

Poetry Series

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.
- poems -

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.()

Loyd is one of 12 children and grew up as a simple country boy in the great state of North Carolina. His parents were a source of inspiration by providing him with a rich and full appreciation for life and living... and of faith and family. Much of his writing reflects a sense of deep Southern roots. Loyd's wife, Kathy, is the source of inspiration for his romance and relationship poetry. Loyd's writings reveal a person who is thankful for each day God allows him to live. He takes notice of the everyday common graces that many may take for granted. Loyd prefers the cool mountains and streams above the ocean and hot sand, but loves all of God's creation. Loyd loves America. He respects and admires greatly those who are serving or have served in the military to preserve America's freedom. In Loyd's own words, he says, "I by no means consider myself to be a great poet, certainly not a professional poet; I do, however, believe God has given me a gift-a muse, if you would. So I just follow my muse and write the way that I think and feel. I prefer the title: "Simple Poet" for it suits me and my writing. I feel very blessed by anyone who has read and has enjoyed my writing. So, let me say a big thank you to all who take of their precious time reading my work. Thank you, Loyd

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A Bluegrass Christmas

Bluegrass Christmas

Musical Intro...

Verse 1:

The chilly wind is blowing, for winter's all around.
The snow is gently falling and resting on the ground.
The once-green grass is frozen, icicles hang in sight.
And if we get snowed in, well that'll be alright...
We're gonna have a blue, blue, Bluegrass Christmas!

Instrumental turn around.

Verse 2:

Now Joe'll take out his fiddle and rosin up the bow.
Then he'll play 'Little Drummer Boy', a song that we all know.
Rex will pick his guitar, with a rhythm that's just right.
Mom'll grab a set of spoons and play with all her might...
We're gonna have a blue, blue, Bluegrass Christmas!

Instrumental Fiddle plays 'The Little Drummer Boy'

Verse 3:

Then Sue will grab her banjo and get ready to jump in,
But she'll wait for Randy, to tune up his mandolin.
Then they'll play 'Joy to the World', O what a happy sight.
We'll tap our toes to Don's base fiddle way into the night...
We're gonna have a blue, blue, Bluegrass Christmas!

Instrumental: Joy to the World, the Lord is come!

Verse 4:

Then Dad will stand and motion to all to gather 'round.
We'll harmonize to 'Silent Night', O what a haunting sound.

(Stop!)

Sing: Harmony

Silent night, holy night! All is calm, all is bright.

Round yon virgin, Mother and Child
Holy infant so tender and mild.
'Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heavenly peace'

Instrumental

Verse 5:

We'll read the Christmas story, hold hands and then pray.
We'll thank God for His precious Gift that came on Christmas day.
And then the kids yelled, 'Hey y'all! Play Jingle Bells' tonight!
So in our Bluegrass style, we'll play to their delight...
We're gonna have a blue, blue, Bluegrass Christmas!

Instrumental: 'Jingle Bells' (Combination of instruments)

We're gonna have a blue, blue, Bluegrass Christmas!
We're gonna have a blue, blue, Bluegrass Christmas!
We're gonna have a blue, blue, Bluegrass Christmas!

Merry Christmas Y'all!

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A Christmas Poem: Twelve Things About Christmas Past

TWELVE THINGS ABOUT CHRISTMAS PAST

Twelve special hand-made ornaments, all safely stored away,

Eleven bright red bows that added joy to our display.

Ten artificial icicles that shimmered in the night,

Nine blinking bulbs, assorted, all red and blue and white.

Eight ceramic angels that stood watch and guarded all;

Seven manger pieces, with the Babe safe in the stall.

Six misshapen snowmen that made up a family;

Five 'lectronic carolers that sang so joyfully.

Four silver bells that jingled while they were being packed;

Three decorated stockings, now boxed and neatly stacked.

Two strings of shiny garland which we'd wrapped around the tree;

And one more blessed Christmas enjoyed by you and me.

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

A Day More To Live

In the darkness,
He's wandering aimlessly on;
Who's searching for him?

In the shadows dim,
Wondering deep down inside,
Will time run out soon?

In the chilling rain,
Bargaining for one more day,
Will God hear his cries?

In the awaking dawn,
Harboring his soul to faith,
A day more to live!

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A Dilemma

It all started with my teeth,
So artificial ones went in;
Then I had trouble chewing,
So they replaced my chin.

Then one day while out for a walk,
Some terrible pain hit my knees;
But after two more operations,
I'm now walking like a breeze!

As old age has caught up to me,
The Docs have done their share;
To replace many of my body parts,
From hip sockets to my hair.

So when from this life I do go,
I'll leave a dilemma so hard;
"Will they call the undertaker,
Or the local junkyard? "

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A Friend Like You

When I have down times
Days dreary and blue,
I receive help right on time
From a friend like you.

When I have struggles
Days tough to get through,
I receive a hand on mine
From a friend like you.

When I face battles
Days attacks are renewed,
I receive just what I need
From a friend like you.

When I think again of
Days you brought solace too,
I receive true friendship
From a friend like you.

Thank you for being my friend!

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A Glimpse Of Easter

On a hill, He is crying!
On the cross, He is dying...
Oh see Him in agony!

Behold Him in cruel pain!
Listen to Him cry out again,
"Father, why hast thou forsaken me?"

For us, He is crucified!
For us, He suffered and died,
Taking our place on Calvary!

He died the world to save!
He was buried in a cold dark grave,
As His enemies celebrated in glee!

For three days and nights he lay,
Until death's shackles gave way,
As He arose triumphantly!

Arisen, on that first day!
Arisen, He lives today!
Arisen eternally!

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A Glimpse Of Heaven

Five years held in a metal container
A nightmare that abused my sanity,
No freedom and only rations of food
Five years seemed an eternity.

Five years of brutal imprisonment
My captors the only company,
Once I enjoyed sweet freedom
Now four walls seemed my destiny.

Five years since I was abducted
My life came to a sudden pause,
I became but a bargaining chip
To help with their political cause.

Five years of praying and hoping
Thoughts of freedom kept me alive,
A rusty nail scratched off the days
'One thousand eight hundred and twenty-five.'

Then I felt my metal cell lifted
And hauled down a rocky road,
We came to a stop abruptly
It was here they dumped their load.

My captors shout, 'Freedom at dawn! '
Would my stay in hell soon be through?
Then I heard the sound of a seagull cry
I smelled salt from the ocean blue.

After five years would freedom come?
Hope lived as tears filled my eyes.
I longed to look at my location
So a tiny hole I began to pry

I peeled the rusty metal back
Laboring until day turned to night,
Ripping the metal one inch at a time
Finally a small beam of light!

I continued to tear it open
Bloody fingers gave all their might,
With will to live and thoughts of home
my exhaustion brought on the night.

Sweet dreams did drown out the agony
Of empty gut and feet bruised by chains,
For I saw Shelby my golden retriever
I tasted coffee and sweet summer rain.

Awakened as a sunbeam touched my eyes
In the distance I heard an engine whine,
Like magic I was drawn up to my hole
On my face I felt the sunshine.

My hands gripped the jagged steel
My heart was racing and pounding fast,
Tears of joy poured as I shouted;
'My God, a glimpse of Heaven at last! '

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A Light In Darkness

Church

Warm friendly

Shining sharing showing

Congregation body family friends

Looking longing wondering

Lost found

People

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A Mercy Bow

Beauty in the Sky
Seven colors well blended
Mercy after rain.

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A Mother's Day Poem For You

Written by my Grand daughter
Cayce Taylor
Her first poem.

© Cayce and Loyd C. Taylor, May,2008

Mothers do not like it
When their children are sad.
Mothers do not like it
When their children are bad.
Mothers do not like it
When their children are mad.
But, Mothers do like it
When their children are glad.

Dear mom, I am so sorry
When I have been sad.
Dear mom, I am so sorry
When I have been bad.
Dear mom, I am so sorry
When I have been mad.
Dear mom, I only want
To make you very glad.

Happy mothers day mom from Cayce

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

A Near-Sighted Romance

A few years back I was out on a fling
So I drove over to a new hot spot;
It would allow me a place to unwind
And for me give romance another shot.

I entered the club feeling some good vibes,
When I saw a beauty across the room;
As tingling chills went up and down my spine,
I had the feeling love's blossom would bloom.

Aw yes, I must pounce upon this moment,
Good fortune had finally come my way!
Oh, I imagined a wedding bell's peal,
While thinking of romantic things to say!

Then to look cool I took my glasses off
And did shuffle around my jet-black hair.
Next, I sprayed some mint into my mouth,
When finished, I slyly slid out my chair.

Next I trained my focus on her image,
As cat-like across the stone floor I walked.
I tried then to recall some poetry,
Hoping I might steal her heart as we talked.

I would say, 'Thou art the rarest treasure, '
And, 'T'was fate that ledest me here to thee.'
But blindly I tripped and fell in her arms,
That's when I realized that she was a he!

As he wrapped masculine arms around me,
The odor from his armpit found my nose;
My eyes froze fixed on his gorilla legs,
As to the floor fell his French panty hose.

My eyes refocused as my stomach churned,
I thought, 'How did I get into this mess? '
Then he said, with the Terminator's voice,
'I'll be back, Dear, must go n' fix my dress.'

He winked as one of his huge lashes fell,
But I ran as soon as I got the chance.
I vowed to always keep my glasses on
Whenever I go out looking for romance.

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

A Number For A Name

With my uniform on I entered my dingy cell
I'd been given a number instead of a name.
The gray bars slammed shut on an old inmate and me,
as I sat down sadly on the tiny bed frame.

He stuck out his hand saying; 'I'm 'two-one-three-five',
Friend, what brings you here to this cold and hardened place? '
'Hey Man, I'm 'four-nine-four-two', I'm in for a while, '
as dread and sadness fell quickly over my face.

He said; 'Pal, don't you go gettin so down and blue,
for I've got a cure for your sad disposition.'
Then he jumped to his feet and shouted, 'two hundred! '
then laughter seemed to roar from every direction!

Up and down the corridors numbers were shouted,
as men did roar with laughter time and time again;
confused, but amused I asked; 'Friend, what's going on? '
He smiled at me and then laughingly he explained:

'You see friend, we've been in this hole so very long,
we've heard all the jokes over and over again;
we don't waste our time tell'em in detail any more,
so, like us, we give them a number for a name.'

'Man that's great! Do you mind if I give it a try? '
'You go right ahead! '
my cell mate gladly exclaimed.
I yelled 'two hundred and six! '
There was dead silence,
then I shouted 'fifteen, '
but just silence again.

I sat back on my bed, embarrassed, I had to ask;
'What's wrong, for it appears a joke teller I ain't? '
He laughed, then spoke these words which set my mind at ease;
'Friend that just proves, that some can tell'em and some can't.'

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

A Past Life Lived

He's waiting for her, any minute she'll be home. Outside he's moving about, his pigtail about shoulder height dangling out from under a blue Harley Davidson cap he has on.

Taking out a red handkerchief from his blue jeans he wipes over the Harley chrome. He walks to the mail box, looks across the street, waves, he's close enough that the eagle tattoo he proudly brandishes may be seen, reflective of a past lived life, one that was wild and free.

Putting the mail in his back pocket he plays fetch with the dog, takes out the garden hose and gives his banana tree a drink. He turns, moves a tricycle out of the way and kicks the volleyball.

Look, she's coming up the drive!

He drops the hose and quickly makes his way to the place where her car comes to a stop. Reaching out for the door handle, he opens up her door...

Leaning inward... he kisses his wife as he takes a package from her hands; then takes her arm in his. Heading towards the modest split level where a family now lives... he and the wife... the kids... the dog and banana tree.

As they are walking away he turns looking across the street, waves, raising his eagle tattooed arm, his pigtail dangling about shoulder height out from under his blue Harley Davidson cap... reflective of a past lived life.

Dedicated to a good Neighbor

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

A Piece Of Cake

It was supposed to be easy, well, that's what John, my good friend and retired plumber told me over the phone.

John lived two hundred miles away or would have been at my house in a heartbeat. I'd called him about a tiny leak I had, hoping to get some much needed advice on its repair, before hiring someone to do it. I hate spending money!

'So, you think I can handle it?' I asked John.

'Hey, man, it's as simple as falling off a log!' John said, laughingly.

'So, I just loosen the tiny screw that holds the handle on, slip it off? Then take the plumber's wrench and remove the inser and that's it? Then, I can easily pull the inser out of the faucet housing and replace the new one, right? Well, sounds easy enough, I'll give it a try. Thanks buddy.'

'Don't worry, you can do it man, it's a piece of cake!'

Later that evening at supper, my wife asked; 'Don't you think we should call a professional to fix the leak in our bathroom?'

'What do you need to call a professional for when you've got me, baby?' I joked, full of confidence.

She looked at me doubtfully and said nothing. So, I told her, 'No, don't call a plumber, that'll cost us at least 75.00 bucks, that's two golf games. I can take care of it on my day off, no problem; no sweat.'

So, when the week rolled around to Friday evening, I had my project, my plans and I made ready for my day off on Saturday. After I repaired the leak, about an hour's work I figured, I'd go visit the green and hit the little white ball with a friend. We should be able to tee off about 1PM.

So, I called Maurice and said, 'Hey Moe, the wife's got a little project for me on her honey-do list that can't wait, you know how that is.' We chuckled. 'Yea, she's nagged me about calling a plumber, but I convinced her that I could handle it. Besides it'll save me big time; it won't take but an hour. So, buddy, get your

clubs ready and pick me up at the house around 12: 00. We should be able to hit the ball at 1: 00pm, then we'll have the rest of the afternoon to play.'

'Alright, ' Moe said, 'I'll see ya then partner.'

I drove to the local Home Depot and walked briskly to the plumbing section to get my part. Now, let me see... gosh; so many parts and they all look the same, I thought to myself. I spied an employee and called out, 'Excuse me, miss, could you help me out? I'm looking for a... a..., one of those 'thing-a-ma-jigs? '

She looked at me and said, 'Sir, do you have the old part with you? '

'No, I was afraid to take it out, it's already leaking and I wasn't sure I could do that. I was kind of hoping that someone here could give me a few pointers.'

Then, she asked, 'Do you know what the brand name is? ' Embarrassed, I replied, 'No, I don't.'

'Do you know when your house was built? '

'I don't know for sure, it's old, I know that much; probably 35 years old. But, the fixtures are supposed to be more up to date.'

'Which faucet is it?

'The water faucet.'

'No! Which room did it come out of; the bathroom or kitchen, etc., which one? '

'Oh, it's the master bathroom shower faucet' I answered apologetically. 'That's more like it, ' she said.

Looking at my watch, it was now a good 30 minutes into my one hour project.

We must have looked at every part; one by one with her repeatedly asking; 'does it look like this? ' or 'does this look familiar? ' Finally, frustrated with me, she said; 'Sir, I'm sorry but I can't help unless you can give me more to go on. Now, go back and take the old part out, bring it back and I'm sure I'll be able to help you.'

'But what if it starts leaking more, then what? ' I protested.

'Go down to your basement and find the water main to turn off all the water and then, using the proper tools, simply remove the faucet, ' she explained.

'OK, sounds easy enough. How will I know what the water main looks like? ' I asked. So, she took a few minutes explaining it to me and showed me one on the shelf. I then thanked her and headed back home, with one hour of my precious time gone!

Upon returning home, I went immediately to the basement and for 15 minutes searched for the water main. Finally I found it, Hallelujah! I located the lever and proceeded to turn it to the off position. I headed hurriedly up the stairs and that's when I heard screaming. Panicky, I ran toward our bedroom where my wife, from the shower was yelling at the top of her lungs; 'What happened to the water? ' she screamed.

I yanked back the shower curtain slightly and she was covered in soap from head to toes. 'I'm sorry honey; I turned the water off so I could do the repair. I'll run and turn it back on, but you will need to hurry, I need the water turned off to repair the faucet.'

'Just, go! ' she screamed.

I had to laugh as I ran quickly down the stairs and turned the water back on. I looked again at my watch and gave Moe a call, 'Hey, pal, you getting everything set up? '

'Oh yeah' He answered, 'Wayne and Scott are joining us; 12: 00 noon, right? ' 'I'm running a tad behind, but, ' glancing at my watch, 'I still have plenty of time. Noon it is! '

My wife called down and said; 'OK, I'm finished, but please hurry up! '

Upstairs as I proceeded to the bathroom, my wife came in, looked lovingly at me and said; 'Sweetheart, don't you think we should call a plumber? ' I must admit, she made me feel so inadequate. I thought to myself, if a plumber can do it, so can I! 'Oh, no, it's a piece of cake.' I confidently said.

'Alright honey, but I need the water soon, you know today's my laundry day and besides, we have the Tedders coming tonight for our card game. So, please try to hurry, ' she said as she left the bathroom. 'No problem! ' I called to her, somewhat perturbed.

I grabbed my wrench and quickly stepped into the bathtub to start my task; forgetting the tub was wet, my feet went sliding out from under me! I hit my head on the back of the tub and I must have twisted my ankle. It was hurting, and I could feel my face turning red, as I tried to get up quickly, hoping no one had heard.

My wife came running into the bathroom and cried out, 'Oh, Dear, are you alright?' Helping me up, she looked at the back of my head.

Man that hurt, I thought to myself. But aloud I said 'Aw, I'll be alright, just a clumsy mistake, ' I wasn't about to let on that I was embarrassed.

'Honey, are you absolutely sure we can't call the plumber? '

'I'm Ok! I told you I will fix this leak, now please, get off my back! ' I was beginning to get upset at her lack of faith in me.

'I'm sorry sweetheart, I didn't mean to upset you, ' she responded, 'I just don't want you to get hurt, but I'll leave you to your project. Forgive me? '

A little upset, I took the screwdriver and removed the handle; that was the easy part. Next, the job called for a pipe wrench, glad I brought one up. I placed it on the nozzle... remembering my dad's instruction from years ago; 'lefty-loosy, righty-tighty.' So I twisted it to the left. But, it didn't budge. Hmm? That's strange I thought, so I tried again turning harder this time. Still nothing moved. I picked up the hammer and banged on the wrench's handle, V'oila! Alright, now we're in business, its turning!

But, I had forgotten that I was supposed to have a wrench on the faucet and one on the pipe, so when I turned it, the entire nozzle and pipe was turning. It was now loose from within the wall, out of sight. Oh, what a mistake! Oh, my goodness, now what should I do? I muttered under my breath.

I tried to tighten it back up, then went down and turned the water back on to see how bad it was. I ran back up stairs only to find water was gushing from inside the wall! It sprayed me real good. Oh, no! The walls were dripping and the carpet was already soaked. After hearing the commotion, my wife ran back into the room; hand over her mouth. I could swear she was laughing under that hand!

Anyway, I ran quickly back towards the stairs to the basement, dripping wet; on my way down, I missed the first step, and I went tumbling down the stairs! Not

realizing it, I must have screamed, and then all went black!

I awoke, in the arms of an EMT worker; 'Please hold still sir! '

'What happened? ' I groaned. I was still a bit dazed.

'Sir, you fell down the steps and hit your head, and was knocked unconscious. I think you also have a fractured arm, and you have a large cut on your elbow, needing stitches; we'll get you checked out at the hospital immediately! '

I looked and sure enough, I had blood everywhere.

'I'm OK, ' I protested, 'I need to fix the leak in the bathroom, and....'

'No! You hush right now! ' my wife spoke up. Then turning to the workers she said, 'Pay him no mind, you all take him on ahead and I will follow you, if that's alright? '

They must had given me something for the pain for I felt myself dose off.

The next thing I knew, I woke up in the Emergency Department of our local hospital. While they were running some tests, Maurice, Wayne and Scott came in to visit me, dressed in their golf shirts. Assuring them I was alright, I encouraged them to go on and try to make their golf game. They hesitantly agreed, said goodbye and left.

Just then, my wife came into the room where I awaited tests and in her babying way, poured the sympathy out on me. 'Oh, you poor dear! '

'Honey I'm sorry, I'll fix that faucet when I get out of here, and...'

'Don't worry about a thing, I've already called a plumber, he's at the house even as we speak repairing the leak.' She interrupted, 'it's alright, '

I groaned disappointedly, and then relaxed a bit on the bed.

To make a long story short, they released me about four hours and \$2,000.00 dollars later. I had one broken arm, now in a cast, and 15 stitches on the other arm. My ankle was wrapped in a thick ACE bandage and I had a splitting headache. I felt like I'd been hit by a Mack Truck!

The doctor had made it clear that I could not work for a while and I needed to try

to rest. He gave my wife a handful of prescriptions and then just before he left my room he said, 'Oh, by the way, absolutely no more plumbing! ' I could hear him laughing as he went down the hall.

My wife looked at me with her dove eyes and said; 'Honey please don't let it bother you. One day you'll look back and laugh too. I'm just glad it wasn't more serious. So, don't worry. OK? '

As we were nearing home, I noticed the Scot's plumbing truck passing us, my wife tooted the horn and I tried to wave at Robert the plumber. Upon arriving home, his bill was attached to the door. I carried it inside, opening it to see the damage.

There it was, his itemized invoice:

Replacing the faucet stem

Repacking the faucet stem

Making access panel

Patching access panel

Replacing faucet

Research and locating of replacement parts: total: \$35.99

Three hours labor: (\$75.00 for the first hour and \$60.00 per hour for two additional hours) total: \$195.00

Your total bill is: \$230.99

Then I read in the remarks section: 'Sorry, but we do not do painting or carpet cleaning.

Thank you for your business. Hope you feel better. Your payment will be due in 30 days.' Robert, Scot's Plumbing.

I hobbled upstairs to our bedroom, walked into the bathroom to check things out. I turned the water on; no leak, it was working perfectly!

I then noticed the water spots on the wall and ceiling; and felt the carpet squish under my feet. What a mess, I confessed to myself.

I took a good look at my cast, my ankle and the stitches in my arm. I felt the knots on the back of my head and I laughed under my breath, thinking as I walked away; and it was supposed to be a piece of cake.

The End.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

A Place Called Home

Streaming in the wind
as her mouth closed
ever so tightly on the
future material needed
to insure a safe abode
for her little ones
who would soon find
a comfortable place
to enter into the world
and to grow up to
become independent
starting a life all their
own, but for a while
they will be nested here
encircled around by
hundreds of like strands
woven together into
one secure place
called home.

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A Prayer

In need
I made
A prayer
To Him

For strength
To deal
With my
Great sin.

God heard
My cry
Reached down
His hand,

Then set
Me on
A new
Pathway!

To Him
I give
My thanks
Each day.

Upon
My God
I place
My faith.

And now
I trust
In His
Sweet grace.

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A Prayer For A Lady Who Is Struggling

A PRAYER FOR A LADY WHO IS STRUGGLING

Heavenly Father today is a day that you have made, and as you teach us in your most holy word, we will rejoice and be glad in it. What a privilege I have as a created one to be able to come before the awesome creator God in prayer and bring my petitions. Thank you for this blessing.

Today I come to you on behalf of our good friend and your child. Although we may be miles apart, you are present everywhere at all times. Father she is going through a difficult time and needs your grace and comfort. She needs to sense your presence powerfully during this time in her life.

I also know that what she is going through may have caught her off guard, but heavenly Father it has not done so to you. I know her difficulty is not a surprise to you. I also know, that as you work all things together for our good, that in some way this challenge of hers fits in your divine plan for her life.

However we are still just frail human beings, we can easily become confused, frustrated and discouraged. There are times like this that we can't see as we should and we don't trust as we should. When this happens and the road ahead seems dark, then we may become fearful, even doubtful.

Today Father my friend needs your help in this special battle she is going through. You teach us when we lack wisdom we are to ask of you. Today in this trial my friend needs your wisdom, your comfort and peace. You teach us to trust in you with all of our heart, so please help her to be able to do this.

I pray that you will wrap your arms of strength around her. Cover her with your blankets of grace and mercy. Fill her with your peace which is beyond our understanding. Let the warmth of your presence and the reality of your love sooth her heart, mind, body and soul.

I pray for her victory over this trial in this day and the days to come. I pray for your healing touch to be on her body. I pray that she will rest underneath your strong wings of protection. I pray that as she considers how you care for the sparrows and the lilies, she will also consider and trust in your great care for her.

I ask these things in the name of the Father, the Son and Holy Spirit, Amen.

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A Prayer For You

My friend...

Let not your heart be troubled,
Never give in to fear;
May these thoughts bring comfort,
As you keep them ever near.

May Truth guide you,
And Hope raise you;
May Faith move you,
And Peace keep you.

May Joy fill you,
And Love complete you!

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A Rainbow Is...

A Rainbow is...

An undeniable natural beauty,
Appearing mysteriously,
Seven colors of grandeur rare.
Light touching droplets in the air,
From earthly showers or water spray,
Opposite the sun, observed at day.

Arrayed in brilliant colors glow,
Canvassed as a beauty bow;
Red, orange, yellow, green,
indigo, blue, violet, all are seen.
A sign of God's mercy we know,
Since earth beheld the first Rainbow.

Rainbows are
Amazingly
Indescribable!
Naturally
Beautiful!
Observably
Wonderful!

Not reproducible by mortal man,
Created by our Maker's hands;
As breathlessly we stare,
A masterpiece, none can compare.
More than treasured pots of gold,
All this and more in the Rainbow.

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

A Reflection

What is the sum of all I've done?
What is the worth of all acquired?
What profit is under the sun?
What purpose for all I've desired?

I consider my gift of time,
Reflecting on how it was used;
O' so much I took for granted-
So much was wasted and abused.

Yesterday is gone forever!
But what of moments on the shelf?
I pray to use it more for others
And not spend it all on self.

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He hath made everything beautiful in his time: also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.

Ecclesiastes 3: 11

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A Rose

it begs for the dew
to kiss its blushing red lips
as colors blossom

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A Tree Perspective

I've seen you in this barren space
Standing majestically tall,
I've gazed upon your elegance
From winter through to fall.

I thought of you, here all alone,
Then these questions arose in me:
Are you sad? Do you have a friend?
Tell me, please, Lonely Tree.

'Lonely? I cannot say that I am, '
It seems I heard it say,
'For I have lots of company
That visit night and day.

Above, I have the puffy clouds,
The warm sun shining bright;
My arms caress the songbirds
While they're resting from their flight.

In darkness, I'm never alone
For so many stars appear
And cradled high in the sky,
The golden moon is always near.

I have the wise old hoot owl,
Night critters that stop by,
The playful fish in the pond,
The sound of a lone wolf's cry.

Music plays through my limbs
When tickled by the breeze;
Crickets and jar-flies serenade
Nature's song in melodious ease.'

I said, 'My friend, you're right,
These things I know are true.
I'm glad I came to this spot
And spent this time with you.

Thanks for this tree perspective
Your words have given me,
How foolish I was to assume
You were just a lonely tree.'

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A Tribute To An Outstanding Woman

The Pastor's Wife

A Tribute to an Outstanding Woman

She serves in a lofty position not sought by her in life;
having fallen in love with a ministry man,
she became a pastor's wife.

She gave her life to Jesus, to share the Gospel Light,
to make both God and her husband proud-
happy being the pastor's wife.

She started on her journey, expectations soaring high,
to serve beside him with heart and soul,
for she is the pastor's wife.

She wished to be a servant on whom others could rely,
adjusting to expectations;
after all, she's the pastor's wife.

She longs to be free of anxiety, of bitterness, and strife,
to have a gentle countenance
and heart of a pastor's wife.

She's always a gracious hostess whenever folks drop by,
entertaining cheerfully, whether day or night-
a hospitable pastor's wife.

She's tried to be the perfect mom, with kids who had to play nice.
She nurtured them with tender love-
she's a mom and the pastor's wife.

She's not to show her struggles or down times in her life;
to appear to be always on top of the world,
like a pastor's loving wife.

There are times when she's been lonely; we need to realize,
that God made her first a woman
and then the pastor's wife.

She's lived on a meager salary, just trying to survive,
while others enjoyed lives of luxury -
so common for a pastor's wife.

She's been grateful for blessings that filled her daily life;
and for all the prayers that have been prayed
to encourage a pastor's wife.

She's longed for one true friend in battles she's had to fight,
only to be burned by those who turned
their backs on the pastor's wife.

She yearns for her own identity, the many tears she has cried,
for she wants to be known for who she is,
not just as the pastor's wife.

She has often craved conversation from the many people in her life,
but they just have a message for him,
to be passed on by the pastor's wife.

She sometimes has been hurt, needing hugs authentic and tight,
for she gets discouraged like everyone else.
So let's lift up our pastor's wife!

She's always been there for all of us, so love and treat her right,
taking genuine interest in this precious lady
whom we call the pastor's wife.

She's been often taken for granted by those God put in her life.
So let's show our loving appreciation
for our pastor's gracious wife!

Note: Special thanks to Julie Tedder, Rama Devi and Lois Funk for help in editing
this poem.

Dedicated to my wife, Kathy

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

A Wise Proverb

There once was a young fool named Naive,
Who did run with bad company,
To him words were given,
Which helped change his livin':
'Lie with dogs, and you rise with fleas.'

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Accomplishment!

First a baby... a beautiful little girl,
A special gift of God sent into this world.
Her parents were blessed as they gazed into her face,
She was named Hannah, meaning "favored grace";.

Then a child... a delightful student in her school,
She also loved church and lived the Golden Rule.
Studying hard, hitting the books both day and night,
The choices made shaped her character for life.

Now a lady... a hopeful adult she's become,
For twelve long years now this honor she has won.
Graduating today turns life's page once more,
Stepping from this stage into other open doors.

Congratulations Hanna!

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Adventure In Wonder Valley

Kristy Kasady O' Donnelley is a typical young girl, an only child with a lot of free time on her hands. She loves her colorful room, her stuffed animals and her dressing table. Her ceiling is painted blue and she has little balls of cotton pasted on it to look like clouds. The wall paper displays flowers of all sorts and her carpet is a deep green.

She had helped her dad decorate it and she thought it was just perfect! For Kristy, it had become a place of wonder and amazement as she would take fantastic trips in her imagination into all sorts of wonderful places.

Kristy loves adventure stories, especially ones that involved mystical places and interesting characters. Nightly, just before going to sleep she would read until sleepy. Then shutting off the light and closing her eyes, she would try to imagine being a part of the particular story she had read. The story she had been so caught up in on this night was entitled 'The Enchanted Kingdom.' It featured a gorgeous young maiden with golden blonde hair, complete with beasts, a dragon and of course one very handsome prince.

She read until her eyes became heavy, then she took her schrunchee out of her hair and laid it and her book on the nightstand. Lying back down, she drifted into her own private dream land.

She imagined an adventure to an enchanted kingdom from long ago in a land far, far away; a place where dragons were friendly and beautiful unicorns roamed free. Her dream also included a handsome knight. He always came dashing to the spot where some damsel in distress was screaming for help. Arriving just in the nick of time, frightening away some hideous monster. Of course, the young damsel, as most young girls would, would fall in love with the handsome hero and they would ride off into forever land and live happily ever after.

Kristy snuggled closely to her stuffed animals and began to get sleepier and sleepier.

Oh, how she longed to live in such a mystical, magical land as the one in her dream. A place where there was no school, no chores or annoying parents to make her life miserable.

As she drifted off, she thought over and over, I wish to live in a place like that... I wish to live in a place like that... I wish to live in...

She finally fell into very deep sleep, one that seemed like an eternity.

As she slept, she could feel herself tumbling over and over, falling backwards... backwards in time. Deeper and deeper into sleep she went and farther back in time, until she felt a thud and then awakened.

She found herself lying in a beautiful little meadow, with golden daffodils, multicolored roses and other flowers of all kinds growing all around. She heard the chirping of many different birds as they seemed to be singing directly to her, 'Welcome... welcome... welcome...'

She rubbed her eyes and looked around.

Where am I? Wow, it is so enchanting! She thought.

For everywhere she gazed, in whatever direction, she could find not one single flaw.

She located a tree, one perfect for climbing and shinnied up it to take a look around. From this higher position she could look out over the meadow. She noticed the glorious blue sky with tiny puffs of clouds and the luscious green grass, how it carpeted the little valley. It was like a dream! But, was it?

Just then, she spotted a crystal clear brook trickling through the center of the meadow. Straining, she thought she heard music coming from its direction!

She was rather thirsty, so she jumped down from the tree and walked over to the brook. Standing still, she listened. The joyful musical sound was coming directly from the stream as clear water babbled over the rocks. She bent over and scooped up some water in her cupped hands. She had never drank such sweet water before, delicious!

'Excuse me, excuse me, young one from the Future World' startled she heard a strange voice say.

Turning, she saw a beautiful peacock with a full train of gorgeous feathers protruding from its feather laden body.

'Well, hello, Mr. Peacock, are you speaking to me?' she asked, looking straight at the astounding bird.

'Mr.! Mr.! My name is Fancy Feathers, and I would have you know that I am a lady! What is your name, young one?' the feathered creature asked.

Kristy was shocked that a bird could talk, and answered, 'Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Fancy Feathers. My name is Kristy Kasady O' Donnelley. You are a... a bird... and you, you can talk! '

'Why of course I can talk, so can all of the creatures in our world.'

'And what world would that be?' Kristy inquired.

'It's the mystical world you wished for! One in which you can find many exciting adventures! You did wish for a mystical world, didn't' you? '

'Well, yes, I seem to recall that I did. But, that was just a wish and wishes don't come true. Do they? '

'Obviously some do, Kristy Kasady O' Donnelley from the future world. This one did, for there you are and here I am.'

'Oh, ' Kristy said, as she pushed back the long blonde hair out of her eyes, 'and what do you call this place? '

'It is called Wonder Valley' Miss Fancy said rather proudly. 'Here we have everything a creature could wish for, beautiful scenery, wonderful food and all sorts of friendly creatures. We love friendly visitors too. You are friendly, aren't you? '

'Oh yes, I am friendly, very friendly! I love all creatures and mystical places such as this! ' Kristy said.

Then a tiny voice called out, 'Here, let me help with that beautiful hair.' It was a very sweet, babyish voice.

'Who's speaking?' Kristy asked.

'Oh hello young one from the future world, I am here, down here.'

Kristy leaned forward, straining to see the owner of the soft voice. She spotted a slender, glittering snake-like creature grinning at her with a big smile that took up most of its face. It moved a little towards Kristy, frightened, she jumped back!

'Oh, he's harmless, ' Miss Fancy said, 'the gentlest creature in Wonder Valley.'

Kristy stepped closer and saw the creature more clearly.

'Hello' she said, 'I am Kristy Kasady O' Donnelley, and you, you are very beautiful and you, you sparkle too! '

'That's how I got my name. I am called Sparkle Smiley, because I smile a lot and sparkle from the many different colors of my skin. I'm pleased to meet you Kristy Kasady, young one from the Future world! ' The tiny creature squeaked without taking a breath.

He continued, 'Now, let me help with that hair of yours before you go blind, for if you go blind you will not be able to see any more of the radiant items around you, especially me.'

Just then, Sparkle started to shake, he trembled, he shook and trembled again, then he let out a tiny grunt.

Kristy watched as the creature began to squirm forward, leaving what appeared to be his skin behind.

'Please pick it up and twist it around your hair. It will keep it out of your eyes, and then you shouldn't have any more trouble seeing.' Sparkle rambled on.

Kristy bent down to pick up the object, but that's when she heard angelic like twin musical voices singing and humming...

☐weet, tweet, tweet,
☐he gift is at your feet,
☐mm, hmm, hmm.'

Amused, Kristy listened as they continued...

☐ello little Miss,
☐lease let us help,
☐mm, hmm, hmm.'

Pleasantly surprised, Kristy followed the voices. They were coming from above the tree where she had sat earlier. There she saw two joyful little birds, happily darting back and forth as their feathers gave off a purplish silver color.

'Oh, they are so adorable! ' Kristy thought, reminding her of humming birds.

She watched as the birds flittered to the place where Sparkle's skin lay. Each took an end in its tiny feet, and then buzzed around to the back of Kristy's hair.

Here they sang out again...

'Could you be so kind?

Hold it up from behind,

Hmm, hmm, hmm.'

Kristy had heard that tune somewhere before, she thought, it sounded like 'the Farmer in the Dale' one of her favorite childhood songs.

Looking more closely at the object, she gasped! It was the most brilliantly colorful schrunchee she had ever seen! More beautiful than any hair piece she had at home, and she had plenty.

She reached around and took hold of her long blonde hair and gathered it in a pony tail, and then she held it up a bit from her shoulders.

The tiny birds wrapped the skin around it and sang out;

'It's so grand you see,

Grandest in our Valley,

Hmm, hmm, hmm.'

Kristy made her way back to the crystal clear brook and glanced at it and at her reflection.

'It's beautiful and it glitters! Oh, Sparkle Smiley, thank you so very much! '

Sparkle turned bright red and his skin blinked on and off like a fire fly. 'You are welcome, Kristy from the Future world, ' he called out.

The two little birds flittered down and perched one on each of Kristy's shoulder.

She looked at one and then the other and said, 'Thank you my happy little friends, I am Kristy Kasady O' Donnelley. And what, may I ask are your names? '

The bird on her left shoulder sang out solo,

I am Kindness Kathy,

Hmm, hmm, hmm.'

Then the bird on her right sang solo as well,
'I am Caring Cayce,
Hm, hm, hm.'

Next, together once again they sang...
'We love to do kind deeds,
To any one in need,
Hm, hm, hm.'

Kristy was enthralled by all she had witnessed thus far in the enchanted place called, Wonder Valley.

'Are you hungry?' still another voice asked.

'Why yes, I'm famished, who asks?'

Kristy turned and saw another creature that favored a raccoon. He was pointing to a stone that was shaped like a chair.

She spoke up; 'My name is Kristy Kasady O' Donnelley, who might you be?'

'I am known as Otis Paws. It is my nick name because I have the best paws of Wonder Valley!'

'Come sit down. Let us prepare a meal for you.' Otis encouraged.

Happily Kristy went over and sat down on the chair-shaped stone. It was just right! She spread her hands on her lap anxiously awaiting what would come next.

All of a sudden she heard a jolly deep voice laughing, 'Hee, hee, hee, oh, oh, oh.'

She looked over and one of the trees was laughing and shaking at the same time!

Kristy was astonished by this laughing tree!

As it laughed, she saw several different kinds of fruit fall from its branches; grapes, cherries, apples and all varieties of berries. Amazingly, the fruit floated towards Kristy and fell neatly into a basket that Mr. Paws had provided.

Otis joyfully sat it before Kristy saying, 'Eat and enjoy my young friend. It is our very best for the young one of the future world.' Then all the creatures chimed together, 'eat, eat, eat! '

'Thank you very much everyone, this is my favorite food! '

Kristy picked up an apple and bit into it. 'Delicious! ' she thought.

As she ate, Kindness Kathy and Caring Cayce sang a few more cute little songs. Otis and Fancy danced about with some of the other little creatures. Sparkle was blinking his body lights on and off joining in the fun and the brook played its delightful music!

Finishing her meal, Kristy reflected; the fruit was delicious, the festivity had all been out of this world! It was just wonderful!

Having a full stomach, Kristy yawned. It had also been a very tiring adventure and she was beginning to get a little sleepy.

Just then the birds panicked, spreading their wings, they quickly disappeared.

The forest trembled and creatures large and small began to scurry out of sight.

Just like that they vanished, all except for Otis. He had returned quickly to get his basket and warn his new friend.

The valley grew eerily quiet.

With great concern, Kristy asked, 'What's wrong? ' What's happening? '

Otis frantically cried out to her as he ran towards his home in the ground, 'It's the wicked beast of Fright Mountain. He's on the prowl! It's not safe for any one! Hurry, run and hide! '

Before Kristy could move, she heard an awful hurricane like wind. The cold breeze sent shivers up her spine.

Suddenly, there came a large creature swooping down from the sky, landing a few feet from where she now stood trembling. It was one of the most dreadful looking beings she had ever laid eyes on.

It had six large claw-like feet and one by one it placed them down on the ground. As each foot hit the ground there came with it a terrible thudding noise, shaking of the forest. The beast then reared up on its two hind feet, standing taller than the trees. It had four large wings and as it spread them out, they shielded the sun, causing dark shadows to fall over the meadow.

With saliva dripping from its mouth, it bellowed a blood curdling scream, 'I smell the flesh of a human! '

Then turning towards Kristy it once again bellowed, 'I smell you, my dear! You shall be my dinner tonight! ' Then it moved closer towards Kristy!

Kristy found herself frozen, backed against a tree. She shivered and screamed as never before! She smelled the sour odor like that of rotten fish coming from the mouth of the creature as he breathed heavily upon her. She felt the heat from his breath like it was a puff from a furnace.

Her heart like a drum was beating in her chest!

The monster's eyes, gleaming with delight, leaned towards Kristy, opening its mouth wide to devour its prey...

Terrified, she closed her eyes knowing this was the end...

Suddenly from out of nowhere a strong voice shouted, 'Leave her alone, you beast, and be gone now or else! '

Kristy opened her eyes and saw a tall handsome young man! With sword in hand, he was standing between her and the stinking beast.

Quickly, the beast turned from Kristy to face this young man.

As it was turning the young man raised his free hand to his mouth and whistled.

Just then a flapping noise was heard overhead as another large creature came flying towards the frightened Kristy.

Is that a dragon? She thought. Yes it was!

The dragon came over and whispered, 'Young one, quick, on my back! '

Without hesitating she grabbed a part of the dragon's wrinkled skin then pulled

herself up.

The dragon turned to face the wicked beast from Fright Mountain.

Now the young man and the dragon stood face to face with the terrifying monster.

The beast let out another blood curdling roar, shaking the trees! Then it snapped out at the young man with its razor-like teeth! The closing of the animal's teeth sounding like that of giant steel trap slamming shut.

The dragon took a deep breath and blew out a red hot spray of fire from his mouth and hit the beast. It let out a loud yelp and began to back away.

Kristy could smell the odor of burning flesh, similar to that she had smelled as when grandpa had so often burned the bacon.

The beast cried out in pain indicating it had been wounded. It turned quickly, lifting itself up. Then like a flash of lightening, it was gone!

The dragon gently let Kristy down saying, 'Quick, get down young one. You must stay here for I shall chase this beast back to Fright Mountain! '

With that the dragon winked at her then turned to fly away.

Kristy spoke up, 'Wait! Mr. Dragon, what is your name? '

'I am called 'the Faithful One, ' and I need to hurry! '

With tears of joy streaming down her face she gave the dragon a quick hug. With that Faithful One spread his wings and disappeared over the horizon, following fast after the beast.

The creatures came out from hiding dancing all about and shouting, 'Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

The young man came then to Kristy and introduced himself, saying, 'Young one from the Future World, I am Prince Lloyd of the Landing, located just west of Wonder Valley. My palace is in the Mysterious World Kingdom. Now, are you alright? And, what is your name? '

'Yes I am Ok, thanks to you and the Faithful One, ' she replied. 'My name is

Kristy Kasady O' Donnelley. I am very pleased to make your acquaintance! '

'You have saved me from a very horrible situation, it was very close, but you arrived just in time! ' She exclaimed.

Kristy yawned slightly.

'You are very welcome my young friend. I can see that you are also very tired. You have had a very stressful and exciting time. Please allow me to take you to my palace at the Landing and give you a place to rest tonight.'

'Oh, gladly, ' Kristy said sleepily.

She thought to herself, 'Wow, a real Prince, a real palace, this is unbelievable! '

Turning to her new friends of the Wonder Valley she thanked them for everything.

The little creatures gathered around. 'Goodbye, young Kristy of the Future World, please come again to see us! ' they chanted.

Kindness Kathy and Caring Cayce started flittering about singing once again...

☒ Goodbye, goodbye,
until we will meet again,

☒ Hmm, hmm, hmm.

☐

Goodbye, goodbye,
you'll always be our friend,

☒ Hmm, hmm, hmm.'

Kristy promised them she would think of them and try to return some day.

She then turned to the young Prince Lloyd and said, 'I'm ready! '

He whistled and a beautiful white unicorn came prancing out, kneeling before him. He mounted then reached out his hand to Kristy. She grasped his strong hand, and was pulled up on the saddle in front of the prince, staring breathlessly into his hazel eyes.

The creature stood and then whirled around, heading away from Wonder Valley. It trotted west towards the Landing and the palace of Mysterious Kingdom.

Suddenly the unicorn seemed to lift like a floating cloud off the ground and towards the blue heaven.

Kristy looked down and stared at the unicorn huge feathered wings. They kept soaring, soaring as majestic eagles soar through the sky.

'We're flying! She gasped.

The prince just smiled and called out to his trusty unicorn, 'Home, Thunder, home! '

She was feeling very sleepy. As they soared along she fell asleep resting on the Prince's chest, hearing his heart beating in rhythm with the flapping of Thunder's wings.

She must have slept for hours, but it seemed like years.

Then out of this deep sleep she heard a familiar voice, 'Kristy, Kristy...'

'What! She thought, 'That sounds like mom's voice.'

She awoke startled and looked around. She was home lying on the floor in her bedroom. She sat up quickly! Something was tickling her nose! She reached up and scratched, then pulled away a tiny purplish silver feather.

'Hmm, where did that come from, ' she thought.

Befuddled and half asleep she flopped herself back down on the bed.

'Oh no, ' she thought, 'the Mysterious world, Wonder Valley, the handsome Prince, Thunder and the dragon... it was only a dream! '

She was so disappointed she wanted to cry. 'I knew it was too good to be true, ' thinking to herself.

She heard her mom call again. 'Kristy Kasady O' Donnelley, you need to get up and get ready for school! '

'Yes, mom, ' reluctantly she said.

Arising, she made her way to the bathroom to wash her face and brush her teeth.

Crazy as it was she kept humming a tune in her head, 'Da, da, da, da, da, da...'

Then the words came, 'The Farmer in the Dale, the farmer in the dale....'

Shaking her head she thought, 'Why am I waking up humming that? '

After finishing her bathroom duties she went to her dresser then proceeded to get ready for school.

Sitting there thinking about just how she would wear her hair for school that day, she twisted a little this way and a little that, looking at herself in the mirror.

Talking to herself she said, 'I think a pony tail would be good today.'

So she picked up the brush and as she raised it to begin brushing her hair, she caught a glimpse of something glittering on the back of her head.

Another thing caught her attention as well, her hair was already in a pony tail!

'That's strange, ' she thought, 'When did I fix my hair? And what do I have it wrapped with? '

Looking more closely at the shinny object in her hair, she thought, asking herself, 'What is that? '

She turned around to be able to see her back better, then reached around, untwisted the glittering hairpiece from her hair and brought it around to where she could get a better look.

She was shocked, for she was holding in her hand the most beautiful schrunchee of any she had ever seen, that is, except the one in her dream of Wonder Valley!

The End

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Advice

Run, but never grow weary;
Listen, His voice you will hear.
Give, but not for wrong reasons;

Pray humbly, then God will draw near.
Flee sin's evil temptation;
Trust and on Jesus rely.

Rest—find comfort in Scripture.
Hope 'til the day that you die!
Dream of better tomorrows,

Believe—cast doubts far away.
Share with unselfish motives;
Love and get started today!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

After Work

Forty hours of toiling hard
Can make a tiresome week;
But the work has to be done,
Though old bodies grow so weak.

Now, I've heard Pop often say,
"Be glad when this work day's through,
I just can't wait to clock out,
Go home and rest with Mom and you.

Son, it's been a long hard day,
I'm worn down, clean to the bone;
And when that whistle sets me free,
You can bet I'll soon be gone! "

Now, that was many years ago,
Pops has grown feeble and slow.
His doc just informed us kids
That soon we'll have to let him go.

Now, as we gathered around him,
Pop lifts his weary head,
Motions for us to come near,
For the final words he said,

"Now, don't you fret about me,
For I'm worn clean to the bone;
My body is plumb worn out,
And soon now, I'll be gone.

It sure has been a hard life,
Can't wait for it to be through;
But I'll rest soon as I get home,
Where, with Mom, I'll wait for you."

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Ain't Seen Nothing Yet

Got off work, unexpectedly, picked up the roses and her favorite candy,
I wanted to surprise my beautiful wife at home.
I parked the car 'bout a block away, slipped into the house and made my way,
Up the stairs, towards our bedroom.

I planned to catch her just a little off guard, give her the flowers and a card,
Take advantage of my beautiful wife alone.
My heart pounding excitedly, I was moving in quietly,
But then I stopped... when I heard her on the phone.

(Turn around)

As I listened it's hard to explain, it made me feel a little ashamed,
Cause as she was talking, she kept on repeating my name.
Speaking softly on the phone she said; 'I'm so thankful for the man that I wed,
I'm so happy that into my life he came.

I love him so much and he loves me, I'm as happy as any woman could be,
When I met him that's when my life began.'
Then I breathed a sigh of relief, hearing this made me feel like a thief,
Standing there smiling, taking it all in.

(She continued; Chord change to bridge)

'My man's he's really the best, He compliments me on the way that I dress,
Makes me feel special when he kisses and holds me tight.
He brings me flowers and rubs my feet; my man is really sweet,
When it comes to loving, he knows how to treat me right.'

I couldn't take it any more, I shouted; 'Hey Baby, I heard every word,
With all you mentioned, not a single thing do I regret;
Girl you mean the world to me, I plan to love you for eternity,
If you think that's something, you ain't seen nothing yet.'

(Ending)

Fade out:

Yeah, if you think that's something, then you aint seen nothing yet.
No Baby, you ain't seen nothing yet.

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Americans

As Americans

We should all show gratitude

For Americans

Who have made the sacrifice

So Americans stay free!

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An Insignificant Significant Woman

I knew a lady who was never invited to the White House, and she would have never been on the top ten list of Who's Who or a guest on Oprah. To most people who happened to pass by her, she would have been considered nothing more than another poor person from the sticks. She was a woman who devoted her life to staying home and raising her children. She was not a modern day sex symbol and would never be nominated as a spokesperson for the women's lib movement. She had only known one man, one marriage, and she was true to her husband and loved him devotedly.

She pieced scraps of clothing together that others had discarded, and from those strips she made quilts, curtains, clothes and coverings. She saved old pieces of pants to patch other pants when they became holey. She didn't own a matching set of silverware and never owned a set of china. Her plates, saucers, cups and bowls were cracked and chipped, and the place settings for each of her twelve children had a different design. She walked most of her life on plank floors and dusty roads in poorly clad feet or barefooted. She raised a garden each year in ground that had been broken through with the tools of the bended, aching backbones and human toil and sweat. She learned how to use scraps from every type of food in order to feed her family. Then, with the scraps from her scraps, she fed God's little creatures. She was godly, honest, humble and wise, but to many she was simply insignificant.

After seeing her children raised and living a long fruitful life, her heavenly Father called her home to a well deserved eternal reward. I still remember that time just like it was yesterday. As the people gathered around her casket and later at the old home place, they all had stories to tell of how this little insignificant mountain woman had made an impact on their lives. They came from near and far, each one sharing what a blessing this little woman had been to them. They told stories of how she shared food and gave clothing; many of the things given bore the fingerprints of her precious needle pricked hands as they reflected the true love of her sacrificial heart. These friends told of how she had prayed for them and given them advice on everything from cooking and planting to how to keep love and romance in their marriage.

Yes, to many she was just a little insignificant woman, unnoticed on earth, but I believe greatly recognized in heaven. That same little woman prayed for me as a child; she taught me God's Word and sang to me songs of her sweet Jesus.

Sometimes people will praise me for some little thing I have done for them and

they look at me as a person with strong morals and convictions, a man of honor and dedication. Oh, I am thankful for the compliments, and I would never take them for granted. But I have often reflected on why it is that these things could be said or thought of me. To be honest, this little insignificant woman should receive the credit for any good that others have discovered in me. So, I must thank her for taking the time to help me become the person I am today.

Heaven only knows how much she was loved and has been missed. I loved her as well and told her often while I had the opportunity. But, still no matter how much I may have told her or tried to do to show her, it would never be adequate to express her worth on earth. That's one reason I sure am glad that God keeps records and gives rewards! I owe so much to that little mountain woman and am so thankful that God chose to place me in her life.

Today, as I thought about mothers, she naturally came to my mind. That woman that some may have thought of as insignificant was very significant to me... you see, that woman was my mom.

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An Old Friend Said 'hi'

Listen...

If you should see her,
Kindly, let her know
Best wishes I send;

And please let her know,
I would love to talk
Again, friend to friend.

Let her know I miss
Those sweet gentle smiles,
That beamed on her face;

Tell her, if you would,
That no other could
Ever take her place.

Help her understand,
That I do love her,
Hugs and kisses I send;

Would you please convey
How she's in my thoughts,
And still my best friend?

You see...

I've lost track of her,
And it grieves my heart,
At times I just cry;

Anyway...

If you should see her,
Would you please tell her,
An old friend said 'Hi'?

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An Old Man's Prayer

One day while going through a very difficult time in my life I had this old black gentleman offer to pray for me. To the best of my ability and recollection I have tried to share his prayer with you. I have purposefully used his words and dialect language and tried to capture more of the spiritual beauty and meaning of his prayer. I mean no disrespect, but my utmost appreciation for the spirit and the love I sensed through this man's prayer.

He said; "Son, yah' look mighty troubled,
But they ain't no need t'be afraid;
Fo' there's One who can lift yo' burdens
Frum a lifetime of bad choices made."

When he placed his hand on my shoulder,
The cares of my heart began to fade;
For we took them into God's throne room
Through the gentle words that old man prayed:

* * *

"O' Lord, our Lord, how excellent is yo' name on
all da earth, da only name where man can be saved.
Father, yah said at da name of Jesus ev'ry knee's
gon'na bow, n' ev'ry tongue's gon'na confess dat
Jesus is Lord.

Now Father, yo' children come oft' b'fore yah with
thanksgivin'; some're standin'; some're sittin', n'
some kneelin'. Frum da depths of our heart we's
humble ourselves n' confess dat same Jesus, He's
our Lord n' God.

Mighty God, we's praise yah! We's glorify yah!
We's honor yah! We's magnify yo' holy name.
Father, we's thank yah fo' dis day n' fo' Yo' love, grace
n' mercy, n' fo' keepin' us frum all hurt n' danger
all our days.

We's aks Yo' blessin' on hospitals, on institutions, n'

on prisons. Those n' bed, bodied 'n pain, dems dat are laid up n' nursin' homes. We's pray fo' da cold, hungry, broken n' thirsty... fo' all mankind who be's fallen down 'long da highways of sin.

We's pray fo' dose who's knows Yah, n' dose that doesn't. We's pray fo' Yo' grace on 'em, in Jesus' name. We's pray fo' Yo' world... fo' da earth is Yo's n' da fullness there'n'. All good n' perfect gifts come from above, so we's thanks Yah'.

We's pray fo' our friend here t'day, a stranger ta me, but not so ta Yah, Father. Yo' know all 'bout 'em. We's aks Yah t'day fo' Yah is da one who gives us Yo' peace, who speaks n' it comes ta pass; we's praise Yah fo' ever mo!

We's b'lieve in Yo' power. Glory n' praise, n' majesty we give to you my Lord! Father, we's be's glad dat we's be's able ta walk n' step wit Yah t'day, fo' we's know it had dun n' been another day Yah dun n' kept us safe by Yo' might.

Father, we's thank Yah ta be able to lie down in Yo' bed of joy, b'tween Yo' sheets of grace n' mercy, wit our head on a pillow that is Yo' bosom of love. Yah give angels charge to protect us, Yah give da Holy Spirit that breathes on us, n' seals us.

We's give glory n' praise n' thanksgivin'. If Ya bless us ta see t'morrah', we's knows we's be able ta 'cept t'morrah. Fo' Jesus is da same yesterday, t'day, n' fo'ever more! Yes, He is da one true friend dat sticks closer than any brother.

Dear Jesus, I's knows yah are da Good Shepherd n' dat we's are Yo' lit'll sheep in Yo' pasture. We's be's keep'n our eyes on yah, cuz we's knows yah be's keep'n Yo' eyes on us. We's trust Yah to keep watch o're us, fo' nothin' is out of your gaze.

Now, though we's walk thro' dah' fire, dah' storm, n' da

dark valley; n' tho' thangs may look bad, we's be yo's.
Now, God, we's gon'na be closin' dis 'ere prayer, but we's
know yah' will n'ere leave us nor fo'sake us.

We's pray this in Jesus Christ's name, Amen and Amen."

* * *

When he finished, Lord knows I felt peace
I had not owned in many a day;
For as one who had been unshackled,
Chains of worry and fear fell away.

He then took his hand from my shoulder,
I thanked him for the difference made;
For we left my cares in God's throne room
Through the gentle words that old man prayed.

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An Old Shoe Box

It was just an old shoe box,
With a pink faded ribbon wrapped around.

The old house was sad and sat strangely quiet,
Ever since Momma graced Heaven's dawn.
It's like she had just turned loose of living,
Dutifully to follow Dad on.

Brother and I had moved things for hours,
Loading boxes since early morning's light.
It was then I noticed an old shoe box,
Tucked away snugly, almost out of sight.

Now that's just great, more of Mom's junk;
I'll just toss it in the pile with the rest.
When it came to hoarding odds and ends,
The kids all knew Mom was world's best.

I reached and took hold of that old shoe box;
It was on a shelf just about Mom's height.
Wrapped around it was a pink faded ribbon,
With a small bow that Mom had tied tight.

I sat down, blew the dust from the top;
These words in a hand-drawn heart I read:
"My Little Box of Treasures"—"Odd, " I mused,
What's inside? I questioned in my head.

I smiled as I opened that old shoe box,
For the very first thing I spied
Was a pair of slightly worn baby shoes,
With a scribbled note stuffed down inside.

I was surprised to see my name written
On that crinkled note so aged and worn;
It read: "His first pair of baby shoes, "

Mom had dated it the year I was born.

Next, I found an old sympathy card,
Taped to it, a tiny lock of blonde hair;
The card read: "We're all sorry for your loss,
And will be keeping your folk in prayer."

Then there were a couple of report cards,
Old photos and a dried up four-leaf clover,
A "Be My Valentine" and a note that said,
"I Luv You," signed, "Your secret admirer."

Then I came upon a love letter of Dad's,
It was handwritten and penned in red;
I held it up so I could read it better,
And this is what it said:

Darling, you are my first true love,
And will always be my best friend;
Can't wait to marry you, sweetheart,
This fall, after harvest time ends.

My brother had made his way to the place
Where I sat now crying on the floor,
Both of us amazed at the things Mom kept,
From our lives so many years before.

We laughed out loud, cried and reminisced
At the marvels that old shoe box concealed;
O' so many things Mom had collected,
Precious memories to us were revealed.

Each had its own unique place in our hearts,
From trinkets to the golden lock.
They were trophies rediscovered by us,
Found that day in an old shoe box.

No, it wasn't junk, as I had supposed,
But true treasures that money couldn't buy.
Looking heavenward I said, "Thank you, Mom";
As more tears fell from my eyes.

Time had flown; it was getting dark;
The power had already been shut down.
We figured we'd better lock everything up,
Make our way back toward town.

I placed the lid back on that old shoe box,
Gently put the ribbon back in its place,
Took one more look, then locked the doors,
Said good-bye to our old home place.

My thoughts still racing, I jumped in the truck,
Brother and I, were both teary eyed.
I said, "Hold on, wait just a minute"
As I climbed quickly back outside.

There in the front yard was the "For Sale" sign
Brother and I had earlier put in place.
I yanked that sign up, threw it in the back
With teardrops streaming down my face.

We sat silent as we headed down the road,
A moment neither would soon forget;
For we both knew that we weren't ready,
To live with one more regret.

As we drove down that familiar road,
The old home place now fading from view,
Strangely, our love for life and family
From that old shoe box had been renewed.

My eyes glanced down at the prize in my hands,
The best treasure I had ever found.
Then I smiled.

It was just an old shoe box,
With a pink faded ribbon wrapped around.

It was just an old shoe box,
With a pink faded ribbon wrapped around.

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An Old Soldier

A Tribute to all veterans, and all of our brave soldiers, God bless you!

Friend, I have faced many a difficult battle,
Dangerous missions requiring real backbone.
As a soldier, I have encountered hard times,
But this trip was the toughest one I had known.

My feet became heavy, but still I advanced...
Moving down the long hallway to where he lay;
This man was my best friend and fellow soldier,
But I had received news he would die today.

His room was now only a few feet from me;
I became frozen, standing there at his door.
I had come to say good-bye to my comrade,
For after today, I would see him no more.

He was sitting up, as if waiting for me;
I noticed an old familiar smile on his face.
He said, 'Soldier, I'm sure glad you came today,
For soon, ole buddy, I'll be leaving this place.

I guess you know I don't like these hospitals:
There's just too much sufferin' n' pain.
'Sides, these places stir up too many memories,
Some I've been reliving again and again.

But, Soldier, I've got a brand new assignment;
I'm goin' t' a land where there ain't no wars,
A place where the winds of peace are a'blowin'...
It's a long mission, away up b'yond the stars.

Yes, sir, I'm ready, be gone in a short while,
But there's a thing or two I'd like you to know.
You, partner, are this old soldier's best friend.
Sure gon'na miss our talks, and I've loved you so.'

As he spoke, a glow came upon his old face,

Like none that I had ever seen there before.
He said, 'Listen up, Soldier, I'm being called;
There's a messenger a'standin' at my door! '

I took his hand as he squeezed mine so tightly,
I swear, I have never seen him so at ease.
Then, his head turning, I saw him smile widely.
'The Commander's callin'... I feel heaven's breeze! '

Then just like that, that brave old soldier was gone;
I could feel his firm grip on my hand release.
I stood at full attention to salute him,
And said, 'So long, Dad... now go on... rest in peace.'

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An Overdue Debt

Here is a special little poem:
It's written just for you.
Words of rhyme to help me repay
A debt long overdue.

You're overdue a million thanks
I always meant to say;
You're overdue approving smiles
To brighten up your day.

You're overdue a firm handshake
For a great job well done;
You're overdue a warm embrace
For making learning fun.

You're overdue a needed prayer
To strengthen you each day;
So give me just a moment please
To pray for you today:

God, bless the strong and gentle hands
That hold our children tight,
And bless their precious, loving mouths
That teach them wrong from right.

God bless their keen attentive ears
That listen for yearning cries,
God bless the effort that they've given
To guide little gals and guys'.

God, I sincerely need your help
These overdue debts to pay,
God, repay the "Childcare giver"
Please bless them all today!

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An Unusual Romance

It's sad, but so goes a dog's life:
The master's gone and she's alone.
Oh, when will he ever play fetch,
Or give the poor doggie her bone?

Her puppy-dog eyes told the story,
As she stared at four lonely cold walls;
Then along came her slimy Prince Charming,
Near her feet came some deep croaking calls.

It was quite an unusual romance;
A union made near her food pan.
For Dusty Dog found her true soul mate
To ease her pining for a man!

I used to feel sorry for her,
For little time I could allow;
When I noticed them snuggling together,
My guilty burden was eased somehow.

Sam Wart is what I have since named him.
He's green and he hops on four feet.
They're really an unusual couple;
Now neither is lonely, oh, so sweet!

My friends, have you guessed this green creature
That fell for sweet Dusty the dog?
I'll tell you the truth with no croaking,
Sam Wart is a big toady frog.

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And Now It's Christmas

It was His time,
It was His day;
God sent His Son
And now it's Christmas.

He came to us,
Our sins to pay.
God sent His Son,
And now it's Christmas.

Chorus:

It's Christmas!
It's Christmas!
God sent His Son
And now it's Christmas!

Rejoice, rejoice,
Our debt is paid!
God sent His Son
And now it's Christmas

Musical

Is this your time?
Is this your day?
God sent His Son
And now it's Christmas

Give Him your heart,
Ask Him to save.
God sent His Son
And now it's Christmas

Chorus:

It's Christmas!
It's Christmas!

God sent His Son
And now it's Christmas!

It's Christmas!
It's Christmas!
God sent His Son
And now it's Christmas!

Rejoice, rejoice,
Our debt is paid!
God sent His Son
And now it's Christmas.

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Angels

Angels are God's holy messengers,
Present even though we may not see.
They are His ministering spirits,
Assigned watchcare over you and me.

When frail humans make God their abode,
They find Him a refuge from all storms;
He gives His angels charge over them,
To shield and protect them from all harm.

Holy angels may be anywhere,
Silently guarding us night and day;
Celestial beings sent from God,
Overseeing finite creatures' way.

“For He shall give His angels charge over thee,
to keep thee in all thy ways.” Psalm 91: 11

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Are You Teasing Me?

My heart beats rapidly!
Are you teasing me?
Well, are you?

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As One

Two eyes met,
Two lips touched,
Two bodies embraced,
Two hearts now beat as one.

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Autumn

A time when nature
Unleashes her beauty
Through an array of
Unmatched colors,
Mesmerizing and
Nonpareil.

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Autumn Must Be Near

When Mr. McNealy's tractor backs up busy traffic,
And the wheat fields have turned a golden brown,
Then graceful geese are seen flying overhead,
As produce markets appear all over town
And spring flowers begin yielding seed,
When Rancher Bob puts up the winter's feed,
And First Baptist plans the annual festival,
Then dying leaves dry and begin to fall.

When the nights turn cool,
And warm air bids adieu,
Autumn must be close at hand!

When tourists schedule to see the colors,
And Sam Tucker puts on long sleeves,
Then Anne's pink sweater is dry-cleaned,
As farmers prepare to bring in the sheaves;
And the sound of the lawn mower decreases,
When sea lovers make final trips to beaches;
And the Fair finally makes its way to town,
Then summer advertisements come down.

When the nights turn cool,
And warm air bids adieu,
Autumn must be close at hand!

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Autumn's Rainbow

rainbow colored leaves

are decorating our world

autumn in full bloom

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Balding Fred

There once was a balding man, Fred,
Who had one long hair on his head;
He slicked it down, then found,
As he wound it around,
It looked like a big spool of thread.

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Ballad Of Big Joe_Song

Breathen' hard to the saloon he ran,
Gulpin' a strong drink right down;
'Now listen, you folk had better run,
Fer Big Joe's a'comin to town! '
'Fer Big Joe's a'comin to town! '

'Whos Big Joe? ' The frightened barkeep asked,
With a puzzled look on his face.
'He's the biggest, meanest man alive,
He's comin' to tear up this place! '
'He's comin' to tear up this place! '

He's the toughest man you'll ever know,
He's the badest dude, thumbs down!
So when the town folk all got wind of this,
They went runnin' out of town!
They went runnin' out of town!

B'fore that barkeep could up'n leave,
He heard a skin crawlin' sound;
Chains and spurs... cussin' and fussin'...
So to the door he spun round!
So to the door he spun round!

There stood a big and ugly cowpoke,
A man that could do some harm;
He had fists as big as cannon balls,
And cannons he had for arms!
And cannons he had for arms!

His grey beard was stringy and filthy,
Not a hair grew on his head;
He come a'trompin' right up to the bar,
With face a'glowin' blood red.
With face a'glowin' blood red.

His breath smelled like an ole polecat's fumes,
His fire eyes stared fast and long;
He growled out as he slammed two bits down,

'Give me whiskey... make it strong! '

'Give me whiskey... make it strong! '

The barkeep turned around real slow-like,
Took a gallon from the shelf;
Then this whale of a man drank and drank,
'Til nary'a drop was left.
'Til nary'a drop was left.

He wiped his mouth on his dirty sleeve,
His hand fell down to his gun;
Said a'glarin' down at the barkeeper;
'Mister, ain't yah gon'a run? '
'Mister, ain't yah gon'a run? '

The barkeep stood froze like a statue,
His knees knock 'n loud that day;
He swallowed hard, then sent up a prayer,
'Oh God save me, this I pray.'
'Oh God save me, this I pray.'

Then this giant yelled; 'I need a strong horse,
Yeah, one that won't slow me down!
And barkeep, you'd better come with me...
Fer ain't you heard?

Big Joe's a'comin' to town!
Big Joe's a'comin' to town! '

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Bear-Shaped Bottle

Note: I went to the cupboard one day to make myself a cup of hot apple cider tea. As I pulled down my little honey bear-shaped bottle a thousand memories flooded my mind. I have one such memory I would like to share with you. I have placed a short story on I hope you have time to read. Please enjoy, Loyd

Bear-shaped Bottle

I took out my little bear-shaped honey bottle from the cupboard...

I walked over to where my mug sat, empty-mouthed staring up at me expectantly, as if to say; "fill me please!" The water is whistling for me as the little boy across the street whistles for his retriever.

"OK, I'm coming!"

I pour the steaming water onto my apple spice tea; flip the lid open on my bear-shaped honey bottle. I pour the non-artificial sweetener into my tea. I feel some of the sticky substance on my finger; instinctively I lift it to my mouth, deliciously sweet!

With the aroma of apples and spice lifting up to my nostrils, my thoughts begin drifting back to that beautiful afternoon, driving along the Blue Ridge Parkway, with the family.

Man, were we hungry!

But, every spot was taken. It seemed like everyone from the rat race of city life had the same idea.

The constant chant from the little mouths "when are we going to stop? I'm hungry..." was similar to that of a scratched phonograph record.

"Just a little while longer," I said, trying to suppress my growing impatience, as well as that of Granny's in the back seat.

Please dear God, lead us to a place to park this car and to eat!

Suddenly ahead, could it be? There it was, to our right, an unbelievably refreshing sight, the perfect table for the spread. I stopped the car!

"Quick, everyone out! Grab the basket... grab the table cloth and drinks!
"

Thank you Lord!

Oh the joy!

There we were, seated around, holding hands as we said grace. It was picture perfect, heaven-sent, and reminiscent of some scene from the Waltons.

Just then, mom cried out; "Careful, a bee! "

"It's just one little honeybee" I said. "Just leave it alone, it'll go away. Pass the chicken and some bread."

Then... our little friend had a little friend that joined him, now there were two little bees.

The kids were now swatting at them... as was Granny. "No, don't do that! Just leave them alone and eat! "

Then there were six or eight flying around our paper picnic plates... stealing drinks from the Styrofoam cups.

We then became deeply concerned for the first eight bees had summoned ... eight more, and then came more and more and...

Quick everyone.... grab the basket! Grab the tablecloth! Leave the drinks right where they are. Hurry, hurry, back in the car! Roll up the Windows..."

Man, what a day! Sure never thought things would go this way.

Safe now, but disappointed as we pulled back onto the road. I mumbled;
"Those honey bees had spoiled it all! "

Such determined creatures that would go to any length to make that pure non-artificial sweetener. You had to give them their dues.

I nonchalantly glanced back in my rearview, forgive me Lord, but I had to laugh.

"Look, I told everyone in the car... back behind us! "

For, another family had an answer to their prayers.

We all giggled as we drove away.

Good luck, I thought, and have a nice day!

It was a sweet memory indeed. I gave my apple-spice tea one final stir, took a swallow and smiled to myself...

Then I placed my little bear-shaped bottle back in the cupboard on the shelf.

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Beautiful America

Oh my, what a lovely country,
Americans, we are blessed.
The wonders of this country
Could never be over stressed!

Tall majestic mountains boast,
Glistening snow-crowned heads;
Blue mysterious oceans gleam
With sparkling water spreads.

Green luscious grassy meadows,
Refreshing mountain streams;
Gorgeous golden sunsets,
Fuels our hopeful dreams.

Kingly trees with arms reaching,
To offer their treasures rare;
Decorations of assorted flowers
Spread perfumes into the air.

Symphonies of tiny raindrops,
Pitter pattering hungry ground,
Choruses of songbirds singing,
Serenading us all around.

Musicians of small creatures,
From crickets to the jar flies;
Lightening bugs winking at us,
Illuminates velvet skies.

Beautiful America,
God shed His grace on thee;
Beautiful America,
Far as the eye can see.

Beautiful America,
Ordained by realms above

Beautiful America,
The land I'll always love.

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Beautiful People

You meet the nicest folk
Where water meets the sand,
Their smiles warmly greet you
I learned this all firsthand.

There's beauty in sunsets
And in sunrises too,
But beautiful people
Give off a special hue.

So stroll lovely beaches,
Take in the ocean air;
But don't miss the beauty
Of people you find there.

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Blame George

Now little George lived back in our neighborhood,
But to some he was trouble and simply "No good."
When things would go awry, he quickly gained fame;
For kids would point and George would get the blame.

I asked my daddy; "Pop, how can they be so cruel? "
He said; "Kids will be kids and sometimes play the fool.
But, one day hopefully when they are more mature,
We hope they learn that 'kinder' makes them good and pure."

He said; "Focus on the good and try not to offend,
Be slower to condemn and quicker to commend."
Dad's words protected me from criticism's snare,
Balanced my judgment and helped me play fair.

But it seems though today, we have much bigger brats,
Adult kids who always find fault, about this or that.
Quick to point their fingers as they judge in shame,
But most aren't willing to share a little blame.

They dismiss their reason and cave into their peers,
Then the politicians use it to prey on their fears.
Once Jesus was praised too, palm leaves were waved,
But when he let them down they also went away.

It's easy to throw rocks at one in a glass Whitehouse,
But to defend himself, George has opened not his mouth.
Now I seem to relive childhood days others forge,
When anything goes wrong, they just blame it on George!

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Bring Back Christmas

There are presents to buy for family, friends or a significant other
gifts to wrap, stockings to stuff and then my tracks to cover.

There are decorations to place on the tree inside the house
then some on the trees and bushes without.

There is the writing of Christmas letters and addressing cards too
more gifts to buy for old friends and new.

Then I need extra ones to have on hand just in case
I forgot someone from some other place.

There are visits to make to my friends and families' homes
then visits to those who are all alone.

There are visits of relatives, of family and friends
so I visit and visit and visit again.

Then there are parades to watch with the little tots
and the searching and searching for parking spots.

Then there's shopping for things on my Christmas list
then shopping some more for the ones that I missed.

There are long lines of people in the stores and shopping mall
trying to find that special gift before they sell them all!

There's the traffic and noise of this Christmas season
so much to do, much for the wrong reason.

Then hurry back home, the house sure needs cleaning
the pet needs attention and the kids are screaming.

So I stop what I'm doing and set them down to eat
'O Lord, how I would love just to rest my feet.'

Then back at it again and the phone starts ringing
someone wants to drop by, a gift they're bringing.

I'm tired and worn out and Christmas is still days away
I wonder; "What happened to Christmas, how did it get this way? "

I must not forget one man, woman, girl or boy
O the utter frustration in this "Season of Joy! "

'Lord, I'm so tired and I hate to complain
but I'll be glad when it's over, I'm going insane! '

Then a voice I heard while trying to get my breath
"A New Years celebration, I would like to suggest? "

I said; "I'm not even through Christmas and I'm nearly dead;
besides, I can't even think that far ahead."

But, what I have been thinking, I know it's hard to imagine
we need to slow down take some time for relaxing.

Let's quit the hustling and bustling along the streets
and bring back Christmas, a time of Peace!

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Burned Bridges

When I chose
To burn my bridges to you,
O what a stupid choice I made;
For I burned my fingers with the matches.

When I changed
My mind and wished to return,
The way to you I found not;
It lay before me now as smoldering ashes.

When I looked,
Hope had been consumed by coals,
Angry flames had lapped up my stupidity;
I learned one cannot return over burned bridges.

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

C S I Appetite

Fianlly, the opportunity I found,
To satisfy this appetite of mine;
One that had been lying all day long,
In the dark crevices of my mind.

Stealthily, moving across the floor,
So the sleeping I wont disturb;
Slight, the creaking under my feet,
Occasionally could be heard.

Grasping firmly with my hand,
I pulled the covers quickly aside;
One by one, peeling them back,
Wiping the tears from my eyes!

The touch was firm and silky,
Perfect and firmly shaped;
Prepared now, I surgically begin,
Like a predator to its prey.

I stood with knife in hand,
Sharp piece of stainless steel;
Hesitantly, but unable to turn back,
My appetite had to be filled.

By now my eyes were watering,
Burning with unromantic tears;
Voices screaming in my head; 'Stop! '
But the appetite pushed out the fear!

I wanted to dropp my knife and run,
But NO, this appetite is too real;
My craving lust is winning the battle,
Resolved, I pushed down the steel.

Slicing and dicing I must persist,
The tears now began to flow;
I unzipped the bag lying near me,
Removing the cold contents slow.

Two slices I laid bare on the table,
Aiding to kill my appetite pains;
Then piling on the Ham and Turkey,
And a stack of raw onion rings.

Appetite filled!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Cayce

Cayce

she is...

Cute

Alluring

Yielding

Comforting

Excitable

and so much more!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Change

She sat to herself at a table in the corner of a charming family restaurant; across the room sat one just like her. Both lonely and in need of and hungry for the one thing they had shut themselves off from, the lack of which had created such an empty, isolated life hardly worth living, one they both dreaded daily to awaken to. Oddly the two get up to go at the same time, their eyes meet as they move slowly in each other's direction... Both thinking, hoping this could be the time that a new friendship would begin and loneliness end, while at the same time the joy in living would become born again. Just to think it could start with a simple smile and a single hello. So they come closer, each in need of the touch of another human being, each longing for more to life than the miserable existence they barely clung to. In just a couple steps that magic word could be spoken to arouse hope of a new direction, a new companionship and maybe more... within mere seconds, they would be eye to eye. Now, if they would just lift their heads a little, if one would show just a wee bit of courage to speak to the other... but once again they pass the other by, like so many times before. Why change now?

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Changed Lives

"Tongues"

That used to say ugly things no one needed to hear,
Now speaking words of beauty praising the Savior dear!

"Hearts"

That used to beat to enjoy the wickedness of sin,
Now broken for the lost praying that they make it in.

"Lives"

Once were torn asunder from their selfishness and shame,
Now are healed through God's love and the power of His name.

O what grace immeasurable, O what love divine.
O what hope immovable, and O what peace sublime!

Reaching down to the lowest of earth's sinful creatures,
Redeeming freely from their undesirable plight.
Reaching out to them through His Word and Holy Spirit,
Redirecting from sin's darkness to the holy Light!

© Loyd C. Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Children

Children

Precious, tender

Learning, trusting, hoping

Little ones sent down from Heaven

Treasures

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Christmans, The Most Important Part

What is the most important part of Christmas?

What do we celebrate each year?

Is it the change we notice in people?

Is it the spreading of Christmas cheer?

Is it wishing for falling snow flakes?

Is it picking out a Christmas tree?

Is it the laughter of little children?

Is it people singing so merrily?

Is it the gifts wrapped so lovely?

Is it tinsel, ribbons or bows?

Is it the holiday decorations?

Is it Christmas music or mistletoe?

Is it that kind old gentleman,

dressed up in gold and red?

Is it snowmen or jingle bells?

Many thoughts race through our head.

Christmas means different things to people,

and that is plain to see;

but the most important part of Christmas is...

C - H - R - I - S - T!

This is intended as a shape poem, shaped as a Christmas tree.

For a better look, see it on [or](#)

Merry Christmas to one and all!

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Christmas - Where Is He?

Where is the Hope of salvation?
Where is all the celebration?
Where is the One sent from above;
Where is He, Divine gift of love?

Where is He, born the Jewish King?
Where is He, of whom angels sing?
Where is the One that shepherds seek;
Where is He, of whom wise men speak?

Where is He, born this glorious night?
Where is He, God's radiant light?
Where is the One in manger low;
Where is He, does anyone know?

Where is the Hope of salvation?
Where is all the celebration?
Where is the One sent from above;
Where is He, Divine gift of love?

Where is He? Where is He?

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Christmas Musings

When I think of Christmas and the spirit thereof, I think of the aroma drifting throughout the entire house from Mom's cooking and the distinct smell of tobacco from grandpa's pipe. I think of the family gathering to exchange gifts and the joy in children's faces at the thought of Santa, snow and school's winter break.

When I think of Christmas and the spirit thereof, the memories of years gone by begin flood my mind. Thoughts of how I felt as a child around this time of year. Even now, I can almost taste the candy canes and hot cocoa. I recall the colorful decorations, the busy shoppers, the sound of jingle bells and carolers singing Silent Night.

When I think of Christmas and the spirit thereof, I think of love. Yes, it is so obvious at Christmas, more so than at any other time of the year. People seem to care so much more, they are less selfish and more willing to give selflessly. Good will abounds everywhere!

Then I think of the most sacrificial act of love and display of good will to man of all time; of how God loved the world so much He gave His only begotten Son. God's gift to man was the greatest Christmas gift ever given, sent down from heaven above. So, when I think of Christmas and the spirit thereof, I think of Christ.

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Christmas Must Be Near

When soft snowflakes fill childish dreams,
And misty hangs the mistletoe.
Then gift shoppers show up in streams,
And Mike the mailman is bending low.
When the generousities astound,
Then through the air, we hear the sound
Of joy-bells ring...
"Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling! "
Then Christmas must be near.

When children cherish winter's break,
And parents panic from the change,
Then baking bids Tom's taste buds wake,
And Mom's delights tempt on the range.
When the festivities abound,
Then through the air we hear the sound
Of joy-bells ring...
"Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling! "
Then Christmas must be near.

When off to grandma's house we go,
And nears that day in December,
Then our thankful hearts overflow
As the Christ child we remember.
When nativities can be found,
Then through the air, we hear the sound
Of joy-bells ring...
"Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling! "
Then Christmas must be near.

When we gather 'round the Christmas tree,
And hugs, kisses and gifts are given,
Then teary eyes mix with joyful glee,
As we share a taste of heaven.
When gaieties are all around,
Then through the air, we hear the sound
Of joy-bells ring...
"Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling! "
Then Christmas must be near.

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Christmas- What To Give A King

Have you heard the news, a King is born?
Yes, a King, born on this winter's morn!
But He has no crown or lavish robes,
He lies in manger, in swaddling clothes.

I long to visit this new born King,
But, I need a gift for Him to bring;
I have no frankincense, myrrh or gold,
I have no treasure that He may hold.

As I pondered on some gift to bring,
I know what He deserves as my King;
My cherished treasure I will impart,
This Christmas day I give Him my heart.

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Christmas Wish For Everyone At Poemhunter

If I had one Christmas wish,
A wish I knew would come true;
One that would be granted me,
What would I then wish for you?

Oh, I could wish for money,
Maybe material things;
Or, time for you to relax,
Before the next doorbell rings.

I could wish you nice weather,
To enjoy a few days outside;
Or, I could wish you a snowfall,
So you could snuggle inside.

I could wish you a family visit,
Or, just some time to be alone;
A time of deep reflection,
Of a time that's long since gone.

If God would grant me one wish,
And told me it would come true;
After thinking long and hard,
Here's what I would wish for you:

I would wish for you to receive,
Christmas' true celebration;
The gift of God's only Son,
Who brings to us salvation.

That would be my Christmas wish,
If I had one wish to give;
For you to know God's mercy,
And then eternally live.

So, from our hearts to yours...
our wishes are sincere,
A most Merry Christmas

And Happy New Year!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Christmas, When I Think Of You At Christmas

When I think of you "Dear", on this joyous Christmas day;
Of the many ways I love you, there's so much I could say.
When I think of you 'Sweet', and the blessing that you have been,
My mind is filled with many things, so where shall I begin?

I love the way you pick me up, when I am down and weak,
I love the way you praise me and kiss kisses on my cheek;
I love the way you hold my hand and for your beauty rare,
I love the way you comfort me and show me that you care.

I love you for being faithful, for standing by my side,
I love you for your laughter and the tender tears you've cried;
I love you for our children and the model you have been,
I love the twinkle in your eyes and your soft silky skin.

If meadows were my canvas and all rainbow colors used,
I could never paint a portrait as beautiful as you;
If the ocean were my ink and the sky my paper be,
It still would not be enough to write what you mean to me.

Throughout this life one may be blessed with many treasures fine,
But, I've been enriched beyond measure, just because you're mine.
There's so many more things "Sweetheart, " about you I could say,
But I'll just say 'I love you, Kathy', on this Christmas day.

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Church

CHURCH

Church
Warm friendly
Shinning sharing showing
Congregation Body family friends
Looking longing wondering
Lost found
People

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Coffee

Coffee

Steaming and hot

Fresh morning aroma

Helping me to take on the day

Java

© Loyd C. Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Confused

What's wrong with this crazy place?
Right seems wrong and vice versa's cool.
People have question marks on their face.

Aimless, like upstairs there's vacant space;
Are they part of the "who's stupid" pool?
What's wrong with this crazy place?

Chasing empty dreams will then displace;
No common sense and they act the fool;
People have question marks on their face.

Playing life's game is a dangerous chase;
Deceit and corruption has made them drool.
What's wrong with this crazy place?

Living in the maze of life's rat race,
Learning their habits in the wrong school,
People have question marks on their face.

They need badly to find their space,
Not be stubborn like a stupid mule.
What's wrong with this crazy place?
People have question marks on their face.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Court Day In The South

O yes, O yes... ever'body stand...

The honorable Judge Billy Bob;
Over this'er court'll be presidin.
Y'all lis'en fer us ta call yur name,
Then tell where y'all be residin.

Now before we go any ferther
Into this respectful trial t'day,
I'll warn yuh once, but not twice,
Best hear what I'm bout t'say!

Ain't gonna be cell phones er pagers,
No iPods or Bluetooth in yer ear.
We won't have them'ole baggy pants,
You'd better pull em up rat here!

There's t'be no movin' around,
And no vulgar skin that's bare;
We won't tolerate any fussin' or cussin',
Or it's a heap of trouble, I swear!

There'll be no wearin' of any hats,
No talkin' er gawkin' at others,
No snoring, and no nose borin',
Yuh hear me, sisters en' brothers?

Another thing I need t'make clear
'Bout them youngens there in the pew,
If they make any'ole racket at all,
They'll leave here, en' so will you!

Now listen up, now set rat down,
Look up hear and hush yur mouth;
I'm mighty proud ta welcome y'all,
To my court, here in the South.

God save the South... God save us all!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Crickets And Crosses

One early Easter morning I stood before a graveyard; the crickets were chirping their morning song for me.

I saw three crosses that had been placed there by the church; erected as a reminder of the crosses on the hill called Calvary. Calvary... where Jesus was crucified between two thieves.

The middle cross represented the one upon which Christ died. As I stood still and gazed upon the scene, I let my mind drift back in time.

I moved slightly closer as the crickets grew strangely quiet. My eyes scanned over the graves, shadowy in the early light; The crosses stood on a small hill between the graveyard and me.

A thought played upon my mind... Without the cross, the empty cross, what would this mean for you and me? What would it mean for me?

I pondered... and I came to this one conclusion: we would be nothing more than crickets. They are born, they live... and then they die... for them it all ends at death.

Graves would just be holes in the ground for decaying bodies; no hope, it would end at the grave. We would live and then die. We would die.

But the empty cross gives hope for life beyond this life, for all humanity! I thought of the empty tomb; I thought of how Christ came forth on the morning of the first day: He came forth alive. Alive! Alive!

I was suddenly filled with praise, as joyful tears came to my eyes. I will always remember that cool, still, early morning; there in communion and worship on this mortal journey, Jesus once again made his presence so obvious. Just as the True Gospel teaches and the Son began to arise, the only thing between us and cold death was beautifully symbolized by the rugged cross that stands between.

O, thank God for hope!
O, thank God for the cross!
O, thank God for the empty tomb!

Thank God for Easter. Because He lives, we may live eternally!

Not like the crickets which die... they just die.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Cyclone Devil

tai-fung, it is named
the great wind, deadly and vile
mad fierce heavy rains

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Daisies Don't Lie

The daisy looked up at me
And said, "Don't you want to know?
Hold me close and let me help,
His heart I'll surely show."

I smiled and spoke back softly,
"Pretty friend, you've got a deal,
But I can tell you right now,
I know his love is real."

I held the flower gently,
One petal I then set free.
The truth flowed forth from my heart,
He loves me, he loves me!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Dawson

Daring

Ambitious

Winsome

Silly

Outgoing

Notable and so much more!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Dawson...

Dawson

With dimpled cheek
Brings joy into my life
He always loves and hugs me tight
Grandson

A Cinquain (Quintain) poem

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Deadly Temptation

We use the rodent's own lustful appetite to entice and bring to its death. Likewise, many men have fallen to the same end, allowing appetites to bring entrapment and seal their fate.

When we sense the creature in danger, we long to cry out, "Run, little one!" However, it is too late; the trap slaps quickly and holds tight. What were the final thoughts as death snuffed life?

Oft' times when sensing my fellowman in danger, I wish to cry out, "Run!" Some do, but others hesitate; alas, for many it is too late; their lust helped to seal their fate!

Then I think, maybe it would be different if they could have known the end in the beginning. Maybe it would have turned out differently. Maybe if they could do it again... they would

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Delete Or Repeat

Delete or Repeat?
Two choices I face.
Delete or Repeat?
Both require God's grace.

As I think of my yesterdays,
Can I let go of what I should?
When I live out my tomorrows,
Will I repeat only the good?

Delete or Repeat?
Two choices I see.
Delete or repeat?
Which one will it be?

Will I learn from my past,
Then put it out of sight?
Will I plan for the future,
To do what I know is right?

Delete or Repeat?
These choices face you.
Delete or Repeat?
Friend, what will you do?

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Descriptions...

caution
slow down
curve ahead
turn right
yield, stop
crosswalk
R/R Crossing
Road signs

trees, clouds
flowers, birds
sunshine, rain
wind, snow
sleet, floods
stars, rivers
moonlight
nature

love
romance
time, trust
oneness
intimacy
togetherness
commitment
companionship
you and me

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Devouring Earthquakes

Ground trembles greatly,
Earth moves, cracks and breaks open;
Devours the living!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Disaster Into Opportunity

It was a horrific mess: traffic was backed up for blocks. News of the event traveled quickly through our little town.

Several thousand died in the fiery disaster, and no one knew how it started or just where to place the blame.

At least four fire trucks rushed to the scene of the raging inferno fiercely burning on a farm in Cook County.

Though several brave souls charged into the blaze, it was just too hot; there was little they could do but watch.

Despite all the heroic efforts, not one single life was spared. Folk said the breeze carried the smell for miles.

But not all was lost, for as the country folk caught wind of what happened, they congregated from all around.

Then a plan was set in motion. After allowing things to cool down, that's when they turned disaster into opportunity.

Yes sir, there was lots to go around. Many swear it was better than KFC, that day Grub's chicken factory burned down!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Do It Now

Life can be demanding, tough, laborious,
the road you travel so hard... that is a fact of life.

Look around, take note of where you are, of
what you are doing and whom you are with.

Listen to the sundry, yet distinct sounds all around,
from squeaks in the sky to peeps upon the ground.

Loosen up, enjoy this moment, this hour, this day,
for never again will you pass this way.

Let the sweet breathe and beauty of nature
wash over your soul, experience the peace and comfort.

Lighten up this very moment; enjoy the life you have now...
Do it now!

Do not allow yesterday take you captive,
enslaving you to that which was.

Do not let tomorrow arrest you,
entombing you into that which may never be.

Do not pursue the intangible; instead exchange it
for what you may touch, hear and see.

Love life and everything about living...
Love the drum of your heart beating,
Love the taps of your feet walking,
Love the feel your lungs breathing.

Learn the lesson of enjoying life.
Life is sacred.
Life is swift.
Life is sweet.

Do it today!
Not tomorrow,

Not later on,
Not in a little while...

Do it now!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Do You Believe In Ghosts?

If anyone had asked me a few months ago if I believed in paranormal activities such as ghosts, I would have, without hesitation, said 'no.' I consider myself to be a realist, a down to Earth kinda guy, which finds a plausible reason for unexplained events. Call it the law of Parsimony. I've always held with the more logical and feasible assumption. Such as 'a slight tremor knocked that book off the shelf and made it skid across the floor.' I often scoffed at strange accounts and easily reasoned the one telling the tale had quite the vivid imagination or perhaps acquired some illegal pharmaceutical that caused temporary hallucinations.

It was not until I experienced such inexplicable phenomena first hand that jabbed my very core that I began to have a paradigm shift toward the possibility of apparitions.

In the predawn hours of post Halloween eve, Missy, my golden retriever, and I were ready to call it an evening after hours of shows and local news. Using my remote I clicked off the TV then noticed my camera sitting on the coffee table. Realizing I had not reviewed my photos that I had taken at the old Jones Homestead earlier that day, I grabbed the camera then sat back down to take a peek. Photography is a passionate hobby for me, so I was quite anxious to view what my lens had captured.

Before I continue with my experience, it is important to explain the happenstance of the day.

My wife and I had always planned to purchase an older house, a fixer upper. Through much searching and the help of an agency, fate seemed to lead us to what we thought was the perfect place to realize our dream. After evaluating the real estate information, we agreed this one sounded most promising. It surprised us that we both were instantly drawn to it, so we decided to check it out. It was Saturday, October 31st. There was a light chill in the beautiful autumn weather, ideal for taking a drive out to the country and inspect this gemstone of a farmhouse.

The old house was even more than we had imagined. A white Colonial built in the early 1900's. Though there was not one thing fanciful about the old wooden three-story structure, it stood majestically at the end of a long dirt drive,

secluded and nestled among large centurion maples. Smokey Mountain Boxwoods lined the walkway. Resplendent perfumed dogwoods flanked its North and South walls. Intrusive but stately weeping willows adorned the vast and lush back yard. Everywhere there was a kaleidoscope of leaves adding to the outside decor.

The roof was shingled in Carolina red tiles while on each end of the house there stood a majestic rock chimney. It boasted twelve rooms, a wine cellar and a spacious attic.

We stood in awe as we gazed upon this treasure. The hands of time and neglect had turned its white coat to a confederate grey. Obviously it just needed some tender loving care.

After some time exploring and taking shots of the verdant grounds and aged exterior, I decided to check the door. To my delight, I found it open. I motioned to my wife and we moved anxiously inside. Both of us felt as newlyweds, discussing what we would do as we moved from room to room. We were giddy at the thought that this could indeed be our dream home. So, in my elation, I continued to take shots.

Characteristic of old houses, the floors creaked eerily but expectantly. A damp musty aura permeated the stale air; cobwebs draped the windows and dangled in every corner and nook.

Eventually we made our way to the second floor. Our first discovery was a spacious room that we surmised was the master suite. The beautiful herculean window beckoned my attention. I walked over, taking a birds-eye view of the backyard. The weeping willows were just as awe inspiring. Just beyond the tree line was a small pond near what appeared to be a boat house. I raised the window, breathed in the good country air, took a few more photos, and then turned my attention back to the room.

An old tapestry throw rug rested in the center of the floor, on it sat a dusty antique trunk. Intrigued; I shot the scene from a couple of angles. A few pieces of obsolete aged clothing hung in a cedar closet, and a vintage rocking chair lounged in the corner. The flocked dilapidated walls displayed a few dated and faded photographs, to which I was curiously drawn.

I stood transfixed at the images, and could only assume were of the previous

owners. One, which was obviously a family photo, appeared to be taken outside in the front yard of the house. Two were portraits, one of a man, the other a woman, which I assumed to be Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

As a passionate photographer, it felt natural to me to be enthralled by a different era of photography. Though technology in film and camera has come such a long way, these were still excellent shots. The photographer captured the beauty of this old farm house in its stunning youth and charm astutely.

'Did you see that? ' asked my wife in a startled voice

'See what? '

My wife stood rigid with a perplexed frightened look on her face.

'Look! The rocker is moving.'

I turned around quickly, just in time to see the old rocker rock once and then abruptly stilled.

'Must have been the wind, or the old house shifting, houses do shift...or something.'

'Wind my foot! '

Just then, there was a sound above us, obviously from the attic that sounded like someone had rolled a softball across the floor.

'What was that noise? ' She whispered, with a look of shock on her face.

'It's probably an old cat or a large mouse or something. Would you like me to go up and check it out? ' I asked.

'No! Don't you dare! '

There was a few seconds of silence and then she walked over, grabbed my arm and said, 'Let's get out of here. This place is gives me the creeps.'

'Now come on baby, you aren't afraid of ghosts, are you? ' I said smirking.
'Maybe old man Jones will appear and show us around... woo.' I raised my

hands, 'Boo! '

'You're not funny at all! I suppose you don't believe in ghosts, ' she shot back.

'Not me. 'Ghosts are for the movies and for weak, fearful people.'

She snapped back, 'Well, if I do or if you don't, I still feel a little odd being here... it's like we're intruding or something. Anyway, I'm ready to go! '

'Now! '

At that moment I knew my wife was serious. Reluctantly I shrugged my shoulders in agreement and helped her down the stairs. We closed up the old house, and then headed back home.

The drive home was silently awkward. I knew I had upset her by making fun of her fears and dismissing the genuine terror she must have felt. I gently reached over to take her hand.

'I'm sorry. I was wrong to make light of your concern and be so inconsiderate. I believe you really felt you saw something, besides, we both heard a noise. I shouldn't have made fun of you. It was insensitive. Will you forgive me? '

She managed to smile back at me in one of her endearing ways. 'It's ok; I'm just a little edgy and maybe a little paranoid.'

I knew, after all these years of marriage, not to speak or nod indicating I agreed.

Through the excitement of the day, we almost forgot it was Halloween. We stopped at the grocers to stock up on this festive eves candy supply. The years had taught us that we can never predict the trick-or-treaters that ring our door.

The eve was finally upon us and the costumed menagerie of children shouting 'Trick-or-treat! ' and vying for more candy went on for a few hours. This was one of my wife's favorite times of the year. She was just as excited as the little ghosts, goblins, wizards and witches.

The eve eventually became quiet and my wife had gone to bed. Events of the day had taken their toll. I decided to grab a midnight snack and catch the news and

maybe a movie. I could not get the old farmhouse out of my mind. I loved it. I felt it was so right and just the one we had long dreamed of. But how could I persuade my wife, especially after our earlier experience? How could I convince her that her fear of ghosts was simply unfounded?

I took a deep breath and let out a long sigh. 'Ghosts... how absurd! '

As I previously stated, I was ready to retire for the eve, but before doing so, I was anxious to view the photographs I had taken of the old farmhouse. I poured another glass of ice tea, then with camera in hand sat back to study the shots. One by one, I viewed with such intensity, totally absorbed in this charming colonial.

My imagination began running wild, as I thought of how each room could be remodeled. I even found the perfect room that would do nicely for my office.

Then, on to the next shot, as I pressed the lever, I began to question my eyes. Perhaps I was really tired, for this photograph appeared to be the ghastly face of an aged man. How could this be? The only photographs I had taken were of the house and landscape. Who was this person? My wife and I were the only ones in that house.

I shuddered, stood to my feet, and then tossed the camera across the room onto the sofa. Chill bumps ran up and down my spine as the hair on my arms began to rise. A cold air rushed past me and seemed to move the curtain. Trembling, I could feel my heart pounding like a drum. I wanted to run, but I just stood there staring at my camera. Surely I was just tired, that was it. Simple explanation.

Reaching for the camera, I closed my eyes tightly, then opened them, hoping the image would be gone. To my horror it was still there, imposing, baronial, chilling. It seemed to morph as I stared. The photo was not even close to one I would have taken. The light, the positioning was bad. The face, it was pale, void of any expression except two piercing eyes that resembled coals of fire.

I swallowed hard. Could this really be an apparition? 'Oh my God, what is happening? What is this? Could it be Sam Jones, the long deceased Sam Jones? '

I locked the camera away, and quickly headed to bed. Sleeplessly and far into the night my mind reeled over what I had seen. I felt quite perplexed and uneasy, but I dare not tell my wife. I didn't know how to explain it anyway. After all, what could I say, for I had made a big deal about not believing in such things? Besides, it would only worsen her fear of ghosts and she would never let me live it down.

The next morning, I apologized to my wife again for making light of her fear. Once again in her sweet endearing voice, she assured me all was alright.

'Honey, it's ok, but I hope you do not have your heart set on the house. I don't like it. I feel that there's something evil about it. I don't think I could ever be happy there. I'm sorry.'

I pretended to be disappointed, though inside as much as I hate to admit it, I felt she was right.

'Oh well, it's not the end of the world. There is another house just waiting for us to put a bid on and transform. After all, it is your comfort that is most important to me. We will just keep looking.'

'I know you fell in love with that old place. Thanks for considering my feelings, comfort and happiness. As usual, you are so thoughtful.'

'You're welcome.'

From that point on, we never discussed or entertained the thought of that old farmhouse again. Perhaps it is my manly pride, or maybe having to accept a reality that left me shaken, but I decided to keep that riveting experience of that Halloween night my secret. Even though I have thought about it a lot, I chose to never pursue the matter of the old man's image in the photograph.

The jury is still out on whether I believe in ghosts. How about you... do you believe?

Boo!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Do You Know How It Feels?

Do you know how it feels to receive a gift?
But, do you know how it feels to give one?

Do you know how it feels to have a good friend?
But, do you know how it feels to be one?

Do you know how it feels to enjoy true love?
But, do you know how it feels to give it?

Do you know how it feels to discover joy?
But, do you know how it feels to bring it?

Yes, we all know how good the getting feels,
But, do we truly know how it feels to give?

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Do You Think?

If it's true the early bird
gets the worm,
then I suppose the late mouse
gets the cheese.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Doing Versus Thinking

You may say you care, that you don't mind at all,
You may smile warmly and answer when I call;
You may reach out a hand to help should I fall,
But God knows what you are thinking.

You may act concerned and happy to assist,
You may give me money from your loosened fist;
You may take time to sit with me for a bit,
But God knows what you are thinking.

I want to think you love me and really care,
I want to call you and know that you'll be there;
I want to share burdens I'm trying to bare,
But God knows what I am thinking.

O God, help us to do, not just think the deed,
By acting in love to meet another's need;
O God, as you are, may we be so indeed,
And help us do as we're thinking.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Don't Point

In a little French village,
Near a meadow green;
A rock sculpture stands,
A wonder to be seen.

Tis' claimed by villagers,
That a miracle did appear;
A shape like a finger,
In clay hearts it struck fear.

The land suffered drought,
The crops could not yield;
So the villagers prayed,
For rain for their fields.

When rain did not fall,
To save flock and lands;
The feeling of hatred,
Would force evil hands.

In their state of sin,
They pointed at God;
Climbed 'top the mountain,
And spit on the sod.

That night clouds darkened,
The thunder did crash;
The countryside was flooded,
As lightening did flash.

Early the next morning,
When the sun beamed bright;
A shepherd boy gathered,
All the folk to the site.

The mountain was gone,
But standing in its place;
Was a giant rock finger,
Pointing right in their face.

The villagers were shocked,
Not one made a sound;
For God in rightful anger,
Had stood his ground.

The lesson of this story,
Is one that is true;
When you point at God,
He points back at you!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Driving With You In The Evening

When I went to sleep last evening
My day was made complete
By the fragrance of your perfume
And your complexion sweet.

Though my body was exhausted,
My mind raced with many thoughts.
So, I lay there reminiscing Love
Like counting highway dots.

I thought of the miles traveled,
Together, just me and you,
Of the many wonders witnessed
From a panoramic windshield view.

We've gazed from scenic lookouts,
Spontaneously parked along the way.
At times we caught fleeting glances,
Of life in the rearview, fading fast away.

Those memories were like billboards
Causing sweet thoughts of us to revive,
As road signs or mile markers
Pointed out the next mile to drive.

Life has been like driver's ed
With new lessons every day,
Teaching us the love and commitment
Needed to drive on life's highway.

Yes, it's been a long road, dear
But wow... what a wonderful ride!
And, if God permits, I'll keep riding
With you ever by my side.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Driving With You In The Morning

When I awoke this morning,
You were on my mind.
So, I cruised back in time, Love,
Drove slowly from rewind.

I recalled how we first entered
On this road of life,
Just two love-struck kids,
Who became this man and wife.

Memories became road signs,
Flashing through my head;
One showed where I met you,
Another, the day we wed.

I saw careless wrong turns,
Destinations never made,
Warnings of hazardous weather
Slowing us to uphill grade.

There were times we both questioned,
And threatened a U-turn.
Instead, we put our foot to the gas,
And let the rubber burn.

Since, there have been blind curves
And speed bumps to slow the way,
Frustrating detours and pit stops,
As we journeyed day by day.

But no matter how long, dear,
On our road we get to ride,
I will enjoy the drive better
With you here by my side.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Drops

Pitter patter,
O' they splatter,
As sad drops fall down today;

Dripping dropping,
There's no stopping,
Since you turned and walked away.

Dropping, dropping,
My heart's throbbing,
Careless words fly in the air;

Sobbing, sobbing,
Hopeless watching,
Yet, you left me standing there.

Sighing, crying,
Think I'm dying,
Praying you come back my way;

Dripping, dropping,
I can't stop them
Falling from my eyes today.

Laughing, crying,
Glad tears crying,
You're back in my arms to stay.

Loving, hugging,
Turtle-doving,
Let us always stay this way.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Easter Must Be Near

When Parson Ike's preaching improves,
And choirs' choruses in their room,
And the parishioners fill the pews,
And Don's Dogwood blossoms bloom,
When lovely lilies grace the hall.
Then the message is heard by all,
 He lives! He lives!
 New life He gives,
 Then Easter must be close at hand.

When they worship in early light
And gather around earthly graves,
And praise the resurrection sight,
And all may come, for Jesus saves,
When hearts are open to His call.
Then the message is heard by all,
 He lives! He lives!
 New life He gives,
 Then Easter must be close at hand.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Eating Icecream With My Grandkids

There's something very special,
For me it's always a treat,
When I sit in a booth having fun
Eating ice cream with my grandkids.

It never fails that I eat too much;
Just maybe I sit a bit too long, but
Oh, well, I still enjoy the time spent
Eating ice cream with my grandkids

Then, when I'm too old to get about,
I can sit and reminisce of the times
When I sat in a booth having fun
Eating ice cream with my grandkids.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Elusive Dreams

Some hearts chase elusive dreams.
What do they search for?
Honesty?

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Eve

In the beginning the world was great, the creation was good,
But something was missing in Adam's neighborhood.
The heavenly sky was a perfect blue, the air pure and sweet,
What else could man wish what more could he need?

Each of God's creatures had its mate, a true partner for life,
A companion for support through sorrow or strife.
But sadly, it was yet not so for Adam, for alone he is seen,
Sadder by each lonely moment, like a horrible dream!

We read that God said; 'it is not good that man is alone',
So, He set about to bring happiness to Adam's home.
God gently took Adam aside and put him in a deep sleep,
Surgically He removed a rib to make a helpmeet.

God presented His gift to Adam, his wife she would be,
From that day forward and for all eternity.
She was superb in her beauty! A graceful joy and delight!
She is called Woman to stand by Adam's side.

Adam's loneliness is defeated with God's great surprise,
His gift of woman who shall become his wife.
Now, the sky is much bluer! The trees are a deeper green!
Songbirds sing sweeter, the earth in beauty gleams!

God creation is now perfect, the final touch of His hand,
His masterpiece is completed by creating Woman.
An awesome thing happened, as God always knew it would,
For through "Eve", He turned 'not good' into 'Good'.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Everything About You

When you smile,
When you giggle,
When you cuddle,
When you wiggle;
I love
Everything about you.

When you gaze,
When you wink,
When you speak,
When you think,
I love
Everything about you.

When you walk,
When you drive,
When you dance,
When you jive,
I love
Everything about you.

From the top of your head,
To the tip of your toes;
From within to without,
I hope everyone knows;
I love
Everything about you.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Father Poetry: A Fathers Tribute

FATHERS

Fathers ...

They are strong
When we need protection.
They are tender
When we need affection.

Fathers ...

They are near
To chase our fears away.
They work hard
To provide day after day.

Fathers ...

Their tasks many
Free minutes are so few.
They are special
For all the things they do.

Fathers ...

They are disciplinarians
Yet soothe our pains away.
They are spiritual leaders
And taught us how to pray.

Fathers ...

They are heroes
Though perfect they are not.
They are gracious
Our flaws some how forgot.

Fathers ...

They are misjudged
In time they've given us.
They give wisdom
Through words spoken in love.

Fathers ...

They are treasures
So today let us start,
Honoring our Father
And love with all our heart.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Father Poetry: After Work

Forty hours of toiling hard
Can make a tiresome week;
But the work has to be done,
Though old bodies grow so weak.

Now, I've heard Pop often say,
"Be glad when this work day's through,
I just can't wait to clock out,
Go home and rest with Mom and you.

Son, it's been a long hard day,
I'm worn down, clean to the bone;
And when that whistle sets me free,
You can bet I'll soon be gone! "

Now, that was many years ago,
Pops has grown feeble and slow.
His doc just informed us kids
That soon we'll have to let him go.

Now, as we gathered around him,
Pop lifts his weary head,
Motions for us to come near,
For the final words he said,

"Now, don't you fret about me,
For I'm worn clean to the bone;
My body is plumb worn out,
And soon now, I'll be gone.

It sure has been a hard life,
Can't wait for it to be through;
But I'll rest soon as I get home,
Where, with Mom, I'll wait for you."

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Father Poetry: Fathers Are

Fathers...

Are faithfull, strong and true,
Providing for our needs;
They give us words of truth,
Imparting wisdom's seeds.

Fathers...

Are always there for us,
Chacing our fears away;
They work hard willingly,
Sacrificing each day.

Fathers...

Have firm unerring hands,
Living the words they say;
They are spiritual leaders,
Showing us the right way.

Fathers...

Are the unsung heroes,
Refusing any fanfare;
They avoid the limelight,
Serving is their desire.

Fathers...

Are God's special people,
Showing His image true;
They love to hear the words,
Saying; 'Dad, I love you.'

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Father Poetry: Had I Known

I never knew at the time,
For I was but a child,
That he would soon leave;
Death would take him away.

Had I known,
I would have stopped my play,
Run into his strong arms,
Crying, "Daddy, hold me! "
I would have hugged him, oh so tight.

Had I known,
I would have felt his unshaven face,
Or nestled myself warmly on his lap.
I would fix on his smile and
Memorize his voice.

Had I known,
I may have said at least a million times,
"I love you, Dad, " or just silently sat,
Listening to his heart beat,
While savoring his aftershave.

I never knew at the time,
But, had I known... had I only known.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Father Poetry: Make It A Happy Father's Day

You can do it by making a long overdue phone call,
Or by sending a card, or maybe just dropping by.

You can do it through a word of appreciation for
The sacrifices he has made to take care of you.

You can do it maybe with a small gift, although he's
Not really into those things very much.

You can do it by taking a little walk with him,
While you thank him for being there for you.

You can and should do it, not because he's perfect,
But because he is your father and God wants you to.

It's your chance of turning the tide, not because you
Feel like it, or want to, but because it's the right thing.

He's not perfect, but he is your dad.
He's not always right, but he is your dad.
He may even have hurt you, but he is your dad.
He may at times have let you down, but he is your dad.

God instructs us to honor him,
So even in the smallest way,
Take time to show him love;
Make this a happy Father's Day!

"Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land
which the Lord thy God giveth thee" (Exodus 20: 12) .

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Father Poetry: The Dad I Didn'T Know

He never met a stranger;
From his life, kind deeds did flow.
His smile revealed tenderness...
The dad I didn't know.

He always loved my mother,
From her words, I found it so.
His friends thought so much of him...
The dad I didn't know.

He abruptly died one morning,
From a heart that just let go;
His children felt cheated of...
The dad they didn't know.

He was loved by so many,
From good seed he made to grow.
His picture is all I have,
The dad I didn't know.

* * *

O' God, may I love my kids,
In the time that's mine below,
Like the love I so wanted from
The dad I didn't know.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Father Poetry: When Daddy Prayed

Maybe I should have slipped out,
But instead, frozen I stayed;
For by accident I had intruded
On my daddy as he prayed.

Quietly, I strained to listen,
To hear just what he might say;
Oh, how I felt God's presence
That day as my daddy prayed.

He spoke words of thanksgiving,
For blessings along the way;
He asked for strength and wisdom,
So humbly my dad did pray.

Yes, I felt somewhat ashamed,
Eavesdropping on him that day;
But I've been forever changed
Since I heard my daddy pray.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Final Words

I'm glad you're here; was concerned you wouldn't make it.
Don't know how long, dear, I'm afraid, I must admit.
Your presence brings me comfort in a special way.
Besides, there are few things I just needed to say.

I can't tell you enough just how much I love you;
Yes, dear, I have no doubt, that you love me too.
And thank you for the years we've had. My, how time flies.
Here, darlin', take this tissue, wipe those pretty eyes.

Now don't you fret about me, for I'm really fine;
Just make sure you use that life policy of mine.
Yes, it does hurt and may need something for the pain.
Oh, I'm sorry, for I've gone and made you cry again.

I signed those last few documents late yesterday,
And Goodwill came early and took those things away.
Guess I'm 'bout as prepared as anyone can be;
Just never thought, dear, this could happen to me.

Got to see some relatives I never knew I had.
Was nice they came by, just hated to see 'em sad;
They whispered in the room, not knowing I could hear.
Every now and then, I had to wipe away a tear.

Oh, the preacher came by about an hour ago.
He read, then made sure that I was ready to go.
Just love that Psalm about the Shepherd and his sheep;
Sure hope it's read when I finally go to sleep.

It's amazin' all the thoughts a'floodin' through my mind,
Of the tasks left unfinished and things I'll leave behind.
But it won't be long now, I feel a little cold;
Come a little closer... I need your hand to hold.

My breathing's gettin' heavy, I can't feel my heart beat...
Look! Are those angels a'standin' there at my feet?
Sweetheart, something's different, I don't feel the same;
Shush! Listen, for I just heard someone call my name...

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Free From The Shadows

Using my free hand, I pulled my trembling body up on the edge of the bed and peered out fearfully from the red curtains of my prison. I could only pray, 'Oh God, help me!' One moment the need to fight for my freedom filled me-wanting it so badly I ached. The next I wished death would take me, putting an end to it all.

It seemed as if weeks had passed since I had eaten; my stomach cramped with hunger. I knew I was dehydrated. My captors gave me just enough food and water to keep me alive. They injected me several times a day with some kind of drug that made me dizzy and weak but would not let me sleep. I found myself trapped in a world where everything seemed psychedelic with occasional returns to reality. I recalled a small, dim light in the center of the room, the murmur of voices all around me, and of course, those horrid red curtains. The reality of what happened to me was so hard to deal with that I found myself thanking God for the periodic blackouts.

My captors chained me to a bed for what seemed like eternity. My arms ached and my wrists burned as if acid ate away at my flesh. My bruised body found relief only in the numbness brought about by the abuse. I had tried to end it all by wrapping the heavy iron chain around my neck and falling to the floor, but my scheme failed. When my abductors discovered my attempt, it only brought more torture. Yes, death would be such a relief, from the slobbering animals that crawl onto my body and invade my very being. Daily I hoped for a miracle.

I am Melati. Melati is an Indonesian name given to me by my Indonesian mother and American father. Melati is Jasmine in English, a fragrant white blossom that grows in both countries. My story began when I left the safety of my home back in the USA to take a short summer vacation with some friends. Our destination was to the beautiful Indonesian island called Bali.

My dad, retired Major Samuel Matthews, found himself stationed there as a young soldier, and that's where he met my mom, Malia. Mom, a native Indonesian, lived on the island and worked as an RN at Rumah Sakit Umum Sanglah hospital. Their love fit the typical war romance story in which the soldier suffered shrapnel wounds and found himself in the hospital under the care of a beautiful young nurse. Mom treated him, and like a fairy tale, they hit it off right away, fell in love, and married. Two years later I came along, but, sadly,

complications during my birth took my mother's life. Dad single-handedly raised me, and over the passing years he and I have grown inseparable.

Though I had not traveled much when growing up, it remained a life-long ambition. I had just celebrated my 20th birthday, and although I did not see it coming, my life would change in a way I could never imagine. I felt so grown-up and wise, but I had never ventured out of the country or gone too far without Dad.

Just before beginning the last year of school, Dad had asked what I wanted for a graduation present. Having always dreamed of visiting my mother's ancestral home on Bali, I asked for a trip there. He agreed, and all year I had anticipated it. With the help of my best friend, Elizabeth, we researched the region, did our homework, and planned the trip down to the minute. Two other friends from school, Sarah and Dawn, joined us on our adventure. Many young people, just like us, targeted this fabulous place because of its reputation of catering to Americans. We were excited about the prospects of beautiful beaches, fun, freedom, and boys! As with most school-weary college students, I felt all my hard work over the last several years merited a little fun and relaxation. Besides, what better way to get re-energized before settling down to my next long-term commitment? I didn't know then what I wanted to do with my life, but because of the nurturing values learned from my dad, I had a desire to make a difference in some way.

So, Elizabeth and I, along with Sarah and Dawn, booked our flight to the Ngurah Rai International Airport. Next, we made our reservations at Grand Hyatt Bali, the crown jewel of resorts in Nusa Dua, located on a luxurious stretch of magnificent beachfront. Our plans included hitting night spots and sight-seeing, but more than anything, I wanted to find my birthplace. Dad had given me the names of several people who had known my mother, and I hoped to make contact with them.

I had dreamed of this trip for months and now in just a short while it would become reality! Fourteen days to enjoy our getaway from the concrete jungle of New York City, where we lived, to an island paradise, and I couldn't wait! Soon, we would fly the friendly blue sky, on our way... just the four of us. It all seemed just too good to be true!

Dad pleaded with me to allow him to chaperon the four of us. That might have come about because of his military background or maybe because he acted like a father. He promised he would not get in my way and would let us have our freedom. But, as most young adults do, and maybe being a little too trusting, I

detested the idea that I might need a baby-sitter. Besides, I didn't want to look like daddy's little girl. After all, how much fun could I have with my dad close behind me? I felt I had to break away at some point and this seemed as good a time as any. Looking back, how I wish I had taken him up on his offer.

Dad and I picked my friends up early and we headed for the Newark Liberty International Airport. I had asked him to drop us off and let us handle everything else, and he reluctantly agreed. However, on the way, he gave us a final lecture on how to conduct ourselves in a foreign country and the dos and don'ts to keep us out of trouble. I could see his concern, and even though I felt a little embarrassed in front of my friends, I knew he loved me, and that made me happy.

To ease his mind, all four of us girls had agreed to stay together, at least in part. We had booked at the same resort, on the same floor, with two of us to a room. We had exchanged all pertinent information and worked out little signals, should any of us get into trouble. We felt perfectly safe.

It all seemed to help, but he still remained a bit hesitant. So, he made me promise to call him as soon as I checked in, then every other day thereafter. I gave him my word; we kissed, hugged, and then said our goodbyes at the airport before hurrying on our way to freedom!

After arriving at the Bali airport, we immediately struck up a conversation with a cute guy who introduced himself as Wijaya. He was working as a baggage handler. Smiling at us while lugging our suitcases, he said; 'Halo... selamat datang', which means 'hello and welcome.' He spoke very good English, but with just a slight accent, which made him so interesting to talk to. He was so nice, and so well-mannered.

Each of us said hello in return, as the girls goggle-eyed each other, giggling as they walked to the waiting cab. We were all starving after the long flight, so after loading up the cab with our baggage, we asked our new friend about restaurants.

Wijaya suggested a place near our motel called 'Kafe Batan Waru, ' saying, 'They are sure to have something for you. It serves delicious Indonesian food as well as many other tasty dishes! '

We thanked him and then I surprised myself by boldly inviting him to join us. He readily agreed. We waved goodbye and heard him shout 'sampai jumpa, ' which is goodbye in Indonesian, then the taxi pulled away and took us to our resort.

Sarah and Dawn had indicated that, because of being so tired, they would take a little nap and grab a bite to eat at the resort's restaurant. After we all were settled in our rooms, Elizabeth and I grabbed a cab and headed out to meet Wijaya at the Kafe Batan Waru. Wijaya had invited his close friend, Paku, to join us, which was fine and dandy with Elizabeth.

Soon, we sat down, ordered and began to make small talk over a delicious island specialty of fish roasted in Banana leaves. Wijaya and Paku had been longtime friends and grown up near each other, much like Elizabeth and me. We learned they both attended a local university and lived on campus. We also found out that they had never traveled outside of the Indonesian Islands. Amazingly, we discovered that we had a lot in common, even though we were from two completely different worlds.

Wijaya taught us that the Indonesian people gave names with special meaning to their children. 'My name, ' Wijaya said jokingly, 'means the victorious one and Paku... well his name means ore.' Paku spoke up, "Hey, my name means silver, not just ore! " We all had a good laugh.

They filled us in on some of the local hot spots and a few fun places where many young adults went to hang out. Wijaya said something that should have set off a warning in my mind, 'Please be very careful and do not drink too much. Our island is beautiful and can be a fun place, but you are not in the United States. There are many no-good fellows out there who would possibly hurt you. OK? '

We assured him that we were big girls and would be careful. Laughingly, I said, 'You sound like my dad and you're only 24. Are you working undercover for him? ' I had to explain that my dad owned an investigation organization which specialized in finding missing people or those running from the authorities. A strange, confused look crossed Wijaya's face, but we laughed it off.

We all made plans to meet up later that evening for a time of partying at a club called 'Dewa's.' Dewa's was a favorite night spot and we felt safe since it was so well-known. I found out later that Dewa means 'little god' in the native language. It was then I remembered that I needed to call my dad, so I excused myself to

make the call.

When I received no answer, I left him a message on the voice mail that said; 'Hi Dad, sorry I missed you, but we have all checked into our rooms. I'm calling you from a little restaurant where we are enjoying a delicious meal in the company of two nice university students. Their names are Wijaya and Paku. Now, please don't worry. We are as safe as four bugs in a rug. Here is the number of the phone in our room. Its 2 p.m. Monday afternoon and I will call you every two days to check in like I promised. We are already having a good time. So, I will talk to you on Wednesday. Thank you again for this gift, you're the greatest! Love ya! '

After leaving the message, I returned to our booth to find Elizabeth and the guys laughing and having a good ole' time. Wijaya explained that he had to be back to work in an hour, so he and Paku rose to leave, then grabbing the check, insisted on paying for the meal as his 'welcome to the island' gift.

I thanked him and felt a little silly, but I asked if I could get his number. He smiled and wrote it down on a napkin and handed it to me as he asked for mine.

I reached in my purse and immediately saw one of Dad's business cards, so I turned it over and wrote our room number down and handed it to him. He glanced at the card, smiled, then placed it in his shirt pocket and they said, 'sampai jumpa' and left. Elizabeth and I came away from that little restaurant cheerful and more optimistic than ever about our decision to visit this island.

Sarah and Dawn had decided to go with us, so later that night the four of us met Wijaya and Paku in the motel lobby. To our shock, the guys were driving a small, faded silver Toyota. It was so hilarious to see six people cramming themselves into that small car, but we made it and headed towards Dewa's.

The place was full of life, colorful lights and live entertainment. What a fun night we had! Though enjoying the partying, we still were very watchful, keeping an eye out for each other and being cautious about limiting our alcohol intake. I remember thinking, If the girls back home could see me now, they would be so jealous.

We left the club at about 1: 30 a.m., Wijaya and Paku came back to our room where we talked and laughed for hours, making fun of each other's customs and accents. Both guys were real gentlemen and the conversations we engaged in

were mainly about how different our countries, upbringing and lives were. We took turns talking about our families, and goals for our futures. Surprisingly, we realized that we had many of the same desires, such as making a difference with our lives. The time slipped away and one by one we crashed in exhaustion, some on the floor, and others on the furniture.

Awaking the next morning, I found a note from Wijaya stating that he would meet us at Dewa's around 10 p.m., since he had to work late. I thought about how sweet he was, of how he had kept very good control of himself, drinking ginger ale the entire night. Then he had driven us safely back to our resort, where he and Paku had escorted us to our rooms. It was nice meeting someone so sweet on my first trip to a foreign country, and then striking up a friendship so quickly... unbelievable! It seemed as if we had known each other all our lives and this only my second day here. I remember feeling quite relaxed, and that may have caused me to become a bit careless.

It was mid-morning on Tuesday, and after eating a junk-food breakfast, we spent the next few hours unpacking the rest of our stuff and checking our itinerary. Around 2 p.m., Elizabeth and I got dressed and made our way to the resort's entrance where a cab was waiting for us. Sarah and Dawn would meet up with us later at the club, not wanting to tag along on a boring museum tour or a trip to the library.

Elizabeth and I did a little sightseeing, bought a few small souvenirs and then, noticing the time, headed for Dewa's. It was about 8 p.m. when we arrived. Sarah and Dawn were already there.

The place was crowded and very loud; we could barely hear each other talk. We listened to the band, downed a couple of mixed drinks and had a few dances with some very eager young men.

About an hour later I began to feel a little funny, so I tried to locate the girls. Elizabeth was off to the other side of the club dancing with Paku, who had arrived a few minutes earlier. Sarah was dancing with some weird guy with long hair and numerous tattoos and Dawn was sitting at a table with two other girls, engulfed in lively chatter. They all seem to be having such a good time and I sure don't want to destroy their evening, I thought, as I began to get a little nauseated.

I glanced around for the restrooms which were located to my left, down a little hallway. I needed to get in there fast! As I walked, I remember feeling dizzy; the room spun around. The floor became blurry and I fell. I sensed an arm wrap around me just as I passed out. When I came back to consciousness I realized I was being partially dragged. I tried to struggle free, but the grip on me was too strong. At that point, I blacked out again.

I can't be sure how long I was out, but the next thing I knew, I woke up in a dark, dingy van, similar to a small school bus. I noticed that the rear windows had been tinted in a heavy color; my heart sank as I realized that my arms and waist were restrained. I could see the images of others in the van as well, each obviously confined to their seats. What on earth is happening? I asked myself.

The van traveled along a bumpy road and finally came to a stop. I strained to look out the front windows and spied a gate with guards positioned on either side; visions of a prison camp came immediately to my mind. The men scurried to open the gates so the van could drive through. Chills ran up my body at the clanging sound of the gates being slammed shut!

We pulled to a stop in front of an old warehouse of sorts. I could hear a conversation in some foreign language and there was a dreadful sense of tenseness in the air. Then the terrifying realization of what was happening seized my heart... we were all being abducted!

A large metal garage door inched opened as the van drove inside, then screeched as it slowly closed behind us. Quickly, men climbed into the vehicle, pointing guns in our faces as they loosened us one by one. They pushed us out of the van and we were corralled like cattle in the center of a large musty room.

There were four or five girls about my age and two small boys in the group, all like me, in shock, crying and shouting to our abductors. Then two men with tasers came in and, going around the room to each girl, tased us and then shouted in broken English, 'If you know what's good for you, you will shut up and do as you are told! '

After that we were stripped, and thrown into a shower room where we were ordered to take a shower. We were hurried out of the shower and made to quickly dry off. At that point a rather bulky woman came in and handed each of us girls a flimsy piece of clothing. To our great shock and humiliation, we were ordered to dress in thin, gauzy garments. One girl refused and was tased until

she could barely move.

They gave us something to eat and drink, then one by one we were escorted from this large room to small motel-like rooms partitioned off by red curtains. Once placed in the room, we were drugged, thrown on a bed, and then handcuffed to bolts in the wall near the head of the bed.

I can't describe in words what took place next, but it was and has been the most dreadful time of my life! I vaguely remember the faces, but the alcohol and tobacco odor of my abusers, their filthy comments and the touch of their hands, still at times, make me vomit.

I learned later that Wijaya had arrived at Dewa's just as we had planned. No sooner had he entered the club, than he saw me staggering towards the ladies' room. Assuming I was drunk and not wanting to embarrass me, he decided to give me a little time. After a few minutes, when I didn't return, he rushed towards the restroom.

Later he would tell the authorities he had heard a scuffle and then a door slam. He ran to the door and looked over the railing from the second floor where he stood. That's when he saw two men forcing me into a brown van as a third stood guard with an assault rifle.

The stairs were two flights and he could not jump the railing. Quickly, so as not to be detected, he eased back into the shadows. Grabbing a pen and writing on his hand, he recorded the license plate number, and noted as well the make and model of the van. The tires squealed as the vehicle sped away and was soon out of sight.

Wijaya ran into the bar, alerted the manager and then used their phone to report the incident to the local police. Next, he gathered Elizabeth, Sarah and Dawn together and explained the incident to them. He then insisted they return to their rooms at the resort and as soon as they could, call their parents. Paku returned with them to keep them company through the night. Wijaya promised to join them later, but first he had to wait at the club for the police. The authorities arrived within minutes; they took his report and told him they would do their best to locate the van as well as visit the motel later for a statement from my friends.

As soon as he could, Wijaya made a call to my father from the business card I

had given him. 'Major Matthews, my name is Wijaya; your daughter is in trouble! ' He told Dad the entire story and made plans to meet him at the airport as soon as flight plans could be arranged. Next he returned to the resort and made sure that the girls were OK and had contacted their parents.

Thankfully, Dad had some good connections with friends who were able to get him to Bali in short order. Just before Dad left, he made a few calls to some highly trained individuals who worked within his organization, who immediately initiated a plan to search for me. It was as if Dad knew something like this could happen and he was already prepared. He understood well that the key to finding a kidnapped person was in the steps taken within the first few hours of the incident, so he wasted no time.

Next, he called the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children, a private, non-profit organization established to help locate missing children. He also contacted the Indonesian International Security Ministry, which deals with reported abductions in the Islands and in other foreign countries.

Dad then contacted an old military buddy and associate of his, General Justin Franks, who was living in Indonesia at the time. General Franks assured Dad he would do all he could to help. Not waiting on the police, he began working with Dad's organization, and coordinated an immediate search for me and the van.

Dad arrived the next day and met up with Wijaya at the airport. After thanking him for his concern, he got all the details he could from him. He made a quick stop at the resort to check on my friends. He questioned them about that awful night and then made early arrangements for them to fly safely back home.

Next, he went to the authorities to see what progress had been made and to give them the information he had obtained. Dad said he had become upset when he realized how little had been done by the local authorities. He threatened them with everything from media coverage to pulling strings with high ranking officials in the US and Indonesian government.

When they realized who my dad's friends were, they treated my case with more urgency. Finally the ball was rolling!

Dad next met up with his old friend, General Franks, who had traced the vehicle to a warehouse about twenty miles outside the city. Though he and Dad were tempted to take matters into their own hands, they contacted the local officials.

They gave them all the information they had obtained, and then inquired as to what they were going to do.

Surprisingly, the island police acted quickly. They assembled a task force made up of some of the most specialized personnel on the Island. They would make a raid on the complex and allow Dad and General Franks to accompany them, with the understanding that they would stay out of the way and not interfere. The two men gave their word and the authorities set their plan into motion.

Surveillance was necessary to obtain enough probable cause for the raid, so that would take an additional ten to twelve hours. An undercover officer was given a picture ID of me, and my name. He was then sent inside the compound to see if I could be located and to check the layout of the target area.

Looking back, I now recall being awakened in the night sometime thinking I heard my name whispered. I rose up and peered outside my red curtained prison and saw a man staring at me as if he had seen a ghost. He smiled, snapped my picture and vanished.

Once my identity had been verified and everything was in place, they picked up Dad and General Franks and brought them to the location. They met with the rescue team at the planned rendezvous site to go over all of the details. They would need to act quickly to ensure everyone's safety.

The hour of 3 a.m. came as the personnel slowly and silently surrounded the property; they gave the signal and the raid commenced. The abductors were taken completely off guard! Some guns were fired, but thankfully no law enforcement people were hurt and only two of the abductors were killed.

Twenty-six girls, as well as five young children, were rescued that night, thirty-one lives delivered from their tormenters. It was a miracle... an absolute miracle! All I could do was cry and thank God! The entire event was well publicized; the bad guys were arrested while their victims received much needed medical attention and counseling.

I was so thankful to finally be free from my red-curtain room of hell and made sure everyone knew so, beginning with Dad and Wijaya. Though it may never stop, at least some damage was done to this terrible practice through my abduction and rescue, and for that I am grateful.

Dad and Wijaya and the island police became national heroes and the grateful families poured out their praise for a job well done. The news spread world-wide

in short order, thanks to the modern day net.

So, how am I doing now?

Well, it has been eight years since that terrible five-day ordeal of torture, sexual abuse and cruelty happened to me. What started off as a dream vacation turned into an ugly nightmare and could have ended in an even a greater tragedy, had it not been for the people and events coming together as they did.

Yes, it was difficult and it still hurts tremendously, but I am thankful for the deliverance that came that night. That experience has changed me forever and I have become so much wiser, as well as more conscious of how often this type of thing happens.

In my initial research for our trip, for some reason I had not even looked into this type of danger. I found out later that Indonesia was a source, transit, and destination country for women, children and men trafficked for the purposes of sexual exploitation and forced labor. There are so many victims, many who are crippled for life and some who do not survive. Many are just children, whose innocence has been destroyed forever. I hope and pray that no one else will ever go through what I suffered. Daily I thank God for that experience, for it has given me new purpose and direction in life!

I am also so thankful for my dad, Wijaya and all those wonderful people who risked their lives and came to my rescue. I will forever be indebted to them and will never doubt my father's wisdom again. I try to tell him often just how much I love and appreciate him.

It took a while to get through the haunting dreams and fearfulness, but I can say gladly that I am doing fine now. My life has become so much more meaningful!

During my healing process I decided to give my life to helping others who have gone through this same tragic abuse. I picked up some specialized training and with the help of supportive friends, I am now an international advocate for victims of the sexually abused and exploited people, world-wide. As long as God will give me strength, I will devote the rest of my life to helping rescue those who have been abducted. I want to provide counseling for survivors so they will be able to go on with their lives. I have also created a ministry with the help of my dad, my friend Elizabeth and my husband, which provides free assistance to anyone in need of our services. We have a network of people throughout the

world ready and willing at a moment's notice to spring into action when needed. We named the ministry 'Free from the Shadows' because it was from the dark shadow that Wijaya was able to take down the information that eventually led to my freedom.

For me it was a miracle of timing, willingness on the part of everyone involved and my good fortune of meeting someone as nice as Wijaya. But I realize that not everyone will be so lucky, so that thought has helped me to want to make a difference for others.

I was asked to give this testimony today and I want to thank all of you for coming out to help celebrate the opening of our new shelter we are calling Freedom's House. The photo you see of the young girl peering through the red curtains is the one the undercover officer took of me when he came to the little prison room to verify my identity. I asked if I might have a copy as a reminder of that tragic time and to show to others as I share my story.

Now on a more positive note, I have some exciting news. Dad has recently become a grandfather to my precious little boy whom I named Wijaya. Believe me, he is my father's pride and joy! I guess it's no secret that Wijaya, my rescuer and hero, is now my loving husband.

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This site does not allow us to post a photo, but if you can imagine a young Asian lady about 20 years of age, looking out from behind red curtains, then that's where I received the idea for this story.

It is fictional, though many aspects are very true.

Loyd

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Freely Give

A song of praise!

The sun gives liberally;
Flowers share perfumes.
The birds chirp chorally,
We wish on the silver moon.

Rivers rush eagerly to us
Sharing their waters free;
Clouds color imaginations,
Shady shields of the trees.

Winds whistle a symphony
Cooling with gentle breeze;
Raindrops' rhythms beating
Lullabies lull us to sleep.

Curious creatures amuse us;
Chipmunks chatter cheerfully.
Crickets cry sonorous sounds;
Honey sweet from honey bees.

Let us strive to be gracious
And give more generously!
Each day, let us be conscious,
And share more selflessly!

Freely, we have been given,
Freely, we should then give.

Freely, we have been given,
Give, that others may live!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Friends Of Mine

Friends... friends...

They have entered in my life
At the right place and time.
They are my partners,
They are my companions,
These true and faithful,
Friends of mine.

Friends... friends...

They are God's precious servants
Some are old and some young,
Some are here with me
And are blessing me now,
Some have blessed me
And are gone.

Friends... friends...

They have by me faithful stayed;
Painting joy into my life,
In multicolored ways.
And in my time of need,
Their strength and beauty
Graces my day.

Friends... friends...

They have entered in my life
At the right place and time,
Oh, how I love them,
I thank God for them,
These true and faithful,
Friends of mine.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

G.I.'s

When GI Joe and Jane
Marched safely home again
A grateful nation cried...
In their homeland they died

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

God Is Good And Life Is Mighty Fine!

I asked the old man, "How do you do? "
Then his words laid heavy on my mind.
"Why, I'm as good as a soul could be,
For yesterday I just leave b'hind.

And every day I know I'm blessed,
More than any earthly soul should be,
For the Father gives me so much more,
Than I have any right to receive.

Yes, sir, I am doing pretty good;
I'm happy and fit as a fiddle,
For God is good and life's mighty fine,
Enjoy—it's the key to your riddle!

So long, " he said as I pondered
The words of this one so old and wise;
Then I prayed, as I went on my way,
"Thanks, Lord, again, You opened my eyes."

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

God Is Over All

Trials, it's true will come upon us;
Troubles may seek to overtake us;
When it seems they might destroy us,
Remember, God is over all!

Our God will shield and protect us;
Our God will make a way for us;
Our God will never forsake us,
Remember, God is over all!

Though He may not remove the trial,
He will stay through every mile.
Though His way may not be our style,
Remember, God is over all!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

God Made It All_Song

1.

The birds and the bees,
The flowers and the trees,
God made them all.

The stars in the sky,
The little butterfly,
God made them all.

The rivers and the seas,
The cool summer breeze,
The clouds and the leaves,
The plants and the seeds,
Everything we see,
God made it all.

2.

The rabbits and the squirrels,
Little boys and girls,
God made them all.

Our fingers and our hands,
Each woman and man,
God made them all.

The dogs and their fleas,
The creatures of the deep,
The he's and she's,
Even you and even me,
Yes, everything we see,
God made it all.

Chorus:

God made it all,

God made every thing.
From the earth to the sky,
The mountains to the sea,
Each and every thing that we see,
God made it all.

3.

The hippopotamuses,
And rhinoceroses,
God made them all.

Ticks, frogs and bats,
Lions, worms and gnats,
God made them all.

The ducks and the geese,
The cattle and the sheep,
The little chickadees,
The giraffe with knobby knees,
Every thing we see,
God made it all.

Chorus:

God made it all,
God made every thing.
From the earth to the sky,
The mountains to the sea,
Each and every thing that we see,
God made it all.

Conclusion:

Now let's see;
There are elephants and beavers,
Lions and zebras,
Then there are alligators
And crocodiles,
With their big teeth,
And their pretty smiles,
God made them all.

Then there's lizards and whales,
The skunk with his smell,
The pig with his germs,
And the creepy, crawly little worms,
God made them too.

You know, it's not hard to believe,
That every thing we see,
Yes even you, and even me;
God made it all,
God made every thing

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Gone Tomorrow!

Sprightly beautiful flowers
That adorned just
Yesterday,

Today
Are lifeless, and must be
Tossed away.

Luscious meadows
Exchange greens for
Brittle browns;
They too shall go
The way of all living!

I see this humanity's robe
That was velvety soft
Is but a leathery gown.

These windows of the soul
That once owned a glow,
Their luster has vanished away.

And my silvery crown,
Was once richly brown, but
Faded some time ago.

This rickety body, now
Accosted by frailty,
Yesterday
Was youthful,
Vibrant and strong.

These things gave me cause to ponder...

There is a time,
A purpose for everything;
For flowers, for grass,
And for the sons of men.

It is true flowers fade, and so the
Grass wilts and bodies decay.

O Man, know
That on earth
All living shall end.

And then know
That with death
Comes sorrow...

"O yes, dead... dead... and
Gone tomorrow!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Goodbye!

I take my food from a cellophane wrap,
Toss in the microwave and give it a zap;
Grab a cold beverage from the fridge,
I pop the top and take a swig.

I hate this loneliness, oh man alive,
The things I do, just to survive;
This life for me, ain't nothin' but bad,
But, now you're gone and I'm so sad.

I hate pre-packaged meals and watchin' TV,
I never thought this could happen to me;
But, it was my fault, so this price I pay,
For neglectful games, I just had to play.

Now cheap utensils are all I use,
And eating alone, thanks to your abuse;
I'm just your junkie, what more can I say,
My health's declined ever since that day.

Alas, I brought this all on myself,
I see your face on each grocery shelf;

I read your name on each box and can,
But it's over, I must be a man.

I'm going crazy, it's true and I know,
It hurts so much to let you go;
Times of fullness, I know are through,
I'll be so empty without you!

My stomach churns and bowels ache,
I die slowly as my heart doest break;
My life's a misery that I truly abhor,
I'll tape this note now to your door.

When you read these words so true,
Know the craving I still have for you;
Longing for you both day and night,
My sleep is gone, but not my appetite.

'I have no choice, ' I heard you say.
My world ended when you moved away.
I'll say it now, though it's not what I want...
'It's goodbye, my favorite restaurant! '

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Grandchildren

Who seldom sees our faults,
Pulling smiles from the air?

Who overlooks grumpiness,
Making frowns disappear?

Who touches these old lives,
Reviving youthfulness?

Who fills our cups with joy,
Bringing us happiness?

Grandchildren.

They are a joy,
Vivacious,
Believing,
Loving,
Warm,
Caring,
Excitable,
Forgiving,
Easy to please.
They are precious
And so dear to me...

Grandchildren.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Green Petition

desires just a drink
slender arms stretch heavenward
rain turns brown to green

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Groundhog Day: The Legend Of Possum Bill

(misspelling is on purpose)

Now I s'pose y'all heard about,
The wisest critter around;
They call him 'Punxsutawney Phil'
Smartest groundhog, thumbs down!

But I'll bet I kin tell y' sumpthin'
That lots uv folk don't no;
'bout whurre Phil gits his smarts,
Taint' no lie, er' I'd jest tell ya so.

Ye see ole Phil's got a cuzin,
Mount'n folk call em, 'Possum Bill'
He's the closet liv'n' kin,
To this one y'all no as Phil.

Yep, they livd in the same o' hole,
Seems thurre maw's dun n' got et;
So they grode to d'pend on t'uther,
'bout as clozt as one kin git.

But, one nite it wuz stormin',
The litnin' cum crashin' round';
When a bote dun n' hit em' both,
N' jarred em' rite out tha gronde!

Thet litnin' must've dun sumpthin',
To thurre wits, now don't ya' know;
Frum then on, theys cud tale tha wether,
E'vn if'n t'wure it shin er snow.

Now ole Bill sat in tah lurnin',
'bout the elaments n' such;
Til' he b'cum so dab blume smart,
His brane kudn't hold so much.

So he tuke a little breethur,
Frum the wether lurnin' task;

Then give a portion tah his cuz,
Jest cuz Phil had dun n' ast.

Then Phil tuke all thet lurnin'
N' sat out fer wurldly famme;
Whil'st Bill staid er in tha Hills,
Tah rest his weiry brane.

Now I rekkun he's a smart un',
Shore his forecasts mite cum true;
But if'n yah gunna breg on Phil,
Say sumptin' gud uv o' Billy to.

This er poum I rote cuz I dun n' gat
tarred uv o Phil gitn' all tha dab blumm
kretit fer whut I up n' dun fer em!

Signed Possum Bill

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Groundhog Day: The Legend Of Punxsutawney Phil

Punxsutawney Phil, yes that's his name,
Predicting the weather is his game;
Phil knows how to call it, so rest your fears,
He's done it for a hundred n' twenty years.

They say that he's a loner, maybe a snob,
He hails from a place called 'Gobbler's Knob; '
He lives in a cave, and will never roam,
Except when he travels in his motor home.

All over the world, he's one of a kind,
Though imitators are never hard to find;
Punxsutawney's also a real heart breaker,
For the girls all love a weather maker.

He's quite a celebrity, you might say,
Even has his own 'Punxsutawney Day; '
He has a web site and fan club too,
Personal trainers, and a make-up crew.

He's had his breaks with TV and radio,
Even made an appearance on Oprah's show;
Yearly his town has a parade in his name,
Seems for Phil, there's no end to his fame.

He made his first forecast, or so they say,
In 1887, February's second day.
You might wonder, how Phil could live so long,
He drinks 'elixir of life' and takes it strong.

He speaks a strange language, but only to the ear,
Of the 'Circle' president, who's standing near;
He predicts the weather, that six weeks will bring,
Guiding us from the winter, up to spring.

He uses his shadow, that's how he knows,
Keeping us posted on upcoming snows;
He's 100 percent accurate, as records reveal,
Punxsutawney Phil, now he's the real deal!

So, if you plan to travel, through Pennsylvania land,
Why not visit this legend, and shake his hand?
But before you complete your travel log,
Check with Punxsutawney Phil, the weather groundhog.

HAPPY GROUNDHOG DAY!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Had I Known

I never knew at the time,
For I was but a child,
That he would soon leave;
Death would take him away.

Had I known,
I would have stopped my play,
Run into his strong arms,
Crying, "Daddy, hold me! "
I would have hugged him, oh so tight.

Had I known,
I would have felt his unshaven face,
Or nestled myself warmly on his lap.
I would fix on his smile and
Memorize his voice.

Had I known,
I may have said at least a million times,
"I love you, Dad, " or just silently sat,
Listening to his heart beat,
While savoring his aftershave.

I never knew at the time,
But, had I known... had I only known.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Halloween Treat

Mom and I owned only rags
And stayed hungry for lack of food.
The utilities were always shut off.
He drank, while Momma stewed.

For days we had cried; our
Stomachs ached from emptiness.
Again, he was not yet home,
Which brought Momma more distress.

With painful eyes, she put me to bed,
Then tucked me in good and tight.
She whispered, "Son, please don't get up,
For you know it's Halloween night.

You might hear strange noises,
Just close your eyes and count sheep.
Child, no matter how frightened you get,
Stay covered and try to sleep.

I promise we'll have a better life,
Though he has tricked us for years;
Tomorrow, we'll have a Halloween treat."
She winked through her bitter tears.

But knowing his evil brought me unrest,
My imagination was fully alive!
Then Mom made her way to the next room,
Patiently waiting for him to arrive.

Around midnight, he came home drunk,
Yelling and pushing Mom around.
Then suddenly he screamed, "Oh God, no! "
There followed a loud banging sound.

Next, I heard agonizing moans,
And what sounded like a cracking tree limb.
Suddenly, it became deathly quiet,
Except for Mom humming a hymn.

I dared not move a muscle;
I could hear the axe chopping hard.
Mom was singing, "It is well, "
From somewhere in the back-yard.

Then just above her tender voice
Came the unmistakable sound
Of our old squeaking meat grinder
And Mom clanging pots around.

In the morning I asked, "Where is he? "
Mom said, "He won't be back no more.
Come sit down, we've got fresh sausage! "
Then I noticed a red tint on the floor.

I said, Mom, "This sure tastes fine! "
She was wiping red spots on her gown.
She smiled saying, "It's an old recipe,
Years ago my mom handed down."

Thinking back on that Halloween night,
Those noises I never understood.
It turned out to be a great Halloween,
And that sausage was mmm, mmm good!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Hands

weathered tough through time
leathery, hardened, calloused
my dad's gentle hands

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Hanging Patchwork

The cowering grass covered in morning dew
And the Georgia pines kingly and tall-
As the shy little creatures share sleep
In cozy nests, they make not a peep.
There, I survey golden colors like fall,
Yet it is not a season in view.

The line is stretched, wood fingers hold tight
As the gentle Southern breeze lets live.
The golden morning revives as colors renew.
A masterpiece of beauty entrances my view.
As a surgeon, worn fingers stitched it to give
Warming comfort and cover at night.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Happy Anniversary!

Here's to 35 years spanned,
A lifetime of great memories,
Preordained by Divine hand,
Partners always, you and me.
Years 35 have quickly flown,

Anniversary 36 soon to be,
Nearer, O how we've grown,
Never apart, our destiny.
Intimacy still thrills, though
Very different, you and me,
Entwining yet as one will,
Rich in joy and unity.
Sharing all things together,
Anxious more time to see,
Ready more to discover,
Year 36, just you and me.
To my one true love,
Happy Anniversary!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Happy Birthday To Me

When I heard the sound of the siren,
And listened as it faded into the distance,
I knew then... this could be a good day!

When I read the entire obituary column,
And could not find my name listed in it,
I knew then... this could be a good day!

When I answered the call from the IRS,
And they informed me of a coming refund,
I knew then... this could be a good day!

When I opened the sweet card from you
And read, "Wishing you a Happy Birthday, "
I knew then... I was going to have a great day!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Happy Father's Day

I thought about the many people I could write about today,
Of all the grand and lofty words that I had planned to say.
Then to my mind an image brought fresh inspiration again,
So this poem's for Dad, a really awesome man.

He's seldom gets credit for the many sacrifices made,
Or of the burdens on his shoulders, oh so heavy weighed.
He don't complain of the hardships daily he goes through,
For he would gladly pay any price out of his love true.

He's not into pretty flowers or fancy presents all gift-wrapped,
He's not into hot spas and massages, or costly things like that.
But he does love his wife and works hard to show he cares,
He also loves his children and covers them with his prayers.

So to this unsung hero, to this man who's always been there,
I want to say thank you and let these words show that I care.
I wish you great joy and happiness in every possible way,
May you be richly blessed – and Dad, "Happy Father's Day! "

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

He Is To Me

I've been in some hard spots
I've slipped on some slippery spots
But His hand has always held me
His grace has never failed me

I've been in some frightening places
I've looked at some lonely faces
But I've found Him omniscient
His love and His grace always sufficient

I've grown tired in my earthly journeying
I've had to make some new beginnings
Through it all His Word assured me
In my pilgrimage His Spirit sustained me

Let my tongue His Glory acclaim
Let my lips His Beauty proclaim
Let me praise Him again and again
Hallowed be His Holy name

O Wonderful God

O Great Benefactor

O Matchless Redeemer

He is to me!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

He Stopped Loving Her's Sequel She Never Once Stopped Loving Him

She decided to drop by, not knowing he had left that day;
As she pulled into his drive, they were taking him away.
I told her we had tried to call, when we knew his time had come;
She went running down the hall and in his bedroom sat alone.

She saw their pictures on his wall, her love letters on his bed;
One by one she read them all, the 'I Love Yous' all marked in red.
She let herself slip back in time, when their love was strong and true;
She could see them in her mind, the way they were in 62.

She took his picture in her hands, kissed it time and time again;
She walked slowly from his room, wedding ring still on her hand.
As she stared down at his grave, she cried; 'O God what have I done? '
Then she told us all that day, 'He's the only love I've known! '

'She never once stopped loving him! 'She came back to let him know.
Soon she'll join him onces again, she never once stopped loving him.

You know...

She came to his grave one last time, we never thought it would end this way;
Some say she finally lost her mind, you see, they found her body on his grave.

She never once stopped loving him, she came back to let him know.
She's now with him once again, she never once stopped loving him.

Sequel to 'He Stopped Loving Her Today.'

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Heaven's King

We sing of Christ's Birth, as well we should,
For a miracle happened that day!
From Angels proclaiming, to prophets foretelling
To Bethlehem they would make their way.

From Shepherds attending, to the Star that lead them
To the place where Jesus did lay.
From the wise men presenting, then bowing to adore Him,
Heaven's King asleep on the hay.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Her Shell

She is untrusting, hardened and withdrawn,
But she wasn't always like this.

Over the years, she grew to be fearful, hopeless;
So tired of life she had grown.

She is in a shell of her own making with some outside help.
Oh, how frightened and confused, feeling so alone!
At times, she might venture out for brief moments, but then...

Quickly, back inside her shell, dreading the possible gouging
She might receive, like so much she had already experienced.

And how they would stare at her and how they would glare at her;
They were quick to point out her strange and bizarre behavior.

Why couldn't she just get it all together?
And why does she keep retreating into her shell again?

They just don't know!
How could they have known?
How could they possibly understand her hurt and pain?

So, she became more and more isolated and withdrawn.

She is not unlike the tortoise
Hiding in his shell for protection,
Withdrawing there for his self-preservation.

Not only from predators of the wild, but from the prodding...
The jeering... the cruelty of some mean little child,
Poking at him with sticks. Making sport... jesting in glee

At how slow and apathetic... yes, unlike them was he.
Once in a while, he would come out and peer around, moving
Ever so slowly, creeping forward even more cautiously.
Then, at the smallest threat, pulling back into his helmet of salvation;

Who knows how long before he would come out again.

To the tortoise, time seems so meaningless and pointless;
But he's safe in his shell shielded from any possible harm.

Maybe she withdraws for the same reasons as well,
Believing her only protection is her shell.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Heroes

they raced everywhere
fled not grave, frightful danger
heroes who saved lives

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Heroes Grave

Quiet mounds of earth,
Erected crosses;
So many souls,
So many losses.

This special day
Has been set aside
To honor those
Who for us have died.

May we hold dear
Every gain and loss,
And ne'er forget
What's beneath the cross.

Thank you, dear Lord,
For the brave who gave;
Who occupy
A hero's grave.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

He's No Stranger

He's the wisest man in the church
There's nothing he can't do
If you turn down your ministry
He'll be there to do it for you.

He's also a very faithful member
And shows up right on time
If you don't honor your commitment
He'll cover you every time.

He's obviously very wealthy
The plate's always passed his way
If you choose not to give a cent
He'll all the expenses pay.

Who is he? You may ask,
This one with such acclaim?
Thank God he's in every church,
"Somebody Else" is his name.

Jesus said:

26 But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; 27 And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: 28 Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. Matthew 20: 26-28

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Hillbilly Pride

"Hey Bubba—whurrd'ja come frum? "
Uh dignified smart elic ast.
"D'ja come owt frum them thar hills?
Whirrd'ja larn ta tawk like thet? "

"Don't thaah teech ya enie thang
Down yonder et tha schule'n town? "
"Shucks naw! " Ah seyde, "Ah learnt mahseff,
Jest repeetin in repeetin sownds."

Ah mey not tawk fanzee like ya'll,
But folks jest luv fer me ta speeke.
Lawdy, Ah kin drawl quite a krywd
Wh'n folk heere ma tawk own tha strete.

Sho', most folk er buzy larn'in
Thangs thet Ah'd dun'oned fur'ghet.
'Sydes, Ah wayst'd a heep'a yeres
Down et thet schule thet Ah regrete.

Ya'll no thet teecher dun teech mah
Thet Ah da'sindid frum'n ape?
Shucks, wh'n Ah come home told pa thet
He dropt 'is denner playt.

Pa sed, "Son yer kin might'v swung
By tharr nekes frum sum 'ole tree,
But any dang fool aught'a no
We ain't no da'gum chempanzee! "

"So ya'll go own beck tamoruh
And quit that dum'ole schule,
Ya'll tale that book larn'd teech'r
Thet ya'll jest ain't no man's fool! "

Sew sur, jest go own fun'nin me
En laugh et ma much as ya'll will,
But ah tale ya sump'in, Ah sur ahm proud
Ta come frum them thar hills.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

His

H I S

His amazing grace

amazes me ...

His tender love

reaches me ...

His constant care

comforts me ...

His precious blood

cleanses me ...

His eternal mercy

pardons me ...

His amazing grace

amazes me!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

His 55 Chevy

With my head out the window,
for a few seconds of time still
etched in my memory as those
four wheels turned swifter,
thrusting us forward, faster
than the hoofs of an antelope
fleeing for its life
from the pursuit of a charging Bengal.
My hair was pressed back as
I felt the wind whistling
around my ear. My eyes strained
to stay open... so I closed them
and savored every second
of the moment that this moment
reminded me of like when my
brother drove, and I enjoyed
the invigorating burst of speed
from his 55 Chevy.

Written by Loyd C Taylor, sr
June 2014

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

His Cross

The idols of my heart were many,
I sunk low beneath the Law's demand;
Satan's chains held me a prisoner,
Burdened down by sin, I could not stand.

Then there before me stood the answer!
Guilt and slavery would soon be loss;
For my shackles broke and fell from me,
When I knelt humbly before His cross!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Hourglass Muse

They stood in an endless line
Holding an empty pail tightly
As precisely to each was measured
Numbered grains of sand

With instructions to spend wisely
For they will never reuse them again
So each eagerly took theirs

Some never hearing the words
Squandered what they were given
Leaving them with inconsolable sorrow

While others were wise
Heeding the timely advice
They treasured each grain as jewels
Calculating each expenditure

So as their pail emptied
They had not one
Single regret

Like grains of sand
We've been given
Precious irreplaceable time
Seconds and minutes
Hours and days
Weeks, months and years
To do with as we please

Take care of each measure
For as the grains of sand
Cannot go back to their place
Neither shall time
Ever come by again

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

How Do You Spell Vacation?

For weeks we planned, finally some time to unwind,

A vacation dreamed of, a time just to relax.

With plane tickets in hand we arrived right on time,

But our suit cases we had left at home all packed!

The S U V now loaded from floor to sunroof,

The kids buckled down... G P S was all in tact.

Next, gas up as everyone heads to the restroom,

But on our return we find we had been carjacked.

Vacations, O yeah, that's what I'm talking about!

Vacations, they are not all their cracked up to be!

Vacations, the ones I've had have removed all doubt;

Vacations, I spell "T R O U B L E! "

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

How To Get Rid Of Your Preacher

I heard the tale of a preacher
Who was boring and out of touch;
Most of his sermons were dry or dead,
And he spoke softly way too much.

He had heard an awful rumor,
From church gossip it had been told,
"The church was going to fire him,
Hire a young one, handsome and bold."

He sought counsel from a wise man,
Tried to salvage his position.
He gleaned ample bits of wisdom
That soon changed his disposition.

Now the words from that old wise man
He thought simple, but O, so wise,
"Just preach hell hot and heaven sweet,
Be bold and look them in the eyes! "

So he practiced this sound advice
As in the pulpit he waxed bold,
Then the crowds began to pour in,
And lambs were added to the fold.

But the church got their wish, you see,
For his fame spread to many lands;
Then a larger congregation,
Came and took him right off their hands.

The old church began to dwindle,
From the pulpit there was no sound;
And so many stopped attending
That today it's no longer found.

So the lesson to be learned here?
"Churches, take care what you wish for;
Give thanks for the preacher you have,
Lest you too have to close the door."

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Humanity Comes Through Bp Oil Spill

Sometimes our faith in mankind may be shattered,
Our belief in his wisdom, goodness, and concern
For this planet we have been entrusted with
May at times be tested to the limit.

Such was the case with the tragedy of the BP oil-spill.
As the cycle of ciphering crude from the ground to
Satisfy our insatiable appetites was interrupted when
An explosion not only took lives, but ruptured the arteries
Through which the black blood for our survival flowed.
First, we expressed sadness at the loss of life, and then we felt
Perplexity at how something like this could happen to such
Self-sufficient, enlightened, and exceptional people.

As oil poured into the ocean, feelings of disappointment,
Anger, and other emotions gushed into the heart and
Soul of so many. As we witnessed black oil pollute the
Pristine water of the Gulf, we realized that the joy and
Freedom to enjoy the beaches and fish the ocean
Was now in imminent danger.

Then humanity pulled together once again as men,
Women, boys, and girls converged on the shores.
Instead of allowing the deceitful energy of hate,
Frustration, and disappointment to eat them alive,
They went to work. Volunteer fishermen set up barrier
After barrier to stop the gooey gunk from spreading.
Engineers, scientists, the religious, the non-religious, to our
Shock, even some unselfish politicians, rolled their sleeves
Up and set to work. They all united and not only restored
The equipment in place to stop the leak, but also rekindled
Once more our faith in the human race.

Written by Loyd C Taylor, August 16,2010
loydsnotes@

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Humor Poem: A Baby What?

Now I was taken by surprise,
One day out of the blue,
When a friend said to me,
'Man, do I have news for you! '

'What news? "I asked,
Starting to get concerned.
He said, 'It sounds unbelievable,
But, here's what I have learned!

I heard it on the radio,
Earlier this very morn;
This local gal had given birth,
And a special child was born.'

'So, what's the great news,
Bout a woman giving birth?
Shucks man, happens all the time
All over the planet earth.'

He said, 'The baby's part animal,
Amazing, but it's really true!
I swear man; it's not a lie,
This thing I'm telling to you! '

'Part animal! Are you sure?
C'mon, surely you do jest! '
But, I became a believer,
Once he shared with me the rest.

Smiling with a possum-like grin,
He revealed minute detail...
'The babe had a dear little face,
And a bare little tail.'

Written by L C Taylor, February 7,2008

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

I Cannot Sleep

Why is it that I cannot sleep?

I cannot sleep. I cannot sleep!
My mind wanders like straying sheep.
Like straying sheep. Like straying sheep!

I only know I love you so;

I tried my best to let you know.

Alas, in pain I let you go.
I let you go. I let you go!

Each night I pray for you, my love,
And look for answers from above.
Each day I think of only you.
Of only you. Of only you!

Another day has come and gone,
Still I find myself all alone.
So I lay me down to sleep, but
I cannot sleep. I cannot sleep!

My mind wanders like straying sheep.
Like straying sheep. Like straying sheep!
Oh, why is it that I cannot sleep?
I cannot sleep. I cannot sleep!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

I Did It My Way!

I found myself thinking out loud, "I just can't do this again; no, I won't do it again! I'm so tired of the time it takes, and of all the mess it makes; not to mention, the stress it brings to my life! "

Looking for the tape and scissors, I continued mumbling... "Why do we have to go through this ritual every year? I don't know why we can't just once, celebrate Christmas the way I want to... without all these stupid decorations! '

But no, I do this yearly, just to please my wife!

It's true, every Christmas, it's the same ole' thing: we get started early, decorating everything in sight, just the way my wife wants it done!

I drag those boxes of decorations down from the attic, and then move everything in the house, her wishes to accommodate. Then, it's like I'm her robot, "Yes Dear... Ok Sweet..."

I carefully unpack the boxed contents, then proceed to hang lights and bulbs: I'll tell you, it's a task I've grown to hate!

Extra care must be taken to keep those ragged boxes in good shape for repackaging for Christmas next year.

Then, "Joy to the World" it's our wonderful artificial tree, complete with its 600 lights. It's an oversize tree in an undersized box. How did they cram it in such a small space? No worry, for it comes with assembly instructions as easy as A, B, C. Sure!

So, I work and work, pull and bend, twist and stretch to get it to resemble the picture on the box.

And when Christmas is all over then, you guessed it; we do it all over again. Everything has to be taken down, ever so carefully. Each bulb and piece of decoration has its own unique place to go.

Then I must do an Easter egg hunt. I search every nook and cranny, doorway and window seal, collect it all once again.

You can bet if anything is missing, then my wife is sure to let me know.

Once everything is all packed up, then back to the attic it goes.

Ouch! Another prick from those needle-like metal hangers.

That's it! I'm not going to take it anymore... I've had it! I'm going to tell my wife simply and plain that I wear the pants in this family, this just has to change!

I grabbed a pen and paper and wrote her a note... "From now on Baby, " as I scribbled with hot pen, "we are going to do things differently! This whole decoration program of yours has gotten out of control! Next Christmas, I'm gonna do things my way! "

That was the note I wrote last New Year's Day, as I was boxing decorations.

I had become so frustrated at the whole idea of decorating. I intended to tell my wife a thing or two that was on my mind.

And I meant it, that is, until I saw her smile and heard her sweetly say to me, "Honey, do you mind helping me get the Christmas decorations down? And, please, would you put up the tree? "

That's when I did it my way...

I answered, "Yes Dear, anything for you."

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

I Dream

They say that fair weather never made a good sailor,
And that a bird in the hand is better than two in a tree.
I've found out that much of life isn't always as it seems,
That if one will do anything it must start with a dream!

I dream of a world where people love one another.
I dream of a land where war's a thing of the past.
A place of no fear for our sisters and brothers.
A time when peace and love cover the earth at last!

Now the Good book says without a dream men perish
And that a dream in mind can in time become reality.
Dreams are placed by God in the heart of His children
And become reality as He works through you and me.

Let's make a world where people love one another.
Let's make a world where war's a thing of the past.
A place of no fear for our sisters and brothers.
A time when peace and love cover the earth at last!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

I Dream Of A Land

Verse 1

Now they say that fair weather, never made a good sailor,
That a bird in hand is better than two that are in a tree.
Well I've found out that much of life isn't always as it seems,
And if a man's going to do anything, then he's got to start with a dream!

Chorus:

I dream of a world, where people will love one another,
A place where there's no fear, for our sisters and brothers.
I dream of a land, where war's a thing of the past;
I dream of a time, when peace and love will cover the world at last!

Verse 2

Now the Good Book says without a dream, men perish,
That a dream in the mind, soon in time, can become reality!
Well if this is right for you and I, let me tell you what to do;
Just reach out our hands, to your fellow man, help me make this dream come true!

Chorus Two:

Let's dream of a world, where people will love one another,
A place where there's no fear, for our sisters and brothers;
Let's dream of a land, where war's a thing of the past,
Let's dream of a time, when peace and love, will cover the world at last!

Ending:

I dream of a world, where people will love one another,
A place where there's no fear, for our sisters and brothers;
I dream of a land, where war's a thing of the past,
I dream of a time, when peace and love, will cover the world at last!

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

I Love Growing Old With You

I love the newness of life from our younger years,
I love the sweet tears the first time I saw you cry,
I love the childish days of innocent mistakes,
I love the careless ways as we let time slip by.

I love the closeness after we had our first fight,
I love the sadness felt when away from my dove,
I love the tender touch of your soft hand in mine,
I love the gentle rain the day we fell in love.

I love the early days when we were in our youth,
I love the beauty that you have brought to my life,
I love the childlike glow in your warm, gentle smile,
I love the cherished moments of you as my wife.

As I think of our lives and all we have gone through,
Still, my dear Angel... I love growing old with you.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

I Love You

Love you!
I love you more!
I love you higher than the blue sky.

Love you!
I love you more!
I love you broader than ocean wide.

Love you!
I love you more!
I love you taller than the mountains.

Love you!
I love you more!
I love you purer than the fountains.

Love you!
I love you more!
I love you deeper than any sea.

Love you!
I love you more!
I love you greater than eyes may see.

Love you!
I love you more!
I love you richer than precious ore.

Love you!
I love you more!
I love you farther than eagles soar.

I love you.
I love you more.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

I Must Be Strong

I've dreaded this; it will not be fun,
But the truth is it has to be done;
So with resolve, and determination,
I make my way in that direction.

I have been tempted, yes, it's true,
To close my eyes, and toss it from view;
But in many a tough situation,
I've gained from that strange collection.

I must deal with this without delay!
I must be strong... It must end today!
I weaken while at its contents I glance...
Can I let go? I can't take that chance!

So, I push it safely back in place,
I leave it, for now, I need my space;
Soon I'll muster the courage once more,
To finally clean out that old junk drawer.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

I Thought I Was Fine

His passing was one of the toughest times I had ever known,
For he had struggled months on end, just barely hanging on;
I would say our relationship, had not always been the best,
That is, until the last few years, before he was laid to rest.

He stayed in the bedroom, and lived in his favorite chair,
He also had a bad habit of hiding his dirty underwear.
It shocked me a bit at first, but soon, I didn't mind,
Why, I've even chuckled, when several pieces I would find.

I thought I could never love him, after what he had done to me,
But my heart soon changed, watching him suffer in agony.
I went through a terrible time of mourning, just after he died,
And hoped it was all behind me, for I no longer cried.

Then I decided to do some cleaning, brighten up his old room,
So I started redecorating, to remove the eerie gloom;
Next, I hung new curtains, and spread on a coat of shine,
I put sad memories out of sight, and was feeling pretty fine.

I had worked for hours, so on the floor I flopped down,
Then raised my tired head, to take a look around;
But what I discovered next, made my stomach hurt,
For there crammed under his chair, was a dirty T-shirt.

I thought I was doing fine, until I found his dirty shirt.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

I Tried To Hang Myself

Yesterday, I tried to hang myself.

Now, before you judge me or allow your thoughts to run wild, let me take a moment to explain what happened.

I know when you hear statements such as 'I tried to hang myself, ' it could only spell disaster, but please hear my story first.

I had just stepped out of the shower and was hurrying to get dressed to start my busy day.

The phone rang. My wife answered it. She called out, informing me that I had an important long distance call from a very distinguished friend. Not wanting to waste my minutes or go through the trouble of calling him back, I motioned for her to talk to him and give me a few more seconds.

I was rushing so much, that I tried to put two feet into the same pant leg, almost falling on my nose! Then I grabbed my shirt from the closet, quickly slipping it over my head.

That's when it happened!

I failed to realize that I had not removed the hanger from the shirt and now had it stuck into my mouth and nose.

In between my wife's snorts of laughter I heard her trying to explain to my important caller what was going on. Before I could stop her I heard her say; 'Oh my goodness, Loyd has just tried to hang himself! '

I could hear the laughter coming from inside the phone from over 800 miles away.

They say confession is good for the soul and you know, though humiliated, I do feel so much better now. Thank you for listening.

As Paul Harvey would say; 'Now you know the rest of the story.'

'Honey, could you please come and help me off this hanger? '

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

I Was Going To

I was going to make that visit,
had finally made up my mind;
Just had to adjust my schedule,
Surely, for her a day I could find.

All else would need to be put aside.
My anxious heart was all aglow;
I loved this woman so very much,
It was time now to let her know.

Yes, this date was so long overdue.
There were many things I had to say,
Of how special she was to me, and
How she loved and cared for me each day.

I would take her bright yellow roses,
Arrive there at early morning dew,
Give her the card I had written of
The many ways to say "I love you."

I was going to ask forgiveness
For sins against her in my past;
Of times I had hurt her badly,
Then make it all right at last.

I would tell her how wrong I was for
Causing her to worry late at night;
I would bow and gently kiss her, then
Hold her to me and hug her so tight!

I would look deeply into her eyes,
Thank her for the many ways
She had brought me joy and happiness
Brightening up my sullen days.

I could see us then, sitting for hours,
Reminiscing on the years gone by,
Laughing at silly old photographs,
Pausing at ones that might make us cry.

I was going to thank her for her
Patience toward my old stray dog and cat,
For fixing pancakes and rice pudding,
And making me her little spoiled brat.

I would say, "I deserved the spankings
For my many mischievous ways, "
And that I loved the stories she told
Of her life back in the good ole days.

I would thank her for the many prayers,
For singing me sweet songs in the night,
For taking me to church on Sundays,
And making sure I turned out alright.

I would then thank her for loving me,
And of how she always found the time
To make me feel like a million bucks,
Though I wasn't worth a dirty dime.

Yes, there were so many other things
To my mom I'd planned to say,
So I made the final arrangements
Scheduling tomorrow to be her day!

I just don't know why I put it off,
It is true: "Time waits for no man."
Once a day has been all used up,
We will never have it back again.

So, I reached for the phone to call her,
My joy, I could hardly withhold;
But my phone rang with this message
And it made my blood run cold...

"Son, it's your mother..., " the caller said,
"I'm so very sorry, but she's dead...
She passed a few moments ago."

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

I'll Put Some Coffee On

The time has finally come, there is no one here now and I'm alone. I shouldn't be surprised, for loneliness is the story of my life.

I have the rope ready and my stool, now I will put on this tight sweatshirt to secure my arms, just in case I change my mind. But, I know I won't, I just have to end this suffering, I hope to God I have the courage to see it through.

I have my letter in hand which should explain it all to them. I know they will be better off without me and I, I will be free once and for all from this miserable life, this heavy burden. I don't think I will be missed, no one ever calls or comes by anymore.

Now, I need to place the letter where they can find it. In it, I have made them aware of my final wishes. What little bit of money I have has been designated. The few material things have been allocated to the right ones, I don't even know if they will have them.

Now for my final prayer to the one I will entrust my soul to. I pray He can forgive me.

Dear God, I come to you today in utter hopelessness again, as I have so many times before. Lord, you know how miserable and lonely I am. You know that I do not want to be a burden to you or to my family any longer. I feel like I'm just in the way. I know I have been angry that no one has reached out to me, I thought I had made it clear how bad I needed help, just a simple conversation would do. But, everyone is too busy with their life and I feel like such an interference in their plans. God, I just can't live with myself any longer. Please forgive me for my hopelessness and lack of faith. I do love you, and I do love my family... Help them to understand this letter. Please help them not to be mad at me... Amen

Well, that's over and there's just one final thing. I will just place the letter here by the phone in our bedroom. Now, that's done and I need to head down to the basement and finish my task. God give me strength.

Ring, ring. Ring, ring. Ring, ring. Ring, ring.

Who could that be? I don't recognize the number. Should I answer?

Well, I'll just make this quick, it could be about the kids...

Hello... Yes, I remember you. I'm sorry, it's not a good time, I was right in the middle of something...

You are only a couple of blocks away?

Well... Well, I guess you could come over for a few minutes since you have driven so far.

OK.

I'll put some coffee on...

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

I'M Yours

Take me, take me,
My body, heart and soul;
Take me, make my life whole,
Take me, because I'm yours.

Hold me, hold me,
Warmly in love's embrace;
Hold me, feel my heart race,
Hold me, because I'm yours.

Keep me, keep me,
By God's endless design;
Keep me, say you are mine,
Keep me, because I'm yours.

Love me, love me,
With love intense and free;
Love me passionately;
Love me, because I'm yours.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

In Memory Of

Today I took a solemn journey,
Oh the thoughts that played within my head;
For I visited the cemetery,
And lingered there among the dead.

My eyes fixed on engraved tombstones,
And I paused to read the stories they told;
I found death has no respect of persons,
For there were graves of the young and the old.

Markers rested upon each grassy mound,
Yet, each grave had its own identity;
Still there seemed to be one constant message
That each grave's epitaph shared with me...

Norma had the gentle soul of a child,
Colby was a joy to one and all;
Tom and Joan would be together always,
Johnny died answering his country's call.

Scarlet Louise died a new born baby,
A plucked flower for the Master's bouquet;
Elizabeth Sue lived her life for others,
And Don was taken suddenly away.

Time permitting; I could have stayed all day,
Not realizing just how fast time had flown;
Then I thought as I walked quietly away,
Just what might be engraved on my headstone?

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Insect Free

It's bees in my soda, and ants on my jam;
or, flies on my sandwich of rye and ham.
They move at will, and chill to the bone;
so, this must be an insect free zone.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Intimacy's Touch

The blue asphalt aligns silver maple trees,
As do cotton candy clouds, soft and bright;
A happy little feathered songbird friend
In a tuxedo of rainbow's colors, will lend
His notes to serenade two lovers tonight;
While fingers intertwine in delicacies.

The elder years have not brought to an end,
As organs of touch sweet communion revive;
One heart beats for one in the still of night,
An intimacy satisfied from lover's delight;
Their life's journey as one unending drive,
While one hand cleaves to one eternal friend.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Isn'T That What Friends Are For?

I said, "I know it's not much, but I hope it will help, "
Then I gently pressed the gift into your hand.
"Please know that you are loved and I'll try to be here,
Anytime that you'll let me be your friend."

You went on and on about how grateful you were
For me being there in your time of need;
Through tear-filled eyes you cried and then said,
"May God bless you for this golden deed."

The tears were still falling as you gave me a big hug,
Then I saw a smile of relief on your face;
You said, "Today a huge load has been lifted from me,
And your gift was such a sweet show of grace."

I thanked you sincerely for your kind compliments,
And longed to bask in your praises some more.
Instead, I said, "O' no, I was just glad to help,
Besides, isn't that what friends are for? "

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

It Runs In The Family

Slyly, from corner of squinted eye he looks.
Then, when he's sure no spy can be found,
He uses his unused hand to conceal his art,
Then feigns prayer, twisting his finger around.

Shyly, his favorite finger lifts from his books,
And inserts where he augers up and down.
He uses his nail, as a skilled surgeon scalpels a heart,
Then pay dirt brings his face a fond frown.

Sky-ly, screeching screams are heard, as those of sooted rooks,
Snapping his thoughts back to where they should be.
He returns his flexed finger to the stance of its start,
As he looks forward to his next picking spree.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

It's Insane

Quick! Hold this animal down,
Then strap his wrists good and tight!
Stupid idiot is so strong,
Watch out, he's going to bite!

Close that door so they won't hear,
Bring his meds'... make it quick!
Hold his nose and pour it down,
Man, his smell's making me sick!

Hurry, give him the needle,
Who cares, just jab it in deep;
He may moan like a stuck pig,
But soon he'll be fast asleep.

You say; "I don't believe it! "
Then your head's just in the sand.
For it's true of some psych wards,
In hospitals in our land!

Note: Just recently while driving I heard the report of a patient in a mental hospital who was beaten to death by the staff. I was troubled by this report and after arriving home; I goggled the topic and found that the web is filled with more examples of this abuse. I have post one such report for your enlightenment. I wrote my poem rather hastily, so I'm sure it is in need of tweaking a bit, but I felt compelled to do my little part in raise the awareness level of this terrible crime. Thanks for reading, Loyd.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

It's Not Over Yet!

Look, the creature is killing the Creator!
Mankind raises its rebellious fists;
The King becomes the Lamb slain.

They nail Him to the cross that He abhors,
As the maddening crowds do as they wish,
Though for their reconciliation He comes.

Iron spikes make His hands and feet sure;
Mary, his mother weeps as she beholds this!
They pierce His side as blood and water pour forth.

Listen, "It is finished! " cries out the Sufferer.
God provides atonement for the world;
This Savior Jesus dies in their stead.

Dead!

Yes, He is dead,
But wait...
It's not over yet...

He gave up the ghost!
It's not over yet...
He is taken from the cross.
It's not over yet...

He is buried in a borrowed tomb.
It's not over yet...
In three days He will arise!
It's not over yet...

He is risen! He is risen!

But wait...

It's not over yet!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

It's That Time Again!

IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN

The air is usually hot and muggy, or just plain hot. The gravel road into the park is dusty, with freshly spread gravel crunching under the tires. Chain link fences are stretched out in circular patterns, advertisements from local merchants drape on them like tablecloths on a clothesline.

The smell of freshly cut grass is unmistakable. The sand has been smoothed nicely on the infields, unprofessional workers making a few quick touch ups, the base lines are marked noticeably, sometimes with slightly crooked lime lines. Cars, trucks, mostly SUVs of all makes, colors, shapes and sizes fill every parking spot. About the only thing they have in common is their cargo. They are loaded with kids, uniforms, equipment, coolers, and diaper bags and such. The concession stand is open, manned by sweet naive volunteers- no offense. Volunteers are made up of good hearted teachers, parents, grandparents; almost any warm body will do.

Oh, and we can't forget the out side "johns", what would we do with out them! I walk up and Mrs. Ethel Brown from church takes my order. Two bottles of water, two hot dogs and two tortilla chips with extra cheese, please. In front of me I noticed a plastic jar with a photo of little Tommy Jones who is in need of a cancer operation, with a hand written note that read; "Donations Please." Making my way to a choice spot on a dirty, hard, metal bleacher, my body is resistant due to the many times that sitting here had made my sacroiliac ache! In a few minutes you will hear the familiar sounds of grand parents shouting for grand kids, parents cheering for their child, coaching the coaches, and grumbling with the umpire. There are smaller kids scattered about, playing catch, kick ball, tag, or some other game to remove their boredom and some already fussing over the last bite of a candy bar or the last drink of soda. Fans pointing out their favorites while catching up on the latest gossip, or community news- I should say.

As we take a look around you notice the arms and legs of various people, white from their winter's hibernation. You admire those trusty volunteer coaches, some with 40 inch pot bellies hanging over a 32 inch waste of a pair of Wrangler blue jeans. Others you see with long skinny legs, resembling a jockey riding a chicken. Teams are so cute in their new uniforms, the players and coaches working out the last few glitches of their World Series style hand signals. There is the last minute setting of the score board.

The teams are called in from the dug outs. As they line up and take their hats off: some will pray, some say allegiance, some quote the softball pledge. A few final pitches, swings of the bat, scratching, patting, rubbing, chewing of gum... The umpire motions to his watch and the teams take their positions. Hearts are

racing! Everyone is on the edge of their seats in anticipation of the first pitch...the first hit!

The ump yells "Play Ball! "

The batter takes his position at the plate, positioning himself just right. You can hear the dragging of the foot across the sand. A gentle breeze is gracing the hot fans and you can taste the dust in the air. From several locations on the field you can hear the slapping of hand against leather.

The pitch is thrown. The sound of the ball hitting the bat is unmistakable...as the crowd goes wild!

Yes, it's That Time Again!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

It's Your Birthday

It's your birthday again Sweetheart
and though your one year older,
the love that I have for you my love
each year grows stronger and bolder.

Older, yes I know you are
but more precious now to me,
than any poem could ever express
for all eternity

Yes, another year has come and gone
in each of our lives,
Please know how grateful that I am
to have you as my wife.

I did know back when we met
just how our hearts would blend,
for not only are you my wife, sweetheart
but you're also my best friend.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

It's Your Mother's Day

On Mother's Day we give to moms
A tribute they are due;
This is your special day, Mom-
A day we give to you.

Because today's your day, Mom,
You truly deserve our praise -
And some recognition
On this, your Mother's Day.

A million trillion thanks we give,
For those you never heard;
Gazillion hugs and kisses
That you indeed deserve!

It's just so hard to find sometimes
The suitable words to say;
Just know that we love you very much -
On this, your Mother's day.

Written by Loyd Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

It's Yours!

It's Yours

Want it now ...

Stretch for it!

Strive for it!

Strain for it!

It's in your heart...

Your dream!

Your desire!

Your delight!

Take it now...

Do not wait!

Do not waiver!

Do not wane!

It's in your hands ...

Your dream!

Your desire!

Your delight!

Have it now ...

The day is this day!

The hour is this hour!

The moment is this moment!

So, go ahead ...

Dream for that unbelievable dream!

Desire for that unattainable desire!

Delight in that indescribable delight!

It's your's ...

Your Dream!

Your Desire!

Your Delight!

Delight thyself also in the Lord;

And he shall give it to you ...

Your dream!
Your desire!
Your delight!

It's Yours!

Psalm 37: 5

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Jammer's In The Slammer!

Jammer in the Slammer

Miss Elma Emmer stood there enamored at his black robe, gavel and all,
The judge though glamoured, didn't stammer as Elma's case was called.
He said; "For what do you clamor Miss Emmer, what brings you to court today? "
Elma, teary eyed cried; "It's my x-boyfriend, Jammer, I want to see him pay! "

The judge looked at Jammer then asked; "Sir, what today is your crime? "
"To the floor I slammed Elma, cause I caught her with an x-friend of mine! "
Now for the record, Mr. Jammer, please state to the court your friend's full
name;
"The scoundrel's name is 'Sam T. Lammer' or 'Cheaten Scammer' just the same."

'So, it is stated that you slammed Elma, Jammer? ' 'Would you like to add any
more? '
Jammer said; "I also rammed her, and then crammed her and Lammer out the
door! "
Elma Emmer cried out; "He also had a hammer and said he'd nail me to the wall!
"

The judge asked: "What! ? " "You would have used a hammer to nail Elma to the
wall? "

"Order in the court! " 'Is that right Mr. Jammer? ' 'You slammed and rammed
Elma,
Then crammed her and Lammer out the door, after threatening with a hammer? '
Then Jammer and Elma began to clamor until the court officer had to be called.
The judge said; "Stop, don't yammer! " "And don't clamor, for I think I've heard
it all! "

Winking at Elma, he said to Jammer as he hammered his gavel a few times;
"I find you guilty Mr. Jammer; now hear now the punishment for your crime."
"Because you slammed Elma, then you rammed her and Sam T. Lammer..."
"And for threatening with a hammer... It's forty days in the city slammer! "

So, what is the moral of this story of Jammer in the slammer?
When you are upset at a girl like Elma Emmer and you want to slam her or ram
her,
Or nail her with a hammer; make sure the judge isn't the dishonorable Sam T.
Lammer.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

July 4th

During this special time of the year
The corn is usually knee-high,
The watermelons are juicy
As flags wave proudly in the sky!

Families are enjoying picnics
Eating Hot dogs and Apple pie;
They are celebrating Freedom
On this day, the Fourth of July.

Birds are singing, freedom bells ringing,
June bugs are darting in their flight.
Folk gather wherever they can
To watch fireworks light up the night.

Worshippers gather throughout the land
Gladly sing patriotic songs.
Millions express their gratitude
For their families and their homes.

The smell of someone's barbecuing
Is carried on a summer breeze.
Hear the crack of the baseball bat!
Kids cheerfully play "hide and seek".

Hey listen, here comes the ice cream man,
He's making his way down the street!
Women wave, men tip their hats,
Children are filled with joyful glee.

Andy Griffith still entertains us,
The flag still brings tears to our eyes!
People walk a little taller
On this day, the Fourth of July

Colors red white and blue remind us
Of the great price of being free.
Thank God for the sacrifices
Made to purchase our liberty!

So, Happy Birthday, America!
Your flag we will proudly lift high!
Thank God for you, America
On this day, the Fourth of July

Written by Loyd C Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Just A Silly Car Wash

So, it's just a silly car wash?
My friend, it's so much more!
It's an opportunity to help—
A noble cause now at your door.

You say she's not that dirty
And that you can't afford to stop;
I say just think of the purpose
And let us wash her, bottom to top.

Let the volunteers of this good cause
Wash away the filth and slime.
Would you give a nice donation?
Would you make a little time?

Remember, Jesus taught us
"Tis better to give than receive."
May we wash your car today?
Help us, our goal to achieve.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Just An Old Shoe Box

It was just an old shoe box,
With a pink faded ribbon wrapped around.

The old house was sad and sat strangely quiet,
Ever since Momma graced Heaven's dawn.
It's like she had just turned loose of living,
Dutifully to follow Dad on.

Brother and I had moved things for hours,
Loading boxes since early morning's light.
It was then I noticed an old shoe box,
Tucked away snugly, almost out of sight.

Now that's just great, more of Mom's junk;
I'll just toss it in the pile with the rest.
When it came to hoarding odds and ends,
The kids all knew Mom was world's best.

I reached and took hold of that old shoe box;
It was on a shelf just about Mom's height.
Wrapped around it was a pink faded ribbon,
With a small bow that Mom had tied tight.

I sat down, blew the dust from the top;
These words in a hand-drawn heart I read:
"My Little Box of Treasures"—"Odd, " I mused,
What's inside? I questioned in my head.

I smiled as I opened that old shoe box,
For the very first thing I spied
Was a pair of slightly worn baby shoes,
With a scribbled note stuffed down inside.

I was surprised to see my name written
On that crinkled note so aged and worn;
It read: "His first pair of baby shoes, "

Mom had dated it the year I was born.

Next, I found an old sympathy card,
Taped to it, a tiny lock of blonde hair;
The card read: "We're all sorry for your loss,
And will be keeping your folk in prayer."

Then there were a couple of report cards,
Old photos and a dried up four-leaf clover,
A "Be My Valentine" and a note that said,
"I Luv You, " signed, "Your secret admirer."

Then I came upon a love letter of Dad's,
It was handwritten and penned in red;
I held it up so I could read it better,
And this is what it said:

Darling, you are my first true love,
And will always be my best friend;
Can't wait to marry you, sweetheart,
This fall, after harvest time ends.

My brother had made his way to the place
Where I sat now crying on the floor,
Both of us amazed at the things Mom kept,
From our lives so many years before.

We laughed out loud, cried and reminisced
At the marvels that old shoe box concealed;
O' so many things Mom had collected,
Precious memories to us were revealed.

Each had its own unique place in our hearts,
From trinkets to the golden lock.
They were trophies rediscovered by us,
Found that day in an old shoe box.

No, it wasn't junk, as I had supposed,
But true treasures that money couldn't buy.
Looking heavenward I said, "Thank you, Mom"
As more tears fell from my eyes.

Time had flown; it was getting dark;
The power had already been shut down.
We figured we'd better lock everything up,
Make our way back toward town.

I placed the lid back on that old shoe box,
Gently put the ribbon back in its place,
Took one more look, then locked the doors,
Said good-bye to our old home place.

My thoughts still racing, I jumped in the truck,
Brother and I, were both teary eyed.
I said, "Hold on, wait just a minute"
As I climbed quickly back outside.

There in the front yard was the "For Sale" sign
Brother and I had earlier put in place.
I yanked that sign up, threw it in the back
With teardrops streaming down my face.

We sat silent as we headed down the road,
A moment neither would soon forget;
For we both knew that we weren't ready,
To live with one more regret.

As we drove down that familiar road,
The old home place now fading from view,
Strangely, our love for life and family
From that old shoe box had been renewed.

My eyes glanced down at the prize in my hands,
The best treasure I had ever found.
Then I smiled.

It was just an old shoe box,
With a pink faded ribbon wrapped around.

It was just an old shoe box,
With a pink faded ribbon wrapped around.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Just Forty Days

It was in the year of 2005,
In the autumn-kissed month of September;
Broken roads met for a man and woman
In a way they will always remember.

It was Monday, plain old Monday,
Just another day of the week:
The twenty-sixth day of the month,
A day not particularly unique.

It was at 7PM on that Monday night
On a blind date arranged by friends,
At a little house on South Gordon Drive
That a miracle of love began.

Yes, it was a miracle, not a coincidence
For they knew God arranged it all;
Allowing their paths to cross with each other
At the time when golden leaves fall.

Two people met and two lives were changed
In a mysterious and unusual way;
For Scotty and Dreama would be married
In the space of just forty days.

It was Saturday, November the fifth,
Somewhere around four o'clock,
Before the minister, family and friends,
Scotty and Dreama tied the knot.

Just forty days since they found each other,
Forty days since they learned to love.
A short span of time lived on earth
But long planned by God above.

Congratulations to you are now in order!
And our wish for you both sincere,
May your lives be filled with the wonder
You have found in this special year!

May the fire of love you both discovered
Shine bright as the Sun's golden rays;
May you enjoy the warmth of love forever
As you did in just forty days.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Just Let Go

Churned in the midst of the ocean wild;
Frightened at sea like a wayward child;
Hopelessly alone, my fears did soar;
I cried out to God for help once more.
Through prayer, I beat on Heaven's door.
The heavens shook; the thunder did roar.
In a still, small voice God spoke once more,
'O child of mine, just let go the oar! '

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Just Wanted To Let You Know (Prose)

Just wanted to let you know...

We went to check mom out today to be sure that she was laid out right. She sure did look peaceful. I loved that outfit. I think the folk here did a pretty good job. Once everyone had gathered the family was seated the service began. Pop sang "When You and I Were Young" I guess his way of saying "I love you" and "Good By" to his best friend. We read some scripture and prayed. Then it was if heaven came down! The 'church' broke out! We sang "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder" and then spontaneously song after song after song for almost an hour. By the time we stopped there wasn't a dry eye in the place. Pop told one more story and we said Goodbye and went home.

Just wanted to let you know.

Dedicated to Kirk DiVietro and family

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Kasady...

Kind...

Aspiring...

Sweet...

Animated...

Dainty...

Youthful and so much more!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Kate And Raggedy Anne: The Mystery Of Mercy Manor

One evening down at Mercy Manor,
I was visiting and making my rounds,
when just behind me I heard a voice
and some all-familiar sounds.

I felt a gentle tug on my hand
as a sweet tender voice called out,
"Hey Mister, Mister, my name's Kate."
So quickly I turned about.

As I did, my eyes fell upon
a crippled lady in a wheelchair.
"Sir, have you seen my Raggedy Ann? "
she said, stroking her silver hair.

"No ma'am I haven't seen her,
but I'll come back in a day or so;
and should I find your precious doll,
I'll be sure to let you know."

I left that place feeling sadness
For old folk deserted and alone.
I thought of Kate and her dolly;
My heart ached to the very bone.

So, I bought a Raggedy Ann
and returned back to that place,
for I longed to give it to Kate
and see the look on her face!

I drove to Mercy Manor, my
anticipation was in full bloom;
I located the unit supervisor
for directions to Kate's room.

When I spoke, her demeanor changed,
as if I had said something wrong;
she stepped over to her office,
motioned for me to come along.

"Forgive me mister, " she said gravely,
"but, if you've got a minute or two,
I'll get you a chair and we'll sit a spell,
and I'll share Kate's story with you."

I stepped in and took the chair
as she sat down and calmly began.
Then, for the next hour she told the story
of Kate and her Raggedy Anne.

"It happens usually late at night,
while residents are sleeping sound;
although the halls are deserted,
a wheelchair can be heard moving around.

Some swear they've heard feet shuffling,
as rubber scrubs on a metal rim;
then, slight wheezy breathing in places
where the unit's hall light's dim.

Rumor has it Kate was left here,
many long years ago.
Seems her kids wouldn't take her in;
she had no place else to go.

Her family had all deserted her;
her loneliness she could not hide.
All she had was a Raggedy Ann,
that she kept close by her side.

Often, sadness would overwhelm her,
and night after night she would cry.
Some of the staff would cruelly tell her
they secretly hoped she would die.

Then, to punish her for crying,
her precious dolly they'd hide;
until late one night, her crying ceased,
as in loneliness Kate finally died.

That night her dolly was missing,

and her pillow was soaked from tears.
Kate never found her Ragged Anne,
the dolly she'd held all those years.

Her body was prepared for burial
and laid to rest in a cemetery near.
They say her hands were reaching,
Still longing for her dolly dear.

Sometimes, the residents can see her,
for they smile, mumbling her name.
You'd think they're talking to themselves
or playing some silly game.

They say Kate still wanders the halls,
searching for her sweet Raggedy Ann;
and on occasion, some visitor will swear
that she was seen in the hallway again.

"Sir, there's no one here by that name, "
she said to me, rather teary eyed.
"You see, it's been over thirty five years
since the old lady named Kate died.

She stood up and took me for a walk,
as room after room we went in;
and there on each resident's shelf,
they all had their own Raggedy Anne.

For you see, Sir, you're not the only one
who was moved by Kate's sad plea;
countless visitors have also returned
and brought all these dolls that you see.

I thanked God as I headed home,
for somehow I was a different man.
My eyes had been opened by this story
of lonely Kate and her Raggedy Anne.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Katherine

Katherine, you
Are the only one
To own me, both
Heart and soul.
Eternity will in time
Reveal this truth
Inscribed on heaven's scroll.
Now take my hand, Love, and hear my earnest plea:
Entrust me always with your heart, enjoy forever with me.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Katherine...

Kind

Adorable

Tremendous

Happy

Enjoyable

Reasonable

Intelligent

Nifty

Entertaining

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Kristy...

Kissable...

Reliable...

Incredible...

Sensitive...

Tender...

Yearning and so much more!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Laborers For The Master

We are laborers for the Master,
Bringing sheaves in from His field,
Rejoicing in His blessed Spirit
For the golden bounty yield.

* * *

Waste ye not one single moment,
For the night will soon appear.
Make the most of the daylight,
For the end is surely near.

* * *

Would you labor for the Master,
Gather in the whitening wheat?
Would you labor for the Master,
Lay down the harvest at His feet?

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Laid To Rest

The day each one had dreaded,
At last had finally come.
The family was summoned,
For their dad was going home.

One by one, we all gazed at
This man who had stood the test.
We witnessed his departure;
Now he can be laid to rest.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Landon...

Lovable

Adventurous

Notable

Daring

Observant

Natural and so much more!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Lawson's Ridge

'Take any one you want, ' Mr. Tucker, the owner of the hardware store said.

I looked down at eight of the most beautiful fuzzy little black pups my eyes had ever seen. They all looked identical, with the exception that one was much tinier than the others. So, being a small boy and a runt of sorts, I picked up the smallest one in the litter. She licked my cheek and pressed her cold, wet nose to my skin. She was just a fuzzy pup, and she was mine, all mine. With my heart racing, I held her close and whispered, 'Let's go home girl, I can't wait to show you Lawson's Ridge! '

Now, what shall I name my little friend? I mused as she played around my feet. Just then John Newcomb, my brother-in-law, dropped a penny, which went rolling across the floor. In a flash, the pup snatched it and gulped it down. 'That's it! I'll name her Penny! '

Over the years that cute little shepherd pup grew into a beautiful dog with a tan body, a black saddle and mask. Penny became my constant companion and best friend. Whether pretending to be cowboys or Indians, or searching for treasures in old man Carter's dump, we grew inseparable. From early morning until late in the day, we romped through the woods and fields, resting, from time to time, in a leaf fort we made up on Lawson's Ridge.

Penny was a real worker and always did more than her share. Sometimes she helped corral Ole Sam, our stubborn mule that frequently broke through the fence on a run. She was equally good at helping me chase down a chicken for Sunday dinner and dragging branches we had gathered for firewood cut from the trees that grew up on Lawson's Ridge.

She was a great protector and took care of any stray dogs sneaking around the house or snakes that might slither into our private territory. Once she saved me from my bully cousin, Randal. He was older than me and threatened to beat me up and take our fort. Penny had other ideas, and I couldn't help but laugh as he cried, 'Call off your dog, call off your dog, ' while running down off Lawson's Ridge.

That dog filled the void in my heart that, at the time, nothing else could. We lived for the moment, loving every one. Time flew by quickly as the hours turned into days and the months turned into years. But time only made us cling to each other more, as the wild vines clung to the Oak trees up on Lawson's Ridge.

Penny grew old far faster than I wanted to see it happen. Living on a farm, I knew well that death was a part of living, but I never thought it would come to her. The afternoon arrived when I called for her, but she never came. I found her around back of the house, whimpering and in great pain. She looked at me with pleading eyes. I motioned for her to come. She stood and moved slowly towards me, dragging her hindquarter. Seeing her discomfort caused my heart to sink and the tears to fall, as do the leaves of autumn up on Lawson's Ridge.

I ran to find Mom, and she inspected Penny. 'Son, she's got a crippin' disease, and I'm afraid she'll never walk again. I'm sorry, but, she'll have to be put down.'

'Let me do it. She's my dog, and it's my place.' With a rifle on my shoulder and a shovel in my hand, I became a man that day up on Lawson's Ridge.

I carried her to the spot where I had dug a hole, and set her gently down beside it. I petted and hugged her tight, not wanting to ever let her go. I told her what a good dog she had been and that I would miss her. She pressed her nose to my cheek and licked my salty face as if to say that it was OK. Then, I cried... how I cried, as I buried my face in the dirt up on Lawson's Ridge!

I said goodbye to my companion and best friend and stood on shaking legs. 'Stay, girl, stay,' I said and walked a few paces away. With trembling hands I took aim, squeezed my eyes shut, and pulled the trigger. The crack of the rifle echoed through the hollow and reverberated through the hole in my chest.

I covered her body and placed a marker I had made that simply read; 'Here lies Penny, a boy's best friend.'

I am much older now, and throughout my life friends have come and gone; there are some I can't even remember their names. But there's one friend I will never forget: she's the one I left up there on Lawson's Ridge.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Leave The Rest To God

Do what you can where you can
when you can for whom you can.

Love all you can when you can
where you can the best you can.

Then you have done all you can,
though you may not understand
God has a master plan. He never
expects us to do more than we can.

Realize that you are not God,
though made in his image.
You are merely a mortal man;
some things are out of your hands.

So, after you have done all you can,
turn it all over to one who can:
leave the rest to God.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Let Go And Let God_A Song

LET GO LET GOD

Verse one:

I was burdened down with troubles,
My life filled with despair;
Desperation and anguish filled my thoughts.
Then I read in God's Word,
'Bring your burdens to the Lord, '
I only needed to 'LET GO AND LET GOD! '

Let go, of all my worries,
Let go, of all my fears;
Let go, of all those failures,
Over all those wasted years.
Just bring them all to Jesus,
At His feet lay them down;
I only needed to 'LET GO AND LET GOD! '

Verse two;

If your life is filled with trouble,
And you're tempted to despair;
Yes you're sinking underneath,
A load of care.
Just turn to the Savior,
I know He'll meet you there;
You only need to 'LET GO AND LET GOD! '

Chorus:

Let go, of all your worries,
Let go, of all your fears;
Let go, of all those failures,
Over all those wasted years.
Just bring them all to Jesus,
At His feet lay them down.
You only need to 'LET GO AND LET GOD! '

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Let It Be Christmas

It's time to tell of the Christ-child's birth;
It's time to speak of peace on the earth;
It's time to lift our voices and sing;
O come now and let it be Christmas!

It's time to tell of the Virgin fair;
It's time to speak of God's loving care;
It's time to give honor to the King;
O come now and let it be Christmas!

Do you remember that Holy night?
Do you remember His star so bright?
Do you remember the manger low,
How to Bethlehem they all did go?

Do you remember how wise men came?
Do you remember His saving name?
Do you remember the angel's claim?
O come now and let it be Christmas!

Will you accept His salvation now?
Will you humbly to sweet Jesus bow?
Will you accept Him as Lord and King?
O come now and let it be Christmas!

Let it be Christmas, all hearts rejoice!
Let it be Christmas! Lift up your voice!
Let it be Christmas! Make Christ your choice!
O come now and let it be Christmas!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Let It Be Me

Their cries, fall on deafened ears,
Their plight sadly goes untold;
They are seekers of the truth,
The hopeless, forgotten souls.

Their hearts are hardened by evil,
Their eyes are darkened by night;
They are deceived by Satan,
The aimless, groping for light.

Their cries, Heaven has heeded,
Their plight has reached Mercy's ear;
They need not die despairingly,
The Hope of hope has appeared!

Their chains may now be broken!
Their freedom awaits faith's plea.
They need a voice to tell them,
The Truth that can set them free!

Their redemption; "It is now purchased! "
Their instruction; "To simply believe! "
They need only accept Grace's offer,
The blood bought mercy receive!

But...

Who will share this glad story?
Who will set these captives free?
Who will give the Gospel message?
"O Savior let it be me! "

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. John 3: 16-18

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Let's Move On Baby! (Song)

Verse 1

Now to you our story may not make a lot of sense,
I have to say we met one day by sheer coincidence.
I was off work for an appointment with the Doc.,
She had a meeting too, at the same time on our clock.
She was heading out when I drove up that day,
Talk 'bout the Lord working in a mysterious way.

Verse 2

It was several long years since paths again crossed;
We were just crazy teens, when our innocence was lost.
We never thought we'd ever be broken far apart,
Pride took us separate ways, we tore out each other's heart.
We gave over to hopelessness and knew it was wrong,
We gave up on each other Baby, then we moved on.

Verse 3

We bumped into each other, smiled and said, 'Hello.'
Then we found we were both single, wow, what do you know.
Then before you know it the words spilled from our mouths,
Of regrets and sorrow for the ways things had turned out.
Then we exchanged our numbers, started over new that day,
Since, the Lord has smiled on us in a marvelous way.

Verse 4

We talked about our old lives, and decided it was best,
To let bygones be bygones, and lay the past to rest.
We took each other's hands; our romance was born again,
Like a spring rose blooming, a miracle of love began.
Dark nights we put behind us, we faced a bright new dawn,
Then we echoed it together, 'Baby, let's move on! '

Chorus:

Let's move on Baby, just let the past go,
Let's move on Baby, and let our love grow.
We've got a lifetime ahead,
With no regrets, with no dread,
Let's move on Baby... let's move on.

Tag:

Let's put the past behind us,
And trust in each other's love;
Let's move on Baby... let's move on.
Let's move on Baby... let's move on.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Life Goes On

O, God loves His dear children,
With only good in store;
Even in difficulties,
He proves it more and more.

He gives comfort in mourning,
His love to cast out fear.
He gives smiles to face sorrows,
His healing through our tears.

His joy replaces sadness,
Victory conquers defeat,
His peace removes confusion,
He turns bitter into sweet.

So, when difficulties come,
Your faith is put to test,
God is there in each trial,
Working out for us His best.

Yes, life can be beautiful!
Those battles can be won!
Yes, life can be meaningful!
For with God, life goes on!

Romans 8: 28

I Corinthians 10: 13

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Limerick, Balding Fred

There once was a balding man named Fred,
Who had just one long hair on his head;
He kept that hair slicked down,
On his head wound it around,
Til' it looked like a giant spool of thread.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Limerick, School Boy Willie

Now Willie was a very bright lad,
But uneducated, which was sad;
12 years of school he made,
But kept failing fifth grade,
Choosing not to enter sixth, with Dad
Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Limerick, Short Knees The Indian Brave

A young Indian brave named Short Knees,

He loved to drink his wife's sweet ice tea.

He drank so much one night,

He died, O what a sight!

You see, he drowned in his own Tee-Pee.

Written by Loyd C. Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Limerick, Taffy Kathy

There once was a lady named Kathy,
Who loved eating sweet sticky taffy.
Yes, she loved it so much,
That she used all her bucks,
To buy her own taffy factory.

A Limerick

Written by Loyd C Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Little Red Car

I drove for hours in a make-believe world,
The envy of boys and thrill of every girl.
I pushed on the horn, pretended it blew
A gift for the poor, but to me it was new.

Still today, there's not a Coupe deVille
That comes close to how it made me feel;
For I felt like a king in my fiery red rod,
Thanks to the folk from the church of God.

Then rust ate the red; it soon fell apart,
But could not take the shine from my heart;
Memories today that still make my eyes burn,
Waiting on my brothers to take my turn.

A penniless boy, rich beyond compare,
Spinning his wheels in the driver's chair.
Today, I cruised back to that time so far,
To that happy boy in his little red car.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Looking For Love

So, you're looking for real love and companionship;
You're disappointed no one has taken your hand.
You want a warm body to sleep with you at night;
You want a soul mate to share time's grains of sand.

You ache and cry because your heart has been broken;
You're empty inside like airy vanishing foam.
You resent the many times you've been mistreated;
You just want a friend to make your house a home.

You're upset because of all the empty promises;
You dread getting up to face another day.
You want to love and to be loved by another;
You want to share life until you're old and gray.

You want to go walking for long hours in the park;
You want to smile, to hear the songbird's melody;
You want a loyal friend who loves you, heart and soul;
You yearn to be touched and kissed passionately!

Hey trust me, I understand how you are feeling.
And there's hope, so get your head out of the fog;
Stop going round and round on your merry-go-round,
My advice, friend, go out and get a good dog!

Man and woman's best friend.
Really! Start with a puppy.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Love's Flame

Oxygen removed
Kills fire's flame,
Take your love from me;
I die the same.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Made Possible With Love

Only in true love do we find

The mathematical impossibility:

One plus one equals one.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Make It A Happy Father's Day

You can do it by making a long overdue phone call,
Or by sending a card, or maybe just dropping by.

You can do it through a word of appreciation for
The sacrifices he has made to take care of you.

You can do it maybe with a small gift, although he's
Not really into those things very much.

You can do it by taking a little walk with him,
While you thank him for being there for you.

You can and should do it, not because he's perfect,
But because he is your father and God wants you to.

It's your chance of turning the tide, not because you
Feel like it, or want to, but because it's the right thing.

He's not perfect, but he is your dad.
He's not always right, but he is your dad.
He may even have hurt you, but he is your dad.
He may at times have let you down, but he is your dad.

God instructs us to honor him,
So even in the smallest way,
Take time to show him love;
Make this a happy Father's Day!

"Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land
which the Lord thy God giveth thee" (Exodus 20: 12) .

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Making Our Way To Easter

See Him crucified!
See Him as He dies!
See Him hang there at Calvary!

Observe Him in cruel pain.
Listen to Him cry out again,
'Father, why hast thou forsaken me? "

For us, He was crucified.
For us, He suffered and died.
Taking our place on that sinful tree!

He suffered Hell's great pain.
Heaven's lost would be our gain,
Paying for our sins, to set us free!

He surely died that day.
Was placed in a cold dark grave.
Enemies of Christ celebrated in glee!

Lying there, for three days.
The stone then was rolled away!
Then He came forth triumphantly!

Arisen, on that Easter day!
Arisen! He lives today!
Arisen, for eternity!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

May I Tell You A Story?

Mom and I sat on the rest home porch
As May's sun gave a golden glow.
Rocking side by side in wooden chairs,
Like we had done so long ago.

My mind slipped back to childhood days,
When we would sit and rock for hours;
I thought of Mom's little garden and smiled
When I recalled how she talked to her flowers:

"Mr. Tulip, have a drink of this water;
Save a little for Iris and Lily too.
Okay, Daisy Dear, you've had enough.
Violet, you're next, when Zinnia is through.'

But these present days were so different,
For Mom's mind would ebb and flow.
Her health was poor this eighty-fifth year;
To heaven she wanted to go.

Mom turned and saw me smiling.
She spoke with a voice weak and low,
'Would you like me to tell you a story?
I learned it a long time ago.'

'A story?' I mused. Curiosity grew,
For I thought I had heard them all.
"Why, sure, Mom. I'd love to hear it."
In the distance came a lone dove's call.

She looked at me, then glanced heavenward.
I grew quiet as the gentle breeze.
Mom began in her sweet angelic way;
Her every word I wanted to seize.

She began to sing a melodious tune –
A hymn, I assumed it to be.
Then, in a broken but tender voice,
She sang these words to me:

"I love to tell the story of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory, of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story, because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings as nothing else can do.
I love to tell the story, 'twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story of Jesus and His love."

Mom loves her Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ
And is quick to let everyone know.
Her faith in Him's undeniable;
When He calls, she'll be ready to go.

Later, I did some research:
Found the words to that old hymn,
And it became clear as I read them,
That Mom's story was all about Him.

Mom's story is now my favorite,
And often the words I rehearse;
But two lines fit her perfectly –
Those in the very last verse...

'And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story that I have loved so long.'

Soon Mom will be with her Lord,
Where she'll sing and glorify His name.
As for me, after hearing her story,
Well, my life will not be the same.

Today I have two stories:
Mom's, and the one she's loved so long.
I smile as I think of her in heaven
And how she'll be singing her song:

"I love to tell the story, 'twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story of Jesus and His love."

Yes, Mom loves to tell the story;
'Twill be her theme in glory,
Where she'll tell the old, old story

Of Jesus and His love.

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Some words taken from the hymn, "I Love to Tell the Story, "

by A. Katherine Hankey,1866

NOTE: Helpful notes...

"Ebb and flow": a recurrent or rhythmical pattern of coming and going or decline and re-growth.

'Mr. Tulip, ' 'Daisy Dear, ' 'Iris, ' 'Lily, ' Violet, ' and 'Zinnia': names of flowers, spoken in a way by Mom to humanize her flowers.

"When He calls": when death comes.

"She'll be ready": She has made her peace with God and has the assurance of salvation through her personal relationship with Him, through faith in His work on Calvary.

"Scenes of Glory": Heaven and all the glories that it holds for those who believe.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Missy Girl

There she is, adoring me again;
Loving others is her only vice.
She' such a trusted and loyal friend,
Selfless: unafraid of sacrifice.

She's not a high-maintenance lady,
Her look of approval is so sweet;
Companionship is her one desire.
She has made our family complete.

She loves and adores little children;
When she's happy she turns in a whirl.
She's our faithful golden retriever,
We've come to call her our "Missy Girl."

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Misty Morning Fog

The smoky mist rose up from the ocean,
As a light fog crept onto the shore,
Then settled in a bewitching stillness,
As the sea's cast its spell once more.

He ran spirited along the water,
Seeking shells for his mother dear;
Alas, the sea's tongue licked for him,
As Mom's voice fell on his ear.

She cried out to her precious darling,
Searched tirelessly, but to no avail;
Followed his small prints near the water,
But found only his small blue pail.

Her grief was great, the loss too heavy,
Until one day she ceased calling his name.
T'was last seen walking into the ocean,
Losing out to the sea's deadly game.

They say you can still see her out walking,
Clutching in her hand his small blue pail;
She's following small prints along the water,
As on that foggy day when sea mist fell.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Mom's Apron

While thumbing through the old photo album,
A particular one my eyes fixed upon:
It was of Mom in her blue Sunday dress
And wearing a soiled yellow apron.

I smiled as in my mind I returned,
It seemed just like it was yesterday;
For I had left my small handprints on it
From playing in the Carolina red clay.

Mom had called us into dinner;
I could smell Sunday chicken fried.
So I ran in and threw my arms around her,
As on my hands the clay she spied.

Mom pinched my cheeks as she laughed out loud,
Told me to wash up and quickly sit down;
Then sister Mary Ruth took Mom's picture.
We kids snickered, not Dad, he just made a frown.

Mom would always wear an apron;
Yellow was her favorite color.
I loved to sneak and untie it,
Hear her shout, "Scat, you little stinker! "

Yes, the apron was Mom's preference
Of all the clothing that she wore;
She donned it like a badge of honor,
Displayed it like some fancy decor.

She would wear it into the hen house,
Then shape it in a rounded fold;
There, softly place fresh eggs gathered,
Or shield baby chicks from the cold.

I've seen her use it for a basket
For garden tomatoes or fresh corn;
I even recall when it cradled
A dozen kittens newly born.

She'd reach down, pull it at the bottom,
Her dishpan hands to gently dry;
She would fan herself in hot weather,
Or wave it like a flag to say goodbye.

Why, Mom's apron could hide a shy child,
Or wipe dirt from a little boy's ear;
And she would keep a hankie in its pocket,
That's one memory I still hold dear.

I have seen her pat a sweaty brow,
After cooking over an old wood stove;
Or use it for a potholder, as cornbread
From the oven she would remove.

She'd use it to carry ripe apples
That had just fallen to the ground;
Maybe collect crumbs from the table,
Toss them to the birds waitin' 'round.

Yes, Mom's apron had many uses,
From a tote bag to shooing flies;
But I've also seen her use it tenderly,
When she would wipe teary eyes.

Now, I suppose the apron was invented
To protect a mom's pretty clothes,
But they must have had my Mom in mind:
How she loved it... heaven only knows.

And I don't reckon that too many ladies
Would care a whit for it these days;
But my mom proved its great value,
As she used it in so many ways.

So, when I look through my family photos,
There's one I still gaze upon:
It's of Mom in her blue Sunday dress,
Wearing a soiled yellow apron.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Mom's Bible

My soul felt parched and empty, needing refreshment from on high;
I prayed to my Father as I reached for Mom's bible lying nearby.

She gave it to me as a gift before she graced heaven's shore;
It had been her strength and comfort for fifty years or more.

I sighed, then I turned straight to Genesis, chapter one...
But it wasn't scripture that was to be my inspiration.

For my eyes fell on Mom's handwritten notes, faded and worn;
Some were difficult to read, on the pages crumpled and torn.

I found them in the columns and scattered here and there.
So, tirelessly I read the words she had written with such care.

They took me back to childhood as I sat at Momma's knee;
I heard again her tender voice as she read God's word to me.

Those sweet precious memories engulfed my heart and soul;
I felt satisfying joy and peace as His Spirit took control.

I didn't complete one chapter as I sat there on that day;
But my parched soul was refreshed in a much different way.

Finally, I closed that bible and put it safely in its place;
I thought, Thanks, Mom, with heaven's smile upon my face.

Yes, the Father knew just what I needed before I bowed to pray;
For He led me to Mom's bible, and her notes I read that day.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Morning Murders

In the shadowy early morning
Before the sun appeared to reveal,
Two beings lying in wantonness
Instinctive desires of lust to fill.

As naked silky bodies entwined
Upon the grassy mattress pressed low,
No human eye was there to witness
The stark act of the murderous blow!

As a slithering peeper peers through
The unsuspecting innocent's pane,
Two piercing eyes were stalkingly fixed
To put quick end to this lover's game.

In a split second it was over
Two naked bodies could only squirm,
Thus fulfilling the wise old saying;
'The Early Bird always gets the worm! '

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Mothers And May

There are many things I love
About the magic month of May-
The beautiful budding flowers,
The gorgeous life-giving weather,
The celebration of Mother's Day!

There are many things I love
About our having Mother's Day-
A day of recognition,
A time to offer commendation,
To one worthy in many ways!

There are many things I love
About you, my sweet Mother dear-
The graceful beauty of your life,
Your selflessness and sacrifice,
Your constant love, year after year.

There are many things I love
About you, Mom, that words can't say!
So on this special occasion,
You have my appreciation;
"Thank you, and Happy Mother's Day! "

Written by Loyd Taylor, April 2008

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Mothers Are

Mothers...

Are so gentle and kind,
Giving themselves freely;
They are true and tender,
Loving unselfishly.

Mothers...

Are always there for us,
Soothing our tears away;
They labor tirelessly,
Sacrificing each day.

Mothers...

Are living examples,
Walking the words they say;
They tenderly guide us,
Helping us find our way.

Mothers...

Are the rarest treasures,
Glowing with modest face;
They mercifully forgive,
Extending matchless grace.

Mothers...

Are God's special people,
Showing His image true;
They love to hear the words,
Saying; 'Mom, I love you.'

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Mothers Poetry: Hanging Patchwork

The cowering grass covered in morning dew
And the Georgia pines kingly and tall
As the shy little creatures share sleep
In cozy nests, they make not a peep.
There, I survey golden colors like fall,
Yet it is not a season in view.

The line is stretched, wood fingers hold tight
As the gentle Southern breeze lets live.
The golden morning revives as colors renew.
A masterpiece of beauty entrances my view.
As a surgeon, worn fingers stitched it to give
Warming comfort and cover at night.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Mothers Poetry: I Was Going To

I was going to make that visit,
had finally made up my mind;
Just had to adjust my schedule,
Surely, for her a day I could find.

All else would need to be put aside.
My anxious heart was all aglow;
I loved this woman so very much,
It was time now to let her know.

Yes, this date was so long overdue.
There were many things I had to say,
Of how special she was to me, and
How she loved and cared for me each day.

I would take her bright yellow roses,
Arrive there at early morning dew,
Give her the card I had written of
The many ways to say "I love you."

I was going to ask forgiveness
For sins against her in my past;
Of times I had hurt her badly,
Then make it all right at last.

I would tell her how wrong I was for
Causing her to worry late at night;
I would bow and gently kiss her, then
Hold her to me and hug her so tight!

I would look deeply into her eyes,
Thank her for the many ways
She had brought me joy and happiness
Brightening up my sullen days.

I could see us then, sitting for hours,
Reminiscing on the years gone by,
Laughing at silly old photographs,
Pausing at ones that might make us cry.

I was going to thank her for her
Patience toward my old stray dog and cat,
For fixing pancakes and rice pudding,
And making me her little spoiled brat.

I would say, "I deserved the spankings
For my many mischievous ways, "
And that I loved the stories she told
Of her life back in the good ole days.

I would thank her for the many prayers,
For singing me sweet songs in the night,
For taking me to church on Sundays,
And making sure I turned out alright.

I would then thank her for loving me,
And of how she always found the time
To make me feel like a million bucks,
Though I wasn't worth a dirty dime.

Yes, there were so many other things
To my mom I'd planned to say,
So I made the final arrangements
Scheduling tomorrow to be her day!

I just don't know why I put it off,
It is true: "Time waits for no man."
Once a day has been all used up,
We will never have it back again.

So, I reached for the phone to call her,
My joy, I could hardly withhold;
But my phone rang with this message
And it made my blood run cold...

"Son, it's your mother..., " the caller said,
"I'm so very sorry, but she's dead...
She passed a few moments ago."

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Mothers Poetry: Mom's Apron

While thumbing through the old photo album,
A particular one my eyes fixed upon:
It was of Mom in her blue Sunday dress
And wearing a soiled yellow apron.

I smiled as in my mind I returned,
It seemed just like it was yesterday;
For I had left my small handprints on it
From playing in the Carolina red clay.

Mom had called us into dinner;
I could smell Sunday chicken fried.
So I ran in and threw my arms around her,
As on my hands the clay she spied.

Mom pinched my cheeks as she laughed out loud,
Told me to wash up and quickly sit down;
Then sister Mary Ruth took Mom's picture.
We kids snickered, not Dad, he just made a frown.

Mom would always wear an apron;
Yellow was her favorite color.
I loved to sneak and untie it,
Hear her shout, "Scat, you little stinker! "

Yes, the apron was Mom's preference
Of all the clothing that she wore;
She donned it like a badge of honor,
Displayed it like some fancy decor.

She would wear it into the hen house,
Then shape it in a rounded fold;
There, softly place fresh eggs gathered,
Or shield baby chicks from the cold.

I've seen her use it for a basket
For garden tomatoes or fresh corn;
I even recall when it cradled
A dozen kittens newly born.

She'd reach down, pull it at the bottom,
Her dishpan hands to gently dry;
She would fan herself in hot weather,
Or wave it like a flag to say goodbye.

Why, Mom's apron could hide a shy child,
Or wipe dirt from a little boy's ear;
And she would keep a hankie in its pocket,
That's one memory I still hold dear.

I have seen her pat a sweaty brow,
After cooking over an old wood stove;
Or use it for a potholder, as cornbread
From the oven she would remove.

She'd use it to carry ripe apples
That had just fallen to the ground;
Maybe collect crumbs from the table,
Toss them to the birds waitin' 'round.

Yes, Mom's apron had many uses,
From a tote bag to shooing flies;
But I've also seen her use it tenderly,
When she would wipe teary eyes.

Now, I suppose the apron was invented
To protect a mom's pretty clothes,
But they must have had my Mom in mind:
How she loved it... heaven only knows.

And I don't reckon that too many ladies
Would care a whit for it these days;
But my mom proved its great value,
As she used it in so many ways.

So, when I look through my family photos,
There's one I still gaze upon:
It's of Mom in her blue Sunday dress,
Wearing a soiled yellow apron.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Mothers Poetry: Mom's Bible

My soul felt parched and empty, needing refreshment from on high;
I prayed to my Father as I reached for Mom's bible lying nearby.

She gave it to me as a gift before she graced heaven's shore;
It had been her strength and comfort for fifty years or more.

I sighed, then I turned straight to Genesis, chapter one...
But it wasn't scripture that was to be my inspiration.

For my eyes fell on Mom's handwritten notes, faded and worn;
Some were difficult to read, on the pages crumpled and torn.

I found them in the columns and scattered here and there.
So, tirelessly I read the words she had written with such care.

They took me back to childhood as I sat at Momma's knee;
I heard again her tender voice as she read God's word to me.

Those sweet precious memories engulfed my heart and soul;
I felt satisfying joy and peace as His Spirit took control.

I didn't complete one chapter as I sat there on that day;
But my parched soul was refreshed in a much different way.

Finally, I closed that bible and put it safely in its place;
I thought, Thanks, Mom, with heaven's smile upon my face.

Yes, the Father knew just what I needed before I bowed to pray;
For He led me to Mom's bible, and her notes I read that day.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Mothers Poetry: Pretty Flowers For Mother

Pretty flowers for Mother,
To give her on Mother's Day.
May offers many choices,
Found in earth's splendid bouquet.

Roses are always lovely.
Tulips are beautiful too.
Violets, orchids and lilies,
All kissed by sweet heaven's dew.

Lilacs long to be chosen;
Showy irises and more.
They all are simply bypassed,
While browsing the flower store.

For Mom's a simple woman;
Extravagance is not her style.
Choosing one most overlooked,
A flower that makes her smile.

You see, Mother loves her mums,
Each year it's always the same;
Mom says mums are her first choice,
For both share the same nickname.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Mr President

Mr. President:

I've seen you bow reverently; you must be deep in prayer.
I'm touched with your humility; one of your stature and power.
I'm convinced that you believe, you seem unashamed and sincere,
As you openly petition the Almighty to lend you an open ear.

Mr. President:

I believe you take prayer seriously and I think that I know why;
You pray for His divine wisdom, for on your own you dare not rely.
You pray for freedom for our nation and the people of other lands;
You pray for hope and peace as to the Almighty you lift your hands.

Mr. President:

I know you're in a situation that few shall ever be in;
Criticized on every turn, and at times, it seems no win.
It's true, I've not been thankful for the good you have done,
For the battles you have fought and for the victories won.

Mr. President:

I know your load is heavy, and your burden is hard to bear;
Still you take time to speak to God, and to lift us up in prayer.
I'm blessed you are my president, and I'm thankful for all you do;
Now Mr. President, if you don't mind, I'd like to pray for you:

Dear God;

Please bless my President, and do help his judgment to be right;
Grant him wisdom, grace and strength, and guide him day and night.
Give him a long life of happiness, and may he know a true friend.
Lord, by Thy might protect and keep him; in Jesus' name, Amen.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Mr. Banjo Man_Song

Verse one:

Well, I've been feeling sad and blue,
So, my friend, I'm looking to you.
Would you play me a tune, Mr. Banjo Man?

Verse two:

Let me feel the rhythm from those silver strings,
Let me hear the joy when your banjo rings.
Would you play me a tune, Mr. Banjo Man?

Chorus:

Hey, hey there, Mr. Banjo Man,
You can do it, I know you can!
You can pick it high, you can pick it low.
You can play it fast; you can play it slow...

The night is still young and the band is in tune,
But, Mr. Banjo Man, they're looking to you.
Would you play me a tune, Mr. Banjo Man?

Come on now, play me a tune, Mr. Banjo Man!

Instrumental

Verse three:

You move over the frets with your master hand,
You move over my soul with your banjo grand.
Would you play me a tune, Mr. Banjo Man?

Chorus:

Hey, hey there, Mr. Banjo Man,
You can do it, I know you can!
You can pick it high, you can pick it low.
You can play it fast; you can play it slow...

The night is still young; the band is in tune,
But, Mr. Banjo Man, they're looking to you.
Would you play me a tune, Mr. Banjo Man?

Tag:

I can't get enough, so don't you quit too soon.

Would you play me a tune, Mr. Banjo Man?

Pick me some of that banjo, Mr. Banjo Man.

You know the night is still young; the band is in tune.

Mr. Banjo Man, they're looking to you.

Play me a tune, Mr. Banjo Man.

Yeah, that's the way to do it!

Yeah!

© Loyd C Taylor, sr

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Mr. Dandelion

We had our biggest quarrel,
A stupid, childish fight;
Angrily we walked away,
Both knew it wasn't right.

I felt pretty dejected,
As low as one could feel;
Found a seat on a park bench,
To ponder 'Is love really real? '

An old man sat down beside me,
Smiled and stuck out his hand.
He said, 'Son, if you'd like to talk,
Then maybe I could understand.'

I told him about our quarrel,
Of my selfishness and pride;
I said, 'I love her so much.'
Then broke right down and cried.

He handed me a crinkled napkin
Said, 'We all cry when in pain.'
I wiped my eyes, and thanked him,
Then he spoke up once again.

'Love, you know is amazing,
It's magical and unique.'
That line took me captive,
I strained to hear him speak.

Allow me to share a story,
Many will swear that it is true.
You might think it silly, but,
Let me share it now with you.

It's the legend of the Dandelion,
Which grows wildly in the ground;
He wishes for some tender hand,
To help spread his seed around.

He knows he will give his life
As you pluck him, he will die;
But he's willing to sacrifice,
To free his seed into the sky.

So if you gently release them,
He'll grant one wish to you.
If you believe with all your heart,
He will make that wish come true! '

I know he found skepticism,
When he gazed into my face.
'But, ' he said, 'It won't happen,
Unless this legend you embrace.

Wishin's about love and magic!
What's to lose my good friend?
Go now, wish on the Dandelion,
Free his seed into the wind.

Before you say it's all over,
Assuming death to romance;
Believe in magic and in love,
Give the Dandelion a chance!

Just go down to the meadow,
You'll find him growing there;
Pluck it up and then gently,
Blow its seed into the air.'

I politely thanked the old man,
Then got up and walked away;
Over the brook to our spot,
Where we went our separate way.

So, here I am, Mr. Dandelion,
With my aching heart I say;
'I wish that you bring her back
And please let it be today? '

I reached and plucked it up,

To my lips brought it near;
I closed tight my teary eyes,
And wished above my fear.

I must have looked a sight,
Lying there on the ground;
I opened my eyes just to see,
The seeds flying all around.

Now what's next? I thought,
As I stood up then to leave;
That's when I heard a voice,
Call out sweetly to me...

'Hey, what ya doing, and
Who's that you're talkin' to? '
I turned and to my surprise,
My eyes then fixed on you.

I said, 'It may seem silly,
But I wished upon a weed;
Then to make it come true,
I had to blow away the seed.

And may I ask you, Love,
What brings you out this way? '
She said, 'I had to tell you,
I was sorry that I ever ran away.

I want to say I love you,
And with you to always be;
To ask if there's a chance,
That you'll come back to me? '

We embraced and made up,
As we turned to walk away;
She said, 'Could you tell me
What wish you made today? '

'I cannot tell, for I did vow,
To keep it within my heart;
But I can say that I love you,

And I want a brand new start.

But give me a just a minute,
There's something I must do;
I knelt down and whispered,
'Mr. Dandelion, I owe it all to you.'

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Musical Message Of Christmas

When you ask the meaning of Christmas
And the purpose for Christmas day,
You find a variety of ideas
In the words people have to say.

For some, Christmas Day's about Santa;
Stockings hung; or family visitation.
Many think it's about time off from work,
Or just some religious celebration.

If we were to go through a list
Of songs heard this time of year,
What type of message would they give?
What would the listener hear?

Of 'Jingle Bells' on Santa's sleigh,
With Rudolph's nose so bright?
Or 'Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas'
While dreaming of a Christmas white?

You may have a 'Blue, Blue Christmas'
When Santa checks his gift list twice;
Or a 'Holly Jolly Christmas'
If he sees that you've been nice.

Songs today speak of 'Decking the Halls'
And 'Walking in a Winter Wonderland'
Or, 'Rocking Around the Christmas Tree'
Singing, 'Let it Snow' all over the land.

The messages clearly miss the point,
For they're mostly of festivity.
Jesus surely must be sad, for lost
Is the true meaning of the Nativity.

Then we turn to the songs of old
To read what they had to say
About this special time of year
And about the Christmas day.

Let me share the words there written
From the carols we love to sing,
And see if you hear the difference
In the message those old songs bring.

'The first Noel the angels did say
Was to certain poor shepherds
In fields where they lay:
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel.'

?

'It came upon a midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
'Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From Heav'n's all gracious King';
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.'

'Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus lay down His sweet head;
The stars in the sky looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.'

'Thou didst leave Thy throne and kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me,
But in Bethlehem's home there found no room
For Thy holy Nativity.'

'What child is this who, laid to rest,
On Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
While shepherds watch their keeping?
This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:
This, this is Christ the King,
The babe, the Son of Mary.'

'Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart and soul and voice!
Give ye heed to what we say:
Jesus Christ is born today;
Ox and ass before Him bow,
And He is in the manger now,
Christ is born today!
Christ is born today! '

'Joy to the world! The Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing! '

'Hark! The herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled! "'

'Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright.
Round yon virgin mother and Child
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.'

'O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!
Come and behold Him, born the King of angels;
O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.'

Comparing the songs of today
With the ones from so long ago,
We hear a different message
Than the one God wants us to know.

It's fine to gather with family and friends,
To share gifts and celebration,
But remember the reason for Christmas
And the cause for the jubilation.

Christmas is about Christ, God's Son
And the message he came to give,
It tells the good news of salvation
So lost sinners can eternally live.

So, Merry Christmas to one and all,
May you enjoy this special day,
But remember the old musical message -
The true meaning of Christmas day.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

My Backyard Theater

Before I leave, maybe just one more peek ...

I walk through my back door, entering into my backyard theater, I find my place. Then my attention is tugged heavenward... being magnetically drawn to Heaven's stage!

The scene has been set and I am captivated by this astounding assemblage of brilliant galactic masterpieces. I gaze in finite wonder upon the illustriousness of this empyrean!

My eyes drink in the breathtaking beauty...

Innumerable stars are glimmering; sprinkled diamonds scattered throughout the sky. They are perfectly silhouetted in the distance; delicately placed on a dark velvet backdrop.

I am a creature amazed at this creation; completely speechless, yes, awestruck! I hold my breath, fearful that the sound of my breathing might disrupt this grand presentation.

I stand motionless; I dare not lose my place...

Alas, I can only take in but a tiny fraction of these heavenly beauties, these treasures. I can only take a sip, a tiny droplet from this ocean of radiance; it is too much for me!

I long to drink more of this awesome majesty I view; but, it is not to be. It is forbidden, for my human frailties' and physical limitations prohibit me from doing so.

Oh yes; limited mortal that I am...

I pull my eyes slowly downward, silently, dismissing myself from this well orchestrated symphony. It is so difficult to depart from such a grand demonstration of glory!

I wish not to end this night of heavenly entertainment, not now... not ever; but I must! Though I might wish too stay here forever, I know it is beyond my capability, yes, impossible.

I breathe a sigh of contentedness...

Now carefully I back away, smiling in satisfaction of my time spent, until I need filling again. I quietly leave; slipping out undetected; for I wish not to attract attention to myself.

I wish not to distract from balance of God's earthly creation's fixation upon this astounding celestial scene; this crowning nighttime masterpiece; my Backyard Theater.

Yes, the entire worlds of created things, of creatures large and small, from blades of grass to mountains tall, are mesmerized by God's handiwork and the wonder of it all!

"Shush! " with finger to lips they seem to say.

OK, I will make my exit, but...

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

My Crazy Dream

Last night I had a crazy dream,
It seemed so vivid and so true;
And if you lend me your ear,
I will then tell my dream to you.

In my dream I was playing ball,
When towards me the ball did come;
I bounced up so fast to catch it,
I nearly bit in two my tongue.

I caught the ball and raised my hand,
I then flung quick it and let go;
But my arm went completely limp,
So I dropped it in a mud hole.

I then picked up the dripping ball,
It was dirty and soaking wet;
I then wiped it dry on my shirt,
I squeezed it and then I reset.

Next, I heard a lady's voice scream,
I thought it was a crazy fan;
That's when I suddenly woke up,
For my wife smacked me with her hand.

I was standing in our bathroom,
In my hand was a dripping shoe;
O, too late I then realized,
For I had dropped it in the stool.

So this doesn't happen anymore,
I hide all shoes and lock the doors.

Written by Loyd C Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

My Favorite Lady

My Favorite Lady

I've seen them all! I've heard them talk!
I've been shocked! I've been appalled!
I've seen their moves, as they dance and sway.
I've closed my eyes! I've turned away.

They quickly lie in a stranger's embrace.
They are self-made queens, pride covers their face.
They are self-willed... self-filled, flaunting arrogantly.
They are in the limelight as worshipped celebrities.

But you, You are chaste and mild, with saintly charm.
You are motherly gentle, embracing in tender arms.
You are one in a million, as a precious jewel rare.
You are modestly beautiful, beyond compare.

You are sweeter than the spring from yon mountain flow.
You are purer than the snow, December winds blow.
You are my woman... my lover... my baby.
You are above them all! You are my Favorite Lady!

Written by Loyd C Taylor, sr

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

My Heart

My heart you have, now and always;
Your desire, dear, I long to meet.
Hand in hand, we'll walk together,
Enjoying a love-life so sweet.
And then in the time ever after,
Reuniting shall make complete.
This darling truly is my heart.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

My Lady

How my Lady fascinates me
When she readies for the day;
Even though she doesn't mean to,
She still takes my breath away.

Whatever she decides to wear,
She makes it perfect in my sight.
Her fragrance permeates the air
And tantalizes my delight!

Her perfume takes me captive, then;
My senses heighten when she's near.
I move to press my lips to hers –
She turns the cheek and says, "Right here."

My Lady, you're one in a million,
A diamond, exquisite and rare.
You mystify the geniuses,
For, to your worth they can't compare.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

My Lady Love

Just one touch from my Lady of Love's hand
Melts my heart as sunbeams melt winter's snow,
As liquid ice runs down to water's end,
And silver `cicles thaw to join its flow.

Just one look from my Lady of Love's eyes
Penetrates my being, illumines my soul,
As graceful beauty in her body lies,
Like my spirit succumbs to her control.

Just one word from my Lady of Love's lips,
Brushes over the chord of my heart's string,
As masterful Beethoven's fingertips,
As winter gives way to the warmth of spring.

O' Lady of Love, love passionately!
O' Lady of Love, take me completely!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

My Love

No angel's breath, nor angels conjoining,
Their radiant beauty, gloriously fair,
Competing as one their noble attempts,
Could ever my lovely one's beauty compare.

As the planets are stayed in distant sky,
Cemented in their justly and ordained place,
So you will find my being thus secured,
As I now gaze upon my sweet love's face.

Like winding, encircling life-giving vines,
Clutching tightly around the kingly oak tree,
As the luscious grapes are given their life,
My darling grants her life, giving love to me.

No heavenly or earthly beauty fine
Could ever compare to My Love divine.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

My Old Shack

Time spent there was so peaceful,
As memories take me back
To the hours spent in recluse:
Just God, me, and my old shack.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

My Pick For President For 2008

The politicians let us know how blessed we are
To have them from which to choose,
To be the next president over this great nation,
The prestigious oval office use.

Hillary wants to remind us of her gender,
As if the people have lost sight;
When political winds change direction,
She shifts from left to right.

Obama is the first black to achieve
Such a place of global acclaim,
With many friends in heavenly places;
Reverend Wright is one such name.

McCain is a genuine war hero,
So let's give credit where credit's due;
Some analysts tell us his mind might depart,
He's too old to lead us through.

But there's still one knightly person to consider,
To guide this great nation of ours;
A man of character and great chivalry;
You may know him as Jack Bauer!

Even though this was written as sarcastic humor, we have a very serious decision to make in a short while. Americans must be wise and also seek wisdom from above. Our nation is a beacon of hope to so many throughout the world and our choice of president is more important than political expediency, color or gender. Please think and be wise. I hope you will not take this as an attack, just a few thoughts from one who loves America and freedom. Loyd

PS: Jack Bauer is a character in the TV series 24; he play a terrorist hunting, patriotic, death defying, America protecting hero.' Kiefer Sutherland is the actor who plays Jack Bauer, one of my favorites.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

My Prayer For The New Year

Dear heavenly Father,
On my knees I come today:
To thank You for this past year
And the help You sent my way.

You gave me strength in trials
And grace which let me stand.
You gave light for my pathway;
You firmly held my hand.

Precious Heavenly Father,
Now I ask of You anew;
Please help me live this New Year right,
In all I say and do.

For alone I cannot make it,
So, I need Your grace again.
Dear God, this is my humble prayer,
In Jesus' name, amen.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

My Prayer For You

My friend...

Let not your heart be troubled;
Never give in to fear.
May these thoughts bring comfort
As you keep them ever near.

* * *

May Truth guide you,
And Hope raise you;
May Faith move you,
And Peace keep you.
May Joy fill you;
And Love complete you!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

My Quest

I embarked on a great journey
To seek the rarest treasure told,
Near the land of crystal waters,
Searching for my pot of gold.

With quest consuming my spirit,
The preparations, I did tend.
Excited, I took this journey
That led me to rainbow's end.

Just then I beheld such beauty
My heart stopped in utter delight;
Lying near the crystal waters,
My treasure was now in sight.

Her calm smile shone radiantly,
Embarrassing the rainbow hue.
Her emerald green eyes sparkled
As diamonds dazzle a view.

Her ruby red lips smiled softly
As her hands reached out for me.
Her warm voice whispered, "I love you"
As we embraced near the sea.

She is my most beloved treasure;
She is my beauty and best friend.
She is worth more than mere riches;
She's my gold at rainbow's end.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

My Shepherd

MY SHEPHERD

Psalm 23

A Song of Praise

The Lord is my shepherd, to Him I belong;
He's ever here with me, I'm never alone;
He holds fast my hands in the valleys so low.
My shepherd loves me and I, too, love Him so.

The Lord is my shepherd and He loves me too,
Through all the dark valleys He leadeth me through;
To springs of still waters He safely shall guide,
I've nothing to fear with Him by my side.

The Lord is my shepherd and I shall not want.
The times when I'm weak, my shepherd is strong.
He'll not let me down nor once leave my side;
My shepherd is near and on Him I rely.

The Lord is my shepherd, He leadeth the way.
His mercy and grace close by me will stay.
From His watchful care, I never will stray;
I'll be His forever for all of my days.

The Lord is my shepherd and He loves me too,
Through all the dark valleys He leadeth me through;
By springs of still waters He maketh me lie,
I've nothing to fear with Him by my side.

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

My Special Time

I look forward to my special time with you.
A time when we can shut the world outside!
It's a time when our love can be renewed.

I need you girl to be in everything I do.
I need you girl to be in all things by my side.
I look forward to my special time with you.

I long for the time to prove my love true.
I long for the time to reach your heart inside.
It's a time when our love can be renewed.

The robbers of time can be so very cruel.
The thieves try to steal it, but I will hide.
I look forward to my special time with you.

Sweetheart, help me find the place recluse.
For I must satisfy this emptiness inside!
It's a time when our love can be renewed.

Darling, I must always speak the truth.
My desire for you I shall never hide!
I look forward to my special time with you.
It's a time when our love can be renewed.

A Villanelle poem

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

My Spirtual Hideaway

When the noise of this world is hurting my ears,
Crowds of humanity squeeze my space;
When the computer screams, "You've got email! "
I can feel the stress attacking my face.

When the phone yelps unceasingly after me,
Like a determined blood hound on my trail;
When I hear the TV barking out more bad news,
Even the air I'm breathing seems stale.

Then I cut away the cords controlling me
And drive away about as far as I can go;
Then I park the machine, closing it all behind
As I feel my pulse beginning to slow.

Then I take a trail which I have worn bare,
that winds around then crosses a creek;
Then I head up a little knoll to that place
To find the treasure my spirit does seek.

Then I stop and breathe the fresh air...
"It's been too long, " I hear myself say.
Then I thank God for this quaint refuge,
What I call my Spirtual Hideaway.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

My Tomorrows

We did not know then
For only God knew,
Which man and woman
For our mate would do;
To fall deep in love
Then later in life,
Would come together
As husband and wife.

I often questioned;
"Would life be so grand,
To give one to me
Forever to stand;
To commit one day
To make my life whole,
To love completely
With her heart and soul? "

Then you came along
T'was love at first glance
We were young, just kids
Yet, in deep romance.
Then love just happened
You came in my life,
I knew that moment
You would be my wife.

Now, we may not know
For only God does,
What tomorrow holds
For either of us;
But this I promise
And sweetheart it's true,
I want to share my
Tomorrows with you.

Written by; L C Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

My Vow_A Wedding Poem

My VOW

As I take my place beside you
I make this solemn vow;
Before God and these witnesses
All my love to you endow.

I wish to have and hold you
For all the days that we live,
I wish to share heart and soul,
So, to you my life I give.

I vow this for better or worse,
In pain, in poverty, in wealth;
I vow this in the darkest of times,
In trials, in sickness, in health.

I vow my very being to you,
I give you all my heart;
I vow to never neglect you,
And from you to never part.

Then if God would answer
My sincere and earnest plea;
I'd pray to be with you Love,
For all eternity.

Written by Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.
May 2008

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Nature's Counseling Room

Stone hard, I run down to the green meadow where golden daffodils speak,
To my session under the majestic blue tapestry of the sky peaceful and mild,
My heart is filled with anguished turmoil as answers to my soul's anger I seek...
Just then the wind kissed my cheek coaxing me to relax and reflect for a while.

I'm amazed, for even the bursting red of the robin's breast whispered discrete,
Of the hot exchange that prompted my session in nature's counseling room;
Such terrible words in anger I had hatefully and quickly hurled at my sweet,
As cracked notes from the blue jay's batched song filled with pain and gloom.

The tepid sun caressed my skin; reminding me of the warmth of her love;
The singing brook brought to mind joyful times when for each we yearned.
I heard a slight whisper from the maple leaves as the wind counseled above,
No deep psychology but such simple advice? "Return, return, return!
"

I walked briskly from nature's counseling room and made my way back to her,
Though angry I left, now I weep, as the weeping willow when she is bowed low;
I too am bowed with guilt and shame, humbled by my sin towards my darling
true,
Now, back in her sweet presence crushed, needful of her tender mercy flow.

My will breaks as the weighed down branch of the mighty oak cracks under
strain!
My heart snaps... indeed as it should by the pain inflicted upon my precious one.
Words flood my heart like the massive overflowing deluge after the monsoon
rains,
But trickle out as tiny drops in a ready to explode dam with imminent release
soon.

Then the dam bursts! My words gush out as for her forgiveness I brokenly plea,
As the parched moister starved desert of Ethiopia begs for just a drop of water.
Then gentle sweet rain begins to fall... the earth drinks as I drink in her grace
sweet.

Softened now, my grateful arms reaches for my love; I hold and kiss her! One
again!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Never Too Old

Spring brought another radiant morning,
As Edward wheeled his way down the hall;
A big grin glowed on his toothless mouth,
Hardly noticing the workers at all.

Lois daintily brushed her silver waves,
Pinching her cheeks once more;
With a final glance at her time worn face,
She waited breathlessly at her door.

'Good morning Peaches, ' Ed kindly said,
How's my favorite lady today?
I'm so happy to see you again,
Gal, you sure look lovely, if I might say!

It's a bit breezy; better slip a sweater on,
Don't want my girl to catch a chill;
You look mighty fine in that pink one,
Please wear it for me dear, if you will.'

Lois moved frailly towards the sun room,
As Eddy rolled close by her side;
They found a warm spot by the window,
Their enjoyment was not easy to hide.

'Hello you two, ' Lynn the caregiver said,
As she greeted them with a smile;
'I'm new here, so are you two married,
Or, have you been sweethearts for a while? '

'I would be the happiest man in this place,
If Peaches would give me her hand;
We've grown pretty close here lately,
And if she'd have me, life would be so grand.'

Lois spoke up, 'Oh we're just friends Lynn,
And though I dearly enjoy Ed's company;
I don't think we should rush into things,
For we've got plenty of time, Ed and me.

Love is something you can't take lightly,
And true romance comes to those who wait;
After all, I've just turned eighty-five...
And my Eddy... why he's only eighty-eight.

Written by Loyd Taylor, May 6,2009

This was written from a true conversation between two elderly residents at the Southfork Assisted Living Home. I have purposefully changed their names to protect their identity. Their names are "Lois and Eddie" and Lynn is their caregiver. I hope you enjoyed and have been given hope that it's never too late.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Nine Hundred Miles

Now in the car, I drive away...
I've got nine hundred miles to go.

It's a long nine hundred mile trip,
The car's packed, I'm ready to go...
Why I waited so long, I don't know.

That was hard, but eight hundred still,
Guess I'd better watch those gauges...
Emotions do flair and hate rages.

Two down and seven hundred more,
She drags a bit going up hill...
I must subdue my stubborn will.

Only six hundred miles till I'm there,
I'll just stop and stretch a little...
Relationships sure are brittle.

Five hundred miles more to travel,
The traffic sure is moving slow...
What happened, will I ever know?

Four hundred miles, and I'm half way,
Glad I left early when I did...
It was me, acting like a kid.

Still I've got three hundred miles left,
After more gas, I'll rest my eyes...
Who is to be blamed when love dies?

Just two hundred more long hard miles,
With luck I'll make it before night...
Oh God, help me to make it right!

One hundred miles and I'll be there,
She's really handled like a dream...
Lord knows those things I didn't mean.

Now just mile more, I'll stop and pray,
Rehearse the things I need to say;
I circle the block two times more,
I'm dreading the walk to the door.

What if I can't make the wrongs right?
I'm crying in the evening light.
It will be hard, I must be strong,
My heart breaks, I know I was wrong.

My eyes close as I swallow hard,
I'm standing now in the front yard;
My palms are sweaty, my head pounds,
Courage fades, as my fear rebounds.

Back in the car, I speed away...
I've got nine hundred miles to go.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Nine Hundred Miles To God (Sequel)

Note: It is helpful to read my first poem 'Nine Hundred Miles' first and then this one, since it is a sequel. Thanks!

I ran outside, and shook my head,
He drove nine hundred miles and left...

Nine hundred miles, is he a fool?
I would know his car anywhere...
Could this mean he does really care?

Hi Mom, I need a big favor,
Thanks, but I'll be OK alone,
No, the man doesn't have a phone!

It's a nine hundred mile trip,
Dad checked the car; I'm good to go...
I must catch him, I've got to know!

Two hours and just one hundred miles,
I'm going faster than I ought...
I feel like it's mostly my fault.

I'm approaching two hundred miles,
I squeeze the wheel and say a prayer,
'God, I'll try, please, just get me there! '

Three hundred miles, I'll stop ahead,
The car's clicking, what could it be...
Is this a sign God sent to me?

I need gas before I head back,
Use the restroom and grab a snack;
I park the car, gave to my fear,
I cry, 'God, why didn't you hear? '

Could this be it, has our love died?
I stand at the register teary eyed,
Clothes wrinkled, my heart is sighing,
I look a mess, can't stop crying.

I heard a voice behind me say,
'I'm surprised to see you today! '
I turned as my body grows weak,
The tears flowed and I couldn't speak.

He took my hand as we walked outside;
Standing there we broke down and cried.
I said, 'I came looking for you,
Just to tell you, my love's still true.'

I cried... 'Why did you leave that way?
Was there something you wished to say?
Before I could open the door,
You left, much like you did before.'

He said, 'I know I hurt you bad,
Never wanted to make you sad;
I do love you and had to say
I was wrong, but, I drove away.

Still afraid you would not forgive,
That our love did no longer live;
So, I headed home, my heart broken,
Sorry for words left unspoken.'

We embraced, as hate was banished,
Thanked God for what He had managed;
We each confessed and shared the blame,
Passion breathed, igniting love's flame.

We held tight as forgiveness won,
Through love's power, we would hold on;
We drove back the three hundred miles,
Shared the good news to waiting smiles.

Now with the family in the car,
We have nine hundred miles to go.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

No Adequate Words

No Adequate Words

I would like to borrow a little of your time
To acknowledge a servant true;
Though no words can adequately describe him,
I've settled on just a select few.

He is Constant... which means unchanging,
Invariable, stable, absolute!
He is someone who is steadfast and loyal;
In heart and soul, resolute.

He is Considerate... which means kindness,
His life replete with golden deeds.
He delights in meeting the needs of many
With selfless generosity.

He is Compassionate... which means caring
For the trials faced by others,
One who helps to bear their burdens,
Who uplifts fallen sisters and brothers.

He is a Christian... which means giving
Our heart and life to the Lord;
To daily work out ones own salvation,
To honor and obey His word.

No adequate words may ever be found
To describe this servant of Christ -
But may they offer deserved recognition
For the way he's lived out his life.

A Tribute to Sid Jones

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

No Time To Kill!

My dear!

The time has come, quick,
we must make tracks!

Lord, may we not be slow.
(Now? Do you mean
we must leave this
very minute? Is it really
time to go?)

Oh yes!

We must skedaddle! We
both knew this time
would arrive.

(Alright, I'll just grab
my bag and a little
food for the trip...
my sakes alive!)

No, stop!

We don't have time, we
must move quickly! The
water is a'poolin', I tell you...
we may need to row.

(OK, I'm a'movin'
and you're right...
we'd better vamoose,
for you're not foolin'
so, let's go!)

Thank God!

That was close! I feel
safer out of the reach
of that torrential rain!

(Amen! Because of your
insistence we'll live

to see good times again.)

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Not A Second Too Soon

So many times her heart had been broken,
The will to live was fading fast.
Reasons to smile somehow eluded her,
Thoughts of death had arrived at last.

Often she would cry in utter despair,
As into her pit she would run;
Concluding that her life was now worthless,
She felt the cold steel of a gun.

Love, true love was all she ever wanted,
Someone to stand by to her side;
But, neglect was what she had been given,
As love from her just seemed to hide.

In one final plea of desperation,
She said a prayer to God once more;
Then just as she squeezed on the cold trigger,
There came a knock at the front door.

"Hello, are you home, " the tender voice called,
"Just came by to see you today."
Putting the gun down, she answered; "I'm here,
What brings you so out of your way? "

"I was almost home when I sensed the need
To drop by, " the voice sweetly said.
"It may seem somewhat strange, " she continued,
I couldn't get you out my head."

She said; "Please know you mean a lot to me,
And I wanted to tell you so,
I hope that you and I can be true friends,
And I really do love you so."

They embraced for what seemed eternity,
As the sweet tears streamed from their eyes,
She said; "Friend, an angel must have sent you,

For today I had planned to die.”

But then you showed up miraculously
and saved me from my pit of gloom!
My friend, thank God that you heeded His voice
and came not a moment too soon.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Not Promised

The desk was a bit untidy,
A coffee spill still not dry;
A half-eaten glazed doughnut—
The computer waiting on stand-by.

Some personal things in plain view:
Appointments waiting on this day,
Sticky notes with scribbled memos,
Tickets for a planned getaway.

Some were staring in disbelief.
Medical staff did analyze;
It appears he just stopped breathing,
Took everyone by surprise.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Nothing Between

Nothing between me and my Savior,
Nothing between!

Nothing between me and my neighbor,
Nothing between!

Lord, I need your forgiveness;
Let your mercy cleanse my soul,
Let your grace restore me whole.
Remove all that would hinder
Till there is nothing...
No, nothing between!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

O, What A Savior

'A Song of Praise'

Years ago, so many years ago,
To fulfill salvation's plan,
God sent his Son, His one and only Son,
To redeem fallen man

And provide salvation;
To bring hope and give life.
He was God's Lamb, sinless and pure;
The supreme sacrifice.

What a Savior, what love sublime,
What mercy, what grace divine
That the Father would send his Son,
And the Son would willingly give
His life as a sacrifice, there on Calvary's hill.
He died that day; His life He gave
That you and I might live.

O, what a Savior, praise His holy name!
O, what a Savior, God became a man!
O, what a Savior, evermore we shall proclaim...
O, what a Savior, O, what a Savior!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Ode To A Thief

He is just a common thief,
And now he must pay;
His wicked deeds bring him,
Condemned to die today.

He had cheated and looted,
Wronged many men;
His wretched life stops today,
A cross shall pay his sin.

Guilty of his transgression,
Deserving of this bed;
Though he feared not the dying,
But the damnation ahead.

For surely Hell would be his fate,
Fires' torment soon would start;
Punished for his wickedness,
And such a blackened heart!

But this ONE dying near him,
Was oh so different than he;
His eyes revealed compassion,
He spoke mercifully.

The thief cried out from his cross;
"Man just what crime did you do? "
Then Jesus whispered weakly;
"Today friend, I die for you! "

"But, how will You die for me,
Just who are you anyway? "
"I AM the Lamb of God,
Your sin debt I came to pay."
"How may I receive pardon? "
The thief begged repentantly.
"Forgiveness is truly yours

If you simply will believe."

"It's true, you are the Savior,
Given thus to die for me...
Oh LORD I need your mercy,
LAMB of GOD... remember me! "

Then Jesus spoke to the thief,
"Mercy has covered your price,
And I now say unto thee...
I'll meet you in PARADISE! "

© March 2008 by Loyd C. Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Ole Mister Copperhead

Dedicated to my wife after her bout with a Copperhead

One day, ole Mister Copperhead
Slithered too far from his nest.
He wiggled up to our front step,
Curled up there to take a rest.

Oh, he thought himself as clever,
So cunning, crafty and sly;
He hissed, then kissed my lady-made
my helpless woman cry.

But he should have made a u-squirm,
Crawled quickly back to his hole;
For now his kids are fatherless,
And he's deader than a pole.

In the end he got true justice,
His subtle actions sealed his fate;
For when he bit my dear sweet wife,
He ended up as Buzzard's bait.

There's a moral to this story,
If this same path one dares to tread;
Best slither on lest you end up,
Just like Ole Mister Copperhead.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Once

Once in a stable,
because they found no room.
Once as crucified,
once in a borrowed tomb.

Once as resurrected,
once ascending in the clouds.
Once as Lord of lords,
before Him all shall bow!

Once He came, so long ago,
a babe in Bethlehem.
Once he lived in a robe of flesh
the one called Son of Man.

Once in a manger,
once as a child.
Once as a servant,
humble, meek and mild.

Once He fulfilled His father's will,
sinless on this earth.
Once He died for lost sinners,
His death gave them new birth.

Once for all eternity,
His glory to be proclaimed!
Once he will return King of kings,
forever He shall reign!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

One In Love

One in life, one in living;
One in getting, one in giving.

One in sorrow, one in laughter;
One in the present, one hereafter.

One in partnership, one in sharing;
One in helping, one in bearing.

One in sickness, one in health;
One in poverty, one in wealth.

One in distance, one in closeness;
One in sadness, one in happiness.

One in Trust.
One in Hope.
One in Dreams.
One in Faith.
One in Joy.
One in Destiny.

One in Love!

“Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother,
and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh.” Genesis 2: 24

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Only One Life

“Where did grandma go and why haven’t we seen or heard from her in such a long time?

I remember how sweet and kind she was and how we would play together. But, one day she just left and I don’t know what has become of her. I wish if she loved me she would at least write, or call. But, I never ever hear from her anymore. I wonder if she still loves me. Maybe she is famous now and too busy for me? What if something bad happened in the dark night? ”

“It’s a terrible way to go, and I always hate to see such human waste. Those marks on her body reveal that she may be better off dead.

Why do people want to destroy their life like this? It didn’t have to be this way, for she had resources and a support system. Why she chose this way, beats me! Better turn her body over to the city morgue since we can’t locate family members. Had she stayed clean, who knows,

she might have been spared this awful plight.”

“We are gathered here today to celebrate the life of our dear departed sister. Now in paying our last respects, we would like to acknowledge the contributions she made to those around her. It is no doubt she will be deeply missed by the many who knew her best. We know that she was a wife, a mother and grandmother, but their whereabouts are unknown. Now may God grant rest to this weary soul and allow her entrance as she ascends in heavenly flight.”

“My child, my child; how often I tried to speak to you and to pry my way into your life, but instead, you refused to let me in. Daily I sent my servants into your path to implore you to turn... to turn to me before it was too late. Oh my child, your life was to be full and rich... you were to enrich others. Yet you took the precious life I gave you into your own hands

and wasted it. Now, standing here before me

sadly I say, depart forever from my sight.”

Author Notes

Recently while attending a funeral service of a person that no one hardly knew, I wondered as the minister spoke; how it was with this lady in real life and after life. These are just some personal thoughts; maybe you have often thought the same. I hope you enjoy, Loyd

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Our Baby

Smiles,
Dimples,
Tiny feet,
Perfect fingers,
A delightful, precious bundle of joy!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Our Last Kiss

It wasn't supposed to happen this way.

But here I am in this honeymoon suite, and she is gone.

It was the week of our 25th anniversary. We had planned this trip ever since the day of our first honeymoon. Back then we could barely afford the 3 days and two nights at the Motel 6, just 20 miles from our small mobile home. I recall how we enjoyed eating at McDonalds on that first honeymoon night, it was then and there we began talking, dreaming about the trip.

'One day we will be in a five star motel with the beautiful white sand of Hawaii beneath our feet! ' I promised.

Louise chuckled; 'Yeah, when that day comes, you'll see me in a yellow polka dot bikini! '

It was a fond memory, but a promise I never forgot.

That was 25 years ago. Finally, we scrimped enough to make our dream come true. We purchased a special honeymoon package about a year earlier with plans to celebrate our 25th anniversary here. We chose the Sunset Beach Motel, North Oahu, Oahu, Hawaii, USA. The brochure had enticed us by telling of the exotic, Polynesian-style accommodations. It was hailed as one of the most beautiful natural settings the islands had to offer; it was also listed as Oahu's Favorite Vacation Paradise!

Lou and I checked in then were escorted to our suite. Just after the attendant opened our door, I said, 'Wait! ' I emptied my arms of some personal items and scooped up my wife; at my age I somehow managed to carry her over the threshold into our luxurious suite.

Lou sweetly laughed, saying, 'Mac. You silly ole man, put me down! '

From our balcony window, one could see for miles into the vast distance. The palm trees, white sand, sparkling blue water yoked to the foamy white waves were absolutely beautiful! It was indeed a paradise on earth!

We had enjoyed thirteen wonderful days together, glorious days! We experienced the good food and the fabulous entertainment. All this, along with the beautiful scenery, the precious native people and their warm customs simply astounded us.

But, the thing that we enjoyed most, was just being alone, the two of us, living out our long awaited fantasy.

Before ever leaving home, we made commitments to each other to leave the work and cares at home. We would not make or receive any unnecessary calls. There would be no date books, no computer, and no cell phones. We even purposefully kept the TV and radio off, and just listened to some CDs of oldies music we had brought from home.

Fourteen days to be absorbed in each other! Both of us felt we may never have another opportunity like this, so we wanted to savor each precious moment.

Sadly, we had one more day to go before this visit to heaven on earth would be over. Then we would return to our common lives back in Kansas. But, oh, what a wonderful get-away it had been; one we knew we would cherish for the rest of our lives!

The night before, Louise had mentioned her desire to take the last day and make a final trip down to the beach. She wanted to collect some much sought after souvenirs for our kids, grandkids and a few special friends. There was so much anticipation from them to receive a shell from this only dreamed about place, and she would never disappoint them. She was so thoughtful.

I couldn't help but notice it was an unusual morning as we headed to the beach, quieter than the other mornings had been. There were very few birds overhead, unlike other days when they seemed to be everywhere. Another thing that seemed odd was a strange, gentle, non-stop breeze blowing. I glanced around, noticing that the tide seemed to be out somewhat farther than normal.

But, my attention was drawn quickly away to my wife, yelling excitedly, 'Honey, look at those shells! '

I turned and it was amazing! With the tide so far out; the beach was littered with all sizes and shapes of wonderful seashells. Her face beamed with joy at the prospect of such easy pickings! What's that old saying? 'Like a kid in a candy shop! ' That was Lou on that particular morning.

We had only brought a small basket with us, not anticipating such a haul. With nothing to collect them in, she put on her famous 'puppy-dog look of sadness' face.

Disappointedly, she turned to me in that sweet childish way of hers, pleading, 'Oh, sweetheart, be a prince? Would you mind returning to the room and get the large overnight bag that's in the closet, the black one with a red tag? Please Mac! I'll stay here and collect some shells until you get back, OK? '

Reluctantly, I agreed. Then, jokingly, I picked up a starfish, placed it gently on her head, then bowing the knee to her I said, 'For the Queen of Oahu Beach, I'll do anything, but for a price.'

Lou laughingly said, 'What might that be, Prince of the White Sand? '

'A kiss from your royal lips, My Lady! ' I stated playfully.

She yanked me to my feet, planted a little kiss on my forehead then said, 'Now Mac, will you hurry, please? '

'OK.' I started to leave, when something compelled me to turn back around. I walked again to where she stood and said, 'Hey, lady...

Then I played one of our favorite question-answer games. This was a game played with the kids, grandkids as well as one we played with each other from time to time. It went like this: One person would ask; 'Do you know what? ' The other would answer, 'What? ' Then the answer would come back quickly, 'I love you! ' Of course usually followed by, oh, you got me!

I asked Lou; 'Do you know what? '

She responded off guard, 'What? '

I came near to her, looked into those emerald eyes of hers then said, 'Lou, I really love you! '

She said; 'You silly man, I love you more! '

At that, we embraced tenderly, enjoyed a rather long, passionate kiss. I never knew how precious that moment would become, just how much her kiss would mean to me after that morning.

Then, acting like a school boy, I tried to jump up to click my heels together, only to fall face first into the sand.

With red-face I snickered. As I walked away I called back to her, 'That kiss was enough for the bag, but, I'll be back for more! '

With the thought of our deep love on my mind and the taste of that sweet kiss on my lips, I left her there as I began the five minute walk up to our motel.

I made my way up the long picturesque pathway towards the motel. It was located on a beautiful small knoll of sorts. It was elevated in such a way that the view of the ocean was absolutely gorgeous from any location.

I finally made it to the elevator, pressed the 10th floor button, and then proceeded up to our floor. The elevator music had been programmed to play Hawaiian music; it was playing one of our favorites, The Hawaiian Love Song. The door opened, I walked out, straining to hear more as it faded with the closing of the elevator doors. I walked lightheartedly down the hallway to our suite. I opened the door with the scent of her perfume still lingering in the air from earlier that morning. I smiled, thinking to myself, 'My, how I love that woman! '

I found the bag; put the strap over my shoulder ready to head back to the beach. Before leaving, I casually strolled to the window to see if I could locate her.

Wow, what an amazing view! The beach was lined with ocean loving tourists as well as many native islanders. Sun bathers were preparing their colorful umbrellas as little kids played joyfully. I picked up my binoculars, raised them to my eyes, scanning the beach until I spotted her. Aw, there she is, I thought to myself. She was easy to spot in her yellow polka dotted full piece bathing suit, with the basket on the ground a little ways from her.

I gazed adoringly at her for a moment, not too bad, I mused, for a gal that had been married to the same old man for twenty-five years!

Then just before I headed back, I took a look up towards the horizon.

That's strange, I thought, the tide sure is far out.

Oh no!

'Oh my God, it can't be! No! ' I screamed out loud.

I could see it in the distance, an enormous wall of water, higher than a house, quickly, furiously churning and closing in on those unsuspecting people, my wife included.

I threw open the gliding door and screamed at the top of my lungs. It was no use, no one could hear me. I was too far away and the roaring of the ocean was too loud!

Oh dear God, I prayed, what should I do?

Just then, I saw a few people pointing, waving their hands, flailing their arms in the direction of the giant water wall.

Then all pandemonium broke out! People started scrambling, screaming for their children as they began scurrying towards the higher ground.

Then in panic I again cried out desperately, 'Oh my God, what should I do? '

I threw the bag down and went running furiously down the hall towards the elevator; I repeatedly pressed the button, it was no use, it wasn't moving.

Now a warning buzzer was screeching throughout the building!

Quick, I fled towards the stairway and started down the long ten flights of stairs!

Running, missing steps, jumping when I was able, finally rounding the third set, I saw water gushing under the door, creeping up the steps like giant talons of some hideous monster coming in for the kill! I began to cry as I grew sick to my stomach; the shock of what I saw causing me to nearly faint in my tracks!

I was trembling, screaming as I tried helplessly to open the door. I finally managed to wedge it open a crack. Before I knew what was happening, the water flung the door nearly off its hinges flooding over me instantly! I found myself knocked completely off my feet. Next, I was slammed against the steps as I felt my ankle crack! My head was throbbing in harmony with the pounding of my heart. My stomach churned as I tasted the unmistakable saltiness of sea water.

Panic was overtaking me! My heart was beating out of my chest as I struggled to get my head up above the water. Thank God, I found the railing with one hand,

and then located a step with my foot. I was able to rise up just enough for a large gasp of air!

I quickly pulled myself awkwardly back up the stairs. Safely reaching the fourth floor I hurried to a window to see if I could get an idea of what was taking place outside.

The sight was horrible, a deluge! Water had completely surged up to parking lot signs, engulfing most of our motel; debris and objects swirling around like they had been tossed into a giant washing machine. Objects were being tossed like leaves blown in the wind. Even larger items were being dragged away, pulled along with countless screaming, helpless people, clawing for anything they could reach to hold on to.

Then I heard what sounded like multiple explosions as buildings crumbled. Countless trees had been snapped like crackers. It looked like the sea had just vomited its contents of seaweed, debris and ocean water. Then there came an eerie and ugly swallowing effect as the water started to rapidly recede, pulling with it everything that had been in its path. Automobiles were being tossed around as if they were toys. When it was finished the ocean made one final strange noise, it seemed to belch as if to signify the contentment of just having consumed a large satisfying meal.

I looked in horror as the water seemed to disappear into the horizon taking with it the treasures robbed from this island paradise.

Then it was over, deathly quite. It was as if Mother Nature had just flushed this ocean paradise, as the water quickly receded.

I gasped!

The beach looked like a war zone; nothing was left but a few broken tree stubs, numerous palm branches and rubble. What was more horrible, as far as I could see along the beach, there was not a single person insight.

My terrified thoughts seemed to be shouting in my head, 'Oh God, please, not my wife! Not her, God. No! '

Once again, I ran down the stairs, this time I was able to get outside, pushing away the debris.

I witnessed the screaming, the crying of panicked people now running in every

direction, calling out names of their loved ones.

It had been a Tsunami that struck land that morning. It had arrived like a thief in the night, bringing with it destruction and untold misery. No one suspected it. There had been no warning.

Quickly, I ran down to the beach, dodging people, jumping over broken limbs, concrete blocks, etc. My head was throbbing; my heart was pounding as if they were in competition. I was crying and yet screaming at the same time as I called out her name. 'Lou, Louise! '

Where was she? Oh, where was she?

I grabbed my wallet and searched for a photo and found one of us a few summers back. With shaky hand and breaking heart I proceeded to go from one person to another, showing her photo, asking, 'Have you seen this woman? ' Over and over, I searched every building, made several trips to the local authorities, but the same answer was given each time, 'I'm so sorry, I haven't seen your wife.

After spending most of the day searching, I knew I had to call our children and inform them of the day's events. I just knew it would be one of the most difficult times in my life, and it was. Our children wept over the phone and offered to come to me, but assured them that there was nothing anyone could do. I encouraged them to stay home, to do their best to inform our friends, and to pray, pray, pray!

I searched day and night, until I was exhausted. I combed the beach, looked at photos that had been posted all over the island. I visited the local hospitals over and over. I listened to news reports; spoke to thousands of people, searching for my love.

I could recall times of sorrow and heart breaking pain when I had lost loved ones in the past, but nothing compared to the aching in my heart. I wept until I could not weep any more. I beat myself up over and over, wishing I had not left her that morning, but how was I to know. No one knew, and many dear people suffered loss in the same way as I was. So many had lost children, in fact entire families were swept away, it had been awful.

I stayed for several weeks thereafter, but to no avail.

Alas, I fear I have lost her forever!

Why, oh why could it not have been me?

So today, I made a final trip back to our honeymoon suite for a final goodbye.

Standing again in what was once our dream room, it was as if I could still smell the fragrance of her perfume lingering in my thoughts.

I remembered the beautiful music from the elevator. I imagined taking her in my arms and waltzing around the room.

I remembered her warm smile that day. I thought of her childish insistence for me to return to get that bag for those stupid shells.

I drank deeply of the memory of my wife, my friend, my Queen.

I remembered my love's embrace on the beach that fateful morning, her lips against mine, in that sweet, last kiss.

The End.

Special thanks to Edith Ragan, Siona Edffield and Joyce Shepherd for their wonderful help in editing and reviewing. Thank you!

Written by Loyd C Taylor, September 2008

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Our Love Never Grows Old

Wrinkled skin,
Weary bodies,
Weak eyes,
We know;
But our love
Never grows old.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Our New Old House

OUR NEW OLD HOUSE

The wintery gale came quickly,
Ushering coldness to these hills,
But tomorrow a cracklin' fire
Will warm away the chills.

The city chimney sweeper
Shall remove the soot and go;
So you and I can snuggle
And enjoy fresh fallen snow.

Soon in our new old house
Sounds of joy will fill the halls.
Bare feet will patter on wood floors;
Family pictures will drape walls.

For years this place stood silent
Neath the moon and stars above,
But now this new old house
Will be nurtured with our love.

Dedicated to Terry and Hesti

Written by Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.
April 2015

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Part Of Me

Dedicated to all my children and grandchildren.

You are a part of me, child;
It's undeniably true.
I hear it in certain words
I see it in things you do!

I'm in your mannerisms,
Little gestures and odd moods;
I'm in your taste of clothing,
Even in your choice of foods.

In many of your features
From your crown to baby toes,
It's obvious we're related
And a fact everyone knows.

I'm so happy that you are;
I'm as proud as I can be.
And I know you're just as proud
That you are a part of me.

Inspired by my grandson Dawson.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Perception Of A Child

He grasps the wheel with bony claw,
Stares straight ahead with tightened jaw,
Wrinkled skin wraps frail bones, my paw.

The ponies' power to him yield,
Whirling wheel as saber wield,
Sitting still I admire, my shield.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Perplexity

I must admit I don't understand,
Why I hate to love and love to hate;
So it is... things that relate to man.

I swear to honor with ring on hand,
Then walk away as my vows I break;
I must admit I don't understand.

I pledge love for eternity's span,
Then soon forget my promises made;
So it is... things that relate to man.

To have a child some do all they can,
Other's abort, precious life they take;
I must admit I don't understand.

I flee God, yet pray help from his hand,
His name I praise yet soon in vain take;
So it is... things that relate to man.

For as long as the hour glass sifts sand,
As long as darkness falls and day breaks;
I must admit I don't understand,
So it is... things that relate to man.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Poet Friend

Some say that I am a poet,
I'm not sure that it is true.
But if you will allow me,
I'll share a poem with you.

The poem is about me, Loyd,
Just a poet wannabe;
And about the lovely people,
Who've done so much for me.

They bless me with reviews,
And comments that they write.
They make helpful suggestions,
To make my work just right.

They are true poet friends,
From ;
Poets, authors, reviewers...
A writers' healing balm.

So to all Poemhunters, may
Your kindnesses know no end.
A '10' I give to each of you,
For being a poet friend.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Points Of Light

Points of Lights

innumerable
celestial diamonds are just
incomparable

I could not find words adequate to describe them...

A Haiku poem

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Political Healthcare

Both sides strut powers
Debating for hours
Politicians at their best...
More Americans laid to rest.

A Naani poem

Naani is one of the Indian popular Telugu poems. Naani means an expression of one and all. It consists of 4 lines, the total lines consists of 20 to 25 syllables. The poem is not bounded to a particular subject. Generally it depends upon human relations and current statements. It's not necessary to follow the rules. This poetry was introduced by one of the renowned Telugu poets Dr. , presently working as vice-chancellor to Telugu University, Andhra Pradesh

Author's notes:

After I took my daily routine of meds I prepared myself for the long awaited Healthcare debate. I managed to drag myself away from a stack of medical bills, using my walker I made my way to the TV. Next, I selected the channel, turned up the volume and turned on my hearing aid. (No, that's not me really, but I could imagine that it is true for others.)

But, I did make myself watch most of the summit held on February 25,2010. I watched with hope and thinking about change. Sadly, I found only more of the same thing.

I truly believe most of the politicians should be removed from their comfortable beds, lavish salaries and benefits. They need to get a taste of real life instead of pretending. Even Jesus chose to come as a servant and serve he did. He did without food, comfortable surroundings and faced much opposition from the common folk. Most of our current politicians have never known what many of their constituents face on a daily bases, and that should be a prerequisite to being elected.

But, then I think who is to blame for their egos, lack of productivity, dishonesty, etc.? Then I realize that we the people put them into office, so we must share the blame.

I think we would be better off if we had some garbage collectors, farmers, doctors, UPS drivers, you know, common folk, real folk, serving in their stead. So, for now what are we to do? First, let us pray for them. Support the best ones and let our voices be heard now and in the coming elections. Put off partisan preferences and elect and follow those with true character. Oh, did I mention the need to pray? Pray, pray, pray!

Just a few of my thoughts, Loyd

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Possible With Love

Only in true love do we find

The mathematical impossibility:

One plus one equals one.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Praise

Praise Him with heart and soul
Reverence Him in word and deed
Adore Him with every breath
Invoke Him with every prayer
Submit your will to His will
Exalt Him above exalted things

Psalms 100

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Preacher Man

I remember just like it was today,
At that little country church where I prayed;
Shackled by my sin I bended a knee,
Just a sinner pleading to be set free.
It was there at that spot I made things right,
The darkness fled from God's wonderful light;
When he preached the Word to me,
"Preacher man."

Once my world was tumbling to the ground,
Satan had me spinning around and round;
Using his lies he sang to me his rhyme,
Caused me to worry and robbed me of time.
Then in authority God's Word you spoke,
Setting me free as the sin-chains it broke;
Now to you my peace I owe,
"Preacher man."

Now listen dear Christian I'm telling you,
There's plenty of work for us all to do;
Some to lift beautiful voices in song,
Some to give helping others along.
But that special person God used the most,
Preaching in power of the Holy Ghost;
He's the one that I just call,
"Preacher man."

Preacher man, preacher man,
Preach it loud! Preach it strong!
Help me do good and keep me from wrong.
Preach it over and over again, "Preacher man."

Preach it over and over again, "Preacher man."

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Pretty Flowers For Mother

Pretty flowers for Mother,
To give her on Mother's Day.
May offers many choices,
Found in earth's splendid bouquet.

Roses are always lovely.
Tulips are beautiful too.
Violets, orchids and lilies,
All kissed by sweet heaven's dew.

Lilacs long to be chosen;
Showy irises and more.
They all are simply bypassed
While browsing the flower store.

For Mom's a simple woman;
Extravagance is not her style.
Choosing one most overlooked,
A flower that makes her smile.

You see, Mother loves her mums,
Each year it's always the same;
Mom says mums are her first choice,
For both share the same nickname.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Prince Bri Edwards

Wow! Bri, thank you so very much for your wonderful review and very helpful suggestions and edits! This was one of my very first stories and I had almost forgotten about it. O, how it brought back memories of younger days and years gone by. I am so humbled that you would take the time to read, review and offer suggestions for me. You are a prince!

Gratefully, Loyd C Taylor, sr

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Questions Of Madeleine

Questions of Madeleine

Where are you playful, darling child?
Where have you been this long while?

Who fills your empty little tummy?
Who tucks you in bed at night?

Who gives you sweet loving kisses?
Who hugs you and holds you tight?

Who helps you comb your soft hair?
Who helps you dress up just right?

Where are you sweet darling one?
What are you thinking tonight?

What things do you dream about?
What thing do you fear the most?

What do you cry yourself to sleep for?
What do you pray... what do you hope?

Where are you... hopeful, trusting heart?
What are the answers only you know?

Will we be blessed to see you once again?
Where are you- precious Madeleine McCann?

Please pray for this child and her family:

Madeleine McCann disappeared on the evening of Thursday, 3 May 2007 in the resort of Praia da Luz in the Algarve, Portugal, just days short of her fourth birthday.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Reality

It was just a glance... then it turned into a stare,
For who was that aged creature standing there?
The eyes were full of red with rings like half quarters,
Thin lifeless hair, double chin, slumping shoulders.
Ancient, worn, weathered from living and days spent,
My skin crawled as up my back cold chills it sent.
I mused... "Who was this old person looking at me? "
The reflection of one I had come to be.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Reunited

What will it be like, to see her again? Will she accept me? Will we ever be a family again?

I wonder... how will it feel, to hold that little one to my breast? How will she smell? How will I react when my fingers touch that soft silky skin?

What emotions will be revealed in my face and eyes, as I am reunited with my own flesh and blood again? Will she forgive my sin?

I ponder...

What steps must I take?

What bridge must be crossed?

What fear must be conquered?

What pride must be killed?

What words must be said?

My resolve...

I will put pride to death!

I will beg for forgiveness!

I will commit to be different!

I will ask for a second chance!

I will promise to be faithful!

I will pray and I will pray!

Then...

I will cry and hold them tight,

I will kiss them and laugh out loud,

I will allow my heart to be at peace,

I will enter the land of the living again,

I will enjoy life once more...

Then, then I will experience joy!

Dedicated to D. Lynn, Julie, Jada and Joseph, April 9,2009

The poem above is so very special for the reason that the grandmother had never seen her granddaughter.

The family had been divided and so much hatred was in their hearts, that the mom and daughter had words and departed. They had never been separated before until that sad time. Until just recently, they were two states away.

Thank God, that through a miraculous set of circumstances, I had the privilege of helping them reunite and ask each other's forgiveness.

The photo is of the grandmother who is holding the baby for the first time. It was a wonderful time of sweet tears and joy.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Romance Poetry: My Lady Of' Love

Just one touch from my Lady of Love's hand
Melts my heart as sunbeams melt winter's snow,
As liquid ice runs down to water's end,
And silver `cicles thaw to join its flow.

Just one look from my Lady of Love's eyes
Penetrates my being, illumes my soul,
As graceful beauty in her body lies,
Like my spirit succumbs to her control.

Just one word from my Lady of Love's lips,
Brushes over the chord of my heart's string,
As masterful Beethoven's fingertips,
As winter gives way to the warmth of spring.

O' Lady of Love, love passionately!
O' Lady of Love, take me completely!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Romance Poetry: My Love

No angel's breath, nor angels conjoining,
Their radiant beauty, gloriously fair,
Competing as one their noble attempts,
Could ever my lovely one's beauty compare.

As the planets are stayed in distant sky,
Cemented in their justly and ordained place,
So you will find my being thus secured,
As I now gaze upon my sweet love's face.

Like winding, encircling life-giving vines,
Clutching tightly around the kingly oak tree,
As the luscious grapes are given their life,
My darling grants her life, giving love to me.

No heavenly or earthly beauty fine,
Could ever compare to My Love divine.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

S.O.S.

Some barely exist in a cardboard box
On a street corner; others hold signs.
Sad eyes cry out for help. Did you stop?

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Sand

Sea breezes, salty waters
A beach on a sunny day
Never had such happiness
Delighting in children's play

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Sarah Palin's Surprise!

The status quo don't have a clue,
Befuddled, they're scratching their heads;
They never thought this could happen,
In places where men dare to tread!

Politicians are in a query,
She just doesn't fit their "ole-boys" mold;
She's beautiful, clever and oh so dainty,
Challenging the ranks of old.

You can bet she's wise to their tactics,
So no matter how hard they might try;
There won't be enough mud to mar her,
Or cause her to blink those sparkly eyes.

A brave soul who knows how to govern,
With strong, able and unerring hands;
She's a loving mom with five children,
And still in love with the same man.

She cooks homemade Alaskan cookies,
And grills burgers from fresh Moose-meat;
She uses no chauffeur, but hunts n' fishes,
In her a true hockey-mom's heart beats.

She always wears perfume and lipstick,
So there's no mistaken identity;
Just in case her and a pit-bull,
Show up in the same vicinity.

She took everyone by surprise,
By accepting the nomination;
To stand beside Senator McCain,
As they pledged to lead our great nation.

Common folk love and respect her,
And think she's the real deal;
And smirk at her enemy's charges,
As they hypocritically squeal.

It's true; we have many good people,

But they "Palin" when we compare

To Sarah, the fierce barracuda,

The frightened liberal's worst nightmare.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Sarah's Surprise

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

School Boy Willie

Now Willie was a very bright lad,
But uneducated, which was sad;
Twelve years of school he made,
But kept failing fifth grade,
Choosing not to enter sixth, with Dad.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Sealed With 'I Do'

Companionship
Friendship
Love that's true
My life with you
Sealed with "I do."

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Seasons

Summer shifts to Fall,
enters soon Winter snow fall,
Winter leaves Spring comes.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Seasons And Reasons

There will be seasons of trials
Of heartaches and tears.
Seasons of tribulations,
Worry and fears.
Seasons of doubt when
Confusion is real,
Season of loneliness
When love you can't feel.

When these seasons come
And come they will,
Just talk to your Father
For He loves you still.

Remember...
These are seasons only,
In them you won't stay.
And the reason to pray
Is the season to pray.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you! "
2 Peter 5: 9

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

She Never Once Stopped Loving Him

She decided to drop by, not knowing he had left that day;
As she pulled into his drive, they were taking him away.
I told her we had tried to call, when we knew his time had come;
She went running down the hall and in his bedroom sat alone.

She saw their pictures on his wall, her love letters on his bed;
One by one she read them all, the 'I Love Yous' all marked in red.
She let herself slip back in time, when their love was strong and true;
She could see them in her mind, the way they were in 62.

She took his picture in her hands, kissed it time and time again;
She walked slowly from his room, wedding ring still on her hand.
As she stared down at his grave, she cried; 'O God what have I done? '
Then she told us all that day, 'He's the only love I've known! '

'She never once stopped loving him! 'She came back to let him know.
Soon she'll join him onces again, she never once stopped loving him.

You know...

She came to his grave one last time, we never thought it would end this way;
Some say she finally lost her mind, you see, they found her body on his grave.

She never once stopped loving him, she came back to let him know.
She's now with him once again, she never once stopped loving him.

Sequel to 'He Stopped Loving Her Today.'

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Since I Don't Have You

I make the coffee as I always do,
I scan the paper for the morning news;
But normal things now make me blue,
Since I don't have you.

I smile at people as they pass me by,
I watch the sunset in a purple sky;
But normal things now make me blue,
Since I don't have you.

I do the dishes and I go to bed,
I say my prayers as I bow my head;
But normal things now make me blue,
Since I don't have you.

Our life was normal, maybe that was wrong
You needed more, and now you're gone...

I can lose my job security,
I can lose my utter sanity;
I can lose it all and make it through,
I just can't get used to losing you...

Yeah, normal things now make me blue,
Since I don't have you.

Since I don't have you.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Since I Don't Have You, The Song

verse one:

I make the coffee as I always do,
I scan the paper for the morning news;
But normal things now make me blue,
Since I don't have you.

verse two:

I smile at people as they pass me by,
I watch the sunset in a purple sky;
But normal things now make me blue,
Since I don't have you.

chorus:

I can lose my job security,
I can lose my utter sanity;
I could lose it all and make it through,
But I can't get used to losing you...

Bridge:

Our love was normal, maybe that was wrong,
You needed more, and now you're gone...

verse three:

I do the dishes and I go to bed,
I say my prayers as I bow my head;
But normal things now make me blue,
Since I don't have you.

chorus:

I can lose my job security,
I can lose my utter sanity;
I can lose it all and make it through,
But I can't get used to losing you...

Tag:

Yeah, normal things now make me blue,
Since I don't have you.

Since I don't have you.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Sir Cricket Finds Love

Near a pond one spring morn, Sir Cricket came to sing and dance.
When looking around he noticed an attractive cricket's glance.
Though anxious to leave he found himself thus drawn to this face,
And wondered if true love had fallen to him in this place.

So he crooned his very best love songs, as he danced all around,
Charming and dazzling this image by his unique musical sound.
As he made his way nearer, his new friend moved the same way,
So he kept in time by tapping his toes while letting his body sway.

Sir Cricket seemed so delighted, as romantically he did swoon,
He knew with his throat getting sore he must act real soon.
Joyfully, he smiled and flirted as darkness pushed away daylight,
Soon the sun hid its face as the pond reflected the moon bright.

Tired and out of love songs, a pooped creature gave up romance,
When Sir Cricket packed up fiddle and left, then so did his glance.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Sixty-Five White Daisies And Ten

The story of Frank and Viola's Diamond anniversary.

Frank was ninety and seven;
Viola, just five days more.
Today he would walk two pathways;
one he had not walked before.

One trip he had been planning
for thirty and one days or so;
the other, he had made ready for
eighty and three years ago.

Viola and Frank loved each other,
as the silver revealed every year.
Their touch still held love's passion;
separation was their only fear.

Today was a very special day
that they would share again,
celebrating their anniversary
of sixty-five years and ten.

Frank headed down a pathway
he had trod so many times,
to a garden planted for his love
twenty-five springs since the chimes.

That year, and those that followed,
Frank made it his solemn routine
to pluck a white daisy for each year,
then present them to his queen.

Viola loved the white daisy,
For to her, love's story it told;
The petals stood for purity,
surrounding a circle of gold.

Frank loved Viola so very much,

pleasing her was his heart's desire;
Viola loved Frank in the same way;
of the daisies she never did tire.

Each year the bouquet had grown
as Frank fulfilled his quest again,
smiling as he thought of giving her
the sixty-five white daisies and ten.

He stopped under the shade
of an aged crabapple tree,
where he had asked for Viola's hand
while resting on one knee.

Then, making his way to the rows
of white daisies standing tall,
he would pluck the pretty flowers
counting sixty-five and ten in all.

Then, smiling he made his way
up the pathway towards home,
stopping again under his friend,
shaded by its green leafy dome.

He glanced then heavenward,
feeling heaviness in his chest;
there appeared a pathway in the clouds
as he sat down a while to rest.

Viola sat in their sunroom
as six and thirty chimed;
Frank was late, which troubled her,
for his walks were so well timed.

Then she feebly made her way
to where Frank had proposed.
She saw him lying in the shade,
sleeping, or so she supposed.

She noticed the beautiful white daisies

then came close and knelt by her man.
She felt his pulse and then wept,
as she told him she loved him, again.

She laid her head on his shoulder,
then gently reached for the bouquet;
one by one she counted each flower
Frank had picked for her on that day.

Sixty-five and ten white daisies,
one for each of their happy years;
she drew them close to her heart,
and watered them with her tears.

It was one and three days later
that a neighbor decided to call;
they were found holding each other
and sixty-five and ten daises in all.

That week people came from all over,
to pay respect and say goodbye;
soon Frank and Viola's grave was covered
with white daisies piled high.

They had traveled many years together
on this earth where their story began;
now they're walking the pathway of gold
in that place with an eternal span.

So, when you see white daisies,
think of Frank and Viola now and then;
and remember this sad love story,
of sixty-five white daises and ten.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Snowflakes

Snowflakes...

Like tiny cold raindrops, falling from the heavens,
Cleaning the world ever so gently.

Snowflakes...

Like teeny universes, boasting marvelous designs,
Astonishing the intellect of man.

Snowflakes...

Like mini crystals, lighting up winter's sky,
Glistening bright wherever they land.

Snowflakes...

Like teensy, slow-moving comets,
Cascading harmlessly to the ground.

Snowflakes...

Look, they're arriving now!
I must hurry and enjoy them while I can.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Snug Bugs

Creatures peek from holes,
quickly they scurry back down...
winter is lurking.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Some Things I Love About You

I thought of some reasons why I love you so,
And I jotted them down just to let you know.

There's the joy you bring with songs you sing;
The way you say your ABC's;
The way you hiccup when you sneeze.

I love coloring together; playing with a feather;
The way you fix your hair
And those clothes you wear.

I love your hugs so tight; watching you fly a kite;
The cute things you write,
And your smiles so bright.

I love your radiant face; your warm embrace;
And having you near
When I shed a tear.

I love angels made in snow; watching you grow;
Your sincere prayer and
Showing others you care.

Now, as from my class you go, I want you to know
Just how special you are.
You are my shining star!

Just one more thing before I'm through.
Please believe that this is true:
I love you for being you.

Love, Your Teacher

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Somebody Else

He's the wisest man in the church;
There's nothing he can't do.
If you turn down your ministry,
He'll be there to do it for you.

He's also a very faithful member,
And shows up right on the dot.
Then if you don't keep your commitment,
He'll cover you and fill in your spot.

He's obviously very wealthy;
The plate's always passed his way.
If you choose not to give a cent,
He'll all the expenses pay.

Who is he? You may ask,
This one with such acclaim?
Thank God he's in every church,
"Somebody Else" is his name.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Spoken In Silence

I finally reached the point where I had had enough!
I was angry; God was no longer speaking to me as he had in times past.
I had prayed so often and felt as though heaven was deaf.
I needed to hear from the one who had all the answers;
The wise one who for some reason seemed to be ignoring me.

I was disappointed, frustrated and confused.
I thought, "Surely, God cares, doesn't he? "
So, I decided to take a walk, cool off a bit and ponder my situation at last.

As I walked along, I saw a maple tree swaying;
I could hear the wind whistling through its branches.
Soon, I found myself at the edge of the ocean watching the tide come in and out.
I paused and listened to the sound of the waves whooshing, slapping upon
The beaches.

Turning to leave, I felt warm sunrays beaming down upon my face.
I spotted several small children playing in the sand;
I heard them laughing as I walked by.

Heading toward the park, my eyes became fixed on
The beautiful, colorful flowers. My ears caught the unmistakable sound,
The buzzing of busy little honey bees as they darted from petal to petal,
Flying all around.

My eyes caught a cloud as it moved above my head.
Looking up, I noticed in a branch of an oak tree
From which came the cheerful chirping of a nest
Full of hungry little birds, longing to be fed.

In a less than pleasant state of mind,
I sprawled out under that tree on a soft mat of luscious spring grass.
Closing my eyes, I felt my heart beating.
Lying still, I could hear it in rhythm thumping.

On my return home, I decided to pray again.
"God, I have asked you to break the silence,
To let me know that you care for me still.
I need to know that you understand what I'm going through.

But, it seems not within your will.

Today, yes today, I have heard many things of your creation,
Their voices and sounds. But why do you, the Creator not speak?
I don't understand. Yes, I do believe, but please God,
Help me, for my faith is oh, so weak! "

Then, out of my state of frustration it was as if God said to me,
"You silly child, when you heard the wind in the trees,
The whispering of the waves, the children laughing, I was speaking.

When you heard the bees buzzing and little birds chirping, it was I.
Even when you heard your heart beating, I was speaking.

I speak often and in so many ways,
Through so many things, on so many days.
It wasn't that I was not there, or that I did not care,
But it was you who chose not to hear."

I contemplated this message for a moment.
It humbled me, it shook me, and it broke me.

I cried out, "O Father, how could I have been so foolish, so deaf?
Please forgive me, for it was I and not you."

I felt a warm breeze gently touch my face.
I didn't hear a single sound, but it was enough. I knew God loved me,
He cared, he understood and he had heard my prayer.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Spring Is New Life

Furry jacks, clover clenched in cheeks,
Downy ducklings, freed by tiny beaks,
Chirping biddies, 'neath wing peeks;
Spring is new life!

Tender shoots, reaching for the sky,
Nestlings, nurturing attire to fly,
Ground crawlers crawl slowly by;
Spring is new life!

Nature's perfumers' fresh scent brings,
Heaven's tears quench thirsty things,
Treetops talk, as fowl choir sings;
Spring is new life!

Squeaking cradles create bright faces,
Damp droplets form pooling places,
Cooling climates, there are no traces;
Spring is new life!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Stars

innumerable
celestial diamonds
studding the sky

A haiku poem

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Story Teller Red

You could smell the unmistakable odor of a bathless body mixed with Jim Beam when you came within a few feet of him. His appearance was that of a street bum, straggly beard and uncombed hair, with ragged clothes to match. He was called "Story Teller Red," a title that grew on him from the unbelievable story he would tell. Passersby who offered him change would be caught off-guard when he would say, "Mister, for a drink and a couple of dollars more, I'll tell you a story." He would stick out his unwashed hand to shake, and say, "You can call me Red."

My friends and I were here for just a few days before they shipped us out, so we figured, why not, what could it hurt to listen to this crazy vagrant and help the homeless in the process? We winked at each other, bought him a drink and stuck a few dollars in his can, then pulled up some sidewalk as we made ready to listen to the old man.

He wore an old tattered military coat and had worn boots to match. We assumed he had been given these at a homeless shelter, but as later we found out, they would sure help make his story more believable.

The old man started by saying, "Young people were avoiding the war, dodging the draft, but I took it as an honor to serve my country, so I went down and signed up."

He drank a little of the whiskey from his cup and continued, "I kissed my Mom and Dad goodbye and headed off, willing to serve wherever I was needed. You see, I love this country, even though she's got her faults!

"It wasn't long before I moved up a bit in rank and was given a handful of soldiers with orders to infiltrate a location behind enemy lines. It would be dangerous, so I allowed any of my men who wished, without prejudice, to stay behind. There were twelve of us total. Four decided to stay behind as the other eight of us made our way in the direction from which we did not know if we would return. We made it to our target, took out the lookout and a couple more. We were able to successfully sabotage their communication lines and luckily

came upon some highly sensitive papers. I stuffed them in my jacket.

He paused and opened his coat and pointed, "Right in here. It was about then, that we were spotted, that's when all hell broke loose!

"Mister, just one more drink? "

He had sure picked a good place to stop, so we poured him another cup.

He went on to say, "Boys, the bullets were flying. Me and Jones were leading the way when we found our little group surrounded. We began fighting tooth and nail. Wilson was the first to get shot, got him square in the chest, died instantly. I grabbed for his body and dragged it with me. Then, a mortar exploded and injured two other guys, making them unable to walk. In the dark it was hard to see and the noise was unbelievable. We were shooting at anyone that looked like an enemy and somehow managed to drag everyone back to our base of operation. I hadn't realized it but something warm was running down my face... it was then I blacked out.

"How about another one, friend? "

He drank a little and finished up..." I woke up in a military hospital, they all told me that I was lucky to be alive. Yep, seems I had a caught bullet to the head..."

He stopped and showed us what looked like a scar, then said, "They tell me I still have the lead lodged there to this day."

It was then the old man paused, hung his head. His shoulders shook a little. He pulled a dirty cloth from his jacket and wiped his eyes as he said, "I lost two of my men that night, two good men! "

"I was thankful we could fly their bodies' home to their widows. Amazingly,

all of us had either been shot or wounded badly, but we survived, thank God!
"

He continued, "O yeah, they gave us some medals and treated us real nice,
but I have always felt responsible for letting my buddies die."

Teary-eyed he said, "I just can't talk any more."

What a great story. I took a hundred and placed it in "Red's" hand.

Walking away, I chuckled and said to my friends, "That ole man can tell
some big ones, no wonder they call him "The Story Teller." We
laughed and walked away - a few days and we would be headed for our own
special assignments.

About a year later, while in preparation for Patriotic celebrations, I was in the
barrack and happened to catch a story on the evening news. It was one of those
special events in which they wished to recognize heroic acts of those who had
been in service. One story caught my attention as they told about two soldiers
and how through their heroic efforts had turned a part of the war around through
one valiant trip behind enemy lines. It seems they were called the "Valiant
Eight" and they had been led by Captain Fredrick Samuel Jackson.

The report stated that two men had been killed and six others had been
wounded, but miraculously, no soldier had been left behind. Captain Jackson,
who led the mission, had taken a bullet to the head, it was a miracle he survived.
Not only did he live, but the rest of their squad owed their lives to the Captain's
actions taken that night on what was nicknamed "Miracle Hill."

What's more interesting about this man, the reporter continued, as our research
has shown, he has been signing his veterans pay over to the widows of the two
fallen soldiers every month for the last 12 years. He also sends an additional
money order of varying amounts to the Veteran's Charity Relief Organization,
with a simple signature "A grateful soldier."

We would love to have him here today to show a special honor, but his whereabouts are unknown. If you were to see him, please let him know that there are many people who wish to thank him personally for his sacrifice for his country. By the way, he sometimes goes by the name "Red."

I couldn't help but sob like a baby as I bowed my head and prayed,

Dear God, forgive me for taking so lightly the sacrifices others have made. Thank you for the brave men and women who have given all, for they willingly answered when their country called. Please God, forgive me for misjudging my fellow man and thank you for the privilege to serve my country, Amen.

As I wiped my tears, I couldn't help but once more bow my head, Lord, thank you also for what I gained through Story Teller Red.

Freedom isn't free... it cost BLOOD!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Strawheart

Although I am made of stuffing and straw
And sit motionless in sun and rain,
Although I cannot speak a word and
Will eventually deteriorate, still I live.

Although I have rags for clothes, and
Wear a sewn-on smile and nose,
Although I have cornhusks for my limbs
And buttons for my eyes, still I live.

I know you look at me and laughingly say,
"Why, you're just a silly decoration."

But you are wrong, I am so much more
Than just a silly scarecrow;
For I live in memories and imagination.
Although I may sit motionless, still I live.

I bring warm smiles, adding color to life.
I capture little boys' and girls' attention.
I help neighbors strike up conversation.
Although I have a straw heart, still I live.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Summer Screams

The piercing scream of my daughter, Katherine, tore me away from the potato I was peeling at the kitchen sink. By the sound, I could tell she was running up the driveway, and something was terribly wrong. We reached the back door about the same time, and I threw the screen open. She ran inside and collapsed onto one of the kitchen chairs, sobbing hysterically. Between the sobs and trembling voice, I had trouble understanding what she was trying to tell me.

"I killed him, Mom ... I killed him! "

She cried out again, "Mom ... I'm so sorry! Oh my God ... it was an accident. I killed him, Mom, I killed him! "

Then the horror of her words sunk in, I felt as if someone had hit me in the stomach. I lost my breath for a second, like the sucking of a giant vacuum; the air whooshed from my lungs. I grabbed her by the shoulders and stared into her face. "Who, Katherine? Who did you kill? You have to calm down and tell me what happened."

"Oh Mom, I killed him ... I killed him! "

I shook her. "Katherine, listen to me."

Tears streamed down her cheeks, and she wouldn't make eye contact with me. I shook her again. "You have to tell me what you're talking about. Who did you kill? "

"Dallas, Mom. I killed Dallas! "

I clapped my hands over my mouth. "Oh, my God! " My voice broke, as I fought to maintain control. "Are you sure? Katherine, you have to calm down and tell me what happened." I took a deep breath, letting it out slowly, trying to gain some degree of composure. "Tell me what happened."

Heavy moans came again, as I wrapped my arms around her shoulders, pulling her close to me. "Calm down and tell me about it."

Her body trembled as she tried to control the shaking. "I ... I hit him with a softball. I didn't mean to, Mom. I didn't mean to, but I hit him in the head, and

he's ... he's dead, Mom. I killed him."

"Where is he, Katherine? " I fought to keep my voice calm, but I could feel my lower lip quiver. I wanted to cry along with her but knew I couldn't. She buried her face in my shoulder and didn't answer. "Where is he, Katherine? I have to know."

"He's ... he's out by the road, near the driveway. He's not moving, Mom... I killed him! "

"Ok, I'll go out-"

The back door slammed open with such force I thought it might rip from the hinges. Startled, I jumped and looked up to see Kristy, my middle daughter, charging into the kitchen. Her face glowed beet red, and her eyes flashed like burning coals. She planted both feet solidly on the floor and pointed an accusing finger at her sister. With the conviction of a Hellfire and damnation preacher, she screamed at Katherine. "You killed him-murderer, murderer! "

Katherine, already a bundle of quivering nerves, moaned as Kristy lunged at her.

I threw up a hand and planted it firmly in the middle of her chest. "Kristy, stop, right now! "

Tears welled in her eyes and trickled down her cheeks. "But Mom ... she killed Dallas, and she just left him lying there."

Left him lying there. Suddenly, my mind snapped back to helping Dallas and not consoling my daughters. "Both of you stop right now and listen to me. We've got to hurry and get to him. This is no time for you two to be fighting! Do you understand? "

Both girls nodded, but Kristy still cast an angry look at her sister.

I took her arm and made her look into my eyes. "I'm sure whatever happened was an accident. Now, instead of blaming your sister, let's see if there is anything we can do for Dallas. Quick, run get my medical kit."

My husband and I were both trained in emergency medical care and I knew how important keeping a cool head in such situations was. I looked toward the back door and heard his voice in my head, repeating an old saying we both memorized. When emotions are high... reason is low.

I grabbed Katherine's hand and stood her up. "Take me to him."

As we ran toward the end of the driveway, I saw my youngest daughter, Kasady, and sent her into the house. "Call Daddy and have him come home right away. Tell him Dallas has been hurt."

We ran quickly, covering the fifty yards or so, to where the small body lay. My heart sank as I knelt down beside Dallas. Katherine and several of her neighborhood friends huddled around, sobbing.

I placed my hand near his nose to see if I could feel a breath. "Maybe, but I'm not sure." I placed my hand on his chest to feel for his heartbeat but felt none. "Oh, dear God!"

I carried his limp body to the house, and within moments, I heard the machinegun, spraying-sound of rocks pelting the underside of my husband's Ford Taurus. I glanced out the kitchen window at a cloud of dust as Brian's car came soaring down the gravel road leading to our house. The car slid to a stop, as he jumped to the ground, not bothering to close the door. He quickly covered the distance to the back door in just a few giant strides and flew inside, joining me beside Dallas' body.

"What happened?"

"The kids were playing ball, and Katherine accidentally hit him in the head. I felt for a heartbeat and checked his breathing. I didn't find anything."

I saw the glint in his eyes as he raised his arms and waved the children away. "Everyone get out of the way!"

Brian bent over the little body, swept the mouth clear for any foreign objects, and placed his mouth over Dallas' nose and mouth as he began mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. He worked for what seemed like an hour, but I'm sure it must have been far less, before giving up. He stopped and shook his head, as he leaned back. Overcome by a rush of emotional sadness, he cried out, "Oh God help him, please help him!"

I didn't have to see the terror in his eyes to know how he felt. He wiped his eyes with a shirtsleeve and scooped up the small body, carrying it to the living room. The kids followed him like a New Orleans funeral procession, and again, I had to hand out tissues.

Ring! Ring!

I sniffed and picked up the phone. I had attempted to call the doctor while Brian provided the emergency treatment, but the office was already closed. I had left a message, and he was returning the call. I handed the phone to my husband.
"It's the doc."

He put the phone on speaker, and we all listened as Brian explained what had happened and what efforts he had made to revive Dallas.

"Get some ice water and pour it over his head and moisten his tongue with a few drops of the cold water."

Brian looked at me, and I ran to the kitchen, returning a few minutes later with a basin of water and ice cubes and face cloth. He slowly poured cold water on Dallas' head, rubbing him ever so gently. "Come on Dallas... come on little fella, " he said as droplets of water fell on his tongue.

I glanced at the time and realized what seemed like an eternity had only been twenty minutes. Tick ... tick ... tick. The sound of the grandfather clock seemed to steal away our hope that our small friend would survive, but then it happened.

At first, I saw a slight quiver around his eye. Moments later, Dallas sneezed and opened his eyes. His eyes rolled around, and he shook his head a couple of times before sneezing again. He stood and stretched as if waking from a nap and licked the hands that came from everywhere as we reached to touch him. He looked around as if to say, "What's going on? " With that, he jumped from the sofa and ran out the door like nothing had happened. The kids ran after him, screaming and laughing as they went.

Brian collapsed back onto the sofa and let out a deep sigh. "Thank you Jesus! Thank you God! "

With our lives moving back toward normalcy, he called the Doc back to let him know about the success. The doctor explained that most likely, Dallas had a slight concussion. The brain had swelled, causing him to black out. The cool water helped decrease the swelling and the water on his tongue awakened his senses. The Vet assured Brian that Dallas should be just fine, but he asked us to bring him into the office in a couple of days for a checkup.

Brian and I stood for a couple of moments, hugging each other. I told him how

proud I was of the way he handled the crisis. We followed the children into the yard and joined Dallas and the girls. We hugged, laughed, and cried together, and we rolled in the grass with Dallas.

Dallas, the Pekapoo and valued member of the family, continues to live and bring joy to our lives, and so does the story of Brian's heroic effort to save him. Brian also occasionally has to endure some poking of fun by friends and relatives for having given mouth to mouth to a Pekapoo. Even today, my dad laughs as he tells the story. He boasts about his ability to speak dog language, and with a somber look, he stares at Dallas. "So, tell me Dallas, how did it feel getting hit in the head with a softball and having a near death experience?"

Dallas sits in front of him and answers, "Ruff! Ruff!"

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Tablets Of Sand

I ran down towards the ocean,
Since the threatening waves were gone.
I climbed up on a massive rock,
Which stood firmly and all alone.

Then words of my life came freely
Flowing down to my writing hand,
So kneeling there by the ocean
I wrote them on tablets of sand.

Finished, I stood to consider
Just what my life's words had to say.
When suddenly the tide rushed in,
Washing them so quickly away!

On that day I learned a lesson
After watching this all unfold,
It was a story of my life
Of two ways it may be retold.

Did I write on the Solid Rock,
Which stands firm, knowing not a fear?
Or on the tablets made of sand
Where the waves make them disappear?

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Taffy Daffy

There once was a gal named Daffy,
Who loved eating sticky taffy.
She loved taffy with crème,
And rich taffy supreme,
But her choice was gooey Toffee.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Tell Her An Old Friend Says 'hi'

Listen...

If you should see her,
kindly, let her know,
best wishes I send.

And please let her know
I would love to talk
again, friend to friend.

Let her know I miss
those sweet gentle smiles
that beamed on her face.

Tell her if you would,
that no other could
ever take her place.

Help her understand
that I do love her and
hugs and kisses I send.

Would you please convey
how she's in my thoughts
and still my best friend?

You see... I've lost track of her
and it grieves my heart;
at times I just cry.

Anyway... if you should see her,
would you please tell her
an old friend says 'Hi'?

A friend of a friend.

© Loyd C. Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Thank God For Independence Day

When Mayor Ike perfects his address,
And fireman Ross polishes the chrome,
Then Veterans in their uniforms dress,
When America again is loved as home;
And little Bobby and Jan get excited,
As proud flags are raised with the hoist,
When fireworks are set to be ignited,
And patriotic eyes become all moist;
As we pledge the flag and anthems sing,
 And celebrate the sound of freedom's ring...
 Thank God for Independence Day!

When the crowds search for shady spaces,
And foreigners with hungry eyes stare,
Then excitement shines in little faces,
As freedom's spirit permeates the air;
When high school bands march with dancing feet,
And Private Rankin is standing tall,
As the Stars and Stripes adorn each street,
When Sally Jenkins answers the call;
As whistles scream and Liberty Bell rings,
 And the eagles soar on majestic wings...
 Thank God for Independence Day!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Thank You To The Men And Women Of The Military

There are just no words that could ever suffice,
to thank you for your selfless sacrifice.
You accepted your orders and took your stand,
you helped preserve the freedom of this land.

Gratefully we honor you in words we say,
though words are insufficient to repay,
the courage revealed through the great price you paid,
God bless you on this Memorial Day!

Dedicated to all the men and women
who have served and are serving still.
Also, dedicated to all who have lost
a loved one. God bless you and thanks!

Hope you can enjoy a very good Memorial Day.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Thanksgiving Must Be Near

When autumn's leaves pepper down
And anxiety shows on ole Tom's face;
Then the Roger's plan a trip out of town
To visit relatives and share table grace.
When children prepare for a mini vacation,
As our country readies for a celebration;
Then America chooses to remember
That day long ago in November.

When gratitude permeates the air
And humbled hearts offer prayer;
Then Thanksgiving must be near.

When Sam O'Neil portrays John Smith,
And Inga proudly becomes Pocahontas;
As history dispels the modern myth,
While at fidgety kids, teachers fuss.
When strangers hold hands to pray to God
And thank Him for freedom's sod.
When the community extends a hand
And kindness covers this blessed land.

When gratitude permeates the air
And humbled hearts offer prayer;
Then Thanksgiving must be near.

Author's note:

The modern crowd would wish that there were no such day as Thanksgiving, for they cannot stand people praying to God, let alone giving him thanks. How absurd!

You may laugh, but today many wish to remove Jesus Christ from the celebration of Christmas, and yet He is the very reason for the season!

The Pilgrim settlers in Massachusetts held the original thanksgiving celebration during their second winter in America in December 1621. The first winter had killed 44 of the original 102 colonists. At one point, their daily food ration was down to five kernels of corn apiece, but then an unexpected trading vessel

arrived, swapping them beaver pelts for corn, providing for their severe need. The next summer's crop brought hope, and Governor William Bradford decreed that December 13, 1621, be set aside as a day of feasting and prayer to show the gratitude of the colonists that they were still alive.

These Pilgrims, seeking religious freedom and opportunity in America, gave thanks to God for His provision for them in helping them find 20 acres of cleared land, for the fact that there were no hostile Indians in that area, for their newfound religious freedom, and for God's provision of an interpreter to the Indians in Squanto.

Along with the feasting and games involving the colonists and more than 80 friendly Indians (who added to the feast by bringing wild turkeys and venison), prayers, sermons, and songs of praise were important in the celebration. Three days were spent in feasting and prayer.

From that time forward, Thanksgiving has been celebrated as a day to give thanks to God for His gracious and sufficient provision.

President Abraham Lincoln officially set aside the last Thursday of November, in 1863, "as a day of thanksgiving and praise to our beneficent Father."

In 1941, Congress ruled that after 1941, the fourth Thursday of November be observed as Thanksgiving Day and be a legal holiday.

Note: With the direction that many in our nation are taking, who knows how much longer we will be allowed to give thanks during Thanksgiving. We have become a foolish nation, kicking God out of everything, even removing Christ from Christmas. May God have mercy on the stupidity of this nation. We are blessed and I love America. I wish if people did not love her, they would leave her and leave our traditions alone!

I hope you enjoy the poem, Loyd

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

That Holy Night

On that night, that holy night,
In a manger so forlorn,
In the town of Bethlehem,
The Heavenly King was born.

He came not to royalty,
Nor to kingly chambers fair,
But with earth's lowly creatures,
A crude stable He did share.

On that night, that holy night,
As His star appeared o'erhead,
Mary brought forth her first born and
Laid Him in the manger bed.

No scepter was He given,
No king's lavish robe to wear—
Only some lowly clothes to
Swaddle Him from the cold air.

On that night, that holy night,
Angels and poor shepherds came
To gaze upon this wonder
And to praise His holy name.

He was the blessed Messiah
And the Hope of Israel;
Prince of Peace, the Counselor,
Redeemer, Immanuel.

On that night, that holy night,
Angels rejoiced at His birth,
Proclaiming to all mankind
God's peace and goodwill on earth.

On that night, that holy night,
That Heavenly King who came
Would rule all who would believe
And trust in His Holy name.

Sin's power now is broken;
Lift up your voice and sing,
For God sent us a Savior,
Who is Jesus Christ the King!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

The Archer

With firm yet gentle hands he stood,
Cradling an arching shred of wood.
Not as the archer prepares for the battle,
Or as the hunter with quiver to saddle,
But as a dad with a young infant child
Nurses it gracefully, tenderly mild;
When the trusting one drifts off to sleep,
The adoring father beams without a peep.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

The Card

Tamera and Kat sat near each other,
Talking like two old friends might do;
Two sisters in warm conversation,
So I listened for a moment or two...

"I wonder, since no one has called,
Has my package arrived yet? "
"That's sweet, how's she doing?
It's been years since I saw Juliette."

"It should have been here by now,
I paid for it weeks ago! "
"Sweetie, how is your mom doing?
Tell her hi, and that I miss her so."

Daily, they met in this same place,
Exchanging pleasantries and being kind;
But neither knew what the other said,
For an intruder had taken their mind.

I gave them a hug and said good-bye,
With a bitter-sweet feeling in my soul;
Then teary eyed, I walked slowly away,
As toward their room I did stroll.

She didn't even know I had come,
At her picture, I swallowed hard;
I hoped she knew how I loved her,
So, I just left her the Mother's Day card.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

The Church Is...

A refuge of shelter from
The world's fury and scorn;
A hospital to care for
God's soldiers, battle worn.

A home of fervent love
Midst the hatred and cold;
A fountain of joy refreshing
Thirsty ones of the fold.

A door of warm welcome
To those rejected in this life;
A tranquil spot to flee from
All bitterness and strife.

A reservoir of truth
To extol the Light;
A beacon of hope,
Expelling the night.

A house of worship
For the faithful who attend;
A rescue mission,
Helping sinners amend.

A closet of prayer
For seekers of His grace;
A sanctuary of repose,
Communion and solace.

A school to learn of Jesus,
The One who paid for our sin;
A platform to exalt Him
As Lord and Savior of all men!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

The Creation Poem

The Creation Poem

The birds and the bees, the flowers and trees,
The stars in the sky, the little butterflies;
The rivers and creeks, the cool summer breeze,
The clouds and the leaves, the plants and the seeds,
Everything we see, God made it all!

The rabbits and squirrels, little boys and girls,
Our fingers and hands, each woman and man;
The dogs and their fleas, the creatures of the deep,
The he's and she's, yes, even you and even me,
Everything we see, God made it all!

The hippopotamuses and rhinoceroses,
Ticks, frogs and bats; lions, worms and gnats;
The ducks and geese, the cattle and the sheep,
The little chickadees, giraffes with knobby knees,
Everything we see, God made it all!

The elephants and beavers, the lions and zebras,
Ugly crocodiles, with big teeth and pretty smiles;
The lizards and whales, the skunk with his smell,
The pig with his germs and creepy, crawly worms,
Everything we see, God made it all!

From earth to sky, valleys to mountains high,
From canyons deep to the great majestic sea;
His handiwork is real, A Creator it reveals;
You too can believe through the witness of these,
Everything we see, God made it all!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

The Cross, An Easter 'shape' Poem

The Cross

Praise Him!

Praise Him!

-

Hosanna,
the King
is here!

-

Hosanna!
He is
the One.

-

Come now, join us and praise Him! He brings hope. He brings freedom. He has come to give us victory over our oppressors. Praise Him today. Shout with your voices, 'Hosanna!' Make an entrance; clear the way.

He's entering in and riding on a donkey. He sits upon him lowly, but He shall soon sit upon the throne of David's kingdom. 'Praise Him!' I say.

-

'Crucify him!'
'Crucify Him?'
But why? Tell
me, what evil
has He done?'

-

'He is only an
imposter. So,
crucify him.
For we know
he cannot be
the One. He's
just a phony.
He lied. He has
dashed all our
hope. He made
himself out to
be God, or his
Son. But he is

not. He cannot
be the One. So,
come join with
us, cry loud, lift
up your voice.
He deserves to
Die—die, I say!
Make the cross
the final choice,
for he should be
crucified today!

-

Crucify him!
Crucify him!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

The Devil's Walkin A Thin Wire!

The Devil's walkin a thin, thin wire,
Stretched over the hot fire that devours;
He's holding on to every hour,
But he's got very little power.

Now if you want to be really wise,
You'd better open up your closed eyes;
Or soon, too late you will then realize,
The Devil's wearing a bad disguise!

Now if you will hear and will be told,
Satan wants to have your very soul;
He wants your life under His control,
The Devil is very, very bold!

Now if you want to be free, so FREE,
Then fall down now sinner on your knees;
To Jesus you must plea and believe,
For His grace is what you really need.

Soon the Devil that ole ugly liar,
Will end up in the Lake of Fire, FIRE!
Where the flames lap up higher, HIGHER!
Cause the Devil's walking a thin wire!

Yes the Devil's walking a thin wire!
Yes the Devil's walking a thin wire!
Amen, dropp him into the hot fire,
Goodbye Devil, you ole ugly liar!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

The Early Bird

It was early in the morning, the first day of spring,
My ears and eyes witnessed an unusual thing;
The soil was prepared to start my gardening.
When this crowd of birds all began to sing...

Hey fowl friends, stop your flying around,
The humans have prepared some fresh plowed ground!
There are plenty of grubs everywhere to be found,
But keep an eye out for that big ole hound!

Chirp, chirp, chirp... tweet, tweet, tweet...
Come bird buddies you're in for a treat!
Chirp, chirp, chirp... tweet, tweet, tweet...
Come feathered friend, come and eat!

We'll feast on those yummy bugs that squirm,
But it's the early bird that will get the worm!
We'll feast on those yummy bugs that squirm,
It's the early bird that will get the worm!
Caw... caw...

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

The Easter Gift

There's a gift at the cross, a gift well worth having,
It's lifted high, so it takes faith to have it.
Believe in your heart, then reach out and take it,
The Easter Gift... "Everlasting Life."

For by grace it is yours, just in His name believing,
Surrender all to Him then trustingly receive Him.
Confess with your mouth, freely you may have it,
The Easter Gift... "Everlasting life."

For God so loved the world, He gave his only Son,
That whosoever believes, should not perish!
That they might have this gift, the gift of salvation,
The Easter Gift... "Everlasting life."

John 3: 16 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. (KJV)

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

The Father's Christmas Wish

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. (13) And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. The Gospel of Luke 2: 11-14 KJV

If we could ask God questions, and He'd answer every one,
About our celebrations of the birthday of His Son,
I doubt He'd mind the story of the jolly man in red,
Or things like red-nosed reindeer, or sugar plums in one's head.

I doubt He'd mind the music or the songs we love to sing,
From dreams of a "White Christmas' to the "Jingle Bells'" jing-a-ling;
To "O Little Town of Bethlehem, " a song we all know well;
Or "Silent Night, Holy Night, " and then "The First Noel."

But I believe if God could have one Christmas wish today,
He'd probably want what you would want, were it your son's birthday:
Enjoy your celebrations, and sing to your heart's delight,
But don't forget that my Son Jesus was born on Christmas night."

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

The First Conversation

What's that?

A Red Delicious.

Is it good?

Aren't you suspicious?

Maybe a little.

Just one tiny bite.

Wow, that was a delight!

To share would be right.

Sweetheart, look what I have.

Oh no! You didn't!

Do it for me...

Though I mustn't,
I really shouldn't,
OK, I'll bite...

WHAT'S WRONG?

Oh GOD, my stomach hurts!

Mine too!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

The Gift_Song

Verse 1:

There's a gift at the cross, a gift well worth having,
But it's lifted very high, so, it takes faith to have it.
Just believe in your heart, and reach out and take it-
And you can have the Gift, everlasting life.

Chorus:

For God so loved the world, He gave His only Son,
That whosoever believes, should not perish;
But could have this precious Gift, the gift of salvation,
Through Jesus Christ the Lord.

Music interlude

Verse 2:

For by grace are you saved, just in His name believing;
Surrender all to Him, take His word, and then receive Him.
Confess with your mouth, come and trust in the Savior,
And you can have the Gift, everlasting life.

Chorus:

For God so loved the world, He gave His only Son,
That whosoever believes, should not perish;
But could have this precious Gift, the gift of salvation,
Through Jesus Christ the Lord.

Through Jesus Christ the Lord.

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

The Great Escape

Dark night now is calling, calling,
Teary eyes that can hardly see;
Lonely road that's going no where,
Cold rain is falling blindingly.

Lonely man is running, running,
Escaping from reality;
Alas, you are gone forever,
Taken so quickly, snatched from me!

So, now I am driving, driving,
Destination, I just don't know;
Without you I'm dying, dying,
I just love you and miss you so!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

The Great Gulp

The Great Gulp

The earth's stomach growls,
The hungry ground opens mouth;
Swallows the living!

Note: Let us be thankful when we are spared, but not cocky or arrogant, for it very well may us the next time. No one is guaranteed a tomorrow. Also, let us always stop what we are doing and sat a prayer for the victims of any tragedy.
Thank you, Loyd

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

The Greatest Gift

When I think of the many gifts given,
To each other in acts of love,
There's none so priceless, nor one as special,
As the Gift sent down from above.

Sent to this old Earth so vile and sinful,
So wretched and undeserving.
Yet sent just the same, with such affection,
From the Father unreserving.

A precious Gift so carefully chosen
To meet the sinner's greatest need,
Carefully wrapped in love, in grace, in truth;
Yet, how was this great gift received?

With welcome arms or hearts overflowing,
With joy or appreciation?
No! He was rejected, nailed to a cross,
With shame and humiliation!

What greater act of love could God offer
To man, than that which has been done?
For God surely loved you and me so much
He gave to us his only Son.

Please receive this gift of eternal life
For to you it has been given,
Then become a part of God's family
To live forever in heaven.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

The Ice House

We don't talk much any more,
Our hands, too frozen to hold;
Warm kisses are memories,
This home now stands icy cold.

The frigid weather came in,
Clutching us in it's cold vice;
Freezing our hearts as solid,
As the Arctic's glacier ice.

This ice house yearns for warm love,
To melt away this chilled freeze;
Yet, we urge mercury's fall,
And get colder by degrees.

It's cold in this ice house,
Hate-cicles hang by desire;
Frostbite may soon take our love,
While neither kindles the fire.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

The Keeper Of The Inn Meets The Keeper Of The Stars

And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.7) And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. Luke 2: 6-7 KJV

'Mister, ' Joseph asked, 'do you have a room where my expectant wife and I might stay? '

The innkeeper replied, 'Sorry, I do not, but I can offer a stall spread with clean dry hay. '

I wish I could do more, but Caesar's decree has created a large, demanding crowd.

These politicians and politics make it hard on everyone, ' he grumbled out loud.

'We will gladly take it, ' Joseph said. 'It will be fine, and thank you so much for your care.

We've come a long way. It will be nice to rest and to get her out of this cold air.'

'Here, Mary, let me help you down from the beast. Come, lie down in this warm corner over here.'

No sooner had they settled down than Mary cried, 'Joseph, my delivery is near! '

Anxiously, he took her hand, then prayed, 'Father of all living, please be with my wife and child.

Thank you for this perfect Lamb through which heaven and earth shall soon be reconciled.'

Out of the silence of that most holy night, while His star illuminated the sky, Mary gave birth to a healthy baby boy who broke the silence with his cry.

She wrapped him in swaddling clothes and snuggled him to her breast. Carefully, she lay him in the manger, finally closing her eyes to rest.

Joseph ran to the innkeeper's place, proudly saying, 'Come, see our newborn son! '

The keeper took a basket filled with fruit and bread and with Joseph to the stable did run.

The smell of animals filled the air as they approached where the Baby lay.
The keeper placed the basket at Mary's feet, then knelt before the child on the hay.

'He's such a beautiful babe! What healthy lungs, for I heard him cry at early morn.

What shall be the name of this sweet miracle of life who to you this day is born? '

'His name is Jesus, ' Joseph said, 'For He is come a true Savior to be.
He is the One who brings peace and goodwill, and hope for eternity! '

He is the beginning and the end, the Christ of whom prophets foretold.
He is the Creator of heaven and earth, this child whom your eyes behold.

The innkeeper gazed in wonder at the baby lying swaddled on the hay.
He smiled and said, 'The keeper of the inn has met the 'Keeper of the stars' today.'

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

The Legend Of Pepita's Poinsetta

Thank you much, my pretty friend,
For the beauty you display;
Those colors of green and red
That enhance our Christmas day.

Great is your reputation-
You're like the Christmas Star,
For you are highly regarded,
No matter where you are.

You are called Poinsettia,
Part of the spurge family.
It was Joel Roberts Poinsett
Who named you so fittingly.

He introduced you to us
Back in eighteen twenty-five.
From that time, and still today,
Your colors make things alive.

Even though you are mostly seen
Adorned in dark green and red,
You also grow cream, or white,
Pink, or bright orange instead.

You don't have flower petals;
It's your leaves that make the hue;
But no matter your color,
The world's in love with you.

Now, as to your native home,
You derived from Mexico
And were used for Aztec dye
Such a long, long time ago.

It was there you first were named
And are still known as such this hour.
You helped celebrate Christ's birth
As the 'Christmas Eve Flower.'

Then, in Egypt, you were named
As, 'The Consul's Daughter';
And called 'Crown of the Andes'
By a Chilean potter.

In Spain, you are known as the
'Easter Flower, ' so I've learned,
Celebrating Easter morn,
A place of honor earned.

But listen closely to me,
For a legend I will tell,
About the Poinsettia,
This plant we know so well.

In the sixteenth century,
As Christmas bells did ring,
A poor girl named Pepita
Had no gift for Christ to bring.

Then lo, God's angel appeared
To the sad young girl that day,
And told her to pick some weeds
To, on the church's altar, lay.

She did as the angel said,
Her faith amazingly strong,
The people dared not scold her,
Though Pepita's gift seemed wrong.

So, there upon the altar,
Those ugly weeds she laid;
Then, kneeling with broken heart,
In confident faith she prayed.

Dear Jesus, I am so sorry
That weeds were all I could bring.
I know You deserve much more;
You are our Heavenly King!

Such tender loving teardrops
Fell from sweet Pepita's eyes,
Then a sunbeam touched the weeds
As God heard the young girl's cries

Next, a miracle happened,
Which caused the people dismay:
The ugly weeds were changed to
A Poinsettia that day.

Crimson leaves did blossom,
Shading over deep green leaves,
Symbolic of Christ's own blood,
Covering whoever believes.

The leaves are star-shaped as well.
Look closely, and you will see:
They so symbolize His Star
Of Bethlehem's Nativity.

Ugly weeds were changed into
A beautiful plant indeed,
As many souls that God changed
When they acknowledged their need.

So, now you've heard the legend
From a long, long time ago,
About Pepita's miracle
And the plant that we love so.

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

The Letter A Christmas Poem

Now, to the question before me
I shall respond without delay,
As pertaining to the Christ child,
And the reason for Christmas day.

I suppose they deem me expert,
A good witness of some repute.
So, for that it was requested
That the falsities I dispute.

I lend now my testimony;
It is written from mine own hand:
The gospel truth as I know it,
Of that night in the Holy Land.

Consider, now, Isaiah's words,
Where he spoke of a special child
Named Wonderful, the Prince of Peace,
The Mighty God, yet meek and mild.

To be conceived of a virgin,
A sign which would reveal God's plan
Of how, so loving the world,
He would give up His son for man.

And so, that day finally came,
When on Earth that pure child was born
As His star was brightly shining
Over the manger so forlorn.

Then the angels bore their witness
Of the precious Christ Child's birth;
And shouted praises from heaven
Of glad tidings and peace on earth.

Now, I can't say that Christ's birth is
The twenty-fifth of December;
But the real reason for Christmas
Is his birthday to remember.

So celebrate with your giving,
Spread God's love, for it's always right;
But please don't forget the Savior,
Who was given for all that night.

Now, I must complete this letter,
For there's plenty for me to do.
So, have a jolly good season,
God bless and Merry Christmas too!

Signed, Saint Nick

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The Lord Is Come!

Gladness to the world the Lord has come,
Let earth now receive her King!
Hope to the needful hearts of all mankind,
Let hosts of angels proclaim!

Let every heart prepare for Him room,
And Heav'n and natures sing!
The Life of man, the Light of the world,
And Jesus shall be His name!

Great joy to the world and peace on the earth,
Goodwill to all men He brings!
His Word is now fulfilled, His love He gives,
Let our hearts with rapture sing!

Sing now the Lord is come, the Lord is come,
O lift up your mortal voice!
The Lord is come, come for the whole world,
Needy man, make Him your choice!

Sing now the Lord is come, the Lord is come,
I give Him my heart today!
The Lord is come and calls to everyone,
O dear sinner don't delay!

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The Most Important Part Of Christmas

What is the most important part of Christmas?
What do we celebrate each year?
Is it the change of heart we notice in people?
Is it the spreading of Christmas cheer?
Is it wishing for falling snow flakes?
Is it picking out a Christmas tree?
Is it the laughter of little children?
Is it people singing so merrily?
Is it the gifts wrapped so gaily?
Is it tinsel, ribbons or bows?
Is it the holiday decorations?
Is it Christmas music or mistletoe?
Is it that kind old gentleman dressed up in gold and red?
Is it snowmen or jingle bells?
Many thoughts race through our head.
Christmas means different things to different people
and that is plain to see;
but the most important part of Christmas is
C - H - R - I - S - T!

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

The Mysterious Messenger

there, unable to breathe, and then, collapsing on my bed, I wept. Terrifying thoughts were racing through my mind as I found myself reaching for grace through prayer.

Pulling out my datebook, I saw the visit where just fourteen days ago I had scheduled a mammogram and other routine checkups. I am diligent and proactive about my health, but at my age, I knew I fell into the high risk category for breast cancer...

Cancer was a dreaded disease which had taken the lives of many of my friends, so I knew just how merciless it could be. But I had tried not to dwell on the negative and go on about my life as usual. That was until just yesterday when I received that terrifying call from my doctor. She said she needed to see me, stressing it was urgent and to please make an appointment as soon as possible. The test revealed something that concerned her.

It just so happened that my husband was on a six week overseas mission trip with some other men from the church we attend. It would have been great to have him by my side for this visit, but I knew I had his love, prayers and support. I remember thinking, 'Just you and me, God, ' as I made my way nervously to the office that morning.

My heart grew heavy, reminiscent of the time I received a similar call about my father, who later died of this terrible disease. I was trying not to worry, but the burden grew heavier and that old smothering feeling was creeping around me. As I drove, hardly noticing anything along the way, I shook my head and again found myself thinking, 'The one thing I have always feared most may have found its way into my body.' All I knew to do was pray. So, I prayed and wept all the way to her office.

I was taken to an examination room and the doctor came in immediately with the mammograms in her hand. She greeted me in much the typical way of doctors, with the exception of the look of concern in her eyes.

I swallowed hard and deep in my innermost being I whispered, 'Oh God, help me.'

Then my eyes became fixed on the x-rays. There was no mistaking the image in my left breast; it jumped out at me like a hideous monster snatching at me from some darkened shadow. My eyes filled with tears again as my heart sank a little more. The dark area was the size of a small child's balled up fist. As if drawn by an unseen magnet, I raised my hand, placing it on my chest in the vicinity of the mass.

The doctor interrupted my despair when she gently placed her hand on my shoulder. She informed me that she was very concerned, but wanted a second look before determining any course of action.

I nodded in agreement as I was sent to take another mammogram that was more in depth. After the procedure I was asked to sit in the waiting room until the results could be examined.

The burden I had felt now seemed so much heavier, as if I was lugging a huge slab of marble on my shoulders. It was a struggle just to make my feet move as I found a quiet, desolate corner where I sat down. I knew my doctor would suggest a biopsy after the x-rays. Once again I could feel the fear crawling on my skin as I dreaded what might be the possible outcome.

It was then that the comforting words of a Bible passage came to my mind: 'Be not afraid, only believe...' I closed my eyes tightly, took a deep breath and prayed once again.

'Excuse me, Miss, ' a man's gentle voice said. My prayerful concentration was broken as I glanced up nervously... Standing over me was a rather distinguished looking gray-haired man. Noticing his uniform, I assumed he was a volunteer, so I relaxed.

Smiling, he said, 'Ma'am, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you. I know I'm a stranger and wish not to intrude, but I couldn't help noticing that you seem rather upset.'

His face seemed to glow with certain warmth and the kindness in his eyes brought a sense of peace to me.

I hesitated before saying anything... then in a voice just above a whisper I said, 'I'm waiting for my doctor to review some x-rays, and I am worried.'

He said, 'I have found that in times of trouble and when doubt is flooding our souls, seeking help from the heavenly Father can help.'

I answered honestly, 'My faith is so weak right now and I am somewhat concerned.'

He replied, 'You know the Good Book tells us that if we have faith the size of a mustard seed, then it can move mountains! '

I had heard about 'mustard seed faith, ' yet somehow I didn't feel too hopeful about my mountain being removed this morning. Still, I smiled and agreed.

He then asked, 'If it's all right with you, I was wondering if I could pray for you? '

I remember being a little surprised by his offer, but at the same time, I also felt pleasantly relieved. How could he have known that prayer was just what I needed? I smiled as I hesitantly answered, 'Please do. I think I would like that very much.'

He sat down beside me and as we bowed our heads to pray, he gently took my hand.

Although I have heard many prayers and witnessed many spiritual accolades, there was something uniquely different about this old gentleman's prayer. As he interceded for me, I felt such peace sweep over my soul. Warm tears of relief began rolling down my cheeks, dropping onto our hands. I could sense the presence of God, and I didn't want him to stop.

I felt a bit disappointed as he softly said, 'Amen'.

I mumbled a grateful, 'Thank you, ' and through tear-filled eyes I read the name 'D'Angelo' on his name tag, which was pinned next to a little smiley face that read, 'Smile, God loves you! '

Amazingly, that simple little slogan, 'Smile, God loves you', seemed to be a message just for me.

I turned and reached for my purse, fumbling around until I finally found a tissue. By that time, my face was wet with tears and my mascara had to be a mess. But, it didn't seem to matter to me how I looked outwardly, for inside I felt a calming peace for the first time that day. Quickly I dried my eyes and patted my face a little. Then, when I turned back around, the kind old man was gone. I

looked around the waiting room and out in the hall, but it was as though he had just disappeared.

I was still pondering this strange event when a nurse suddenly spoke, jarring me out of my state of awe.

'The Doctor will see you now, ' she said.

I grabbed my papers and purse. Anxiously I followed her down the hall, my feet feeling like lead. This time, instead of an examination room, I was led to my doctor's office. I entered and sat down as the nurse closed the door. Sitting there alone, I closed my eyes to again pray. But this time my prayer was different. I felt more prepared to receive the news I just knew I would hear. So, I asked God for the grace and guidance I would need to tell my husband and kids.

My prayer was interrupted by a light knock and my doctor's gentle voice, 'Hi again.' She came in, closing the door behind her and quietly sat down. I identified an unmistakable expression of concern on her face, which again caused me to tremble.

She looked directly into my eyes as she said, 'I am a little puzzled. When studying this second mammogram, I was shocked that we could not find any spots at all. I could have sworn that we were looking at a large mass on your left breast, but the test has revealed nothing at all! '

I was stunned by what she was telling me.

She continued, 'Even though I am perplexed, for your sake, I am very pleased with this report. My colleagues and I have checked it thoroughly and believe our analysis to be accurate. I am happy to inform you that your x-rays are as clear as any I have seen! So thank God, now you and your family can relax.'

'Are you absolutely sure? ' I questioned in total disbelief.

Looking over the spectacles perched on the end of her nose, she replied, 'As certain as we can be. It sure looks like someone up there is looking out for you. We are going to keep an eye on things, but I would suggest that you put this behind you and enjoy your new lease on life.'

Befuddled, as I left her office I thought, 'Thank you, God. I will not take my life

for granted anymore.'

Suddenly, I remembered the old gentleman who prayed with me. It was imperative that I find him to share this wonderful news and thank him once more.

I walked up to the nurses' station and asked, 'Please, could you tell me how to find one of your volunteers? His name is D'Angelo.'

'Who?' the puzzled nurse asked.

'I think his name is D'Angelo,' I said. 'He had on a blue uniform and had a little yellow smiley face pinned next to his name. He had to have been in his late sixties.'

She said, 'Ma'am, I am very familiar with all of our staff and volunteers and we have no one by that name. I have been here all morning and have not seen anyone fitting that description. Besides, because of the personal nature of the problems we handle in this section, the only men allowed back here are the doctors and their staff.'

Driving home, all I could do was thank God. I thanked Him for the results of the test and for the wonderful medical care that had been given me. But most of all I thanked Him for the good news on my condition and for that kind old gentleman who had appeared in my time of despair.

I have never really believed too much in miracles. That is, until that day when a total stranger prayed for me.

Since then, I've had many opportunities to share my story and I know people may listen in disbelief, but it's hard to dispute what happened to me that day. I have kept copies of both x-rays for proof to others and as a reminder to me of the power of prayer.

I would encourage anyone who is going through a difficult situation in their life, to pray and trust the heavenly Father; know that He loves you and will be there for you. He may not deliver you of the problem, but He will be with you in it. You may not have a miraculous story to tell, such as mine, but He will get you through.

I've heard it said so many times throughout my life, 'God works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform...' and I must say that looking back on these events and my special experience, my life has changed so much. I appreciate life so much more. Living has taken on a whole new meaning since that day a kindly old gentleman, D'Angelo, took my hand and sweetly prayed.

The End

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The Mystery Of Madeleine

I Wonder...

Where are you playful, darling child?
Where have you been this long while?

Who fills your empty little tummy?
Who tucks you in bed at night?

Who gives you sweet loving kisses?
Who hugs you and holds you tight?

Who helps you comb your soft hair?
Who helps you dress up just right?

Where are you sweet darling one?
Where are you sleeping tonight?

What thing do you dream about?
What thing do you fear the most?

What do you cry yourself to sleep for?
What do you pray, for what do you hope?

Where are you... hopeful, trusting heart?
What are the answers that only you know?

Will we be blessed to see you once again?
Where are you- precious Madeleine McCann?

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The New Baby

Now, I was taken by surprise
One day out of the blue
When a friend said to me,
"Man, do I have news for you! "

"What news? " I asked,
Starting to get concerned.
He said, "It sounds unbelievable,
But, here's what I have learned!

I heard it on the radio
Earlier this very morn;
This local gal had given birth,
And a special child was born."

"So, what's the great news
'Bout a woman giving birth?
Shucks, man, happens all the time
All over the planet Earth."

He said, "The baby's part animal,
Amazing, but it's really true!
I swear, man, it's not a lie,
This thing I'm telling to you! "

"Part animal! Are you sure?
C'mon, surely you do jest! "
But I became a believer,
Once he shared with me the rest.

Smiling with a possum-like grin,
He revealed minute detail...
"The babe had a dear little face,
And a bare little tail."

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The Pastor's Wife_Tribute To An Outstanding Woman

The Pastor's Wife

A Tribute to an Outstanding Woman

She serves in a lofty position not sought by her in life;
having fallen in love with a ministry man,
she became a pastor's wife.

She gave her life to Jesus, to share the Gospel Light,
to make both God and her husband proud-
happy being the pastor's wife.

She started on her journey, expectations soaring high,
to serve beside him with heart and soul,
for she is the pastor's wife.

She wished to be a servant on whom others could rely,
adjusting to expectations;
after all, she's the pastor's wife.

She longs to be free of anxiety, of bitterness, and strife,
to have a gentle countenance
and heart of a pastor's wife.

She's always a gracious hostess whenever folks drop by,
entertaining cheerfully, whether day or night-
a hospitable pastor's wife.

She's tried to be the perfect mom, with kids who had to play nice.
She nurtured them with tender love-
she's a mom and the pastor's wife.

She's not to show her struggles or down times in her life;
to appear to be always on top of the world,
like a pastor's loving wife.

There are times when she's been lonely; we need to realize,
that God made her first a woman
and then the pastor's wife.

She's lived on a meager salary, just trying to survive,
while others enjoyed lives of luxury -
so common for a pastor's wife.

She's been grateful for blessings that filled her daily life;
and for all the prayers that have been prayed
to encourage a pastor's wife.

She's longed for one true friend in battles she's had to fight,
only to be burned by those who turned
their backs on the pastor's wife.

She yearns for her own identity, the many tears she has cried,
for she wants to be known for who she is,
not just as the pastor's wife.

She has often craved conversation from the many people in her life,
but they just have a message for him,
to be passed on by the pastor's wife.

She sometimes has been hurt, needing hugs authentic and tight,
for she gets discouraged like everyone else.
So let's lift up our pastor's wife!

She's always been there for all of us, so love and treat her right,
taking genuine interest in this precious lady
whom we call the pastor's wife.

She's been often taken for granted by those God put in her life.
So let's show our loving appreciation
for our pastor's gracious wife!

Note: Special thanks to Julie Tedder, Rama Devi and Lois Funk for help in editing
this poem.

Dedicated to my wife Kathy

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The Queen Of The Sea

Tis' a very odd tale which sailors tell,
From enchanted Ireland o'er the sea;
The magical abode of leprechauns,
Of mystical visions and fantasies.

It seems one day a fair maiden did walk,
Upon the ocean's white glistenin' shore;
T'was witnessed by honest seafarin' men,
As they did stare from their boats safely moored.

Seems the young maiden was touched with faintness,
Thus making her quite unable to stand;
So she found a tree branch lying nearby,
For a prop she held it tight in her hand.

Discovering a large bowl-shaped seashell,
A nice pillow for her head she would use;
Then laid her down in a bed of white sand,
While on the mystic blue ocean she mused.

Soon the maiden drifted off to deep sleep,
Then into a vision's delightful dream;
For angel Gabriel took her far away,
So amazingly real it all did seem.

Floating over green hills and babblin' brooks,
To an astoundin' castle on the sea;
Arising from the midst of the water,
A kingdom of crystal glass she did see.

She was lifted above its pearl-white walls,
To a grand courtyard where thousands did throng;
There Gabriel so gently descended,
Seating her thus on a pearl white throne.

She was handed a diamond clad scepter,
Then a golden wreath was placed on her head;
A proclamation was made to crown her,
"The Queen of the Sea, " so the edict read.

The palace singers then sang, but strangely,
Soundin' much like the squawking seagull's cry;
A brilliant light shone brightly upon her,
As gleamin' sunlight beams down from the sky.

A scroll was read; "May the angels smile down,
Along with the sweet prayers of all the saints;
May the Fountain of Love pour on our Queen,
And may she escape life's bitter complaints!"

Then the trumpeter came and took his place,
Preparin' jubilantly to play on cue;
The Queen stood, as he adjusted his mouth,
Then on the trumpet he mightily blew!

The trumpet seemed clogged for some odd reason,
But from his persistence the clog let go;
But t'wasn't glorious notes that came forth,
But green seawater a' gushin' did flow!

Then he swelled his cheeks and blew out his breath,
But the more he pushed the more it did spew;
A'breathin' in and a'blowin' back out,
Until the trumpeter's face turned dark blue.

Water then flooded the crystal throne room,
Until waves soon covered the palace floor;
The maiden jumped up with scepter in hand,
Then she cried loud as the ocean doth roar!

Then waving her scepter at the water,
She commanded it to turn back again;
Alas, the water seemed deafened to her,
As it defiantly did spurn her command!

Then she next took off her beautiful crown,
Which had rested royally on her head;
Raising it up high above the water,
Screamin' loud, 'til her face turned blood-red!

Shoutin' at the top of her lungs; "Hear me,

Headstrong Ocean, go back at my command;
For I am Queen of the Sea! " she cried out,
Wavin' fiercely, with her scepter in hand.

Today, sailors smile, as they tell the tale,
Of the maiden on the shore they did see;
With a shell on her head and wavin' a limb,
And a shoutin'; "I am Queen of the Sea! "

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The Revival Song

Verse one:

You got to set you're affections, in the right directions,
And not on the things of this world.
You've got to sing songs of praise, and with your hands raised,
Give glory to the Lord.
You've got to spend time in prayer, to show God you care,
And turn your back on sin...
You got to 'live the Bible, if you want Revival, for revival to begin!

Chorus:

Just draw yourself a circle, and then you step right in,
And when your life is right with God, revival will begin.
And when revival comes to you, it soon will spread to them...
You've got to 'Live the Bible, if you want Revival, for revival to begin!

Verse two:

You've got to let your life, become a sacrifice,
On the altar of the Lord.
You've got to have an attitude, of true gratitude,
It says so in God's Word.
You've got to reach out your hand, to your fellow man,
And let God's love come in...
You've got to 'Live the Bible, if your want Revival, for revival to begin! '

Chorus:

Just draw yourself a circle, and then you step right in,
And when your life is right with God, revival will begin.
And when revival comes to you, it soon will spread to them...
You've got to 'Live the Bible, if you want Revival, for revival to begin!

Chorus:

Just draw yourself a circle, and then you step right in,
And when your life is right with God, revival will begin.
And when revival comes to you, it soon will spread to them...
You've got to 'Live the Bible, if you want Revival, for revival to begin!

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The Rut

A deep breath of morning air
Rubbing of the eyes and a yawn
Shuffling to find my shoes, I rise.

A quick taste of cooling soup
Chewing on banana nut bread
Swallowing, a delight, I eat.

A sweet taste of sparkling wine
Rolling it on my waiting tongue
Satisfies my palate, I drink.

A hot bath in bubbling tub
Kicking shoes off my aching feet
Lying down once again, I sleep.

A rut of rising, eating,
Of drinking and of sleeping...
I cannot get out so, I die.

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The Sting

Now you may laugh until you cry,
At this poetic story-like tale;
But before I start, I cross my heart,
That this story is true as well.

I planned to watch the evening news,
So, I plopped down, a normal thing;
Then on my tender tooshie,
I felt a terrible, burning sting!

I squeezed my half eaten orange,
Around the room juice did fly;
Like a drum, my heart beat fast,
Lord knows, I thought I would die!

So I hurried to the bedroom,
My shifty wife acting fast;
Quickly pulled down my spandex,
That bee's sting would be his last.

He fluttered and buzzed in circles,
As if he was laughing right at me;
But before I could dish out his due,
I swear he died from the glee.

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The Thief And The Cross

He was just a common thief
And now he must pay.
His wicked deeds found him,
Condemned to die today.

He had cheated and looted,
Wronged many men.
His life of crime is over,
A cross would be his end.

Guilty of his transgression
Yes, deserving of death,
He feared not the dying now,
But of judgment ahead.

Hell would surely be his abode
Ages without end!
Punished for his wickedness
And a life of sin!

But this ONE dying near him,
Was different than he,
His eyes revealed compassion,
He spoke mercifully.

The thief asked this man;
"What on earth did you do? "
Jesus whispered weakly;
"Today I die for you! "

"Dying for me? " he asked,
"Who are you anyway? "
"I AM the Lamb of God,
Today sin's debt I pay."

"How may I receive pardon? "
Begged the repentant thief.
"Forgiveness is truly yours"
Jesus said; "only believe."

"It's true, you are the ONE
Sent to die for me! "
"LORD, I need your mercy! "
"Please... REMEMBER ME! "

Jesus turned to the thief
In mercy he cried;
"Today shalt thou be
With me in PARADISE! "

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The Tune Up

He reaches down
With the skill of a surgeon,
Probing the engine.

Not like some pirate
With a map quest,
Searching for a treasure chest,
But as one who has
Already found gold.

He reaches to take hold
With tools in hand.
Soon, it's running like a top!
I'm thankful for Mike's Quick Stop.

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The Visit

Well I finally made it by to see you two,
Sure hope you're not too disappointed, Dad;
I'm sorry, but I've been working a lot lately,
Besides, leaving you and mom always makes me sad.

I'll take just a moment and pick up all this mess,
These weeds and dead flowers are such an awful sight;
Dad, I know that you couldn't care less,
But this kind of thing sure makes Mom uptight.

Mom, I remembered that you loved yellow roses,
So let me place these where I know you can see;
Dad don't worry, I know you prefer seashells,
Here's one that the kids found down by the sea.

There, I'm finished... I hope you two are pleased,
It's late and I should get on out of here;
I love you both, and I'll visit again soon,
About this same time next year.

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The Volunteers

There are some special people that we know
Found in needy places across this land;
They're people that selflessly serve others,
Always ready to lend a helping hand.

We may know them by their many titles:
Chief bottle washer to soup kitchen cook;
They may be young or old, male or female;
In serving others, each has found a nook.

Kind-hearted helpers, tireless volunteers,
Who lend a hand in every capacity.
They seek no earthly reward, no fanfare;
Give help, no matter the adversity.

Here's to all of the wonderful people
Who unselfishly have chosen to serve,
May these words offer some recognition,
And give the praise which they rightly deserve.

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Jesus said; "For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name... he shall not lose his reward." Mark 9: 41

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The Way I Feel About You

Is it

Infatuation,

Magic,

Or amore?

It's all of the above

And more...

It's love!

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The Wonder Of All Wonders!

The Son appeared to men of old,
Such a wonder they did see,
But wonder of all wonders
Was that Jesus was born for me!

Born there in a humble stable
And to such a sin cursed earth,
To bring hope to all mankind
And our salvation through his birth.

He came down from heaven's glory
Not to mansions rich or fair,
But to a lowly virgin,
Sins heavy burden he would bare.

He left his glorious palace
Was robed in humanity,
To give his life upon the cross
And this he did for you and me.

He increased in grace and wisdom
As he took the form of man,
He went about doing good,
Working miracles by his hands!

Yes He healed the broken hearted,
And he set the captives free;
He calmed the raging waters
And yes, He made the demons flee.

And He fed the hungry thousands,
Yes, He made the blind to see,
But wonder of all wonders
Was that Jesus was born for me.

Often loving people may speak
Of their love and care for me,
But the Son of God proved his love
The day He died on Calvary.

Yes, the wonder of all wonders
For the entire world to see,
The wonder of all wonders,
Jesus was born to die for me!

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This Anchor

This anchor shall hold in adversity,
When all else does threaten to give way;
This anchor keeps my vessel from drifting,
Never letting my ship run astray.

This anchor holds though angry seas batter,
When dangerous waves threaten to take hold;
This anchor holds in the lonely night hours,
When darkness renders my spirit less bold.

This anchor holds with vigil over me,
Scans water lest my ship drift away;
This anchor is trustworthy and faithful,
Making less anxious my passageway.

This anchor holds fast though life is fleeting,
When death's icy hands grasps for me once more;
This anchor will never let me falter,
Till my ship moors on that sacred shore.

This anchor shall hold in the Great Judgment,
When the elements melt with fervent heat;
This anchor will calm and quiet my spirit,
Shoring me on with His grace complete.

This anchor holding me is sweet Jesus.
My ship is in his arrant control;
He is my one hope... He is my comfort...
He is the sure anchor of my soul.

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This I Knew About You

I did not know much about you
as I felt your tiny vibrations
which later became kicks and
wiggles. I did not know about
your mannerisms or personality
or how your voice would sound.

I did not know if the tint of
your hair would be red, blonde,
raven black or chestnut brown.
I did not know the color of
your eyes, whether hazel,
emerald, amber or blue.

But there was one thing that
I did know about you, I knew
it from your first heartbeat,
even before you entered this
world; I knew it with all my
heart, mind and soul...

I knew that I loved you.

Dedicated to my grandchildren.

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This Old Man

His journey had been tough and hard,
Like trudging up steep rocky hills.
His life was a plain and simple one,
With no whistles, bells or frills!

He loved to read from the Good Book;
His motto was the Golden Rule.
Though he had not a one degree,
He surely was no man's fool.

"Ole Man" is the name he liked most,
And these words he often would say,
"I'm an ole man, 'cause my good Lord
Gone and give me just one more day."

So, we're here to pay our respect
To this one who has stood the test.
Finally, his life's race is over,
This Old Man can be laid to rest.

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Three Seconds To Live

If I
had three
seconds left
I would use them to say,
I Love You.

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Time

This is dedicated to all my children...

It seems but yesterday that I held you in my arms,
cupping your tiny hands in mine, tracing the lines
in your skin, looking deeply into your eyes, to see if
perchance I might find even the tiniest resemblance
of me in you.

It seems but yesterday that I took care of you; now,
you care for me, helping me walk and steadying my
hands in simple things. You come near and lean in
close to hear my requests. Tenderly you hold
my hand in yours.

It seems but yesterday that I guarded over
you, trying to shield you from harm. I sought every
opportunity to teach you right from wrong. That was
yesterday... when you were young and I was younger;
as you have grown older I have grown old.

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Tiny Hands

You've watched those tiny hands,
Tireless, as they played;
You've cleaned dirt from their fingernails,
Removed a soiled Band-Aid.

But have you once considered,
As you watched them through the day,
Just how they might use those hands
When their youthfulness fades away?

Those tiny hands may one day erect
Tall castles in the sand;
They may help in search and rescue,
Or become a fireman's hand.

Those tiny hands may be skilled
To hold a surgeon's knife,
Or wrap tight around a pistol
To take an innocent life.

Those tiny hands may write poetry,
Or spin a roulette wheel,
Or clutch a bottle of whiskey;
They may rob, loot or steal.

Those tiny hands may cause others
To live a life of wicked sin,
Or point to the Way of truth
To bring a sinner in.

So may we observe more closely,
As life unfolds its strands,
And never overlook the largeness
Found in those tiny hands.

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Tired Passion

Sweetheart...
it's getting late,
don't you think
we should go to bed?

(Oh my, you're right,
just look at the time,
but...
don't the stars
stand out tonight?)

Yes, they do and lovely too,
just as eyes,
come...
snuggle, and
hold me tight.

(Sweetheart...
it is getting late,
and I am so tired,
so...
I think I'll just
go to sleep
instead.)

Good night Dear.

(Good night Love.)

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To Grandparents' Place We Go

Sequel to 'Over the River and Through the Wood'

Over the bridges and busy highways,
To grandparents' place we go;
GPS knows the way,
In nighttime or day,
Through the rain, the sleet or snow.

Over the bridges and busy highways,
Oh how the horns do blow;
The noise hurts my ears,
The smog brings me tears,
As into road rage we go.

Over the bridges and busy highways,
Dodging a noisy semi;
My tire pressure is low,
So I must drive slow,
Folk cuss as they pass me by.

Over the bridges and busy highways,
At grandparents' place we arrive;
Our tummies do scream,
For turkey we dream,
So hungry we surely will die.

Then taped to their door, oh what a surprise,
A hand written note we did see;
'Thank you kids for coming,
Forgive us for running,
But, we flew out to Waikiki.

Happy Thanksgiving and merry Christmas,
We love you and miss you dear;
Please don't make an issue,
So sorry we missed you;
Hope all have a Happy New Year.'

Back over the bridges and busy highways,

Starving is our greatest fear;
It's my fault after all,
Oh, why didn't I call,
Thank God a McDonald's is near.

Happy Thanksgiving

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To Our Coach

It may be on a cool spring morning,
Or a hot summer afternoon,
Players come from all directions,
For skin will slap leather soon.

You can find them hot and dirty,
All sizes shapes and forms;
Men, women, boys and girls,
Dressed in sponsored uniforms.

They are led by a devoted coach,
Who keeps things safe and fun;
One who gives heart and soul
Through a strike-out or home run.

And whether it's Casey at the bat
Or Brianna on the mound,
It's there at the ole' ball game
This faithful coach is found.

So, shake their hands, buy them a Coke,
Smile and let pearlies gleam;
Say "thank you" every now and then
To the coaches of our team.

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Today's Feature Attraction

'Now, for today's feature attraction! '
I strolled to the shade for a better view.
They were all lined up on a high ledge,
Silhouetted by a sky of Carolina blue.

They stood openly in full attention
I counted them, one, two, and three.
I seemed to hear, 'Ready for Inspection! '
Like feathered soldiers for me to see.

A combination of instinct and practice
Like a toddler learning to walk.
I'm thankful I could witness as
Their time came on nature's clock.

'Ready, set go! ' Each taking their turn,
As they sprang up and fluttered free.
Amazing themselves by this new-found art
Of flying acrobatically.

Gracefully they flew to the branches,
Overhead birds sang out joyfully.
Joining their proud mom and dad
Watching also from that old oak tree.

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Too Wonderful

Where shall I run
From your presence, O' Lord,
To where shall I flee?
To ascend up to heaven,
Or sleep on this earth,
You're everywhere present with me.

And how shall I hide
My thinking O' Lord,
For thou doest truly know me.
Should I dwell upon love
Or hatred in my thoughts,
Your spirit has already searched me.

You are all seeing, all knowing,
And I am so sinful dear Lord.
You have all wisdom, all might;
Thy knowledge is too wonderful for me...
Thy knowledge is too wonderful for me!

No there's not a place
Of hiding, O Lord,
No rock, no refuge, but Thee!
So search me dear God,
And know my sinful heart,
Reveal my wickedness to me.

To You shall I turn
For cleansing O' Lord,
To You, shall I cling.
I will yield to You my life,
And give to You my soul,
Your grace is all sufficient for me.

You are all loving, all forgiving,
And I am so thankful O' Lord;
You have all mercy, all grace;
Thy knowledge is too wonderful for me...
Thy knowledge is too wonderful for me.

You have cleansed my heart;
You've restored my soul;
And yours, I evermore shall be;
Your knowledge is too wonderful for me...
Your knowledge is too wonderful for me.

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Tribute To Reviewers

It's just one word,
Which means so much;
It's just one way,
A heart to touch.

It's so fitting,
For this poet friend;
Who writes reviews,
Hours without end.

It's so deserving,
For this kind soul;
Who helps others,
To reach their goal.

It's poet to poet,
It's friend to friend;
It's heart to heart,
And pen to pen...

Thanks!

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Tribute To The Pastor's Wife

A Tribute to an Outstanding Woman

She serves in a lofty position not sought by in her life;
having fallen in love with a ministry man,
she became a pastor's wife.

She gave her life to Jesus, to share the Gospel Light,
to make both God and her husband proud—
happy being the pastor's wife.

She started on her journey, expectations soaring high,
to serve beside him with heart and soul,
for she is the pastor's wife.

She wished to be a servant on whom others could rely,
adjusting to expectations;
after all, she's the pastor's wife.

She longs to be free of anxiety, of bitterness, and strife,
with always a gentle countenance
and heart of a pastor's wife.

She's always a gracious hostess whenever folks drop by,
entertaining with cheer, whether day or night—
hospitable pastor's wife.

Expected to be the perfect mom, with kids who had to play nice,
she nurtured them all with love and control
because she's the pastor's wife.

She does not show her struggles or the down times in her life;
appears to be always on top of the world,
like a pastor's loving wife.

There are times when she's been sad and lonely; we need to realize
that God made her first a woman,
and then the pastor's wife.

She's put up with a meager salary, just trying to survive,

while others enjoy trips and luxury —
not uncommon for a pastor's wife.

She's always been grateful for blessings that fill her daily life;
for God's grace and for prayers that are prayed
to encourage a pastor's wife.

She's often longed for one true friend when battles she has to fight,
only to be burned by those who turned
their backs on the pastor's wife.

She yearns for her own identity, and there are times when she cries,
for she wants to be known for who she is,
not just as the pastor's wife.

She craves conversation and friendship from the many in her life,
but often they just have a message for him,
for she's only the pastor's wife.

She's sometimes tired and hurting, needing hugs authentic and tight,
for she gets discouraged like everyone else.
So let's lift up our pastor's wife!

She's always been there for all of us, so love and treat her right,
taking genuine interest in this precious lady
whom we call the pastor's wife.

Too often she's been overlooked and ignored by those God put in her life. So let's
show our appreciation
for our pastor's gracious wife!

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Trip To Carolina Beach

The day arrived for our trip to the coast,
Kat settled on the place she loved the most;
It was Carolina Beach, that was crystal clear,
Said to me, 'LC, let's get out of here!
Quick, pack the car I'm ready for vacation,
Seven great days of rest and relaxation! '

Next, driving down to Chardale Street,
We spoke of warm sand beneath our feet.
Picked up my sis' Barb and hubby Moe,
When we got loaded up, away we did go!
A few hundred miles, so Moe accelerates,
The only thing better would be the pearly gates.

We rode straight to our destination,
A relaxing ride, free of aggravation;
Heard the weather report from Mackerel Lane,
'Lots of sunny weather and a slight chance of rain.'
We said, 'Thanks to Becky, for the use of her home,
Just a brief walk down to the ocean's white foam.

We took in some sea air, sent up a little cheer,
Popped open the trunk, unpacked our gear.
Once settled, we strolled down to the shore,
Gazed at the reasons we had come there for:
Gentle green waves, lapping around our feet,
Horizon kissing, as the water and sky meet.

Playful dolphins, occasional whales too,
Seagulls cawing out, 'How do you do? '
Colorful umbrellas, boats setting their sails,
Floating drift wood, sand castles and pails.
Waves slurping, everyone having fun,
Ocean whispers, rays from the sun.

Lovers walking, as fishermen play,
Wishing for the big one that got away.
Twinkling stars in the heavens hung,
Misty morning air, salt water on the tongue.

Evening breezes, dawn's golden light,
Handiwork of One who does things right.

Now, if you're reading this beach bum's rhyme,
Don't feel bad since you're not in the shine;
For I splashed the water and soaked the rays,
Enjoyed it all for you these glorious days!
And if you need a vacation, or a little space,
Check out Mackerel Lane and Becky's place.

She and Terry dish out a complete fish fry,
To enjoy underneath the Carolina sky.
The town of Lure will make your day,
Through a spectacular fireworks display!
So come on down to where the Atlantic waters reach,
To a wonderful place called Carolina Beach.

© Loyd C. Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Tristan...

Terrific

Reliable

Imaginative

Sensitive

Thrifty

Authentic

Neighborly and so much more!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Twelve Christmas Angels

Twelve Christmas angels met
Up near the Milky Way
To discuss why joy was missing
From the Christmas holiday.

It gave them so much sadness
As they tracked the negative trend.
So each decided to do their part
To bring this madness to an end.

Angel one would touch memories,
Reminding of the blessings of life.
Angel two would tenderize hard hearts,
Removing bitterness and strife.

Angel three would gather families
From far reaches of the earth,
Then stir feelings of love and peace,
Giving hope and joy new birth.

Angel four would return Merry
And Christ to holiday greetings.
Angel five would clear calendars
To make time for family meetings.

Angel six would flame enthusiasm.
Angel seven would spread cheer.
Angel eight would grow generosity.
Angel nine would diminish fear.

Angel ten would dispel darkness
By lighting colorful decorations.
Angel eleven would draw the lonely
To warm and friendly celebrations.

Angel twelve would have the hardest job,
Bringing wonder back to each heart,
And reminding all the people,
Of how Christmas had its start.

Then, with haste, they met the challenge,
And made everything all right.
They restored the joy and happiness
Before that Christmas night.

So, Merry Christmas to one and all;
May every tongue employ
And thank you Christmas angels,
For bringing back the Christmas joy!

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Twelve Things About Christmas Past

TWELVE THINGS ABOUT CHRISTMAS PAST

Twelve special hand-made ornaments, all safely stored away,

Eleven bright red bows that added joy to our display.

Ten artificial icicles that shimmered in the night,

Nine blinking bulbs, assorted, all red and blue and white.

Eight ceramic angels that stood watch and guarded all;

Seven manger pieces, with the Babe safe in the stall.

Six misshapen snowmen that made up a family;

Five 'lectronic carolers that sang so joyfully.

Four silver bells that jingled while they were being packed;

Three decorated stockings, now boxed and neatly stacked.

Two strings of shiny garland which we'd wrapped around the tree;

And one more blessed Christmas enjoyed by you and me.

Written by Loyd C Taylor

January 2015

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Unsightly

There it stands

Straight and tall
Brown and aged
Laden and heavy

There it stands

Unknown
Unattractive
Unappreciated

There it stands

Giving light
Giving lines
Giving life

There it stands

Perch for feathered friends
Guardian over nature lovers
Maze of crisscrossed wires

Oh, that ugly, unsightly utility pole...
I am so glad you are there!

© Loyd C. Taylor

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Waiting

I installed a first-class playhouse, complete with a swing set, hoping they would bring the kids over and visit.

Now the chains have lost their shine and weeds fill the sandbox. They never came.

I personally prepared the ground, marked off the distance and put in horseshoe pits, a game we had played when they were still at home.

Now the shoes lie rusty on the ground. They were never used.

I planted a willow tree on the corner of my lawn to provide shade for us as we sat outside. I picked up an ice cream maker, but it's still in the box.

I sit often under that willow and we weep together.

I had planned to enjoy them all the days of my life, to spend wonderful hours with them. Never in my life did I think I would grow old alone.

But I am old and God knows I have known loneliness.

Today, lying in this bed, I raise myself up on one elbow, peek out the window as I watch them leave, one by one.

That's right: they were all here today, along with the pastor from the First Baptist Church.

They had been informed that my time on Earth would soon be over. No, it is not, easy nor what I wanted or nor what I wanted or expected.

However, I do have this one consolation... at last they finally came.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Wally The Worm

Chorus:

Wally the worm, Wally the Worm,
He likes to slither, and he likes to squirm;
He likes to wiggle, and he likes to giggle,
There's a lesson to learn, from Wally the Worm.

Verse one:

Now Wally can be careless, and often unaware,
Those birds are a'watchin' him from up in the air;
And when they get hungry, and want something to eat,
They go for ole Wally, 'cause he's a real treat!

Chorus:

Verse two:

Now the fisherman is looking, for live fish bait,
Wally wants to slither, but he'd better wait;
Instead he crawls up, out of his hole,
Now he's a'danglin' from a hook, on a fishin' pole.

Chorus:

Change up...

Verse three:

Now Wally the Worm, has a lesson to tell,
To all of us humans, so listen real well;
When you wiggle in this world, and squirm in sin,
Satan's out to get you, and do you in.

Verse four:

So be careful when you're crawlin', out in the world,
Whether you're an adult, or a boy or a girl;
Be always a'watchin', from the land or the air,

Cause Satan's a 'hidin', and lurkin' out there.

Chorus:

Change up...

Verse five:

When you slither into trouble, like Wally the Worm,
Trust in God's goodness, and from Him never squirm;
Then you wont be like Wally, some juicy fish bait,
And you can wiggle and giggle, on another day!

Chorus:

Repeat Chorus:

Repeat last line

Author Notes

Our church had an annual fishing Saturday, on the Saturday before Father's day. I wrote this little song after one of those events.

If you would like to hear me the lyrics and music together, you can do so by visiting my web sight at [and](#) looking under the topic Songs by Loyd. Click on the song title and it should show words and plat the song. I hope you enjoy, Loyd

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Wasted Years

Wasted years...
O how foolish
My time here
On earth I've lived.

Wasted life...
Can't undo it
Fleeting fast
Did not stand still.

Wasted time...
O how tragic
Forgive me
O God I pray.

May I live...
each new moment,
O may I
Begin today?

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

What Have We Learned Poem For Palm Sunday

What Have We Learned?

They shouted with praises, reaching the sky,
Pushing and shoving to see Jesus pass by.
Crying, 'Hosanna, hosanna, glory to the King!
He comes to us today, great joy He doth bring.'

They threw down palm leaves, covering the way,
Clearing the way for His entrance that day.
Raising joyful voices, as praises filled the air,
The day had come, God answered their prayer!

But, in a short time they changed their chant,
From joyful noise, to a mob's hate-filled rant.
From Hosanna, hosanna, as when He was praised;
To crucify Him! Crucify Him, as their anger blazed!

In disbelief we might question why they turned?
But maybe the question is, 'What have we learned? '

Written by Loyd C Taylor, SR.
March 29,2015

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

What Is?

What is the meaning of this celebration?

What is the cause for this jubilation?

What is that our songs implore?

Why, it's the birth of Christ,

God's sweet baby boy!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

What Shall I Give A King? Christmas Play

WHAT SHALL I GIVE TO A KING?

Christmas Play

Preliminary

Adult Choir sings: Joy to the World (Traditional)

Worship Leader: After the choir sings all verses, the worship leader invites the congregation to stand and sing the first verse and chorus again.

Opening Prayer:

Program Introduction: What Shall I Give to the King?

Stage direction: After prayer and everyone is seated, the program is introduced and the lights are dimmed.

Children's choir: Silent Night-Holy Night (Non-traditional)

Play begins: ACTION

SCENE ONE

Sound tech: Play soft background music: Silent Night

Narrator:

One cold winter afternoon a long, long time ago, some very wonderful news came to a little country town named Bethlehem.

What news, you may ask?

Why, a king was going to visit their little town. That's right: a king, a royal king. But he was not your usual king; no, this king was still a baby. That's right: a newborn baby king. His parents have named him Jesus because they followed the instructions of an angel, it is said.

The baby king was being moved from a stable where he has been born to a nearby house belonging to one of the town's people.

The whole village buzzed like a bee hive with this exciting news and the prospect of getting to see a real king. The air felt electric, for nothing like this had ever happened before in their small village. Faces filled with joy and anticipation as

the town kept buzzing with the news, 'A King will be visiting their village! '
Sound tech: Music fades completely out...

Narrator:

In those days, it was customary to present a gift to a person of royalty when you appeared before him. The question on everyone's mind seemed to be, 'What shall I give to a King? '

Shops were packed with anxious shoppers, seeking just the right gift to present to this royal visitor.

However, one family in particular found themselves in a bit of a dilemma: although they were very happy about the news, they were also very poor, so, 'What could they possibly give to a King? '

Let's ponder this question for a moment. 'If you were called into the presence of a king and wished to present to him a gift, 'What would you give a King? '

Samuel's family received their answer from a mysterious visit and whispered message of an angel.

We invite you to enter into their world for just a brief while as we visit them in their humble cottage. You may be able to help them solve their dilemma as we witness the family decide just how to handle the exciting news.

Samuel is known as Samuel of Urr. He is a good man, a respectable and hard working carpenter. He isn't wealthy, but manages to provide for his family.

Merriam is his wife. Rachel, Hannah and Caleb are their three children.

Samuel has just put in another exhausting day's work. On his way home, as he approaches his little cottage, he hears the 'Town-crier' making a proclamation of an exciting event that will occur shortly. He can hardly believe his ears! Samuel hurries home to share the news with his family.

Children's Choir: Go Tell It on the Mountain (Non-traditional)

Sound tech: Music will continue to play softly as the children's choir is seated

FADE OUT...

SCENE TWO

Sound tech: Music will fade completely

FADE IN...

Narrator:

Samuel can be seen walking towards his house carrying, his tool box and lunch pail. The Town-Crier begins, Samuel stops to listen.

The 'Town-Crier' holds an ancient parchment that gives predictions of this king's birth. He goes about the town, shouting from the street corners, making sure everyone knows about this special event.

Listen! I hear him now:

FADE OUT... Narrator

FADE IN... Samuel and Town Crier

Stage Direction:

Samuel is slumped over and dragging his tool box and lunch pail. His head hangs low.

Town-Crier appears, unrolls a scroll and reads the Proclamation.

Town-Crier: Hear ye, hear ye... Let every ear hear and let every heart receive the solemn words I hereby proclaim unto you today. We have cause for celebration, for the long awaited King of Israel has appeared in our little town as thus recorded by the Holy Prophets:

Isa: 7: 14: 'Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign; Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.'

Isa: 9: 6: 'For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Isa: 9: 7: Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even forever. The zeal of the LORD of hosts will perform this.'

Isa: 11: 1: 'And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots:

Isa: 11: 2: And the spirit of the LORD shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the LORD; '

Mic: 5: 2: 'But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting.'

This baby king has been named Jesus, for he has been sent to save his people! The words I proclaim unto you today have been written by holy men of old though the Spirit of the Almighty God. Blessed be the ears that hear and the hearts that believe. Haste now all ye residents of Bethlehem, let us prepare for this marvelous event!

The scribe moves from the location and as he disappears. He can be heard reading faintly in the distance until he is out of hearing distance.

FADE OUT...

SCENE THREE

FADE IN...

Stage direction: Samuel picks up his pace as well as his head and heads for his home to share the news he has just heard. He comes running into his house, excitedly places his tool box and lunchbox down and calls for his wife and children.

Samuel: Family come, come quickly! Gather around.

Stage direction: Samuel is pacing, as an expectant father might over the news of a newborn child.

Stage direction: Family enters.

Merriam enters first into the room, makes a bowing gesture to her husband, and takes his lunchbox and cloak.

Rachel enters bowing, and then stands near her mom.

Hannah and Caleb enter, give their dad a quick hug, and then take their places on the floor near his feet.

Merriam has a concerned look on her face; she comes nearer to her husband.

Merriam: What is it, Samuel? What are you so excited about?

Samuel: Woman, I have just heard the most amazing news!

Stage direction: Rachel jumps up and down and waves her arms as she takes a step towards her dad exhibiting some excitement as well...

Rachel: Oh Father, what is this great news?

Stage direction: Hannah jumps up and down excitedly.

Hannah: Will we be getting a pony or a new baby lamb?

Stage direction:

Caleb looks intently at his father and listens, but does not speak.

Samuel motions for them to settle down, gesturing with his hands.

Samuel: Family, listen to me; a king is coming to visit our small town!

Merriam: A king? A king is coming to Bethlehem?

Samuel: Woman, it is true. The Town-crier proclaimed it earlier this very day, on this very street. It is true, it is true! He is the one the prophets spoke of, his name is Jesus. This king is God's Son!

Merriam: Husband, if you are sure you heard correctly, then this is indeed good news!

Samuel: Woman, I heard every word. Baby King Jesus is coming to our town. We must prepare! Everyone will be doing special things to honor him. I am sure he will receive many gifts. Family, this will be a day to remember! '

Stage direction: Hannah jumps up excitedly, shouting repeatedly...

Hannah: A king is coming! A king is coming!

Rachel: Mother, may I make a new dress? Oh, I must take down my new material and get started on a new dress!

Stage direction:

Rachel elegantly leaves the room.

Hannah excitedly jumps up and down.

Hannah: Mother, mother, may I also have a new dress and may I have some new shoes? Please, please?

Stage direction:

Hannah runs out of the room all excited before her mom could respond.

Samuel appears to be concerned, wringing his hands. He paces to the window

and stares out.

Merriam: You seemed troubled, my lord.

Stage direction: Caleb sees his father's concerned look, stops playing with his donkey, staring curiously at his father.

Samuel: Come here, Merriam, and let us talk.

Stage direction:

Samuel sits down at the small wooden table, motioning for Merriam to join him. Merriam pours them a cup of juice and places a loaf of bread before him, then takes a seat as they proceed to talk.

FADE OUT...

Stage direction: During the entire time, Caleb hasn't said a word. He has been playing with his toy donkey. He moves closer to hear what his parents will talk about. He places his hands to his cheeks as if in deep thought and listens intently.

FADE IN...

Sound tech: Begin music to choir number "O LITTLE TOW..."

Adult Choir sings: O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM (Non-traditional)

FADE OUT:

Sound tech: Allow music to fade for choir number "O LITTLE TOW..."

SCENE FOUR

FADE IN:

Stage direction: Conversation takes place between Merriam and Samuel

Samuel: I am deeply concerned about the arrival of this new king.

Merriam: My Lord, I thought you were happy. What is it that troubles you so?

Samuel: I am concerned because everyone will be bringing special gifts to present to the king... I fear that what we shall be able to give him will be so unworthy.

Merriam: What is it that you plan to give to the king?

Samuel: I have saved up several gold coins from the sale of crops, to us they are worth a year's wages, but what would they be to a king?

Merriam: My Lord, if I might be allowed to speak?

Samuel: Speak, Woman... Speak!

Merriam: If it would please my Lord, allow your daughters and me to bake three loaves of bread using our finest wheat.

Then, if it pleases my Lord, we shall also prepare one of our purest flasks of wine.

We shall weave a beautiful basket to place these items in.

Then my Lord, you may present these gifts as well as your gold to this new king.

Samuel: Woman, that is a wonderful idea!

Merriam: I shall get started right away, if it pleases you, my Lord.

Samuel: Thou art a gift thyself to me, Woman! Thank you. May the God of our fathers bless the work of your hands.

Merriam: I suppose I should go and gain the help of our daughters as we prepare for the great event.

Samuel: God's blessings, Woman. We will only be permitted to have a small space of time, we must hasten! I will go, prepare a small wooden box for the gold.

Stage direction:

Samuel and Merriam hurriedly leave the room while Caleb is left alone. Caleb rises, steps to the window and gazes up at the sky; he seems to be lost in deep thought. Then he folds his hands in prayer as he speaks...

Caleb: Dear God, I am just a little boy. Mother and Father, even my sisters have a gift to give the baby king.

Stage direction: Caleb pauses, slumps his shoulders disappointedly...

Caleb: Dear God, what gift shall I give to a King?

Narrator:

The family members each have their part to play in the great celebration, all, it seems, but Caleb. He seems to have been overlooked in all the excitement, maybe because he is just a little boy. After all, what could a little boy like Caleb do anyway? He has no gold or silver; he has no job... He only has his little donkey, maybe a nice gift for a little boy, but certainly not suitable for a real king.

Although he is just a little boy, he seems to know how important this event is, but he finds himself in a difficult predicament. He had heard of the nice gifts everyone would give to King Jesus, but he had nothing. The question troubled his mind, 'What Shall I Give to a King? '

Stage direction: Caleb arises, moves over to the window and gazes up to the sky as he sings.

Sound tech: Fade in music to song "Just a Little Boy"

Caleb: sings: JUST A LITTLE BOY (solo) Verses 1 and 2 and chorus only.

FADE Out...

Sound tech: Fade out music to song "Just a Little Boy"

Stage direction: Caleb moves slowly from the window, and then settles back to the floor. He proceeds to play somewhat sadly with his donkey.

FADE IN...

Sound tech: Begin music for "A Little Boy Too" Choir positions to sing.

Stage direction: Adult choir and soloist is positioned to sing.

Adult Choir: A Little Boy, Too_ (With Solo)

FADE OUT...

Sound tech: Allow music to fade naturally, as Choir is seated and ext scene begins.

SCENE FIVE

FADE IN:

Stage direction: Caleb stops playing, goes over to the other window and prays again...

Caleb: Dear God, can you help me, 'What gift shall I give to the King? '

Stage manager: This is the cue for the stage manager to flip the lights on.

Lighting techs: On cue, turn every light off simultaneously to allow the angel to appear. Pause... Turn on baptistery light and Caleb's light. Note: When the scene ends, the procedure is reversed.

Stage direction –

The stage goes completely dark for a couple of seconds, and then when the lights come on, the Angel is standing in the room.

Angel appears to Caleb.

Angel: Caleb!

Stage direction: Caleb turns towards the voice and appears startled when he sees the angel.

Angel: Caleb, God has heard your prayer.

Caleb: Are you an angel?

Angel: Yes Caleb, I am one of God's angels.

Pause...

Angel:

Caleb, God sees your heart. He knows you are just a little boy and that you do not possess expensive gifts.

Caleb, God wants you to know that there is one gift that is worth more than gold, silver, jewels or any other material things.

This gift is the one God would love to have given to him more than anything else.

Caleb, you already have that gift and it is in your power to give.

Caleb: Hosanna!

Pause...

Caleb: What gift do I have? Please tell me.

Angel: I shall blow you a heavenly message as a whisper in your ear to tell you of the best gift to give the King.

It will be your choice as to whether you give it. If you choose to give this gift to the King, then He wishes you to share this heavenly message with others also.

Tell them that above all of the gold, above all of the silver and diamonds, yes, above everything, there is one thing that each person possesses. It is a gift that God would be honored to have.

Caleb: Please, please tell me, tell me!

Angel: Caleb, hold your hand to your ear and receive the heavenly message.

Stage direction:

The angel extends his hands, moves his mouth, and then magically blows the heavenly message to Caleb (similar to blowing a kiss) .

Caleb cups his ear and acts as if he receives the message.

Caleb's eyes grow large. He jumps up for joy! He turns around and around with joy.

Caleb: Hosanna! Hosanna! Thank you!

Angel: Caleb, you should thank God, for it is he that gave you this gift!

Stage direction: Caleb goes over to face the window, gazes heavenward... folds his hands and prays...

Caleb: Dear God, thank you for the gift to give to the king

Stage direction: The cue to turn the lights off and on for the angel to depart will be when Caleb goes to the window to pray.

Lighting techs: On cue, turn every light off simultaneously to allow the angel to disappear. Pause... turn off the baptistery and Caleb's light. When the angel is gone, the procedure is reversed, lights are back on.

Stage direction - The stage goes completely dark for a couple of seconds, and then when the lights come on, the Angel is gone from the scene.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

Stage direction:

When Caleb ends his prayer, the angel is gone, the family enters.

Family races in one by one into the room where Caleb is.

Caleb turns happily to face the family.

Merriam: Caleb, what was all the shouting about?

Samuel: Is everything all right, my son?

Rachel: Did you see something?

Hannah: Did you see a mouse?

Caleb: I saw an angel!

Hannah: A real angel?

Caleb: A real angel!

Rachel: What did he want?

Caleb: He told me what I could give the new king!

Hannah: Is it your toy donkey?

Stage direction: Hannah runs over, picks up the toy donkey and points at it.

Rachel: You are just a little boy, what could you possibly give to a king?

Caleb: Come closely, I will whisper and tell you what the angel told me.

Stage direction: The family huddles eagerly around Caleb as he whispers them the angel's message.

Narrator:

What was the heavenly message the angel whispered to Caleb?

What was it that Caleb had to give to King Jesus?

What was it that the angel told Caleb that every person has that they could give to the King as well?

FADE OUT:

SCENE SIX

FADE IN:

Stage direction:

The family hugs each other in joy. Smiles are on their faces.

Samuel raises his hands in praise towards heaven.

Samuel: Praise be to our God! Son Caleb, this is great news!

Stage direction: The family happily turns to face the audience.

Samuel: We must share the news with one and all!

Stage direction:

Samuel and Caleb step briskly forward.

Samuel cups his hands to his mouth as if he is shouting to the town.

Samuel:

Listen, listen everyone. My son Caleb has learned an important lesson this day.

He has learned that King Jesus is not concerned about treasures of gold, or silver.

There is one thing that he longs for above all gift!

Caleb my son, tell us what the angel told you.

Sound tech: Music begins for Caleb's song

Caleb: sings: JUST A LITTLE BOY (solo) Verse 3 and Chorus

Stage direction: When Caleb's song finishes, the music ceases, then Caleb steps to the center of the platform, raises his voice and shouts...

Caleb: Jesus the King wants my heart and he wants yours too!

Stage direction: The children come forward who will recite the poem.

Poem Readers: Recite poem "What to Give a King? "

Sound tech: Music for "Little Drummer Boy" begins as children are seated.

Stage direction: Adult choir positions to sing.

Adult Choir: Little Drummer Boy

FADE OUT:

Sound tech: Music for "Little Drummer Boy" fades as Adult choir is seated.

FADE IN...

SCENE SEVEN

CONCLUSION

Sound tech: Silent Night (Traditional) Music only plays in the background.

Narrator:

During this special time of year we celebrate the birth of God's Son, the Lord Jesus Christ.

He came to earth and was born of the Virgin Mary in the town of Bethlehem.

Even though he was given expensive gifts, such as gold, frankincense and myrrh, he longs for something more.

No, it is not silver or gold. It is not diamond and rubies. It is not even our good deeds or our religious service.

What God wants us to give to the King of kings is our hearts. God want your hearts. God wants my heart.

Would you give Jesus the King your heart this Christmas?

How can we do this?

We give him our heart when we believe upon Him and accept Him as our savior and our Lord.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John 3: 16 KJV

Would you do so today? Would you give King Jesus your heart?

Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. Proverbs 3: 5-6 KJV

Stage direction: As the music begins for "Silent Night" all of the actors, singers, children, adult choir come forward, positioning on the plat form.

Finale: Congregation: Silent Night (Traditional)

THE END

Stage direction: At the conclusion, every participant is to come forward for recognition and final applause. This includes sound and light techs. The sound tech can place a lively musical selection "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" to play automatically, then come and join the participants on stage.

Prayer

Author's notes:

I wrote this to be performed in this year's Christmas program.

loydsnotes@

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

What Shall I Give To My King_The Song

Verse 1:

Here I stand just a little girl;
Among so many in Your world.
Here I stand with empty hands-
So, what shall I give to my King?

Verse 2:

Here I stand just a little girl;
I long to bring his heart true joy.
Here I stand with empty hands-
But, what shall I give to my King?

Chorus:

I am little, I am small;
But a gift I want to bring.
One gift from me, and that is all-
So, what shall I give to my King?

Verse 3:

Here I stand just a little girl;
Now I know what He wants most.
Here I stand with open hands-
My heart will I give to my King.

Chorus:

I am little, I am small;
I have not expensive things.
One gift I have and that is all-
My heart will I give to my King.

Ending:

My heart will I give to my King.
My heart will I give to my King.

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

What To Give A King

Have you heard the news? A king is born!
Yes, a king, born on this winter's morn!
But He has no crown or lavish robes;
He lies in a manger, in swaddling clothes.

I long to visit this newborn king.
Alas, what gift shall I to Him bring?
I have no frankincense, myrrh or gold;
I have no treasure that He may hold.

As I pondered on some gift to bring,
I know what He deserves as my King;
My cherished treasure I will impart,
On this Christmas day, I give my heart.

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

What'll We Do About Us

What'll We Do About Us?

Verse one:

We took care of the financial obligations,
We took care of parental visitations.
We took care of our property rights,
Now Baby... what'll we do about us?

Chorus:

What'll we do about the love we gave?
What'll we do about the vows we made?
What'll we do about happy ever after?
What'll we do about us?

Verse two:

We took care of all the litigations,
We took care of all the explanations.
We took care of telling all of our friends,
But Darling... what'll we do about us?

Chorus:

What'll we do about the love we gave?
What'll we do about the vows we made?
What'll we do about happy ever after?
What'll we do about us?

Bridge:

We took care of our material things,
We took care of our wedding rings.
We took care of the life that was,
Now tell me... what'll we do about us?

Chorus:

What'll we do about the love we gave?
What'll we do about the vows we made?
What'll we do about happy ever after?
What'll we do about us?

Ending (fade out)

What'll we do about making it forever?

What'll we do about us?
Baby...

What'll we do about us?
What'll we do about us?

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

When Daddy Prayed

Maybe I should have slipped out,
But instead, frozen I stayed;
For by accident I had intruded
On my daddy as he prayed.

Quietly, I strained to listen,
To hear just what he might say;
Oh, how I felt God's presence
The day I heard daddy pray.

He spoke words of thanksgiving,
For blessings along the way;
He asked for strength and wisdom,
So humbly my dad did pray.

Yes, I felt somewhat ashamed,
Eavesdropping on him that day;
But I've been forever changed
Since I heard my daddy pray.

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When Daddy Prayed_The Song

Verse one:

One day I came upon my Dad, as he knelt down to pray;
I know I should have left him, but something made me stay.
Then as I strained to listen, I heard the sweetest words;
Oh, how I felt God's presence, that day as Daddy prayed.

Chorus:

When Daddy prayed...
The heavens listened.
When Daddy prayed, the angels heard.
His prayer was plain and simple, his prayer blessed me that day;
Only heaven knows, how I was touched, that day when Daddy prayed.

Verse two:

His words were of thanksgiving, for blessings along the way;
He asked for strength and wisdom, so humbly, Dad did pray.
I can't explain what happened, as I heard Daddy's words;
But I've been changed forever, since I heard Daddy pray.

Chorus:

When Daddy prayed...
The heavens listened.
When Daddy prayed, the angels heard.
His prayer was plain and simple, his prayer blessed me that day;
Only heaven knows, how I was touched, that day when Daddy prayed.

Turn around...

Repeat chorus:

When Daddy prayed...
The heavens listened.
When Daddy prayed, the angels heard.
His prayer was plain and simple, his prayer blessed me that day;
Only heaven knows, how I was touched, that day when Daddy prayed.
Only heaven knows, how I was touched, that day when Daddy prayed.

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

When I See Ole Glory

When I see Ole Glory waving high,
She reminds us why heroes die.
They gave their all for liberty;
They took the place of you and me.

When I see Ole Glory waving high,
She waves proudly in the sky,
Faithfully watches over a land
Where freedom reaches out a hand.

When I see Ole Glory waving high,
She stands as a beacon in the sky;
My hand salutes, my heart does thrill
With respect and honor for her still.

When I see Ole Glory waving high,
Thinking of her still makes me cry.

May God Bless The United States of America!

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When I Think Of November

I don't know about you, but when November arrives, I think of Thanksgiving, and this causes me to think about giving thanks. Giving thanks always makes me more thankful.

When I think of giving thanks, I almost always think of my salvation and of the One who made it all possible, the Lord Jesus Christ.

In the New Testament, the Apostle Paul said, 'Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.' 2 Corinthians 9: 15

Where would we be, what would we do had it not been for Christ going to the cross and taking our place, dying for us?

For me, it brings comfort and peace to my soul just knowing that should I die and leave this world I will immediately find myself in the presence of God! The Apostle Paul made this clear in 2 Corinthians 5: 8, 'We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.'

When I think of giving thanks, I also think of Christ's church, the family of God. Some may have had a negative experience with church or churches, but for me, the positive turning point in my life came through the influence of church.

Speaking to one church in Colossians 1: 3, the Apostle Paul addressed the members with these words, 'We give thanks to God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, praying always for you...'

Many times I find myself thinking something similar, for I am thankful to God for the little flock that I am a part of. I also know I should show and share my gratitude for it more often.

In His church I have the pleasure of getting to know people from all walks of life, people who have experienced varied situations and who have been brought up in different customs and backgrounds. When one comes to know Christ, then faith in Him becomes the common denominator and all become part of the family of God, which we call the church. Yes, His church is made up of different people from every corner of the world and all in between, which is such an amazing blessing. Praise God! When in church, it brings me great joy to look out upon a congregation and know that through faith in Jesus Christ we are all one family. The words to the favorite children's song comes to mind, 'Red and yellow, black

and white, they are precious in His sight...'

Yes, Jesus loves us all regardless of our status in life, regardless of the color of our skin, no matter where we are or where we have been.

When I think of giving thanks, I think of my earthly family; my wife, children, grandchildren, etc. It is a great blessing to have a loving spouse who is a friend and companion. To have someone by my side who puts up with me and supports me. I am blessed to have children and siblings who in their own unique way cause such joy and happiness in my life. I am thankful for their hugs, the kisses, the warm smiles and sincere concern. Even now as I write, I can see their faces, I can feel their warm embraces.

When I think of giving thanks, I think of those true friends who are there for me. When I have a burden, they help me bear it. When I have a blessing, in true joy they help you to share it. Even now, the memories of these beautiful souls and their friendships are crowding my mind. So, I shall stop for I am becoming a little teary eyed.

I'm sure you also are thankful for many things and can identify with much of what I have expressed in this brief article. So, join me today in allowing a deep sense of gratitude to fill your soul. Tell someone today how thankful you are for them. Make sure you also thank God for making it all possible.

Back in 1674, Thomas Ken said it masterfully in that great hymn, 'Praise God from Whom all Blessing Flow,
'Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.'

These are just a few things I think of when I think of November.

Happy giving of thanks for the rest of your life!

Author's notes:

These are just a few thoughts from a grateful heart.

Words of 'Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow' written by Thomas Ken, 1674. These lyrics, sung as the Doxology in many churches, are actually the last verse of a longer hymn, Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun.

Scripture used are taken from the King James Version of the Bible.

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When I Think Of Snow

When I think of snow...

I'm reminded of purity;
Like the precious blood of God's Son,
That completely cleanses from sin.

When I think of snow...

I'm reminded of my childhood;
Like the times when mom made snow cream,
And stings from snowballs on my chin.

When I think of snow...

I'm reminded of your pure love;
How it blankets me completely,
Filling me with warm love within.

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When You Get Snow

What do you get, when you get snow?

A world that's glistening bright,
In the day or in the night;
Yet without a single light.

A falling wonder to the sight,
As flakes touch us, feather-lite,
Provoking autumn's final flight.

A cold blanket of pure white,
Bringing to us winter's delight;
Nature's touch, made just right.

That's what you get, when you get snow.

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Where Do Our Little Ones Go?

Where do our little ones go?
They gave us precious smiles,
And walked for so few miles,
Then vanished like melting snow.

Where do our little ones go?
For them, pining hearts break,
For them, empty arms ache...
Oh, tell me where... do you know?

They say beyond moon and sun,
Higher than the highest star,
Farther than galaxies afar,
God welcomes each little one!

So, cry! Shed lonely tears
For the sadness you feel,
For emptiness is real...
But then, let faith banish fears.

For they are in a better place,
Away from sorrow, harm, and pain.
There they await reunion's gain,
And your sweet kisses on their face!

They gather on heaven's shore,
Where the Christ Child is King,
Where children happily sing,
And death separates never more.

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Where Golden Daffodils Grow

I lay me down in field of green,
Where the golden daffodils grow.
As I gazed into azure sky,
Fond thoughts of you and me did flow.

A dainty, painted butterfly
Flittered cheerfully in the air,
Reminding of our younger years
When life held not a single care.

Just then, a puffy orange cloud
Drifted quietly into my view;
I realized how silently time
Had overtaken me and you.

I closed my eyes then envisioned
Far beyond what we mortals see.
My heart overflowed with gladness,
As I envisaged you and me.

I remained still for many hours,
As the winds of time moved in slow.
I lay me down in field of green,
Where the golden Daffodils grow.

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Where Is He?

Where is the hope of salvation?
Where is all the celebration?
Where is the One sent from above?
Where is He, divine gift of love?

Where is He, born the Jewish King?
Where is He of whom angels sing?
Where is the One that shepherds seek?
Where is He of whom wise men speak?

Where is He, born this glorious night?
Where is He, God's radiant light?
Where is the One in manger low?
Where is He; does anyone know?

Where is the hope of salvation?
Where is all the celebration?
Where is the One sent from above?
Where is He, divine gift of love?

Where is He? Where is He?

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Why Do I Pray?

I often have wondered why it is
that I spend so much time in prayer.

As I pondered this thought, the question
came to my mind, 'Why pray? '

So I reasoned that...

I pray when I cannot do anything else.
I pray because I need help from Someone
Greater than me, mightier than me,
More knowledgeable than me. I need someone
Who can deal with my circumstances,
And knowing that drives me to prayer.
I pray because it gives me an audience
With the Supreme Being of the universe.
I pray because it feels right, and
Because it is the right thing to do.
I pray because at times it's all I can do.

As I pondered more, a voice seemed to say
to me,
'Keep praying, keep believing and keep
Trusting, but remember,
Communication is a two-way street,
For you should also listen to what
God is saying to you.
Listen good so He does not have to
Speak twice, and you may find that
Your prayers will need to be fewer.'

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Why Does It Always Rain On The Fourth Of July?

Why does it always rain on the Fourth of July?

I don't know, so tell me why?

Why does it always rain on the fourth of July?

Why do I miss the golden sunsets

Though I watch with baited eye?

Why can't I be in the right place

To see the eagle majestically fly?

Why do I miss the shooting star

As it lights up a purple sky?

Why can't I be the first

To hear a new born baby cry?

I don't know, so tell me why?

Why does it always rain on the fourth of July?

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Winds Of Autumn

Larry and Roberta were not your typical couple;
Their marriage didn't fit a cookie-cut mold.
They met after seasons of bareness,
In fall, before the warm earth turns cold.

This year marks the thirty-fifth of their union,
Each one a celebration of unfeigned love;
Today, gentle autumn winds would whisper,
Like sweet celestial voices above.

In youth they embarked on their journey,
And they voyaged for eighty plus years;
Partaking of life's luscious bounty,
Sprinkled with bitter-sweet tears.

Their marriage was blessed in so many ways,
Growing strong in faith and intimacy;
They clung inseparably to each other,
As vines cling to the gnarled oak tree.

The youthful tones yielded to silver
As age-wrinkles soon took command;
Good health for them fell day by day,
As do the tiny grains of hourglass sand.

Oh, how Larry loved his sweet Roberta.
Losing her became his greatest fear;
He talked to her in endless conversation,
Although Roberta no longer could hear.

Sickness was mastering Larry's direction,
As a tiny leaf being twirled by the wind;
Constant falls brought concern to the children;
His sharp memory showed signs of the end.

For hours, he would stare at a blank TV
And not know when he last had a meal;
He couldn't remember his medication,
As spring makes one forget winter's chill.

The doctor was concerned for his safety and
Suggested where dad could be placed.
But we kids needed to get his approval;
While we talked-over the floor, dad paced.

As tender shoots depend on sunshine,
On her wisdom, he always relied.
For years, they did all things together;
Now, with Roberta, he had to confide.

Finally, with our voices pleading,
He nimbly arose to leave the room.
Told us he'd have to speak to Roberta;
His voice revealing certain gloom.

From our places, we heard him talking;
In his voice you could sense the pain.
But soon the conversation ended and
He came into our presence again.

In his hand he held a worn out suitcase
Filled with old newspapers and the air.
He said, 'Your mom says she wants me to go,
And thinks I'll be happy down there.

I told her I would if she would go with me.
She promised she'd never leave my side.
So, we're all packed and ready to go.'
With that, we broke down and cried.

Then Larry took one final look around
At the home where eternal love grew;
He said as he took hold of my hand,
'I guess we'll be going with you.'

Outside, winds of autumn caressed
This couple as I drove them away.
Larry then kissed Roberta's face,
Then gently put her picture away.

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Winter Romance

There's something about a winter's snowfall;
I simply love how it blankets the ground,
Gently falling as glittering diamonds,
Spreading astonishing beauty around.

There's nothing warm like a winter's romance;
I simply love lying with you fireside,
Gently embracing, as falling snowflakes
Caresses the beckoning countryside.

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Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Wintertime Memories

Snowflakes a-fallin', in the kitchen Mom's callin',
'You youngins' get out of that bed! '
The day's now a-wastin', the biscuits a-bakin'
And I got lots to do 'ere ye're fed.

Son, help your brother straighten up those covers
You never know who'll drop by today;
Go wash up with the others, gather round the table,
Hold hands, and now let us pray:

'Lord, for the night's rest we're grateful
For those 'round the table and for daily meat;
Now bless what's before us, in the name of Jesus, '
Alright, now y'all can eat.

When y'all are through eatin' the chickens need feedin'
And there's firewood that needs bringin' in.
Now go feed your dog, give the scraps to the hogs
And bring back an armload of kindlin."

It seems just like yesterday we sat at that table,
Mom and Dad and the whole family;
I never knew then just how precious to me
Would those wintertime memories be.

No, we never were rich in material things,
Tough times made you want to cry;
But we had love to spare for all of us there
And for any stranger that dropped by.

They say you can't go back to days gone by,
I'm sorry, but I must disagree—
For I often do return and again live
As in this, my wintertime memory.

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You And Me

'slow, curve ahead, no turn, caution,
right turn, yield, stop, crosswalk'

Road signs!

'trees, flowers, birds, sunshine, wind, rain,
snow, sleet, floods, stars, moonlight'

Nature!

'love, romance, intimacy, trust,
time, commitment, oneness'

Marriage!

'Entwined, companionship, serenity,
friendship, happiness, eternally'

You and Me!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

You Are My Exit

My heart needs an outlet
To allow my love to flow,
A channel to vent my emotions
A pathway to let desire grow.

My mind needs an avenue
To direct my thoughts aright,
A manual to lead my intentions
A passageway to bring to light.

My soul needs an egress
To release my bowels pain,
A guide to share my inventions
A highway to make them plain.

My heart, my mind and soul
To you they willingly flow,
An exodus in your direction
A doorway to your sweet soul.

Sweetheart, you are my exit.

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You Promised With All Your Heart

The day has finally come; beautiful music fills the air;
The candles are lit, everyone is seated,
A `waiting that special hour.

The music stops, guests are welcomed; then,
The pastor prays; 'God, bless this joyous occasion,
In the name of Jesus, Amen.'

The minister says; 'We are gathered here together,
With the friends and family, to hear these two
Exchange their vows of love.'

They smile at each other sweetly for their day now has come;
They then join hands tenderly, for this moment
They have waited for o so long.

The minister says; 'We meet in this holy place of love,
And we're thankful for the day, as we enter
Into the presence of God above.'

To the man he says; 'Do you take this woman for all days?
Do you promise to love her in all your ways? '
'Do you promise as this ceremony starts? '
And as you look now upon your bride, do you promise
To always keep her by your side? ' He says;
'I promise, with all of my heart.'

To the woman he says; 'Will you love him the same way,
Do you promise to honor, trust and to obey?
And that from him you will never part? '
And do you vow on this special day, to be his now
And throughout all your days? ' She says;
'I promise, with all of my heart.'

As the music plays soft and low, she whispered; 'Sweetheart,
I love you so and I've loved you, right from the start.'
He said; 'I've waited so long to make you my wife,
I'll cherish you for all of my life, He says;
'I promise, with all of my heart.'

The preacher said; 'Now may I introduce to you, this couple
Whose love is true, today, they've become man and wife.'
'And to this man and wife, I wish you joy for all your life,
Since you promised, with all of your heart.'
'You promised, with all of your heart.'

'You may kiss your bride.'

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Written for my daughter Edith's wedding

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Young At Heart

Spring brought another radiant morning,
As Edward wheeled his way down the hall.
A big grin glowed on his toothless mouth;
He hardly noticed the workers at all.

Lois daintily brushed her silver waves,
Pinching her cheeks once more;
With a final glance at her time-worn face,
She waited breathlessly at her door.

"Good morning, Peaches," Ed kindly said,
"How's my favorite lady today?
I'm so happy to see you again,
Gal, you sure look lovely, if I might say!

It's a bit breezy; better slip a sweater on.
Don't want my girl to catch a chill.
You look mighty fine in that pink one,
Please wear it for me, dear, if you will."

Lois moved frailly toward the sun room,
As Eddy rolled close by her side.
They found a warm spot by the window;
Their enjoyment was not easy to hide.

"Hello, you two," Lynn, the caregiver, said,
As she greeted them with a smile.
"I'm new here. So, are you two married,
Or have you been sweethearts for a while?"

"I would be the happiest man in this place,
If Peaches would give me her hand;
We've grown pretty close here lately.
And if she'd have me, life would be so grand."

Lois spoke up, "Oh we're just friends, Lynn,
And though I dearly enjoy Ed's company;
I don't think we should rush into things,
For we've got plenty of time, Ed and me.

Love is something you can't take lightly,
And true romance comes to those who wait;
After all, I've just turned eighty-five...
And my Eddy... why he's only eighty-eight."

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Your Love

Oxygen removed,
Kills an amber flame.
Your love removed,
Then I die the same.

Sunshine removed,
This world turns to ice.
Raindrops removed,
All living pays the price.

Your love removed,
Hope of living is gone.
Your love removed,
Life cannot carry on.

You are my breath,
My sunlight and rain;
You are the reason
I can live again.

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You've Been Such A Wonderful Mother

For the nine months you carried each babe in your womb,
'Till the moment you safely delivered them;
You've been such a wonderful Mother.

From the time you brought our first child into this world,
'Till the last one you cradled in your arms;
You've been such a wonderful Mother.

For the baths that you gave and the meals you prepared,
For the countless loads of laundry you washed;
You've been such a wonderful Mother.

For tenderness when they cried and drying their eyes,
For the long hours you sat up with them;
You've been such a wonderful Mother.

For the times you sat up and the prayers you prayed,
For the tears that you shed for them all;
You've been a wonderful Mother.

For sacrifices made and great advice that you gave,
For all the fearful moments you have braved;
You've been such a wonderful Mother.

Your name may never be in the world's spotlight,
Nor your picture grace a magazine cover;
But on this Mother's Day we all sing your praise,
Because you've been such a wonderful Mother!

Happy Mother's Day!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.

Zackery...

Zany

Amazing

Creative

Keen

Energetic

Restless

Yielding and so much more!

Loyd C. Taylor, Sr.