandeous Titanic,
Her demise, could not delay.

The lifeboats held 1200
Of passengers and crew
Much less then population,
Why did they hold so few?

Seven hundred twenty patrons
Were rescued from the sea
Such a great disparage
All called out....'How can this be? '

On the deck, They stood so bravely
The orchestra would play

Both Classical and Christian Hymns
Resounding throughout the day.

At 2: 15 on that morning,
All light turned now to dark
'Grim Reaper' swung his mighty scythe
And there, it hit it's mark.

The loss was fifteen hundred
Seven hundred more were saved
So many, now immortalized
As in silence, death they braved.

The mighty ship Titanic,
On Atlantic's bottom lay;
The World would never now forget
When 'Grim Reaper' had his way.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

To Do Your Will

So many times I've needed You
And You were always there,
The troubles and the treasures
Of this worldly life to share.

You've kept my thoughts on better things
When all around was wrong
And put upon these quivering lips
The words of joyous song.

You've wiped away those tears of mine
When days were cloudy and still
And Lord, I put into Your hands
My Life.....To do Your will.

Carolyn Ford Witt

To Every Fallen Soldier

- * TO EVERY FALLEN SOLDIER * -

The honor of the Country
Given to a Hero true.
This honorable young soldier
Who died for me and you.

To every fallen soldier
No matter, heritage or creed,
Who fought bravely for country
Due to someone else's greed.

Returned in flag draped coffin
No more laughter or joy to share.
A solemn trip into the prairie.....
A Spirit Crossing, there.....

As Mothers weep in sorrow
Wives crying out in pain,
The earthly presence of this child
In life, we can't retain.

This honor, we do give you.
It's not enough, we know.
But to all these sons and daughters,
This Honor, now, we bestow.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 3-13-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

To Join God's Family

- * TO JOIN GOD'S FAMILY * -

The Lord has sent to each of us
This NetHugs family
To give us hope-to give us love
To lessen our misery.

Some of us are poets
And some of us will read,
But all of us will try to help
If we see that you're in need

We pace these halls most every night
His wisdom, you will see-
A joke-A nudge-A sonnet-
Or just a memory.

So all you have to do is come
And register your name
To join this loving family
To join God's Hall of Fame.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 11-09-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

To Sleep - A Finer Place

When raging rivers turn to blood
And skies are dark with ash
Death's swift scythe swings low to ground
A terror driven slash.....

When hearts are frozen clumps of fear
And bodies skeletal,
And terror seeps from every pore
No belly will be full.....

When Demons wings fly through the sky
And horror tumbles free,
And darkness falls throughout the Earth
Black fear infecting thee.....

Pull down the softness of thy brow
And close thy eyes to sleep,
For know that in thy inner self
Thy love for Him runs deep....

Rejoice, my child, for time is near
When this existence ends,
But fear should not deny you
For He's died for all your sins.....

A finer place where Angels tread
Is where Thy soul shall be
For God has made a finer place
A finer place for thee.....

So close thine eyes, for sleep you must,
There is naught to fear;
And when you wake, my child, you'll see
The face of God.....so dear.

© 11-2009
Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline

To Sleep-To Dream

TO SLEEP, TO DREAM

I lay my head down on my pillow
Quickly went to sleep to dream
And I found myself upon my horse
Aside this barely moving stream.

The day was warm and humid
Bright sun shining over head
And in youth, we began to canter
Across the field where we were lead.

We came to lowly foothills
With narrow path so plainly found,
Small trees are scattered sparsely
Scurrying creatures all around.

As my horse trod each tiny foothold
And we traversed this narrow way,
I heard a voice softly calling
' Follow the path, now don't you stray.'

Continuing so very cautiously,
We came to that last bend
And I heard that voice still calling
'I have to send you back again'.

'For time is not concluded
You cannot come to me just now,
But you will come here soon enough,
Of this I do avow.'

Right then, I heard my alarm clock
Saying, 'Time to rise and shine'
So now I hug my pillow
And stretch out to move my spine.

No longer young and vibrant
Through these ages I can see,

For each time I go to sleep at night
I know God.....You'll visit me!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

To You My Love

- * TO YOU MY LOVE * -

You and I
After all these years
Through lots of love
Through lots of tears

Together we are
Together we stay
Together in love
On this perfect day

With memories old
With memories new
As I spend this lifetime
Together with you

So now to you
I want to say
I love you, so,
On this our perfect day.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 2-14-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Trick Or Treat

TRICK OR TREAT

Tis darker then the darkest night
This place I lay my head
As shutters black out all the light
And prayers will now be said.

Tis silent in the graveyards
As the Spirits get their sleep
For when the lights are rendered
Twill be the Spirits keep.

And as the goblins howlings
Lend now to quick repeat
They add the deep dark sepulcher
To halloween's defeat.

As tiny laughing goblins
Search the town for something sweet
Carried home in Jack O Lanterns
Their grand hoard from.....

.....TRICK OR TREAT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-trust In You-

-TRUST IN YOU-

Sometimes You hear me question,
What would You have me do?
Why can't I just ignore this life
And put all my trust in You.

I always ask Your guidance.
Why can't I just believe
And listen to those stirrings
and Know that I'll receive.

I know the things you're telling me.
Sometimes You have to shout.....
Because with all these things around,
I still can't help but doubt.....

And when these tears are flowing
And I can't get them to stop,
Please Keep my name within Your Book
And, from it, do not drop.

I know that You're still trying hard
For I am trying, too.
Just, have patience with me Father,
For I really do trust in You.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 6-28-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Unspent

UNSPENT

When changing seasons make no sense
And Winters quest is won
When all the children are intense
Waiting for the Summer's sun.

With gentle breeze dancing in their hair
Warmth making a brighter day
And all the family gathers there
To join in Summer play.

So satisfy this fantasy
The purest will ensue
And build sand castles in the air
Beach games they will pursue.

And when the day is finished
And young bodies lay exhaust
Festivities not deminished
But belie our energies cost.

For changing seasons make no sense
When we are not content
And joy within cannot commence
If life remains unspent! ! !

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
3-3-07
By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-until I Come To You-

-UNTIL I COME TO YOU-

So many times I come to You
In this my solemn Prayer
Always with the confidence
That You will ever be there.

Each little thing I bring to You
I know will then be done,
For that is what You promised me
If I come prayerfully through Your Son.

And if I grow impatient
Just remind me once again
That my time isn't Your time
And I must just wait 'til then.

Now, My Dear Heavenly Father
Please, Patience, give me too.
As I wait in this Earthly din
Until I come to You.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 8-7-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Vacation

VACATION

I take my quiet hiatus
In this place I lay my head,
To close my eyes and softly sleep
As I rest upon my bed.

To rise in moderation
And to the door I'll go
Soaking in this quiet respite
As outward tensions flow.

Warm breezes succor sweet relief
To alleviate all pain
Emphasizing ease of breathe
As the Winter's grimace drain.

But soon our time has ended
And return to life, we will,
Retreating to the cold and snow
No longer Vacation's thrill.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

12-27-06

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-walking In The Shadows

-WALKING IN THE SHADOWS-

I'm walking in the shadows
Just skirting 'round the edge.
Peeking through the bushes
Back here behind the hedge.

Don't want to walk in limelight,
Just want to look around.
Let others write and post now
And I won't make a sound.

So softly, I will tiptoe
No sound my shoes will make
But I'll give a little flutter
As your emotions I will shake.

I'll touch your cheek with a whisper
Just so you'll know I'm there
And give the faintest laughter
As a personal joke we'd share.

I'm walking in the shadows
No longer to be seen
But you'll always know I've been there
As on your shoulder, I lean.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 8-17-06` _____

Carolyn Ford Witt

-what Would I Do Without You? -

-WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT YOU? -

Each day when I look at you
I see this Handsome man
With white piled softly on your head
And wrapped around your chin.

The years don't make a difference,
The feelings never change
Except grow ever stronger
And priorities rearrange.

You always say you love me,
And walk me to the door,
And kiss me when I go to work
Or just go to the store.

What would I do without you?
I wouldn't want to ever try.
Can we make a Heavenly appointment
To go together, when we die?

I'm sure He'd make us welcome
If, that appointment, we did keep;
Unless another flood is due
For that's how much I'd weep.....

I still love you, my sweet Man!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
10-20-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

When I Pray

- * WHEN I PRAY * -

Why do You come and stand
By me now
Or sit by my side
When I Pray?

Why do You always reach out
Your hand,
When You know I've
Lost my way?

Why do You give me hope
Upon hope,
When I thought all
Hope was lost?

Why did You give Your
All for me,
When I'll never be
Worth the cost?

But You gave, to me,
This life so true,
With no debts
To repay;

If I can only believe
In Your word
Till You call me home
To stay....

Author: Carolyn Ford
Ms. Caroline
© 5-06-1980

Carolyn Ford Witt

Whisper Me Softly

--- * WHISPER ME SOFTLY * ---

Talk to me softly, in my ear,
Whisper away all doubt.
Cherish me gently with thine eyes,
Explore all life without.

Hold me now closely in your arms,
Until all my fears are gone.
Touch me softly with your love,
Until thy dawn is won.

Enfold my fleeting life in yours
To sooth my fainting heart,
That I might blend my heart with yours
Even though our lives must part.

Whisper me softly-into death
To My Father I must go.
Cherish my essence now I pray,
As this time I do fore go.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-why-

-WHY-

Why has my body grown weary,
Is this what old age has in store?
My heart cries out loudly in theory,
Why must I tolerate more?

So silently, Deaths sickle does slay them...
My Family, My friends, and My past,
Why do I have to continue?
Why must I stay 'til the last?

I'm not the strong one, you needed.
I quiver and cry through the night.
Why couldn't you let me have ceded,
For, in me, You invest all your might.

Why do You invest in the weakest,
For You carry me most of the way?
Is it because I don't question,
You just send me Your work, come what may.....

And when, all this work, I have finished,
Can I then lay my head on Your knee?
In time, I'll stand there before you,
Please let me, again, Your face see.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 7-10-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Winter's Wonder

-WINTER'S WONDER-

A beautiful white lacy morning
With cottony puffs upon the trees
A softness muffling all the sounds
No slight hint of gentle breeze.

Those piles of puffy whiteness
Lay upon the ground
Still the tiny frosty flakes
Are flying all around.

Now everything is covered
With this fluffy winter blanket
Our sleighs are fancied up
To take out on a junket.

The horses hitched and waiting
Prancing 'ore the snow
Snorting, Oh so playfully,
As they put on their fancy show.

The family snuggled under
Giant bearskin warm and snug
Then later they're back home again
With hot chocolate in a mug.

The Winter's were so gracious
Back in my Grammaw's day
When the horse's were put to stable
Given warm water with their hay.

Those days are gone forever
As we get into our four wheel drives
As we've traded in those romantic days
For our 21st Century lives.

But we still have the stories

Of a slower, quieter time,
Of memories of my Grammaw's day
When she heard the sleighbell's chime.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt.

2-11-06

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-within My Heart-

-WITHIN MY HEART-

Within my heart, He lives each day
His love surrounds my life,
Because, as a child I was given 'The Word',
That cuts through like a knife.

Each whisper that I heard then
Came from a loving Father
Although I didn't know, back then,
That He was the Blessed Author.

I thought those words came from within my heart
So little I did know,
As gentle blessings He did give
And love He did bestow.

He gave each bit of knowledge
Each small compassion, He would start,
And gently fold me in His love
As He lived here in my Heart.

This gentleness so blessed
Compassion, that is so grand.
This love of God encompassed
As He holds me in His Hand.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 8-29-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Words Of Comfort

WORDS OF COMFORT

How do I talk of comfort
To my friend and comfort yield
When words are now like butterflies
Who've scattered across the field.

Then rise to a crescendo
Spreading magic over all
Covering up those comfort words
And to the ground they'd fall.

Now all those words of comfort
Are strewn to and fro
Leaving me with blankness,
No comfort do I know.

So silently, now, we sit there
With his hand clasped in mine
And even without those fleeting words
That Comfort...we can define.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Words Of Wisdom

To my dearest family,
just some things I'd like to say
But first of all I'll let you know
that I arrived Okay.

I'm writing this from Heaven
as I dwell with God above,
Here there are no tears of sadness,
there is just eternal love.

Please do not be unhappy
just because I'm out of sight
Remember, I am with you
every morning, noon, and night.

That day I had to leave you
when my life on Earth was through
God picked me up and hugged me
and He said 'I welcome You'

'It's good to have you back again,
you were missed while you were gone'
As for your dearest family,
They'll be here later on.'

'I need you here so badly
'cause you're part of My eternal plan,
There is so much that I have to do,
to help the mortal man.'

God gave me a small list of things
He wished for me to do
And foremost on that list of His
was to watch and care for you.

So when you lie in bed at night
the days chores put to flight
Remember God and I are closest to you....
In the middle of the night.

When you think of my life on this Earth
and all those loving years,
Because you're only human,
they are bound to bring you tears.

But do not be afraid to cry,
for it does relieve the pain;
And remember there would be no flowers,
without a little rain.

I wish I could tell you all
what our Father now has planned
But if I were to tell you....
You wouldn't understand.

One thing is for certain,
though my life on Earth is o'er
I'm closer to you now....
then I ever was before.

There are rocky roads ahead of you
and many hills to climb,
But together we can make it,
taking one day at a time.

It was always my philosophy
and I'd like it for you too,
That as you give unto the World,
the World will give to you.

If you can help somebody
who's in sorrow or in pain
Then you can say to God that night
'My life is not in vain'

And now I am contented...
that my life was truly worthwhile
Knowing as I passed the day...
I made somebody smile,

So, if you meet somebody who is sad

and feeling very low
Just lend a hand to pick him up
as on your way you go.

When you are walking down the street
and you've got me on your mind,
I'll be walking in your footsteps
only just a ways behind

And when it's time for you to go
from that body to be free,
Remember you're not going....
Your coming home...to me!

God Loves You And So Do I ! ! ! ! !

Carolyn Ford Witt

© 5-11-2000

Carolyn Ford Witt

Year's End

YEAR'S END

This is really a song, sang to 'Wabash Cannonball'

As now the year is ending
The harvest gathered in
The roots put in the cellar
The apples in the bin.

The corn is drying quickly
In the crib for us to feed
And save the very best of it
For next years planting seed.

The canning jars are scalded
And the larder standing full.
The cane has yielded sugar
And the Taffys' there to pull.

Neat stockings on the mantle
To be filled on Christmas Eve
With presents underneath the tree
For the children to receive.

The year is ending grandly
As we remember why we're here
And give thanks to the Father
For another blessed year.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Yesterday

YESTERDAY

Yesterday was just a dream
That I cannot truly share,
Of miseries and heartaches
To know that you're not there.

Each morning, as I awaken
And touch your pillow to my cheek,
The tears begin to fall again
For my heart has sprung a leak.

To know that all those joys
We shared throughout the years,
Won't ever be returned again
Now brings on fresh new tears.

Today has come in darkness,
As I say goodbye to you
As I pack away, inside my heart,
This love I've felt so true.

I say goodbye to you my true love
As your spirit does remand,
For now you leave to meet our Father
And my heart must say, I understand.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

You And Me

- * YOU AND ME * -

There are so many things in life
That we just cannot see,
Because I am not you-
And because you aren't me.

Sometimes the things I think you mean
Just aren't really true,
Because my thoughts are inside me
And yours' are inside you.

If we don't talk about them
And get them out for us to see,
How can we be together
As a happy family?

So why not make a special time
That our feelings we can share,
To make this whole thing simpler
And these burdens we'll lay bare.

Then between the two of us
These problems we can solve....
For these are just the basics
On which our family should revolve.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 12-6-2005

Carolyn Ford Witt

-you Are My Special Angel-

-YOU ARE MY SPECIAL ANGEL-

God has sent down special Angels
To show His Love on Earth....
A special gift of friendship
Given us before our birth.

Those special Angels, live amongst us
But only faithful souls can see.....
I must be a faithful spirit
For He sent one down to me.

My Angel gave me... God's friendship
A special joy and gentle prayer,
And I know God sent his presence
To give me guidance and peace down here.

.....You Are My Special Angel.....

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 6-27-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

You Know....My Love Is True

YOU KNOW....MY LOVE IS TRUE

There are those who'll speak against Me
Try to turn your heart away,
But all who are My faithful
Will find the truth... if they will pray.

For to you I've given... The Spirit
To whisper in your ear
To chase away all tearful doubts
And wash away your fear.

So turn deaf ears toward the liars
Listen closely to My voice
You are My child for all Eternity
You have made that healing choice.

At those times your heart grows fearful
My arms around you, feel,
For even if your mind is doubtful
Know, in your heart, that I am real.

All this treasure here in Heaven,
I have now prepared for you
And forever throughout Eternity
You'll know...My love is true!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

2-27-07

By Ms. Caroline

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You- What Do They Perceive

- * YOU- WHAT DO THEY PERCEIVE * -

You ask what people think of you,
What of you-they perceive.
What do you wear-What do you say?
The masses to deceive.

Have you ever looked inside yourself,
To know just who you are?
A King-a queen-a dancer-
millionaire or Russian Czar.

No matter if you're rich or poor
You have to reach inside,
To make your personality something
You don't have to hide.

It doesn't matter what you wear
If you are neat and clean.
Just comb your hair-put on a smile
And show your self-esteem.

For if you think well of yourself,
Your shoulders back, your head up high;
You show the greatness you now have,
To just reach up and grab the sky.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline
© 11-06-05

Carolyn Ford Witt

-you, Lord! --

-YOU, LORD! --

Lord, You are always in our thoughts,
Not just, when we come to pray...
You're in our thoughts each second
As we work or rest or play...
Your strength is ever lifting
Each step, in every way...
You ever lift Our Spirits
Into the Light of Christ today...
You are our inspiration
Our Hope that's here to stay...
Our motivation to face each task
And embrace another day...

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

9-5-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Young Man Full Of Dreams

A YOUNG MAN FULL OF DREAMS

So long ago did I meet
A young man full of dreams.
Yes, some were just fantasies
Or so it now seems.

He captured my heart
And gave new hope to each day
Stirring up sunshine
That did not go away.

Each time that depression
Tried it's best to get in,
Those hopes and those dreams
Were always within.

Together surviving with
Those hopes and those dreams
Bringing new joys and happiness
And little sunbeams.

And now in our twilight
Those dreams still remain
So if you would ask me,
Yes! I'd do it again!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

© 2-14-07

This is for my husband
on Valentines Day!

By Ms. Caroline

Carolyn Ford Witt

-your Angel-

-YOUR ANGEL-

Every day this pure white Angel
Stands right here by our side
And when we try to see them
They quickly step behind, to hide.

We still know they are standing there
With arms around our waist
Just so we will not falter
As we try to live in haste.

God assigns this special Angel
When we are just a tiny child
For He looked down on our Birthdate
And all the other Angels smiled.

When your heart feels lonely or sad
And you're looking for help from above,
Just turn your head, really quickly,
And see Your Angel....With God's Love.

This Angel is assigned to protect you
As each of us does ask in prayer,
For surely now.... this Hand Of God...
..Your Angel.....Will be there.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt

Ms. Caroline

© 7-12-06

Carolyn Ford Witt

Your Eyes

YOUR EYES

The brightness of your eyes
Is brighter than the brightest Star
More brilliant than the fullest Moon
Engaging all you are.

Emerging as a Symphony
Within my heart so grand
And to the highest Aria
Your Stature will now stand.

You Whisper words into my ear
Sing love songs upon my breast
Engaging all my sensual needs
Of that I can attest.

I know that this relationship
Is now a flag unfurled
Emerging as a vibrato of
A song at the end of the World.

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

Your Flower, Lord

YOUR FLOWER, LORD

Through You, Oh Lord, my blessings flow,
Each month, each day, each hour,
And through Your word, I'll surely know,
Your strength does give me power.

For You have blessed me from the start
Your face, I see each day
And feel the stirring in my heart
As on my knees...I pray.

How could I not regard your love
As all that I might need
To bring me back to Heaven above
For I am here...Your seed.

And planted in this fertile soil
Will grow into Your flower
And spread on Earth as sin recoil
From this...Your Godly Power.

So as the sinful ways on Earth
Recoil from all that's good
My Lord, I'll stand in silent birth
As you always knew...I Would.

And when I stand before Your Throne
My heart so filled with You,
I ask that far from Heaven's realm
You not bid me....Adieu!

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
1-21-07

By Ms. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt

-you'Re Coming Home-

-YOU'RE COMING HOME-

When I saw your presence there with me
So many years ago
Your face was like the brightest light
Far whiter then the snow..

Eluminating warmth, caressing me,
Throughout my weakest time,
Wrapping me in love and grace
No more a faceless mime.

You whispered such sweet blessings
To make my life worthwhile.
You changed my whole direction
You emphasized new style.

So now, I thank You dearly
For changing all those years
Thank You, Lord for chasing away
Those many frightful fears.

And someday soon I'll come to You
No fears to keep me away,
As You will whisper softly
'Child, You're coming Home to stay'

Author: Carolyn Ford Witt
MS. Caroline

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Carolyn Ford Witt