

Poetry Series

Patricia Kelley
- poems -

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Patricia Kelley(March 11)

I am married to my soul mate. We run a family business together at

We foster children and prepare them for adoption to eventually be adopted by a loving family.

I am also a published author, poetess and writer. My favorite things to write are feelings about love, spiritual, fantasy and current events. I believe poetry is an art, and, the poet is the artist, painting a picture for the reader. I prefer poetry with rhymes. I'm a member of NSAI, Nashville Songwriters Assoc.

A Disappointed Mother

The hands of the unwelcomed daughter that have become a thief.
Are crippled and diseased from her unbelief.
To her adopted mother she brings much grief.
Bringing her mother to her knees praying for much needed and guarded relief.
Each time the child steals from her mother her flesh breaks out in an unknown
familiar rash that brings the young woman a constant itch with no relief.
The mother hangs onto her faith with all her belief.
Believing the young woman will show no sign of relief.
Until she breaks.
And repents with violent shakes.
Believing that a woman lost in the shadow of darkness will one day believe.
And find peace and relief.
And returns everything that she has stolen and destroyed and only then will she
find relief.

Patricia Kelley

All Eyes Are On Us

Oh, kiss me in January in the summer heat of Australia and whisper coolly with your breath that you'll always love me.

Let the five virgins envy me more. That's it, kiss me on the cheek. Kiss me on the lips with your manly hand on my hip.

Let the five virgins embarrassingly turn their heads.

I'll loudly and proudly, yell out.□

I'll shout!

Look what my lover does to me. He kisses me more beneath the mango tree. I'll spread the blanket for our lunch, while the curious virgins watch. We'll sit beneath the mango tree where the mangos are still waiting to be kissed by the sun.

We'll have some fun!

The virgins hate to watch me kiss a fellow.

They turn yellow.

We'll show them just how much you love me!

I'll yell out he loves me more!

He thinks I'm no bore.

But, I'm no whore.

The curly redheaded freckled virgin will envy me more.

The long blonde hair virgin kissed by the sun will shyly turn her rosy cheek.

The dark brunette virgin, with fair skin will stare, with her accusing eyes; while wanting you all the more.

While the dimpled twins will gaily smile and peek through their fingers.

You'll cup my cheeks with your hands and press your lips against mine, and we'll forget about the watchful eyes that are staring at us. Will kiss, and kiss until the virgins go away!

Patricia Kelley

Alzheimer's Patient

It's the Alzheimer's unit.
I'm not a student.
I'm the teacher.
I'm the believer.
There's a special way to reach Alzheimer's patients.
Sometimes, you have to have a lot of patience.
They've been through a lot of changes.
Their lives change drastically.
They're not in a familiar place.
They're scared.
Unprepared,
For life's changes,
There's nothing to remind them of their home.
No pictures.
No sounds.
They're locked in a place with strangers.
Some automatically, think they're in danger.
Stranger, danger,
Locked in a chamber,
They may see you as the enemy.
Their brain chemically,
Imbalanced,
It may be something as simple as a leaf,
To bring them back to the present.
It could be a familiar song.
It could be an old verse in which they found comfort.
But, there is usually something, if you work hard enough that you can reach
them.
Before they are too far gone,
Alzheimer's patients lose their short time memory first.
They may have a thirst.
And forget how to swallow.
Some start feeling hollow.
They will try to speak,
But forget how to speak.
It can be very sad.
They get mad.
Struggling for words,
But nothing comes out, but a slight groan.

Feeling depressed.
Suppressed,
Needing help getting dressed,
They have their long time memory for years.
It's the simple things, they forget first.
The things we just expect them to know.
Like zipping their pants, combing their hair.
Then, they will shock you by balancing their own checkbook.
They may forget how to cook.
They may give you an awkward look.
Trying to figure out who you are,
You could be a sister, or daughter, husband or son.
She doesn't remember any of you.
She needs special attention, and lots of love.
She's an Alzheimer's patient.

Patricia Kelley

Alzheimer's The Slow Death

The human brain,
Is like a tree upside down.
Branches spreading out,
From limb to limb,
First the limbs go,
Then gradually, the branches die.
Breaking off
Leaving no signal to the brain,
The light turns off.
With no memory,
With no mobility,
No motion,
Slowly,
The body fades, and gradually dies.

They're now saying coconut oil and fish oil are reversing signs of early
Alzheimer's Disease

Patricia Kelley

America There's A Curse Against Our Children

America there's a war against our children.
You said it was okay to murder unborn babies.
Today babies are still dying, and young innocent girls are taken from their families and friends for Human Trafficking.
Now, it's just not babies being taken by single ladies.
We have cursed our own American children.
By deciding what color their eyes should be.
By deciding what sex they should be.
Our young innocent daughters are possibly facing a fate of being nothing more than a man's pleasure.
Our borders are no longer protected.
Our daughters have become a drug dealer's treasure.
They look for the young and innocent, the unprotected.
We now have over eleven million illegal immigrants for politicians' votes.
Drug Trafficking is now entertained by Human Trafficking.
Politicians' act like dumb goats!
Please, I pray, protect our borders, protect our children.
I am scared for the fate of American Children.

By: Patricia Kelley

Patricia Kelley

America's Brave Forgotten Four

Once upon a time there were four Americans.
Living in a place called Benghazi, Libya,
They were sent there on a secret mission.
Under specific condition,
Sent there to find hidden weapons, and ammunition,
Asking many questions,
The wrong people heard.
Their presence stirred.
Hired,
To shoot first and ask questions later.
They were called the brave four.
One was American Ambassador, Chris Stevens.
Second was Navy Seal, Tyrone Woods.
Third was State department, staff member, Sean Smith.
Fourth was Navy Seal, Glen Doherty
They all worked undercover.
Fighting to recover,
Advanced weapons, hidden by the enemy.
Requesting additional help in a foreign country,
They weren't denied not once, not twice, but, three times.
Not recognized as war crimes.
With help only three hours away,
Defense secretary notified after fifty minutes into the attack.
The same day, within the same hour, feeling Washington's power
Two American heroes' ordered to stand down.
Being left alone, they stood along one another.
Being the heroes they were, they decided to fight.
Defending Ambassador, Chris Stevens and State Department, Staff member
Sean Smith before it was too late.
Not knowing their fate.
Refusing to take flight,
They decided to fight to the end.
As heavy mortars, RPGs' hand grenades and assault riffles' firing.
Never tiring,
They faced their enemies.
Not caring.
Baring,
It all, whether it meant being dead or alive.
They bravely took the enemy on thinking help would arrive.

Not knowing America would deprive.
As an American president watched from the eyes of a drone,
Not answering his phone.
He witnessed them fighting for hours.
Engulfing his powers,
Feeling the anxiety of a coward,
Looking into the bold eyes' of proud American heroes',
Afraid he wouldn't be re-elected.
He selected.
Commanded,
Complete silence.
He watched in cold blood as four American heroes were gunned down.
One by one,
By the enemies army,
As a coward's cold sweat rolled down his face,
He watched.
Taken down in hostile enemy territory,
Denied help by their country.
They were all sent to die a martyrs' death.
Navy Seal, Tyrone Wood's found lifeless, breathless on top of a metal roof, with
his rifle still in his locked cold fingers along with him Navy Seal, Glen Doherty.
Refusing to give up!
They both fought to the end for nearly seven hours.
They will always be remembered as the brave four.
Not to be forgotten.

These young brave American heroes' were sacrificed for a presidential election.

Patricia Kelley

America's First Slaves

America's first slaves,
Weren't from Africa,
They came from England.
They came from Ireland.
They came from Scotland.
Many were captured off the streets.
For the ship's overcrowded private reserved seats.
Many were white women and children.
Taken by the villain,
Some slaves were convicts.
Feeling deep conflict,
Sent from overcrowded prisons,
To work slave labor,
Sent early to their graves,
They were America's first slaves.

Patricia Kelley

America's Light Is Going Out

There are some things going on in our country.
That hit me in the gut.
I see America falling into a rut.
I'm just trying to figure out what we're trying to achieve.
As of November 2012, we had 47,692,896 people on food stamps.
We're not even sure that we can trust our banks.
My America that once was the lighthouse too many, now stands alone in grief.
I'm sorry I just see us sinking deeper with no relief.
America is being stolen as we knew her by a silent thief.
We now have been introduced into Obamacare.
Americans are allowed gender change operations.
Americans are allowed abortions going against their employers' belief.
Yes, we have seen change.
We see a once proud country sitting alone in despair.
Beyond repair!
I haven't even mentioned our national debt that surpassed ten trillion, when
Obama took office.
America's debt is now 16.5 trillion.
Most Americans not even sure if they should remain civilians.
America is mortgaged out to the hilt.
Feeling the tight belt,
Wrapped around her once proud humble neck,
Feeling like she's a wreck.
America's light is dimming going out in her country.
Now we have gun control.
With over eleven million illegal aliens crossing our borders, you want to take our
guns.
Leaving us defenseless, making some feel relentless.
We can't even stroll.
Our once safe streets because of the violence,
We've been introduced to by street gangs.
We're feeling all of America's deep pangs.
But, we cannot be left defenseless.
Because someone is senseless,
Our country, our home, and children are in jeopardy.
We have sadly lost yesterday.
Unsure of what America faces tomorrow.
Feeling her sorrow,
We see America's light is dimming going out in her country.

Pray for America that she will once again be a beacon of light to other countries.
Pray that her light will stand bright burning in darkness.
Americans light your candles.
Be the candle in the wind that never goes out.
It's time to shout.
Let your voice be heard.
We can't afford to stay silent.
America's light is dimming going out in her country.

Patricia Kelley

Baptized

My white gown sized.
As your bride,
I stand with pride.

My oil lamp filled.
Feeling chilled.
Surprised, that there are so many.

Like me, waiting to be dunked, baptized in the icy waters of the Jordan River.
We're all here, standing barefooted on rough stones.
Digging into our bones,
Feeling a shiver,
From Mount Hermon's cool breeze,
Where the melting snows of Mount Hermon, fill the icy waters of the Jordan
River,
Feeling a quiver,
Standing here by the ancient olive trees,
Where the waters flow into the Dead Sea,
This is where, John the Baptist once stood.
Understood,
By many,
Baptized many,
Misunderstood by the enemy,

This is where he baptized Jesus Christ, and the Dove descended down from
Heaven.

Here, I stand today baptized in the Jordan River.
I feel sanctified.
Purified,
God feels Glorified.

The Jordan River is so breathtaking beautiful, with luscious trees draping across
the Jordan River.
'I'm standing on Holy Ground, and I know that there are Angels' all around.'

Patricia Kelley

Betrayal

You're thinking of her tonight.
As you're holding me tight,
Thinking of her in your arms',
I can see the hurtful betrayal in your eyes'.
You're not really here tonight.
Why don't you just make things right.
And confess you were wrong.
You're here where you belong.
What will the children say, if they find out?
You'll fill their minds with doubt.
They'll never be able to trust another man.
You're just not hurting me.
What's your plan?
If you walkout on me tonight.
Everything's not going to be all right.
I might just see the light.
And you, Mr. won't walk into my heart again.
So, you better think twice; where we've been.
We had more than just passion.
Now your deceitful action,
Is breaking my heart, and I don't know if I can ever trust you, again.
I trusted you with my heart.
And you broke it.
Why don't you just part.
I can't take your lying eyes anymore.
I'm not trying to settle the score.
But, I can't take it anymore.
When you're, loving me; and thinking of her.
It hurts.
We deserve more!

Patricia Kelley

Betrayed

You weren't even there the many times when mom and dad locked themselves out of their home.

It was me that called, and you moaned in your phone.

I trusted you as any little sister could trust their big sister.

But you had a tongue like a tongue twister.

You couldn't tell the truth for anything.

I can't even say that I'm missing you.

If only I had known.

How you really were.

Sitting on the couch staring at yourself in the mirror,

I should have known when someone can't see any clearer.

With their fake eyelashes glued.

I should have seen you were shrewd.

I didn't have a clue.

I was clueless.

Mom tried to warn me about you.

But, I wouldn't listen.

I have forgiven you.

But, you will never be a part of my life again.

When I walked with you I felt the deep pain.

You only cared about your own self gain.

The only thing I'm sorry about is that we're related.

And how you degraded,

My mom before she died.

How she cried.

She tried to escape from your house.

But, you kept her locked up like a caged mouse.

You're such a louse.

She had sores on her arms.

No one heard the alarms.

She had three broken toes.

You're about to feel your foes.

You showed no loyalty.

Living in your fake glass castle,

Living like a thief,

You showed no grief.

When our parents died,

You lied.

How can anyone be so cold?

Not to mention bold.
You sold out.
Without any doubt,
I don't even know how you can look yourself in the mirror.
The nearer you get the more disgusting you look.
How you cheated the estate book.
You're such a crook.
Not to mention bad cook.
You stole from mom and dad when they were alive.
And you continue to create your own hive.
I see you still trying to connive.
To get your way,
You're about ready to meet your day.
I pray there is no delay.
You're about to see God's judgment one day.

Patricia Kelley

Beware Of The Vicious Woman

Beware of trusting a vicious woman.
If she's mean to others, she'll be mean to you.
She's not a noblewoman.
She's judgmental.
She'll try to trick you, playing with your heart.
Be on the alert.
Of the vicious woman,
She's mental.
She uses words as swords, tearing you a part.
As soon as you see her, you'll run to depart.
She tries to set your mind up in a state of confusion.
It's proven
She'll make up lies; believing her own lies.
She doesn't have many allies.
That run too her defense,
Because they all know, she's a vicious woman.
She could be your sister, or sister in-law,
If she's your sister, she'll try to steal your inheritance.
Because of her own arrogance,
She thinks; she's above the law.
She could be your neighbor, or someone that you thought you could trust;
opening up your heart.
If she's your neighbor, she'll steal your cats and dog.
She has no more sense than a wild hog.
Beware of the vicious woman.

Patricia Kelley

Bighearted Women

I'm a bighearted woman.
I don't always have my makeup on.
I'm not dressed in designer clothes.
There are some days' I barely have time to comb my hair.
I'm seated in my leather chair.
Writing with a flair,
About despair,
There are things that can get me started.
I can be ignited.
Lite my fuse and see.
I can be nice and charming.
When you get on my bad side, I can become alarming.
Not that I would do any harm.
Because remember.
I love December.
I can go on a shopping spree like no other.
Buying nice gifts for all my sisters' and brothers'.
I can be just like my mother.
Giving,
Loving,
Blushing,
When I'm embarrassed!
Sometime careless,
Getting too busy, and leaving the burner on.
I never said.
I was perfect.
I cannot always see the thread.
Going through the eye of a needle,
But, I can always make you feel equal.
I have a heart for the people.
Because, I'm a bighearted woman,
I don't have to share my faithfulness at the cathedral.
I can share it with you right here in the comfort of my home.
Let our minds' roam.
To Heavenly places.
Seeing Heavenly faces.
Feeling Heavenly graces,
While we drink our hot coffee,
Eating our homemade chocolate rich toffee,

Then, we can stop and pray for the hurting people.
Realizing how blessed we are.
We care.
For all of God's people,
Looking towards the cross on the steeple,
We are women that share.
The same concerns of the world,
Afraid of a new world order,
Worried about disorder,
Children placed in foster care by court orders.
Children estranged.
Changed,
By life's circumstances,
Afraid of second chances,
Afraid of what happens.
From life's despair,
We try to repair.
One life at a time,
We are the bighearted women of the world.
Living through faith,
We bathe.
In clear consciousness,
In confidence we stand.
Believing,
Receiving,
Everything is in God's hands.
Through the eyes' of faith we see a better tomorrow.
With no more sorrow.
We are the bighearted women.

Patricia Kelley

Broken Spirit

Have you ever seen a broken girl's spirit?
She doesn't feel like she fits in with the other children.
Her heart's been broken.
She's has a low self-image.
She feels like wherever she goes.
She feels all the foes.
All eyes are upon her.
Seeing all of her woes!
Just waiting for her to do something wrong.
Because she's in a world in which she doesn't belong.
She has this secret desire to feel longing.
But she's too young to pack up her belongings.
She doesn't even own a suitcase.
She goes to school yawning.
Because she's too afraid to close her eyes at night,
Because it may happen again like last night.
She's too scared to speak from the fright.
She just closes her eyes.
Trying to act like she's asleep she stays wise.
In her dreams she feels safe.
Not unsafe.
She gave up on happiness that only happens in fairytales.
She once felt like she was a beautiful princess.
But, her life was drained.
Feeling all the strain,
She can't see pass the pain.
Always taking a long walk in the rain,
Her life has skipped by her.
She remembers days of singing in the rain.
Playing hopscotch on the hot summer pavement,
She doesn't think she will ever live to hear the word of engagement.
She silently cries with the rain.

Patricia Kelley

Brokenhearted

There's another soul crying out to night.
From a husband and wife getting in a fight,
The kids are all in fright.
She's not sure of her future anymore.
Her life's a bore.
She can no longer keep up with all chores.
With four kids pulling at her jeans,
It becomes the same old scene.
She resents him at night when he snores.
He keeps her up all night.
She can't take it anymore.
She stands in front of the mirror wondering where all the years have gone.
Staring at her protruding cheekbones,
Refusing to answer the phone,
Letting out a sad moan,
She doesn't know what to say.
It's the same as every day.
He's drunker than a skunk.
She still has her spunk.
She's getting tired of all the money going for beer and gambling.
While she's scrambling,
To meet ends meet,
Not sure what the children will eat.
Unable to buy diapers,
Her eyes' start tearing as windshield wipers,
She knows one day he'll have to pay the Piper.
She's afraid to leave.
She tearfully grieves.
Wailing her broken heart out,
She pouts.
Sailing through life!
Pretending to be a man's wife,
Knowing that tomorrow will be the same as yesterday, and the day before.
She wails bitterly crying out for more.

Psalm 34: 18

The Lord is close to the brokenhearted

Psalm 147: 3

He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds.

Patricia Kelley

Building A Story

Words come and go
To make the writer's story.
Some are just an explanation.
While others' make a complete sentence.
That leads to a paragraph.
In which eventually turns into a beautiful story.
It's the creation of words.
Streamlining,
Subliming,
Created by the poet's or writer's hand,
Guided by the Creator,
It then becomes a poem or a story.
In which pages are turned by the reader in anticipation, of the perfect ending.

Patricia Kelley

Bullying

There once was a six year-old little girl that grew-up with a bully.
She didn't think it was funny.
Being the one that was bullied,
But, her bully was part of the family.
He quickly became her enemy.
She was five-years younger than him.
He was tall and slim.
He could throw a punch that would land her on the floor.
There were many times she wanted to run out the front door.
And keep running.
He was so sneaky and cunning.
Conniving,
When, she would fall asleep at night she dreamed she was a butterfly.
She dreamed she could fly!
Dreaming that no one could catch her,
She flew.
Then one day he got with his friends planning her soon destruction.
He gave the others complete instruction.
They got her out of the house to play a game.
Not knowing she was part of the bully game.
She was forced out in the street.
She stood out there with her bare feet.
Trying to get out of the street, they pushed her from one side to the other.
Not letting her through.
Both sides of the street blocked.
On her block!
As a car came flying through, with a drunk driver behind the wheel.
She flew.
She knew.
Her life was in danger.
And it wasn't by a stranger.
They said, she skidded fifteen feet on the concrete.
It was all because of the plans of her older brother.
She didn't die.
This is no lie.
She lived.
See, God had plans for her life.
In which she would become a wife and mother.
It's been many days since then.

But, when I think about then,
I wonder how six kids including my brother, could plan to do that to another?

Patricia Kelley

Butterfly Trapped In A Jar

I once had a dream that there was a beautiful blue butterfly locked in a jar that couldn't fly.

She felt her life passing by!

She would try to fly around and around, spinning hitting the thick glass jar.

Sadly looking out as far as her eyes would take her.

Feeling her life, as a quick blur!

She would sadly sigh!

All out of breath,

She felt death.

Close by.

Wondering why!

She always looked pass the jar.

Feeling life!

One day, she awoke and the lid was finally off.

With her little ones' tucked underneath her, she flew and flew, until she could no longer see the jar that kept her, from feeling life.

Patricia Kelley

Can You Beat The Odds

You've heard stories where children are left in a room with cooked pork chops nailed to their walls.

You've heard stories where children were left to eat the painting off their walls.

While today's rations are slid under the door on the floor.

Their drug dealing parents feed their children on the floor.

Treating them no better than dogs.

No wonder their children don't believe in God but the false gods.

They grow-up believing that they have the same power of God to give and take away just like God!

Then you pray that the ones you take in will beat the odds.

Patricia Kelley

Center Stage

Have you ever felt like your life was on a stage?
You lived on center stage.
Everyone's watching your every move.
You're left feeling like you have to prove.
To the whole world, that you know, they've been watching you.
I see you!
You thought I didn't know.
You thought I'd just blow.
You off,
But, I see you.
You're wondering and pondering is she going to write about me.
How could this be?
What will she write next?
Will it be sent in a text?
It's about me.
I'm on center stage.
Wishing I could hide in a cage.
My life written on a page,
What's my age?
Will it be believable?
Or unbelievable,
What will people think?
Will I need a stiff drink?
It could be something nice.
Or something with spice,
Or some sound advice.
Given twice!
Whatever, it's me.
I'm on center stage.

Patricia Kelley

Cheating Heart

She was only eighteen when she met him.
He promised her the sun, moon and stars.
He was a cheating man.
With a lying man's heart,
She was young and naïve!
She couldn't conceive.
The ways of a cheating man's heart,
She didn't know that he had another.
He had a barefoot pregnant wife at home.
She was naïve believing that she was the only one.
He wooed and cooed her.
He bought her expensive clothes and jewelry.
He bought her heart.
Before she learned the hard way for herself, you can't buy love.
By the time she was nineteen she found herself to be a mother.
While he was running into the lying arms of another,
Before long she was running after four kids at home.
He was lying and running into a cheating lover's arms'.
To her he had lost all of his charm.
Her life was running on empty feeling the cold arms' of a cheating lover.
Her heart couldn't recover.
She did everything to try to rediscover herself. She went back to school, she
learned how to cook, and started reading a lot of books.
But she never could recover from a cheating heart's lover.

Patricia Kelley

Cherry Pie

This is my life being his wife.
We like taking it easy,
Eating our cherry pie,
We tell no lies.
He likes to hold me tight.
He kisses me right.
I like his kisses, and watching him eat my cherry pie.
We never, say goodbye.
We always end our conversation with, I love you!
Our love always feels new.
Fresh as a gentle rain,
In spring that runs rivers through my veins.
With each rain, I feel my heartbeat.
Our love is sweet!
As eating a fresh cut piece of cherry pie.
With each bite, I feel the love on my lips.
Sipping from sweet Heaven's wine!
Our life entwined.
Knowing you're mine.
I'm craving another piece of cherry pie.

Patricia Kelley

Child Coping With The Past

He's only seven, but, his life is turned inside out.
He sits and pouts.
No one loves me.
I no longer have a sister or brother.
I can't even see my real mother.
No one even likes me.
It was all, my dad's fault.
Because of his assault,
Against me and my brother,
He was real mean,
But, not my mother,
When, I grow up.
He's going to feel my judgment.
For all the times, he hurt me.
And my sister and brother,
When he sees my fist,
In his face, I'll make him feel disgrace,
That man is on my bucket list.
Unless God shows him grace.
It's my real dad's fault that my sister, and brother, and me, have been moved
from place to place.
That we were thrown into the foster care system, because he was mean to us.
He's why my life is a mess.
He's the reason my emotions regress.
And, I have a hard time making progress.
That man hurt me.

Patricia Kelley

Chocolate Day

Papa bear, get up!

He sets up.

I have something special for you today.

It's chocolate day!

He grins.

His mind spins.

Back to his long war days!

What about me, the amputee says.

I love chocolate too!

I say, I have enough for the both of you.

They both knew.

The chocolate takes them back to war rations.

They eat it with uncontrollable passions.

Saying nobody has ever brought them, chocolate in a nursing home before.

It hits to my core as I'm walking out the door.

I sadly wonder how many on this floor,

haven't had a chocolate day?

Patricia Kelley

Christians Should Be Conquerors

Since you are a new creature in Christ Jesus,
Get rid of the old clothes,
Dress yourself as a true Christian.
Wearing the garment of compassion, kindness, humility, gentleness and
patience,
Forgiving one another,
Not holding any grudges with sisters or brothers.
Nor neighbors,
Rid yourself of anger, rage, malice, slander, filthy language and lying.
By applying,
Complying,
God's word to your life, you're now a new creature.
You should walk this earth with a godly character.
You have taken off the old.
And put on the new garment of righteousness.
Walk in blessedness.
Don't walk this world in sinful idleness.
You are the head and not the tail.
But, walk proudly as the Lion that roars inside of you.
Ready to conquer,
Not to be conquered.

Colossian 3: 7 You use to walk in these ways, in the life you once lived.

Patricia Kelley

Concerned American

My concern is this.
If I am traveling overseas,
Sampling other teas,
Am I not safe at an American Embassy?
If temperatures an conflict should rise,
And, I an American can't disguise.
And, I see enemy aircraft in the skies.
Where is it that I take my family?
To prevent personal tragedy,
What should be my strategy?
As a mother of a young daughter,
I really want to know.
How I can protect her.
From a violent world,
She's such a young girl.
Innocent to a strange new world,
How can I protect my daughter?
After what happened in Benghazi,
My faith in America is a little hazy.
Not to our military.
And their bravery,
But to their Commander of Chief
I'm not going for political slander.
I'm just a mother searching for relief.
This is my strong parental belief.

Patricia Kelley

Court Of God

When I run to His royal court, I say.
When will I be acknowledged for all the Heavenly works, I've done upon this earth,
I testify to God.
This world is a taker.
It takes and steals my Heavenly works,
Stealing my words.
God hears me.
He multiplies me.
He increases the numbers of my children, even though, I didn't give birth.

He justifies.
I testify.

He multiplies.
When I run to His royal court, I say.
When will I be acknowledged for the birth that my mother gave me?
My sister and brother, steal my inheritance upon this earth,
I testify to God.
I identify.
This world is a taker.
It steals from me, my birth, upon this earth.
God hears me.
He loves me.
He says, daughter, I understand your hurt, upon this earth.
You've come to the right court. He says.

He specifies
He clarifies.

The Court of God is the Highest Court.

Patricia Kelley

Coyotes Howling

Coyotes howl through the twilight night.
Keeping our neighbors, indoors out of sight,
Coyotes roam.
We hear them too close to our home.
Howling with all of their might,
It can be a fright.
As the children sleep safely snug in their beds; dreams start to ignite.
One dreaming of super heroes,
While the other one, dreams of school dances.
As cold winter temperatures dropping into the zeros.
Mom and dad are snuggled in bed.
Hearing the noise in their heads', through the night.
Seeing, moving shadows of coyotes across windows.
Seeing, their moving heads and tails.
Leaving trails,
Coyotes move through the southwest night.
As we sleep safe in our beds.

Patricia Kelley

Daddy, I Miss You!

Daddy, I miss you!
Daddy,
I always knew the hardest day.
I would face on earth would be the day that I lost you.
Daddy,
You were the man that I could always look up to.
I loved sitting on your lap when I was little.
Your love never made me feel brittle.
I felt like with you, I could conquer all things.
I was your little princess and you were the son of the King of Kings.
Together, you and I were a mighty power.
You were a tall tower.
I loved to hear you sing.
You always were in perfect string.
Singing "How Great Thou Art"
Your voice trailed through the church.
Standing on a proud perch,
I can't think of a thing you couldn't do.
You always knew.
When I was sad,
It would make you so mad.
You wanted to protect me from the world.
You would take my small hand and spin me in a dizzy twirl.
I was so happy filled with laughter to be your baby girl.
You called me your perfect white pearl.
When we were together, I had my perfect world.
Now, you're gone,
And sometimes, I feel all alone.
Then I remember back to those summer days.
When you would take my hand and spin me on the feathery green grass in a twirl.
And, I go back to the days of evening prayers.
And feeling the love of a parent that really cares,
All the special times we shared.
When I was sitting on your lap in your chair,
I would put my little hand against your heart, and feel your heartbeat.
Feeling the sweet tingle in my feet,
I thought you would live forever.
I could never.

Picture a day without you.
Daddy, I miss you!
Why did you have to go away?
I wanted more time to say.
How much I loved you, and how blessed, I was to have a father like you!
If only you knew.
How much I miss you!
I pray at night that you can see me in the faces of Angels.
And, see how much I miss you.
Daddy, I miss you!
I'll love you through eternity.

Dedicated to Albert Max Kriegel

Patricia Kelley

Daddy's Advice

I remember my dad as if it were yesterday.
He would say.
Whenever, you fall, pull your socks up, and go on.
He would say.
You can never give into the enemy letting them believe, they won.
Daddy had some of the best, advice.
He would say.
When you sin there's always a price.
You can't go through life rolling the dice.
You can't go through life holding a vice.
You have to give everything to the Lord.
You can't carry it alone.
When people do you wrong.
You can always come home, where you belong.
I sure do miss my dad, and his advice.
He was always concise.
I loved him so much!
He could always touch.
My heart in a special way!
He always knew what to say!
He could always lift my day.
He was always the joker.
The serious stock broker,
Making sure, he would have something to leave his family, one day.

November 13 1923- January 7,2010

Albert Max Kriegel

Patricia Kelley

David, Becomes King David

God searched for a man after His own heart.
In the hills was a shepherd boy named David.
He would sing and write Psalms for God.
The crowd would applaud.
David as he killed the giant Goliath.
David went against the Philistine giant fearless.
Hitting him with a single rock slingshot making him breathless,
The crowd saw David was deathless.
King Saul became jealous.
Seeing the crowd zealous,
He wanted David dead.
But, David would lead.
The army to victory,
Killing thousands, upon thousands, of the Philistine army,
He would lead them to victory over and over, again.
David reined.
While King Saul showed no mercy,
Not realizing David had already been anointed, by Samuel to be the next king.
David would sing.
Singing to God,
Saul was driven by his own madness.
Living in darkness,
Driven by demons,
Israel was ready for another king.
For David to wear the signet ring,
King Saul driven by evil fell on his sword.
And David the once shepherd boy was crowned king.
Thence becomes the story of King David, the second King of Israel.

Patricia Kelley

Dawn's Light

Artist that can only see's 10 pence size at a time, uses magnifying glass to paint pictures.

How can a legally blind woman paint pictures?

Angels' say she hears the scriptures.

They say that the picture is so pretty, that it brings tears to your eyes.

Angels' say she's guided by the wise.

She humbly cries.

The contrast she uses of light and darkness is what makes the picture, so unique.

She proves that she isn't so weak.

She once questioned the fact if she could do it!

Angrily stomping her feet, with tears rolling down hers eyes, shouting and pouting, I can't do this, it is too hard.

Critique,

To herself,

Doubting herself,

She proves otherwise.

They said, the first time, she tried, she cried.

How many times have you been stopped by pride?

Angels' say, she stomped her feet on the ground giving up, crumbling up the sketch, but something inside of her pulled her together and said, I can do this.

How many times have you conquered the unexpected?

How many times has your work been rejected?

How many times did you receive the expected?

Angels' say, she uses her personal handicap to highlight the picture, pulling it all together from the shadows of darkness seeing dawn's light.

Guided by her conscious,

Hearing the voice inside saying, I am an artist!

Not a captive of darkness.

I'm a Daughter of Brightness.

I'm a child of God.

What gift has God given you?

Patricia Kelley

Dear Nsa

Dear NSA.

I hear you're listening in on me.

How can that be?

I'm Just an American citizen.

I'm not a criminal.

I'm just an individual.

Trying to live the American dream,

So give me a break and go check out the neighbor down the street that screams
Islam to his neighbors.

And just let me continue to dream, the free American dream.

By, the way, I know you heard that I need some cream for my morning coffee.

As you know the alarm goes off at seven.

I expect you not to be late.

For who knows the fate,

Of the post American dream.

America wakeup, they're now getting into our morning coffee.

By, Patricia Kriegel-Kelley

Patricia Kelley

Deception

She's deceived so many.
More than twenty.
They all fall for her acting abilities.
Not focusing on all of her liabilities.
She lacks her faculties.
Her mind says she has no conscience.
Her hands say, she has no control.
Her eyes say, she's blind.
Her mouth says, she's mute.
Her feet say, she stumbles.
And her mother says, she's nothing but trouble.
And her father says, she's troubled.

Patricia Kelley

Decorated Memories

She lies quiet and content curled
in Angels' wings as if a bird cradled in its own private nest.
Her limp long body longs to rest.
Her long grey hair matted and swirled.
She has spent life's test.
Lying there with her body all twisted.
Her telephone now unlisted,
She no longer lives at home.
Her limbs can no longer roam.
She lies there as a snail unable to move.
Unapproved,
Her life is now, nearly over,
She's spent better days in sweet white clover.
Now, she's securely locked in a room.
She no longer has her tall handsome groom.
Beautiful pictures fill her wall.
Like autumn's crisp amber red leaves, getting ready to fall.
I ask, myself, what will, I say.
I think she's had better days.
She quickly paves my way.
She slowly squirms struggling to move,
Then quickly opens her weak eyes, and softly speaks.
"Live your life that you will one day have pictures of decorated memories to
fill your walls."
She smiles with discolored cheeks.
Raised,
I stand there amazed.
She while dying is teaching me about life, and how to live...

Patricia Kelley

Devil, You'Re Not Welcomed At My Door

Devil Don't Come Knocking on My Door

Devil, you're not welcomed at my door.

Don't you even try to get your foot in or I'll smash it on the floor.

I'm tired of your intrusion which makes me feel poor.

You're such a bore.

I'll smash your toes.

Before, I ever again feel your woes.

So don't you ever come knocking at my door!

Or you'll feel my Heavenly foes.

Because when you come against me, you come against more.

Which God's Heavenly Angels do not ignore.

See, we know how the story ends.

So we don't care how you contend.

Nor how you pretend!

You will meet your end.

When you are pushed through Hell's fiery door,

Into the lake of fire and we all get amends.

Feeling restitution for our Christian persecution,

You will feel eternity's execution.

Patricia Kelley

Dirty Water

I can't imagine being forced to drink dirty water.
It's nothing more than the slow death of women and children.
Led to the slaughter,
As foul smelling as a slaughterhouse,
Smells more like an outhouse,
It's toxic water.
It's nasty water.
It's deadly water.
If only the women and children had clean fresh water.
Everyone should get the chance to drink, clear clean water.
Not forced to drink water filled with parasites and diseases.
Dirty water can be a slow death taking your last breath.
Bringing you to your death!
The horrors of dirty water!
Filled with parasites,
First stealing your eye sight,
Then parasites invade the liver, as if it were a river.□
Swimming around multiplying,
Invading,
Your vital organs, slowly, consuming your life.
You become their host, until you turn into a ghost.
Before, you know it; you're a widow or an orphan, or worse, left motherless.
You're a casualty of poverty from drinking dirty water.
Never getting the chance to drink living water!

Patricia Kelley

Divine Purpose

Divine Purpose

You came to this world with a Divine purpose,
Living amongst, the lost and weathered rose.
You taught us with God's Almighty breath, the slumber rose will arise again.
You set an example, for all of us to follow.
Teaching us unconditional love, agape love,
Teaching us forgiveness,
Teaching us how too, heal one another.
You left, the Living Dove.
Your gift, the Holy Spirit,
To all of your living children!
You taught us that we're all, sisters and brothers.
Teaching us there is no division in color.
You awoke all the spirits of men and women alike.
Loving us all, with all of your heart, before we even met you.
You knew.
Knowing what we would face in life.
You sacrificed your life.
Knowing what they would do to you, in the darkest night.
You didn't fight.
Warning us all, you spoke that the path to Heaven was narrow,
Even though God's protective hand is on the sparrow.
We walk this earth not knowing, what's going to happen to us tomorrow.
But, we know by faith, if God will protect the smallest black-sparrow.
His love and mercy will follow us, whenever, we are sent to walk through the
dark shadows.
Where God sends us tomorrow, pointed by the straight arrow, I will follow.
It runs deeply through my bone marrow.
It's my Divine Purpose.

A message spoken by our missions of love and faith that guides you.

Patricia Kelley

Don't Fall For Her Lies

She can quickly intensify to a category five.

That's live!

When she manipulates and connives.

When all of her personalities emerge as one.

She does it all in fun!

And doesn't stop until she's done!

Then you realize it's too late to run....

She can easily twist every word until you believe her crying lies...

She can take you on and emotional high in her disguise.

And makes you believe that she just escaped a horrid reality show live.

Until you take the great dive and fall for all of her lies....

She looks like a young teenager but has the soul of an old foe in disguise.

Don't fall for her lies! ! ! !

Patricia Kelley

Don'T Go To Sleep Now

My friend you can't go to sleep on me now.
Let me take you to the show.
Back to the important glimpses of your life,
Let's forget a moment about all the strife.
Remember back to when two young girls shared their dreams.
Eating a bowl of chocolate ice cream,
Remember when we would just take off and go for long walks.
We never worried about the strike of the clock.
We never knew what we would see, or who we would meet.
We would walk beneath the sky two innocent golden girls walking the street.
We would talk about our first kiss.
Our emotions stirred never hitting a miss.
We could share our deepest thoughts.
We never took insulting shots.
I knew early on that you had my back.
Even when, I would run, you would follow my track.
After all, you were my BFF.
I really never at the time thought of us growing old.
Now, I sit here holding your hand.
Too afraid to let go!
You're more than a memory to just be told.
You can't go to sleep now.
There's more to this show.
You're more to me than just a friend.
You're the sister, I always wanted.
My love for you will transcend.
But, my heart will never mend.
When I think about you, I will always remember the two young innocent girls
that walked the streets chasing the colorful rainbows.
And remember the most beautiful Rose.
That just wanted to dance through life.
Not being held back by being someone's submissive wife.
But a beautiful girl that turned into a beautiful woman inside and out.
Who wasn't afraid to stand up and shout!
I am beautiful, and I deserve more.
Your faith in God shows to your core.
Thank you, for choosing me as your friend.
You showed me what a friendship is to the bitter end.
But, I refuse to say goodbye!

Goodbyes make me cry!
This movie isn't over!
So, you better recover.
We have more life to discover.

Dedicated to Cynthia Rosita Alexander

Patricia Kelley

Dreaming Of Heaven

I often close my eyes and dream of Heaven.
I think of our lucky number seven.
The month, day and year, you were born.
Then it hits me the day you were taken, and I felt so torn.
I felt shaken and fell to the floor.
I know I would have not made it, if Jesus hadn't showed up when he did and
walked through that door.
He reassured me that you were in Heaven watching over, all the little ones.
You were now with all the winners that won.
I know it's not good for me to beat myself over the head.
After all, you aren't really dead.
I got the beautiful bouquet that you sent me.
It had all your favorite colors; pink and purple.
You were right the colors were so vibrant and beautiful; each bloom set off a
perfect fireworks display arrived in a bubble.
I will never forget the times we shared.
And, the last gift we were both given, we each knew that the other one cared.
If I could erase all your hurts, I would.
But, we both know that Jesus has already done that in Heaven.

Patricia Kelley

Earth's Time Clock Ticks

ISIS shows another beheading.
That's leading
To America
Leaving Americans mourning,
That signs a warning.
Mr. President.
Are you still playing a distant resident?
Or does this prove you a dissident?
We need a president that doesn't surrender.
We need a president that's not a pretender.
We need a real defender.
We're pleading.
Not for another negative reading.
Of another ISIS beheading,
When are you going to stop them?
First with Foley and now Sotloff,
While you're only concern is golf.
With thousands of Christians dying,
You leave Americans crying.
Leaving an opening
For our weak borders
Is this how you protect your entrusted?
You swore in your oath
"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the Office of
President of the United States, and will to the best of my Ability, preserve,
protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."
All we hear is how you want to destroy the very Constitution that led you to the
office of president.
I feel so disgusted!
This war isn't about politics.
It's about good against evil.
While earth's time clock ticks,
The United States is running out of time.
While ISIS numbers climb.

Patricia Kelley

Eternity's Roses

I wonder if there are roses in Heaven.

And when they bloom, they bloom forever.

Only God could be so clever.

They're never affected by the weather.

That's why I'm so strong in believe in.

I refuse to waver.

I bet they won't even have thorns that prickle.

My hand when picked.

They'll smell sweeter than summer's long lasting honeysuckle.

That fills the sweet air.

I wonder if the scent will tickle my little nose.

I bet that I have to step on my lean tiptoes.

Or be lifted by an angel's wings.

Too, even reach such a rose.

The scent and beauty that attracts songbirds and humming birds that sings.

I bet roses in Heaven are as tall as a tree.

Where Heaven's angels swing!

I bet their scent is probably seven times stronger.

Lasting longer,

With petals that never close.

Only God could create, Eternity's Roses.

Patricia Kelley

Every Abused Child Has A Story

Every child has a story yet to be told.
Will she have a secret story that quietly unfolds?
Will her words be scornfully told?
Some girls silently lose their voice.
It's not by choice.
They've been controlled.
By their secret abuser,
That's a real bruiser.
These girls are too afraid to draw closer.
Because the only emotion they know is fear.
Nothing in life seems clear.
In their minds they suffer alone.
In their hearts they're all alone.
Knowing in life that they'll soon be gone,
Left a dried bone,
And no one ever had the chance to hear her true story.

Patricia Kelley

Fable About Old Mable

Once upon a time there was a woman named Mable.
She worked in the horse stable.
This is and old fable.
About old Mable,
She not only worked the stable,
But she knew how to shoot a Smith and Wesson gun.
Now, there was this drunken old fellow that fell into the stable, with Mable.
He tried to grab Mable, and she quickly reached for her gun.
Well she shot the old feller in places I'd better not mention.
Let's just say, he felt eternity's detention.
It weren't Heaven.
He lost his lucky seven.
He should have never messed with, quick gun Mable.
Now Mable had the label.
Of being unstable,
Until a posse came searching for the deranged fellow,
Their faces turned yellow.
When, they heard about quick gun Mable.
Taking down the most notorious outlaw,
They fell by the chair, hitting the table.
And soon as Mable figured out, they wern't no, posse.
They all found out Mable wasn't a fable.

Patricia Kelley

Falling And Finding Grace

I'm standing high on a high mountain.
My sin has lifted me high.
I miss the step suddenly sliding.
Slipping,
Tumbling over, hard sharp edged rock, and wild brush,
I feel a sudden rush.
My brush with death,
Knowing my life will soon be over.
You show me a quick flash of my life.
How I played the role as a wife.
Looking up at the one that I thought I could trust.
He pushed.
Me over the edge,
Watching me fall he smiles,
Knowing everyone will think it was an accident.
You take my hand before I hit the ground.
Feeling the burn marks on my flesh.
Feeling the blade marks on my flesh.
You take me in your arms.
Riding high on the wings' of Angels you safely place me.
Saving me from self-destruction, saving me from death,
You save me.
Healing my flesh,
You mentor me.
You remold me into a new creature.
Showing me the joy of salvation,
Redemption,
You make my life fresh.
Falling and finding, grace in the Lord.

Patricia Kelley

Family Feud

I remember those long hot summer days.
When we would lay back and sip on lemonade.
That came from fresh squeezed homemade.
Then we would pile in front of the window air conditioner in the kitchen.
All of mother's and father's children,
Playing cards in the kitchen,
We knew back then how to spend time.
Then the cheater always wanted to gamble a dime.
And when he wouldn't win, he would always whine.
But when daddy walked in the room everyone played honest.
That was one thing daddy didn't tolerate was someone being dishonest.
He said a liar will steal.
And a thief would kill.
Daddy had some tough rules.
And made many home repairs with his tools,
But he had zero tolerance for fools.
He worked a hard day's pay.
He was filled with godly wisdom.
He believed in disciplining his children.
We kids couldn't get anything over daddy.
If we tried we felt the paddle.
But, there was one that tried to get his way.
My dad would get so mad it would ruin his day.
He even threatened to send him away.
We're all grown now.
And daddy went to Heaven.
We don't keep in contact.
When we do there's instant combat.
I know daddy's in Heaven shaking his head.
He tried the best he could.
But when greed takes over, there goes the family creed.
I just pray they realize when you die you can't take it with you.
I never knew.
Siblings could be so crude and rude.
Only daddy could stop this family feud.
Now it's up to the probate court to rule.

Patricia Kelley

Fighting

I always say it takes two to make a person feel uptight.
The one that always thinks they're right,
And the one that will not give up the fight,
Why they can fight all night.
And still be mad when the other one's out of sight.
Neither one can shake it off.
They like to scoff.
They'll fight until the rooster crows.
Everyone knows.
They like to put on a good show.

Patricia Kelley

Finding Peace

She leaves a trail of whirlwind destruction behind her.
You can see the ripped fur.
And cut hair.
The cut chair.
And you cry out, it's not fair!
And at times you sense that no one cares.
So you cry out to the heavens in despair.
Then suddenly, you find peace in prayer!
And see all your worries going up in the air!
Just when you thought that no one cared.
God shows you that you're still his baby girl.
And not to worry about her. He will deal with her!

Patricia Kelley

Foster Kids Deserve A Chance

Foster kids need a chance.
It's not like they're invited to the school dance.
After all, what would they wear?
Life hasn't always been fair.
The other kids would just stare,
Standing there in a trance,
But, what if you could take a child that never had anything?
And give her something.
Like a real home where she felt loved.
Instead of feeling unloved,
Because her parents made bad choices,
What if we raised our voices?
And said, give this child a second chance.
Maybe, other kids would take a second glance.
And the foster child would be invited to the school dance,
Dressed in a new dress colored pink,
She'd make everyone blink.
She'd be like a beautiful discovered jewel.
Not suffering from the cruel.
She'd have to follow the Golden Rule.
Love, live and laugh a lot

Patricia Kelley

Four Blood Moons, Signs From God

God uses the sun moon and stars as signs and symbols.
It's His universal system.
It's His universe.
His signs are irreversible.
He used the eastern star to mark the spot of Jesus' birth.
The eastern star followed Jesus to the place where He was born.
Three Wise Men followed.
I'll try to stay in verse.
He used the four blood moons for tears and triumphs for Israel.
It was first in 1492.
It was again in 1948.
It was again in 1967.
In 1492 the Jewish people were forced to Catholicism or killed by Romans.
Some escaped to the Americas.
Some never forgot that moment.
In history, where Jews were slaughtered, it follows them still today.
In 1948 six million Jews were slaughtered in the holocaust.
Israel was reborn.
They rediscovered their worth,
Israel became a nation.
The world witnessed their restoration.
In 1967 Israel faced a six day war.
They won the return of Jerusalem.
Guided by Heavenly beings, they saw miracle after miracle.
Astronomical,
Biblical,
It was all prophesied by the prophets.

Maybe, if we followed God's signs we would know what to expect next.
What are God's plans for Israel?

Nassau now says that there will be two (2) more four (4) blood moons in
April 2014, through September 2015.

Does this possibly mean more tears and triumph for Israel? Could this mean a
revived Roman Empire?

Some predict the return of Jesus Christ.

Joel 3: 15 The sun and moon will be darkened, and the stars no longer shine.
The Lord will roar from Zion and thunder from Jerusalem; the earth and the
heavens will tremble.

Patricia Kelley

Gently

Gently, you touch me.

Gently, I change.

Gently, you whisper.

Gently, I cry, as if a child whimpering to its Father.

You hear and feel my pain.

I feel your gentle rain.

Cleansing,

Renewing,

My childhood faith restored.

Arrives on the wings' of Angels,

Gently, saying every things going to be all right.

I've got you in my sight.

In the sight of Heaven's Angels,

I see their many faces.

Their eyes take me to Heavenly places.

My faith feels Heavenly graces.

Gently, I cry!

Patricia Kelley

Getting Out Of The Box

I use to live in a box.
I felt safe in that box.
When I would step out, I would have panic attacks
Feeling fear sneak through the cracks.
Not wanting to go through all of life's acts.
I wasn't sure where I fit in.
I felt comfortable living in sin.
Then one day, I stepped out of that box.
I opened my heart to God.
I felt awed.
I finally found a place where I belonged.
I longed.
I wanted to know more about His unconditional love.
I wanted to know more about His Kingdom.
Before, I knew it.
He had molded me a new creature.
Taking His mold, I had new features.
I was a person that escaped the box.
Imprisoned by my own thoughts of my past,
I found freedom at last.

Bethesda, Assembly of God
Getting out of the box

Patricia Kelley

God Took A Walk Last Night

God decided to take a walk on earth last night.
I could see lightning bolts.
It was quite a sight.
The ground shook.
Leaving his icy deep footprints on the ground, I took a good look.
With one quick fierce breath He froze the ground, all around.
I could hear the crackling sound.
The sound of the pounding noise from His feet,
Scared the birds so, that they took flight.
The earth took an icy beating.
Last night!
Sheets of frozen sleet covered the roads.
A rabbit slowly popped his head from the ground.
He decided to stay hidden in his deep burrow.
With more ice and snow expected tomorrow.

Patricia Kelley

God's Protection Of Israel

God has more power than nuclear weapons.
You cannot out do God.
Israel has God's protection.
If you really think that you can send Israel running.
You need to read historical events that were stunning.
Israel is the Apple of God's eyes.
It doesn't matter how many spies.
Are watching them, they're protected.
Hand selected.
To never be defeated,
By man,
Does this need to be repeated?
You can never take Israel down.
They're renown,
For having some of the most advanced artillery around, they don't mess around.
You mess with Israel.
You may hear and see.
God's wrath of falling meteors from space; landing that will bring you to your
fallen knees.
Then you'll realize.
You aren't so superior.
When God humbles you before your enemies, you take off running.
Not only from Israel's guns, but by the Heavenly forces that work against evil,
defeating the devil.
God will win this war.
Israel will stand undefeated.
Anyone that comes against Israel is God's enemy.
Feeling the wrath of God's hand,
Never knowing where it will land.
God's anger is real.
He's the real deal.
Mess with Israel and you'll find out for yourself.
Feeling God's unwavering pressure,
That will not cease.
Until you repent and make peace.

Patricia Kelley

Golden Memories

You would have thought that a magical object hand landed in her hand.
As if, it were sand,
Removing time,
The sound of the chime, takes her back to her prime.
Dipped back into the fountain of youth,
She grins from tooth to tooth.
Her aging face changes before my eyes'.
I can see she was once wise.
Her eyes of ocean blue turn up, telling of happier days.
She speaks volumes with no sound.
Today, she owns the sun's rays'.
Hearing the resound,
Of yesterday's music,
She gracefully dances.
All I did was drop a crisp red autumn leaf in her hand.
This was her season for a special reason.
She thanked me for the little treasure, by shaking my hand.

Patricia Kelley

Golden Rules For A Happy Marriage

We have some Golden Rules for our marriage.

We always put God First.

Our mate second,

Our children third,

Our work fourth,

We always build the other one up.

We never tear each other down.

We never go to bed mad.

We always try to give according to the other one's love language.

We always make time for each other.

We never mention the word divorce.

We never take someone's side over the other.

Tis not allowed!

We kiss each other good night.

We kiss each other good bye.

We pray together each night.

Praying for God's blessings upon our marriage,

Praying for God's blessings upon our home,

Praying for God's blessings upon our children,

Whether, they're near or far.

We always end our conversation, with, I love you!

We never skip our rules.

They're our Golden Rules for our Happy Marriage.

They have been tried and true.

Modified for a lasting marriage

Patricia Kelley

Good Bye, Traditional Marriage

America has one more thorn on her side.
It's a real piercing for America.
To do away with traditional Marriage of a man and woman,
United as one,
The gay activist won.
It's more pain for America to follow.
It's an arrow
In America's side,
It will be interesting to see who will be there to stand beside her.
And guide her,
Will America be guided by light or darkness?
What will happen to America's consciousness?
America once guided by Lightness.
Taken over by a dark powerful force that pushes the stern into total blackness,
Pray that the enemy doesn't see America's weakness.
Seek the Lord with all of your heart.
Knowing that the Lord set us apart,
From the evilness of this world,
This is our true existence.

Patricia Kelley

Guided By The Eyes Of Love

From Heavenly eyes' looking down from above,
Searching; flying around with the eyes of a dove.
Searching; moving around the heart with a magnifying glass.
As a hungry bird searching for a lost fallen seed dropped in thick grass.
At last!
You guide my way.
Each day!
As a bright lit candle,
Sitting on top of a tall dark mantle,
You're the light in my eyes'.
That never goes out.
Your love softly moves about.
Always bringing hope!
Your promises always bring about.
Hope for tomorrow.
Forgetting yesterday's sorrow.
You guide my way.
As I pray.
Guided by the eyes' of love!
Your love endures.
Forever!

Patricia Kelley

Guided By The Hands' Of Love

When I walk into a storm
You take hold of.
My hand,
Bringing my life to the norm,
You steady me.
Making sure that I don't fall,
Taking hold of my shaky limbs,
My faith climbs.
As you hold time.
Giving me time to compose,
I repose.
No love compares.
No love wares.
As this eternal love that I have for you!
My only desire is to please you, Lord.
With melody and lyrics, written with words.
My soul sings the chords.

Patricia Kelley

Guided Through The Storm, Song

I see you through the haunting rain.
I can see the light in Salvation's eyes'.
Hail beating at my chest.
Rain falling like thrashing pellets.
I can't breathe.
I'm caught in the storm.
Caught in the eye of the storm,
My life
Tossed around,
And around,
I twirl.
Swirl,
You hold the rain.
Seeing my pain,

I can feel Salvation's love in the rain.
I can see the light in Salvation's eyes' in the rain.
Salvation becomes my lighthouse
Washing away all of my pain.

Soon, I'm able to
Forget about life's tears' of pain,
Salvation takes my hand and leads me from darkness.
Guiding me into your likeness,
Salvation takes me out of the hard falling rain.

I can feel no more pain.
You guided me through the storm.
And lead me out of the rain,
Where, I can no longer feel life's burning pain,
You lifted the storm.

Where I could see hope in your eyes.
Feeling your deep love,
I could see and feel the difference in my life.

You never took your eyes' off of me.
While I was in the storm,

You take your breath and shift the dark cloud.
And turn my life around,
Giving me hope,
Guiding me through the storm,
I could see you through the rain.

I follow the light in Salvation's eyes'.
Knowing you, are with me through life's tears of pain.
I can see Salvation through the rain
I can feel Salvation in my heart.
I can feel life again.

I can feel Salvation's love in the rain.
Seeing the light in your eyes',
Salvation becomes my lighthouse.
My Savior through life's storm.
Guided by the love in Salvation's eyes'.

Patricia Kelley

Happy, President's Day, George Washington

President George Washington was a man to be respected.
He said forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.
He expected his country to have higher moral principles.
He knew once religion went away.
There would be a high moral decay.
George Washington wasn't a man that wavered.
He was favored.
The people loved him.
He didn't make decisions on the whim.
President, George Washington would get on his knees' and pray.
He saw a vision for the future of America, God showing him the way.
He never went astray.
God protected George Washington.
His voice sung freedom.
George Washington quoted.
The propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards, the eternal rules of order, and right which Heaven itself has ordained.
He spoke fluently uncontained.
Not restrained.
He knew and spoke the truth, and respected the eternal order.
President George Washington deserves to be honored on President's Day.
If he had never been president, we would not celebrate that day today.
Happy, President's Day, President, George Washington. You were the best and first American president.

Patricia Kelley

Have Faith My Friend

Have faith my friend.
God's eye is on the sparrow.
You don't need to worry about today or tomorrow.
Listen to His word.
It's sharper than a two edge sword.
God's eye is on the tornado.
He sees you looking worried through your fogged window.
He controls the wind with His mighty hand.
Let your faith stand.
Speak His word into existence.
Speak it with persistence.
Mark 4: 39
"And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm."
Speak it until you feel sweaty palms.
Don't wait for the loud bomb.
Luke 8: 25 He commands even the winds and the water, and they obey Him.
Don't put your nerves on a nervous limb.
But let your faith climb.
In the meantime stand prepared.
With God's word declared.

Patricia Kelley

Heaven

There are all ages of people in Heaven,
so I've been told.

There are young ones, and old ones,
and some American heroes that have even been bold.

There are pretty young girls that worked
the dark streets that were sold.

There are murdered babies that
have yet to even be born.

There are young girls and boys saved
from going down the wrong path; a life torn.

There are beautiful maidens, and gentlemen
that never walked the aisle to have their hearts sworn.

Then there are those that lived a life blessed
coming in and out; that never had to worry about being cold.

Then there are those longing to be in Heaven
with their two hands in a fold.

There are family gatherings in Heaven,
so I've been told.

Patricia Kelley

Heaven Express

She got on board of the Heaven Express.
Her ticket came last night.
She's headed to her permanent address.
No longer will she be filled with life's worries.
No longer will she feel; she's in a hurry.
She now has all the time.
To climb the highest mountain,
Or drink from the biggest waterfall.
Or swim in the deepest water fountain.
She can sip from the fountain of youth.
She will never have to worry about growing old.
She's in Heaven, where the streets are made from gold.

Patricia Kelley

Heaven's Perfect Order

The first time I saw your face.
I saw my world revolving in your eyes.
I saw Heaven's stars' being born from the heart of the Milky- way's core.
A sight my eyes' could not ignore.
I felt my heart move with each beat.
Feeling numb in my feet,
The sun, the moon and the stars were in Heaven's perfect order.
Looking into Heaven's iridescent rainbow border,
I resumed order.
The first time I saw your face.
I could see the moon, the stars, looking far into space.
I saw into your gentle heart.
I was separated from the world, set apart.
For God's perfect timing,
Feeling my emotions climbing,
I saw the galaxy move, and the earth revolved, as I stood still.
Feeling Heaven's will!
I felt my heart move with each beat.
Seeing a fleet,
Of falling stars,
The man in the moon winked.
I heard.
Your voice,
By God's choice!
I felt my heartbeat, with each word.
As a musical cord,
My life aligned for Heaven's perfect order.

Patricia Kelley

Hello, Dollie!

When bright lights and stages
is what a gal sought for fame.
She spun her sewing-wheel kicking up her heels.
She wore her flashy Hollywood gowns,
hoping there wouldn't be any frowns.
This was the era and time of "Hello Dollie";
She'd get on that bright lighted propelled stage, being center stage.
and do her tricks, onstage
She lived for her kicks.
The crowd loved her; the women envied her,
for her beautiful attire.
She never wanted to retire.
Everyone wanted to be Dollie.
Golly, Miss Mollie
It's now been many days,
Since Dollie has been able to win her ways.
She'll admit today that the stage spoiled her.
Even now that her eyesight is a blur.

She still remembers her younger days when she owned the stage.
She even remembers her first few dollars wage.
Now her clothes are all gathered in a dusty ole wooden trunk.
I can still hear the sharp clunk.
Of her red high heeled shoes.
And smell the old perfume.
When she walked by she lit the fumes.

Dollie is now ready to take center stage again, roll the camera, action.
Dollie just went to Heaven

Action!
You're looking, swell, Dollie!
It's so nice to have you back where you belong! Dollie

Dollie wanted me to know that she loved to cook and would often spend many

nights up all night cooking for her Hollywood friends.

Patricia Kelley

Her Comforter

She cried out deep in her sleep.
Her broken spirit began to weep.
Unconscious of the world around her,
She felt her time running out.
Afraid of her life taking a new route,
She shakily awoke.
Unsure of her future,
She fell to her knees' and cried out to God.
Hurting from life's past hurts.
She gave all her hurts and pain to God.
In that split second of an hour,
He found her traveling through celestial time.
It was by Divine Power.
Angels gathered her tears and wiped her misty eyes.
Her cry reached Heavenly powers.
He stood there looking at his beautiful sunny flower.
Picked, and pulled, and stomped on by the earth.
He took her in His loving wings.
Restoring,
Pouring,
His love, all around her,
Placing His Shadow upon her dark ceiling,
Truth revealing,
He was her one True God.
She felt His love electrifying.
Satisfying,
Above, all the earth,
He had His eyes upon her since birth.
He was the mortar that kept her together.

He was the stitch that sewed the seams together.

She knew at that moment that He was the one
and only true God.
He was her comforter.
He was the Holy Spirit sent by God Almighty

The Spirit of Jesus Christ her promise from God that He would never leave her,

or forsake her...

Hebrews 13: 5

'Never will I leave you:
never will I forsake you'

Patricia Kelley

Her Story

She was only four,
When she came walking through my door.
She was the cutest sweetest little girl.
She came from a broken world.
She said when her daddy got mad,
would put his hand up her skirt.
Until it hurt,
He said.
I deserved to be hurt.
That I was to blame,
I felt my daddy's hurtful shame.
I felt it until it burned.
I learned.
At an early age,
That my dad had a hidden rage,
I was in his private cage.
My heart fell to the floor.
I never know what a child is going to say when they walk through my door.

Patricia Kelley

He's The American Dad

He gets up in the morning, giving his wife a kiss.
She feels blessed.
He walks out the front door, not knowing, when he'll return.
The clock burns.
He's the American dad.
He later walks in from a hard day's work.
Feeling the aches and pains of the day,
He doesn't give up.
Believing in a better tomorrow,
He's the American dad.
With his Bible setting on top of his nightstand,
He stays prepared for the unexpected,
With his guns fully loaded.
Whether, the enemy attacks or foe,
He stands ready.
He's the American dad.
Ready to protect, his family and country,
He stands alert to all the sounds.
When the dogs bark, he walks out to check.
Any unfamiliar noise or sound around his property.
His home is filled with laughter and love.
Discipline with correction, leading kids in the right direction.
With the love of God, family and country, he feels ready to protect and serve.
He's the American Dad.

Patricia Kelley

He's The American Man

He walks through the enemy's territory with his muscular hand on his gun.
He can't remember the last time he had fun.
With all of his senses alert,
He walks through the hot desert sun.
With hot sweat being his bath,
Thinking about his girl safely at home,
In his sweet hometown,
Remembering her, angelic face,
Neatly tucked in his pocket,
She wears his locket.
Waiting for him to return home,
He quickly picks up the pace.
Remembering what he's fighting for.
He's fighting for the future of America.
He's fighting for all the veterans; that fought before him.
He's fighting for the little boy Tim.
He's never met.
He's fighting, so Tim grows up in a safer America.
He's fighting because he remembers what happened on September the eleventh.
When the enemy approaches, he doesn't hesitate to pull the trigger,
Because he knows what he's fighting for.
With him staring into the face of the enemy, he pulls the trigger.
Thinking of God and country, he's the American man.

Patricia Kelley

His Eyes' Speak Alzheimer's

He lies in his bed with his eyes closed, looking like an over grown infant.

Ambulant

Only in his dreams.

He loudly screams.

He's like a frightened child.

That has turned wild.

I want to cuddle him in my arms.

Promising him no harms.

Like a lioness that has found her lost cub.

I gently rub his head.

He lies there in bed.

He tenderly looks at me, while clutching his diaper.

As if I'm a Candy Striper.

He hears the sound of my voice and opens his eyes'.

He gets, and eager rise.

By surprise!

He tries to speak with no sound coming from his lips. He's forgotten how to speak struggling inside, he cries.

He moans about the stage two, open bedsores on his hips.

Pain is on his shaky lips.

He points to his hips.

Patricia Kelley

Hit By A Mind Storm

There have been 4 storms named after her.
The greatest is yet to hit.
She leaves even psychologist pondering.
What will she do next?
It could be something that we see in a nationwide text.
Only she knows what she will do next.
And that hasn't even been predetermined because she's so complexed.
But she will without a doubt hit like a cyclone in all the minds that know her.
And then all will say, it was her!

Patricia Kelley

I Don't Want To Go Down This Damn Road Anymore

I'm so tired of feeling broken and poor.
I just want to walk the sandy beaches of the shore.
I won't let anyone hurt me anymore.
They've taken my soul.
And left me in a deep hole,
And left me feeling like a scummy ole mole.
I don't want to go down this damn road anymore.
It's more than life's circumstances.
I just want second chances.
To live and feel true romances,
You know, when a man takes a girl's hand.
And feels like he just handed her the sun, moon and stars,
He soon forgets about hot chicks in smoky bars.
He just see's loves traveling stars.
Dancing in her sparkling glittery eyes,
He suddenly feels wise.
And looks at her and says; I want more.
I don't want to go down this damn road anymore.
Girl, it's you I want. I gotta have more.
I'm tired of my life feeling empty.
I want it to feel complete.
Girl, you drive me crazy.
I just want to lie in the sun and get lazy.
With you by my side for the rest of my life,
Want you be my wife.
And together will travel up new hills.
Forgetting about all of those freaky psychedelic pills,
Our lives are waiting for new thrills.
Together will run away from what kills.
The devil can never leave you stranded.
I will never take our lives for granted.
Girl, you're making these feelings wild.
I like a tamed child.
In your hands that wants to be held more.
I don't want to go down this damn road anymore.
Then suddenly you look in his eyes and know that life has to offer more.
When you hear his heartbeat,
You collapse at his feet.
Surrendering all!

You fall.

In his arms and say, I don't want to go down this damn road anymore.

Let your love pour.

Patricia Kelley

I Don'T See Him Winning

He stutters and sings.
Pushing his nervous anxiety aside,
He takes the song in stride.
Feeling his Latino pride,
He's cut to size.
He cries.
Knowing he's lost his chance to win.
He walks away, with thin skin.
Running next to be with his kin,
The challenge takes a spin.
Not being able to take criticism.
He's lost his rhythm.
With his victorious vision,
Maybe next time he'll listen.
And be given another chance to glisten.
I don't see him as the winner.
I wonder if he's just being used as a spinner.
To draw the attention of the audience,
Sometimes he sounds brilliant.
As the people sit and listen.
He does have talent.
I don't see him winning this challenge.
I just don't see him as the next American Idol.

Patricia Kelley

I Find Jesus When I'M On My Knees

When life gets hard, I get on my knees' like a child saying their bedtime prayers.
I feel my faith stirring.
Seeing through the eyes' of a child,
Feeling a soft breeze,
I start seeing Heavenly Angels'.
Their wings' bringing me comfort,
Suddenly, my life gets easier.
When I get on my knees',
I find the Holy Spirit.
I find Jesus.
He starts moving things in my life.
Changing my life instantly,
When I'm on my knees' life gets easier.
I feel my faith stirring.
Seeing through the eyes' of a child,
Suddenly, my life gets easier.
When I'm on my knees'....
I find Jesus.

Originally written August 29,1994

By, Patricia Kriegel-Kelley

Patricia Kelley

I Get On My Knees'

I fall down on my knees' and pray, looking up to Heaven, with tears in my eyes.
I feel a rise.

Suddenly, my life gets easier, when I'm on my knees' praying

I can hear the Holy Spirit Saying.

Every things going to be all right,

No need to feel uptight.

I've got your back.

Suddenly, I feel Him moving in my life.

When I'm on my knees praying,

My childlike faith takes over,

I can hear the Holy Spirit saying.

Every things going to be all right,

No need to feel uptight.

I can feel Him by my side.

I know when I'm on my knees praying, that the Holy Spirit hears my prayer,
when I'm on my knees'.

My childlike faith takes over

Suddenly, my life gets easier.

Patricia Kelley

I Like Being Me

I like everything about me.
I realize after going through a very long journey.
I'm a pretty good person.
No, I can't say, I've never hurt another person.
I wish.
I could.
Though, I never hurt anyone physically, I'm sure I did mentally.
It was accidentally.
I wouldn't do it intentionally.
It was more environmentally.
Getting into unhealthy relationships,
Thinking I could help another person.
But, when I look back, I realize I couldn't help a falling person.
I couldn't stop his father from beating his mother.
I couldn't stop the anger between a sister and brother.
I couldn't help a drunker.
Instead of lifting them up, they brought me down.
I see now, I was a person misunderstood.
I didn't stand up for my rights.
I avoided all fights.
Trying to find peace,
Not realizing they were taking a piece of me.
I stood still as a doormat.
Letting people walk all over me.
Saying things about me that weren't true,
I'm not saying I lived like a saint.
I lived with a restraint.
Restraining my talents,
Not finding any balance.
It wasn't until I really found the Lord.
That I didn't care what people thought of me, it didn't bother me anymore.
I didn't care about settling the score.
I realize in life what really matters.
Is how we react.
That's the true fact!
As long as I'm at peace with God what people say or think doesn't matter.
I know that God loves me.
I know that I was positioned for such a time as this.
To share the truth,

Since my youth,
I'm free!
Because, I like being me!

Patricia Kelley

I Love America

When I travel overseas, I think about the beautiful America in which I will return.
I think about America's majestic mountains that almost reach to the pearly white gates of Heaven.

I think about America's beautiful oceans, where the deep blue waters rush to kiss the land of the free.

I think about the open lands of sand and trees, hills and valleys that stretch out to the blue skies, feeling winter's icy breeze, or summer's sudden hot flash, or fall's fresh breath.

I think about fields of all different vivid colors of beautiful wildflowers that stretch out as far as I can see.

I think about the birds' that hear God's voice and head south to escape winter's icy sneeze.

I think about men and women that dress in uniform to protect our land.

I think of the sacrifices that they make leaving their sons' and daughters', not knowing if they'll ever return.

My heart starts to burn.

And, I feel like it's my turn.

To raise my voice to the Heavens, thanking God for creating America.

Where, my heart always returns.

Patricia Kelley

I Needed You

You were there, when I needed you.
You were there, when my heart was blue.
You were there, to get me through.
You were there, when love was true.
Seeing you, I felt Heaven's dew.
Seeing you, my heart felt new.
Being with you, my heart grew.
You were everything in a man that I needed to make me stronger.
I wished every minute would last longer.
I realized.
I needed you.
You were handpicked from God's hand.
Your love, I understand.
Stars in Heaven hanged.
By an Angel's hand,
You were sent from Heaven to be my man.
I needed you.

Patricia Kelley

I Realize

I realize no matter, what sickness or disease comes upon me that the love of God has the power to heal me.

I realize no matter, whom turns against me, whether it's sister, brother, neighbor or friend that the love of God will always sustain me.

I realize no matter, what nonsense life throws at me, life doesn't always make sense; it can be filled with a lot of nonsense.

I realize no matter, what grief, I am forced to go through whether it's daughter, father, mother, sister, brother, or husband.

God is there to comfort me.

I realize no matter, what people think; none of it matters as long as I am living to please my Heavenly Father.

I realize no matter, what I face in life, that the love of God is stronger than anything, I will ever face.

Patricia Kelley

I Want To Show You How Much I Love You

I just want to get on my knees and kneel down beside you, and wash your feet with my tears, and dry them with my long golden blonde hair.

I don't need any water; I can wash each foot with my stream of tears streaming down from my soft green eyes.

I don't need a towel. I can dry your feet with my long blonde hair.

I just want to love you and show you how much that I care.

You were there with me when my life seemed so unfair.

Just like you shed your blood for me, I shed my tears for you.

You filled my empty life with love.

You arrived with love on the wings of a dove.

How can I ever stop loving you?

I cannot repress this love that I have for you.

Every sin I had, you washed it away.

Every fear I felt, you calmed the storm inside.

I'm like a gushing waterfall falling in your hands.

Each time, I feel you; I fall in love all over, and over, again!

I just want to get on my knees and kneel down beside you, and wash your feet with my tears, and dry them with my long golden blonde hair.

I just want you to know how much I love you, that you will always live inside me.

You're every breath that I breathe.

You're every song that I sing.

My love for you goes stronger and deeper, than any river that flows.

This love is stronger than any love I've ever known.

I just want to get on my knees and kneel down beside you, and wash your feet with my tears, and dry them with my long golden blonde hair.

□

Patricia Kelley

I Wouldn't Take A Penny For Her

I wouldn't take a penny for my wife.
We've both shared a long life.
We've shared a life of 71 years.
His eyes filled with emotional tears.
As his wife sits there in total silence.
She's still the diamond,
Of his eyes,
I can tell.
He seems so wise.
Still after all of these years,
He's still madly in love with his wife.
Mother, he says,
We have a visitor.
He suddenly, becomes the inquisitor.
First, asking about the weather.
Then asking, if there are a lot of people outside?
I can tell.
He's starting to feel insecure.
About his life, he's given up everything for his wife.
Including their nice home in the country,
Giving up the life of feeling comfy,
He says this is what marriage is about.
He shouts.
Making sacrifices for the one you love.
He goes on to say that's what's wrong with marriages today.
Some guys walkout with nothing to say.
Then have regrets of yesterday.
Then, he says, she made sacrifices for me.
When, I was in the war she could have left.
I have been blessed.
She was the best wife.
I wouldn't take a penny for her.

His wife has end stage Alzheimer's

Patricia Kelley

Identity Theft

I'm afraid now without a doubt that I've become her main target.
She tracks me with identity theft.
She takes off with my guarded essential oils and personal checks and Ids.
And swiftly flees.
She likes to toy and tease.
She hits in the gut like a sudden disease.
Just when I think I've gotten rid of her, I feel a sudden nauseous wheeze.

Patricia Kelley

I'LI Love You Forever

I'll Love you Forever

I looked out the window today.

I thought I saw you in the hammock.

I could see your long blonde hair swaying in the wind.

Then I remembered as a child how you would stretch your

Little arms out as far as you could reach.

Momma, you would say, I love you this much.

Oh, how my heart and mind long to hear those words again.

I can still smell your sweet scent.

My beautiful little daughter, how, I loved to comb your long blonde hair,
getting a smell of your sweet scent.

Baby fresh is how you smelled.

Now all I have are flashes of memories that hit me
over and over, again!

The many times I braided your hair.

The times you helped me cook with flair.

My little girl is now in Heaven swinging on the highest swing.

And sometimes when I look in the mirror, I see her all over again.

Because she lives forever inside of me,

I'll always love her through eternity.

I know with certainty.

We will see each other again.

Oh, how my heart will sing.

When I look into your face and see my eyes in you, again!

I'll say, I'll love you forever,

I told you we would be together again, someday!

Patricia Kelley

I'LL Run To You Lord, Song

When my life gets confusing and I know I have taken; the wrong path.
Not sure of which way to turn.
Feeling as kindling ready to burn,
I feel broken with words of salvation unspoken.
I start, crying believing in redemption more.
I'll look up to Heaven with tears running.

I'll run to you, Lord
Seeing weeping faces
Living in dark places,
Feeling Heavenly graces,
I will run to you, Lord

When I realize I can't take anymore beatings.
Feeling too ashamed to sit in on salvation meetings,
I know I've been a disgrace.
I'm ashamed for anyone to see my face.

I'll run to you, Lord
Seeing mean faces,
Escaping dark places,
Feeling Heavenly graces,
I will run.
I'll run to you Lord.

When I see and feel, acceptance in the people.
No longer feeling like a stranger running from danger.
I will run to the steeple letting God's love pour.
Like a renewing rain, lifting all of life's pain.
No longer feeling the enemy's strain,
But feeling Heaven's gain,

I will run to you, Lord. I'll run to you Lord.
Seeing kind faces,
Living in light places,
Hearing Heavenly praises.
I will run to you, Lord
Leaving the past behind and never looking back.
I will run to you, Lord.

I will run to you, Lord.

Patricia Kelley

I'LL Run To You, Lord

I'll run to you, Lord. I'll run to you, Lord.
Seeing weeping faces,
Living in dark places,
Feeling life's disgraces,
I will run.

I'll run to you, Lord. I'll run to you, Lord.
Seeing mean faces,
Escaping dark places,
Feeling Heavenly graces,
I will run.

I'll run to you, Lord. I'll run to you, Lord
Seeing kind faces,
Living in light places,
Hearing Heavenly praises.
I will run.

I'll run to you, Lord. I'll run to you, Lord.
Finishing the final races,
I will run.

I'll run to you, Lord. I'll run to you, Lord.
Reaching the finishing line to see, Heavenly faces.
Seeing your radiant, loving face,
I will run.

Patricia Kelley

I'M A Woman In Love, Song

I'm a woman in love, and I'm feeling so fine.
Can't you see the heavenly stars' that fell in my eyes that night?

Is when I fell in love, again!
I was flying high on the soft wings of a dove.
Falling fast from the wings' of love!
I softly landed in your arms'.

Taken by your manly charms!
Smelling your woody rustic scent,
My pheromones went off the chart.
I had to put a chain on my heart.
I heard the alarm.

Is when I fell in love, again!
I was flying high on the soft wings of a dove.
Falling fast from the wings' of love!
I softly landed in your arms'.

My head was spinning.
While I tossed in my bed,
Dreaming of being in your arms!
I could hear my heart beating.

Is when I fell in love, again!
I was flying high on the soft wings of a dove.
Falling fast from the wings' of love!
I softly landed in your arms'.

Falling in love again!
Waiting for you to take me in your arms!
For one more spin around the dance floor.
You lifted me up, bringing me down, twirling me all around.
Feeling that moon lit romance.
I was ready to take a second chance.
I felt my heart leap skipping a beat staying in rhythm with yours.

Is when I fell in love, again!
I was flying high on the soft wings of a dove.

Falling fast from the wings' of love!
I softly landed in your arms'.

Falling in love, all over, again!

Feeling love from all sides of Heaven from above,
Seeing winter's hidden rose bloom again!
Feeling the seasons change!
Growing like a girl from lip gloss to bright colored lipstick.
It was time to rearrange.

My life!

Is when I fell in love, again!
I was flying high on the soft wings of a dove.
Falling fast from the wings' of love!
I softly landed in your arms'.

Once caught in the deep waves of despair.
I felt love's soothing repair.
Feeling the warmth of the sun from all sides,
Riding on top of the calm waves of love, again!
Feeling love from all colors of the rainbow,
Dancing in your shadow,

Is when I fell in love, again!
I was flying high on the soft wings of a dove.
Falling fast from the wings' of love!
I softly landed in your arms'.
Falling in love, again!
I fell softly in your arms'.

Patricia Kelley

I'M Proud To Be A Christian Woman

I try to be a noblewoman.

I reach out to those in need.

I believe in planting a seed.

I give to displaced children.

I open my home to abused and neglected children.

I believe as a Christian woman it's our responsibility to be a mother to the motherless.

I believe as a Christian woman it's our responsibility to clothe the penniless.

I believe as a Christian woman it's our responsibility to offer hope for tomorrow.

These children have seen too much sorrow.

I believe as a Christian woman it's our responsibility to teach our children Biblical principles.

I believe as a Christian woman that you can still love your children, with correct discipline.

I believe as a Christian woman if children are not disciplined, they will live a life of trouble.

Repeating the sins of yesterday, we can make a difference if we step up today.

And be Jesus in the eyes' of a child.

We can possibly prevent a child from turning out wild.

Returning back to their past of drugs, alcohol, abuse and neglect.

We can show them unconditional love without reject.

We can show hurting children a positive reflection.

Of God's love living in a loving Kingdom.

Of unconditional love!

Patricia Kelley

I'M Proud To Call You Father

Lord, have I told you lately how proud I am to call you Father.
You have been there for me so many times in my life.
I am so ecstatically proud to be your adopted daughter.
When I thought I was at my life's end of the rope.
You removed all my personal strife.
You filled my life with new visions and dreams.
You gave a wounded, broken spirit hope.
When I lost my daughter, father and mother,
You filled my home with children bringing laughter.
You lifted me to new heights, where my gift beams.
Where my soul gleams,
You taught me how to face trials and personal losses teaching me how to cope.
You gave me joy unspeakable, where I was bursting at the seams.
When I think about your abounding love that stretches far across the skies,
I want my praise hands to rise.
I want all earth and creation to celebrate in Praise.
That reaches the Heavenly skies.
Where every soul of Creation will look into God's eyes,
And will be accountable for being wicked or wise.
By no surprise!
Eternal life is the grand prize.
I am so proud to call you my Father.
The Father of all Fathers!

Patricia Kelley

I'M Thinking Heaven

I'm Thinking Heaven

I cannot help but think about Heaven.

It seems these days go by so fast.

Then before I know it another has past.

Then there are those friends that come real close.

I cannot stick up my nose.

Thinking that it couldn't happen to me, because it could,

What if I got sick with the flu, I could!

What if I got a horrible infection, I could!

What if someone was real mean to me, and did, what! They could!

Oh, no, then I would die.

This is no lie.

I could go to Heaven.

It's better than a lucky seven.

There aren't people there waiting to get even.

Wait, Heaven...

I'm thinking Heaven!

Patricia Kelley

I'M Where I Belong

Up in this tree,
I feel so free.
It's a place where I can breathe.
I'm like a honey bee smelling sweet nectar from an Oklahoma Mimosa Tree.
Staring into the bright Oklahoma blue skies,
Where God hears my cries,
And the birds and I Sing,
Healing each other's broken wings.
Because down there on earth.
Since my birth,
I've felt so many stings.
But, up in this tree, I can climb higher and higher.
Where no liar,
Can reach me,
This is where I can be me, smelling the sweet mimosa tree.
Where mimosa tickles my nose,
It smells better than a prickly rose.
And here I see how life really goes.
No one can hurt me anymore.
Until I come down.
And feel my foes.
But for some girls this is the way life goes.
Because sometimes there are people that really don't care.
Life isn't always fair.
I'll just share.
My feelings with the birds,
Because we're a like,
Me and the birds,
They never know which way a broken wing is going to come from.
Life doesn't always throw you a sweet plum.
But up in this tree, where I feel so free.
I can suck my thumb.
It's a place where I don't feel dumb.
I can make a crown from mimosa blossoms.
And I don't have to play dead like a possum.
I can make my crown.
Because if no one else sees a princess.
I see a princess in me.

In Memory Of Mother

Mother's a soft delicate creature, with loving arms always ready to catch me; in
Angel's wings.
Never letting me fall,
She hears my call.
Soothing my soul with sweet lullabies, mother sings.
Mother holds me when I cry, making my world so much better.
Mother is always so clever.
She knows when I'm happy, sad or broke.
She's like a faithful oak.
She tries to heal my brokenness,
Offering cookies and hope,
She disciplines me, when I'm bad.
Leading me towards right direction,
Giving me correction,
She's the sweetest and fairest among, all mothers.
Mother's the one that became my first companion and friend.
Mother's the one that became my first teacher.
Teaching me to read and how to do math,
Mother bought the best books.
She had the prettiest looks.
Mother's the one that painted the prettiest pictures decorating our home.
Her colorful pictures of landscapes and flowers, and animals took me places
sitting at home.
Mother's the one that became my first coach, coaching me to take that first step.
Stepping until I learned how to run,
Running to catch me in her warm loving arms,
Arms as soft as pillowing clouds:
Clouds where sweet lullabies were sung,
Sung with a voice that sounds like gentle raindrops falling from a soft breeze,
gently landing on swaying bluebonnets; dancing beneath the peeping sunrays.
Sunrays that filled my young heart with joy and gladness:
Gladness feeling the sun from all sides of a Mother's love,
Loveliness that taught me that beauty was so much more than skin deep,
And taught me how to love and be loved.

I love you mom!

In Memory of Jeanne Kriegel

September 30 1925-May 6,2010

Patricia Kelley

In Search Of The True God

She came to America.
Lost pushed out from her father's home,
Feeling all alone crying out to her many gods,
Her soul silently would roam.
Wounded from the past,
Not knowing which god was listening.
She saw a bright glistening.
Feeling love at last,
To find out it wasn't one of her many false gods.
Made of plaster,
Feeling life's disaster,
She cried.
Suddenly, she heard a voice.
But, it wasn't the sound of a familiar god.
Hearing His rushing footsteps on the floor,
With all eyes, on the closed door,
Her senses fully alert.
She sensed in her heart.
He was the real God.
Illuminated by lightness,
Seeing God's brightness,
He announced Himself.
I am the one true Living God.
Feeling God's unconditional love,
Letting her heart mend,
Giving up on her false gods, she cried out to God.
Peeling layers of shame and disgrace.
Escaping from her father's home,
She angrily took her false gods.
Crushing them in her tightly squeezed hands,
Wondering why they believed in her land.
Finally feeling a real God's grace,
Seeing God's face,
She kneeled down beside Him.
Relinquishing all doubt.
With a loud shout,
She cried.
You are my true God.
He said.

I am...

Patricia Kelley

In The Stillness Of The Soul

In the stillness of the soul where hearts turn bitter cold,
and women no longer fold their hands to pray,
where laughter turns to tears, and fears to shame,
and a Godless country is to blame.

Patricia Kelley

Inner Turmoil

It's that inner turmoil that eats your insides, when that relationship starts falling apart.

You have a broken heart.

Here's when the threats come, the fight over the children. Who gets what?

Children stand quietly behind building up that inner anger, standing by seeing their parents turn into strangers.

You feel like you're in immediate danger.

It's that inner turmoil when you find out that he had another, while you were left at home watching the children.

Your own children treat you like, they're the stepchildren.

It's that inner turmoil that hits you, when you stand in front of the mirror and don't recognize the person you're staring at. When you become a stranger to yourself, and the judge will decide; if you are still a mother.

You run to the comfort of your father.

It's that inner turmoil when the test that life brings, hits your gut right in the middle, taking you down. This is when you start questioning life, and if, there's really a God.

It's that inner turmoil, when you realize that there must be a God because without Him, and without that inner strength. You would have fallen to pieces.

It's that inner turmoil, when the real you comes out and you see, who you really are.

Then you realize that God is your strength.

Patricia Kelley

Is The President Terrorizing American People

Obama, I'm not sure who actually is terrorizing the American people.
You seem to be following rules from a different temple.
The last time I heard spying is an intrusion of our American Constitution.
American people pray for absolution.
We need restitution.
You're getting by with more than any president we've ever known.
You walk too far from our comfort zone.
While you pretend to care for American people,
Your love to your country and people shows to be unknown.
But, then again we aren't even sure that you're from America, because your
birthplace is still unknown.
Your actions speak impeachment.
Your behavior is like a human drone.
Who needs to leave his throne?
The office of President was never meant to be led by a dictator.
But by God's ordained spectators!
America's in the hands of our Creator.
We refuse to be ruled by a dictator.
We're praying for God to send a Christian to lead the American People, a man
that's not too proud to kneel and pray in the steeple.
By, Patricia Kelley
You probably already have my number

Patricia Kelley

Israel The Apple Of God's Eye

Israel you're watched by God's protective eyes.
Even though your country isn't so wise,
You still wait for the coming of your Messiah.
Israel, He has already arrived.
You refused to believe in the true Messiah.
Now your country pays the ultimate price.
You were first warned by the prophet Isaiah.
You were warned again, by the weeping prophet Jeremiah.
Your country is protected, by your own, military concertina wire.
The ancient prophets grow tired.
Your ancient olive trees stand admired.
Your traveled roads, by Christian tourist, we, so admire.
But, Heaven's Angels' try cutting through with blazing swords, through strong
concertina wire to reach you.
They stand frustrated and delayed.
By unbelief!
Heaven's Angels' cry, if only, Israel believed.
In the true Messiah, your lands would not only flourish, but you would live in
peace.
The Messiah cries out with His embedded thorns still bleeding.
Pleading,
Israel, I still love you, I wait for the day when I ride through the sealed Golden
Gate to Damascus.
You will then see your true Messiah, my face.
Humbly ask us.
Is it too late to believe, no, I will say, you won the finished race!
Israel has always been, the Apple of God's eyes!

Patricia Kelley

It Was Love

It was that first look.
When I saw that you couldn't take your eyes off of me.
I saw you walking around the room with only your eyes fixed on me.
And, when we kissed for the first time, it was nice and smooth.
Soothe,
I knew right then that you cinched the deal with me.
I felt at that second of that moment that you belonged with me.
Call it instinct.
You stirred that loving feeling.
Deep inside of me;
I knew this is what it felt like to be in love.
This was a kiss that I wanted to last forever and ever.
It made me feel like I was walking barefooted in a deep wide field of soft white
clover.
It was love.

Patricia Kelley

It Won'T Be Long

I know it won't be long, and another mother loses custody of her child because of drugs.

I know it won't be long, and another child is born with brain defect because of the mother doing drugs, while pregnant.

I know it won't be long, before another child's thrown into the foster system because of neglectful parents.

I know it won't be long, and another child will be shot by another drive by shooting.

I know it won't be long, and a friend will run to the aid of a shattered heart, where a love turned bad.

I know it won't be long, before another man takes his life because of an unfaithful wife.

I know it won't be long, and another lost soul is taken.

I know it won't be long, before another writer takes credit for another one's work.

I know it won't be long, before another sister and brother, steals their other sibling's inheritance, because of arrogance.

I know it won't be long, before we all see the truth.
God sees the truth

Patricia Kelley

It's Faith In The Christian Hands

You can't be a true red, white and blue American.
And not have it in your blood to be a Good Samaritan.
It's part of the true American heritage.
It's an American custom.
When you see a neighbor hungry,
You help feed them, so they don't become angry.
Or despondent to life's cruel circumstances,
You try to change their situation.
You don't do it by being judgmental with persecution.
Where they feel like their only hope is moral execution.
You pray for a resolution.
When you see a sister or brother in need, you heed.
You meet it by a good Christian deed.
You plant your seed.
It can be by reaching out to a motherless child.
That needs mentoring and love to prevent them from turning wild.
It can be by standing and speaking up seeing the weakness in a hurting
community.
It can be by reaching out to the homeless.
It can be by reaching out to a single mother.
It can be by reaching out to the fatherless.
You can change your community by taking notice.
You see what needs to be done.
You may be the only one.
That can make those needed changes.
If you see what needs to be done, and do nothing.
You may live to see your own hopelessness.
When you show compassion to the weak, and show true Christian sincerity.
You're planting seeds for your own future.
That you'll always be in God's picture.
It can be, by being the eyes and soul of your community.
With this being Memorial Day weekend.
There's no need to pretend.
There's someone who's hurting who no longer has a mother, father, sister or
brother.
There's someone hurting right now.
It could be in your own neighborhood, or across town.
It's your responsibility to recognize a hurting nation.
And seeing and meeting the needs of a hurting community.

American people get their strength and ideas by God, and coming together.
This is when they realize they're all sisters and brothers.
That they can do more with many hands to rebuild their land.
That there's always a solution to a problem,
When they work with God's extended hands.
The impossible, becomes possible.
It's Christian faith in the American hands.
It's doing what's right.
In a child's darkest hour,
You have the power.
To be that beacon of light!
In the darkest night!

Patricia Kelley

It's Not Easy Being A Foster Parent

Sometimes it's not easy being a foster parent.
I feel transparent.
I don't know how to bond with you.
If only I knew.
All the hurts and pain you went through in life.
I would know how to deal with the strife.
Sometimes your words cut through like a knife.
Life is too short to be filled with anger.
I get tired of feeling like an annoying stranger.
Why can't you tell that all I want to do is love you!
I know life isn't always easy.
But, you are a beautiful being.
Everything that happened to you, I wish I could wipe away.
I pray that one day, you see the truth.
After you have grown through your youth,
I just wanted you to love me one day.
To me it makes no difference that I didn't give birth to you.
If only you knew how much I love you.
If I could, I would rewrite time for you.
I love you!
To me you're the sun the moon and the stars a new beginning that's new.
My love for you grew.
Each day I saw you.
Like a baby tree that I watered.
I'm swimming with you in deep waters.
You're not walking this life alone.
I want this love I have for you to be known.
I'm with you until you're grown.
This love I have for you will never end.
You're my daughter and my friend.

Patricia Kelley

It's Time To Take A Chance

When we're sitting all alone,
The lights are dim.
Our two glasses filled to the rim.
Sitting on top of a round table; blanketed by a white tablecloth
With scattered glittery red hearts,
You look at me.
And you say,
Gently taking my hand
Let's dance.
Let's feel that sudden romance.
That gave us both the feeling it's time to take a chance.
Before I know it I'm in your arms.
Feeling that loving charm,
Feeling your hot breath against me,
You spin me.
Even though the dance floor is crowded,
It's just you and I on the floor,
As we dance.
Feeling that romance, □
That gave us both the feeling it's time to take a chance.

Patricia Kelley

James The Just, The Brother Of Jesus

James the just, as they called him died around 62 AD.
He was the brother to Jesus Christ the risen King.
Known as the faithful praying man on his bent camel knees,
He earned respect.
By all that saw him.
He was a respectful character, and teacher.
He would make his pleas.
On his hardened prayer knees, he prayed.
Squatted as a camel in prayer,
James prayed for those that persecuted the teachings of Jesus Christ.
Those that felt threatened by the risen king.
He would become a martyr.
Sent by the scribes and Pharisees to renounce Jesus Christ, he announced the
opposite.
Feeling confident!
He proclaimed.
Jesus Christ as the risen King.
He's sitting on the right hand side of God the Father.
He exclaimed.
The scribes and Pharisees felt betrayed.
They wanted only revenge.
To scare the crowd,
To halt their faith,
And, pushed him off the temple parapet, where he lay awake.
Not feeling the shake.
Then, they stoned him and clubbed him in the head.
Leaving him for dead to rest in his grave's bed.
Not knowing his last breath; was his first breath in Heaven.
This was the death and martyr of James the Just.

Patricia Kelley

Jesus Christ Died For All

He died crucified on the cross.
Nails driven through His torn flesh,
Taking a hard thresh.
Giving his life for you and me,
Crying out Abba Father,
Forgive them for what they do to me.
Forgiving all men of their sins against Him,
He died on Calvary.
From men's hard assault and battery,
As the daylight sky darkened,
Blackened,
Their heart's hardened.
As the solid hard rock ground shook.
It was all foretold in the Great Book.
Creating a great earthquake,
Seeing the change in the weather,
It brought some together.
As they all stood and watched,
The great miracle from Heaven,
Seeing the ground leveled.
He descended to hell,
Setting the captives free,
Taking keys from hell's abyss,
Hearing satan violently hiss.
He ascended to Heaven to sit at the right side.
Of God the Father,
The Creator of Heaven and earth;
Remembering all of His sisters' and brothers',
Making hell His footstool,
He looks down upon the earth.
Traveling through the translucent highways,
He comes back to earth.
His birthplace,
He starts the race
Against time to save all of His sisters' and brothers' that are destined to hell's
lake of fire.
Refusing to retire,
It became a war against good and evil to see how many souls, they could each
gather.

Together,

We can reach out to the lost and brokenhearted of the world to let them know that they have a Savior. That someone already paid the price for their sin. They don't have to live in the lie. They can be set free by Jesus Christ that died on Calvary. He died for all! No matter how hard they fall. Only God can put them back together again.

Patricia Kelley

Jesus Christ Has Risen

Arise, my savior has risen.
Listen!
He's no longer entombed.
The rock has been removed.
We're no longer doomed.
His stripes are healed.
Not one of His bones or legs was broken.
They pierced his side with a spear.
Blood and water poured from His side.
It's been revealed.
Jesus Christ is, and was, the Son of the Living God.
There's proof in the scripture.
This is all fulfilled in the scripture.
The message is clear.
They divided my clothes and cast lots for my garments.
The evidence nullifies any arguments.
And, so scripture was fulfilled.
There was nothing unfulfilled.
The Son of God would be rejected by man.
This was all part of God's imminent plan.
Jesus Christ has risen!

Patricia Kelley

Jesus Is Coming

The truth is Jesus is coming through the clouds of fire.

He may come today or tomorrow or next week.

When He comes, He will raise the weak.

He will heal the sick.

He will select, His elect pick.

The earth will go up in flames in a giant wick.

And we will see our New Jerusalem formed in Heaven.

Then we will be new spiritual habitants in Heaven.

We will be raised higher than the Angels.

All wickedness will drop with Satan's dark-angels.

And those that were tossed to and fro, we will see their anguished faces.

They will cry out in their fiery places.

There will be no more uncertainty.

We will live in peace and love for all eternity.

Patricia Kelley

Jezebel

She stands at the rooftop shouting.
With her thick full lips pouting,
Her long dark hair spirals down her spine.
Cascading as a vine,
She sounds like she's had too much wine.
She lures the men with her seductive talk.
Setting a grown man's groins on fire,
feeling eternity's fire!
Wearing her seductive see through attire,
The men step through temptation's walk.
Hearing her seductive voice echo,
They can still feel the hot coals on their feet.
She promises pleasure.
It sounds so sweet.
If only one of you, will give up his week's labor; their treasure.
She yells.
They jokingly walk through betting, the other guy.
That he can't just walk through, without being tempted.
Jezebel's activated spell.
Her voice reaches the sky.
The men call her Jezebel.
Hearing the church bell,
They run.
Feeling guilty of their lustful thoughts,
Thinking of the pleasure, they could've bought.
They run faster.
Their legs feeling like crumbling plaster.
Running away never forgetting her seductive voice as sailors run to her by
choice.
They hear Jezebel's seductive voice.

Patricia Kelley

Kids Out Of Control

All of these shootings in schools; have nothing to do with lack of gun control.
Kids have simply gotten out of control.
There's drugs and sex in schools.
Kids that refuse to obey rules.
Until these kids are taught the Golden Rules.
They will find new weapons and tools.
It could be, knives or scissors or even a hammer.
Our kids are in danger.
And, it's just not by a stranger.
The problem is schools are more concerned about the grammar.
We need to teach kids how to deescalate.
When, they or a friend starts to escalate.
We need to educate and teach kids how to control their anger.
Before it affects the other kids, and we see a domino effect.
Kids are not perfect.
But, they need to be checked.
It's fair to everyone.
I think all suspected problem kids should go through a psychological evaluation.
Including bullies, depressed loners, known gang members and druggies,
So, we get a revelation.
Why all the violence and shootings are happening in schools.
So, we get kids back under control.

Patricia Kelley

King David's Weakness

David as king faces weakness.
Seeing Bathsheba a married woman bathing, he pursues her.
Having a sleekness,
Forgetting his boyish meekness,
As a once shepherd boy.
He stands arrogant in power.
As his loyalty to God sours,
David breaks God's commandments.
Breaking the law of adultery,
Ordering Bathsheba's husband Uriah to the frontline,
He orders his immediate death.
Taking his last breath,
Breaking the law of murder,
His faith stands at the narrow border.
Torn between good and evil,
Bathsheba becomes pregnant and gives birth to a son.
Nathan the prophet replied.
Your firstborn son will die.
Because of the cost of your sins against God,
David feels God's stiff rod.
But, your sins are forgiven.
Grieving wishing his sins could be undone.
Knowing he has to atone.
David seeks repentance.
Crying out,
He shouts.
Beating his chest,
Hitting his breast,
His firstborn son dies.
David rises.
Saying, while my son was still alive I fasted wept and grieved.
Thinking the Lord may be gracious and let the child live.
But, now that he's dead.
He can't return back to me.
He finds peace with God once again.
When, God gives Bathsheba another son, named Solomon.
David's broken heart recovers.
Knowing he walks with favor.
With God, and his son Solomon, will be the next anointed one.

David knows he's won God's favor.
His bloodline will lead to Jesus Christ the savior.

Patricia Kelley

King Solomon

King Solomon asked the Lord God for knowledge and wisdom.
Above riches or gold for his kingdom,
The Lord God blessed him exceedingly.
Because, he did not ask for long life or the death of his enemies,
God said.
I will bless you more than any other king before you, or after you.
But, you must follow my commandments as your father David, before you.
Or I will destroy your kingdom.
Thence King Solomon's riches and wisdom grew.
Solomon built the Lord God's temple.
Saying, it would be great because the Lord God was great.
He had resources shipped to Jerusalem in special freight.
The temple was built from the finest and purest wood, overlaid in bronze and gold.
With gold cherubs that spread their wings'.
He built a holy place to worship, the Lord God Almighty.
The Holy God of Israel!
It was a holy place for the Lord God of Israel to dwell.
Solomon shined in God's favor.
Having the finest horses and chariots sent from Egypt.
Spices of the greatest flavor,
He knew how to rule his people.
He was the richest king of all, the world.
But, like his father he had a weakness.
Solomon became bold.
He began to bless himself with a special uniqueness.
He had more beautiful foreign wives and concubines than any other king.
With each new bridal ring,
He would build a new worship temple.
Solomon had a weakness for beautiful women.
And a weakness of vanity,
He self-indulged in beautiful women.
Collecting them as precious jewels,
Forgetting God's rules,
Not to associate or marry such foreign women.
Or, they could bring his kingdom down.
He started building many foreign temples.
Solomon began to only care about his foreign wives.
Pushing his God aside,

For the religious freedom of his many wives,
Not realizing, he was risking many lives.
He built a temple for Ashtoreth the moon goddess.
Solomon began to act godless.
He broke his holy promise.
Putting his seven hundred wives, and three hundred concubines; first, above
God.
He started making sacrifices to other gods' along with his wives'.
He was controlled by lust.
Not being just.
And for Chemosh the god of the Moabites that sacrificed children.
Solomon's sins could not be hidden.
And for Molek the god of the Ammonites that sacrificed children as a burnt
offering.
And for Sun the god of the Hittites, and the Edomites god.
Solomon's actions toward God were faltering.
His many foreign wives led him astray.
In which his kingdom would see decay.
Crumbling like a potter's clay.
God became angry.
God Said.
I will tear the kingdom from Solomon's hand which I have given him, and allow
him only one tribe.
But, I will not do it in his lifetime.
I will do it in the time.
That Solomon's son Rehoboam reigns as king.
God saw that Solomon was turning against him because of his many foreign
gods.
Solomon's son Rehoboam born from an Ammonite wife would feel God's rod.
He threatened God's people with scorpion stings.
He ruled as an evil king.
It was the fifth year of his reign.
That Rehoboam felt the pain.
King Shishak of Egypt carried off the Holy Temple's treasures.
As foretold because of King Solomon's selfish pleasures.

Solomon ruled Jerusalem for forty years.

Patricia Kelley

Learn To Fly

Like a blue eyed Angel in the sky.
My voice will rise.
I'll sing.
Healing broken wings,
I've been sent from a distance.
You can't show any resistance.
Because when it comes to my voice, I'm persistent.
I can heal broken hearts,
Like rushing cool water poured on a burning heart.
You'll get a new start.
And you'll rise.
With no more crying eyes,
You'll see the Man up above is wise.
He's gathered all your tears in a cup.
He knows how you wound up.
Here with a broken heart.
Because nothing can be hid from the Father,
He's like a caring mother to a broken heart.
He heals all hearts.
So don't get your feathers in a flutter.
His love is softer than creamy butter.
Once you're fixed.
You'll get a new mix.
On Heavenly life,
And see visions of Angels floating from white puffy clouds in the sky.
And you too, will learn how to fly!
When you feel His love beneath the wind,
His love descends.
Nothing can stop you now!
Fly, child, Fly!

Patricia Kelley

Learning How To Forgive

The poison of un-forgiveness, that travels quickly through veins.
Too, only Increase life's strains.
The poison that causes jitters throughout the night,
and breaks the will to fight.
You only feel up tight.
When caught in the path of un-forgiveness.
You lose your laugh and wittiness.
You weren't taught forgiveness.
When your heart is broken,
You feel unspoken.
The only feeling you feel is brokenness.
Your heart hardens.
You feel no pardons.
Life has hurt you.
No one understands, because they haven't walked in your shoe.
If only they knew,
How deep you hurt inside.
There might be someone, in which you could confide,
That would run to your side.
But, you hold the bitterness
In making you sicker each day,
Losing a week's pay,
Until, you finally let it go,
And, you realize it's only hurting you,
The one, or ones' that hurt you; are still going on with their lives,
Why shouldn't you?
Then, you finally learn to forgive, and find the love and laughter back in your
own life, and wonder why, you ever chose un-forgiveness.

Patricia Kelley

Led Astray

She sits on her bed shaking trying to remember her last fix.
Her veins burning as kindling sticks,
Trying to setup a quick fix!
The clock ticks.
Remembering back to better days,
She doesn't hesitate to say.
Spouting the names of those that got her started,
She has nothing to lose.
Her life's burning, ignited in fire.
Her soul tired.
She's only thirty but ready to retire.
She looks at me sadly in the eyes.
Quietly saying, with shame, my uncle!
Realizing now, he wasn't so wise.
As she somberly cries!
Thinking once, he was a wise guy.
She now realizes he was a fool.
Using her as a tool,
Against the war of a sister and brother,
Now wishing, she had stayed closer to her mother.
Led astray,
She begins to pray.

Patricia Kelley

Life Gets Crazy

Heaven seems so close.
When a tornado rose,
It drove me crazy.
I felt hazy.
Watching channel 9,
Keeping an accurate account,
On the weather,
Whether to seek shelter,
Or whether to feather,
Sometimes, you just don't know.
It drives me crazy.
It makes me welter.
Then it changes.
You go into the cellar.
You can hardly breathe.
You get hot.
Your stomach gets in a knot.
It drives me crazy.
The after 15 minutes it's all gone.
You can't get any reception on your cell phone.
It makes me crazy.
Making me glad I'm not alone.
When life gets crazy!

Patricia Kelley

Living The Life Of A Clown

He lies to himself not admitting his own conceit.
He was the one that brought her down.
Living the life of a clown,
Spending his nights' drinking his beer.
He made it real clear.
She wasn't woman enough to satisfy a drowning man.
Drowning in self piety,
She felt no piety.
For the drowning man that lived his life as a clown.
Putting his own needs first,
For his needy dying thirst,
He was a real flirt.
Flirting with drugs that altered his behavior,
She cried out for her Savior.
Crying out for a different life,
Not to be this man's wife.
Giving up on life!
She walked out the door.
With a heavy heart she fell to the floor.
Never to rise,
Never to see real love's eyes.
She died from a broken heart.
Because of a man living his life as a clown.

Patricia Kelley

Locked In The Alzheimer's Unit

In the Alzheimer's Unit, I see a scared elderly man shaking the door.
Stomping the floor,
Hitting the door,
I don't belong in here, he says.
He's seen better days.
His gray wired hair standing up.
He's refusing to give up.
Let me out of this place.
He screams with his loud voice.
I can tell.
He's not here by choice.
I start thinking just in case.
He starts something.
Like busting,
The door, he paces the hard waxed floor.
With his determination,
Imagination,
He can see his life on the other side of the door.

Patricia Kelley

Look At Me

You look at me like I'm someone you don't know.
What is it that's dividing us a part.
Can you feel it?
I can tell it.
Our love isn't what it used to be
I remember a time when I spoke to you.
You couldn't take your eyes off me.
And, now you hardly look at me.
What is it that's making you turn away?
What have I done?
What's going wrong?
I tried everything to be the woman you wanted me to be.
But, sometimes I just can't measure up to be what you want me to be.
I tried fixing myself up with all the makeup.
But, sometimes I just want to be me.
I'm not the fancy kind of gal that goes and gets her hair done.
My hair is usually wild and down.
How can I make you want to look at me again?
I don't always wear eye-makeup.
I don't always wear high-heeled shoes.
I don't like feeling toe jam.
Sometimes, I like feeling me silly and simple.
Why can't you tell that I'm hurting?
This pain is flirting.
Why do I feel like I'm walking alone feeling this pain?
Oh, let it rain.
Let it rain.
That I can feel your eyes peeling back the layers of my pain.
Oh, let it rain.
Where I'm not walking alone in the rain!
Look at me with my hair down.
Before this relationship is blown.

Patricia Kelley

Looking In The Mirror

Looking In the Mirror

She stands and looks at herself in the mirror.
Trying to think clearer,
But the nearer someone gets.
She feels rejections hard hits.
She can't seem to get off of sympathy road.
Carrying life's heavy load
The road keeps getting longer.
While she's not feeling any stronger,
She stares at the girl in the mirror.
Not understanding, why or how, she has become what she's become.
As she smacks her chewing-gum,
She thought at times of just taking a gun.
What's the use, what am I living for.
Feeling too weak to walk out the door,
Tired of living poorer,
While every man she meets treats her like a whore.
She just wants to change the face in the mirror.
To a girl that laughs.
She's tired of feeling beaten down.
She should be a Queen wearing a crown.
But the road she took,
She didn't get to take a second look.
Everything in life had already been planned.
If she didn't do what he said, she'd feel the sting of the back of his hand.
Her life was a curse.
She had no money in her purse.
She just stood seeing her reflection in the mirror.
And with one last look,
She took hold of the good Book.
And said I deserve a second chance.
She packed her clothes walked out the door.
Not looking back for a second glance.
No matter what she felt?
She couldn't deal with what she was dealt.
Every girl deserves a hero.
And when someone doesn't step in,
Sometimes you gotta hold your chin up.
Instead of giving up,

You gotta be a hero to yourself.
You have to learn not to wait on someone else.
Because every broken girl,
That's waiting for her new world.
There's a hero deep inside.
She's right there, by your side.
You just have to reach deep inside.
You don't have to wait through the night.
For a knight in shining armor,

You're your own hero.
Only God and time can heal the broken sparrow.

Fly child, fly!

Patricia Kelley

Love Is Chemistry

Love is chemistry.
It's a mystery.
What brings two people together?
In the universe at the same time,
When time stops!
Never forgetting that grin,
That can instantly change your day.
You walk away!
With a smile on your face,
Seeing a reflection of you dressed in white lace.
Seeing him as the bridegroom dressed in a black tuxedo.
Time becomes transparent.
Before you know it, you're a parent.
Sneaking away with your lover,
To recover,
Rediscover,
The first time you rolled in deep white clover.
Together

Patricia Kelley

Love One Another

Why do people want to hurt one another?
Why don't people realize we're all sisters and brothers?
We're supposed to love one another.
Not to hurt each other.
We're supposed to be peacemakers!
Not peace breakers.
Why can't we love one another?
Care about the other.
Life is too short to always be upset with another person.
Feelings just worsen.
Making you a bad person, that wants to get even.
You sit back believe in.
That you're right and the other person is wrong.
Not feeling so strong.
Feeling broken,
Unspoken,
Sometimes out spoken,
Not knowing what to say.
Just seeing each day,
As painful as the other days,
With each breath,
You breathe hate.
Wanting to let go, but the past always stares you in the face.
Wishing you could look the other in the face.
And ask why, did you want to hurt me?
When, all I wanted to do was love you.

Patricia Kelley

Love Pants For Water

Love Pants for Water

You cannot arise or awaken love until it so desires.

Even a newborn fawn waits to have its eyes open.

Your eyes have to be open when love arrives, or it
Can pass you by, like a soft breeze in the night passing,
Leaving you with a sigh!

You cannot arouse or awaken love until it so desires,
The desire has to be reaching into two hearts.

Even though the desire burns in you, like the deer pants for water.

Your soul pants for love, leaving you thirsty.

Love moves in its own direction looking for correction, love moves freely
Touching all that it touches, like a stream of water it flows, following direction as
the streams

Of water move its course, you wait for the collision of two bodies to meet. When
love meets, there is no stopping the collision course; two souls collide with waves
of emotion hitting both sides. You are not left alone panting for water when true
love arrives.

Patricia Kelley

Love Sees All

Love with its tempered wings you spy on me like someone hungry.
Waiting with their hand open for ripe fruit to drop from its branches,
You cannot lie.

I see it in the sparkle of your eyes.

Your eyes speak hunger.

You reach up with such eagerness that the limb bows.

You think that I am so weak that I don't see.

Love sees all!

Patricia Kelley

Love Surrenders All

When I am with him all the fruit rushes to the lowest branch making the weight of the limb bow down to him to the ground. He reaches up pulling the ripest juiciest peach down. I can feel the juices bursting from the skin with the touch of his mere hand. He lifts me high off of the ground.

Love surrenders all.

Patricia Kelley

Love's Feast

If His lips be mine,
I have no greater love than His wine.
I shall spend my time picking from His long wiry vine.
If love shall be dished out upon my plate,
I shall dine.
I shall not wait.
But, I shall partake of the feast.
And eat from the bread, with risen yeast.
With it growing and spreading from limb to limb,
Nothing but God's fiery words upon my breath,
I shall not taste of eternal death.
I invite you to the feast of Living Waters.
Don't hesitate to bring your sons' and daughters'.
You will taste the food of Angels' upon your lips.
That satisfies your whole being.
And come to grips.
There is no greater love.
Than to be served, by my Beloved.

Patricia Kelley

Love's Renewing Wings

When you make a wish to find true love a star falls from the sky and lands in two lover's eyes.

Love sparkling from words and rhymes.

Anticipation builds up inside one's lines.

Bringing two people from far and distant places showing the world two hearts shine.

Love is poured like wine from a wedding into two fluted crystal glasses.

Making them feel lightheaded and drunk beneath the vine.

Fireflies are dancing flying in the lucent twilight night, while dragonflies acrobatically perform in the moonlit sky. Moonlight shadows dancing beneath dreams that float circling above their heads, like halos above angels.

Halos reflecting like mirrors that never end, bouncing against dark calm rippling waters as an elegant white swan glides across mirrored channels of water on Love's Renewing Wings.

Patricia Kelley

Love's Vine

Here, I lay out my table before your eyes.
It is a feast for all eyes'.
The black-eyed Susan spreads revealing, the center of her eye.
Suddenly, I feel so, unwise.
Vulnerable,
Searchable,
Your living vine, slowly circles around me, engulfing me.
No, I'm not on my knees.
You change me instantly, taking over in my sleep.
Sweeping your fiery hand over me, not touching me,
I feel suddenly changed.
Rearranged,
In God's perfect timing, prearranged,
I awaken.
Renewed,
Revived,
Life has new meaning.
Love has arrived.
I smile.
I laugh.
I sing.
The silent songbird sings.

Patricia Kelley

Mind Over Matter

There's a known wisdom in him, the way he speaks.
His voice peaks.
He's like a yellow fireball falling from the Heavens'.
All eyes are on Steven.
He controls his pain with mind over matter.
He simply speaks with a soft chatter.
I control my pain by sucking on hot fireball Jaw Breakers.
I wonder how many other cancer patients would be takers.
He goes on to say, he concentrates on the hotness.
To take his mind off of his pain,
He seems so sane.
As I stand as his witness.
He controls the cancer that has metastasis through his body.
Refusing to become groggy,
He controls his pain, with mind over matter.

Patricia Kelley

Momma, Did You Visit From Heaven Last Night

Momma, did you come from Heaven and visit your sick baby girl last night?
Did Jesus say everything was going to be all right?
Did you come from Heaven and pray by her side all night?
I sure could feel your deep love through the night.
You just came down to earth to make sure your baby girl was all right.
Whispering in her ear; sharing sweet melodies.
I could hear you singing your sweet lullabies.
"Singing Jesus Love Me"
It was as if you never said good bye.
I knew when I called, you would hear my cry.
It's okay.
I can be a crybaby sometimes.
Momma, I still need you.
I still miss you.
I still need your prayers that get me a breakthrough.
Momma, when I pray,
I can feel your love all around.
I hear your sweet voice it brings memories that still turn me around.
Momma, did you visit your sick baby girl last night.
Did you make sure she was going to be all right?
Did you see her face's reflection in the eyes of Angels?
Did you see that she needed her momma last night?
Momma, when do you see me cry?
When do you know, everything is going to be all right?
Momma, do you see me in the reflection of Angels' eyes?
Is it what makes you so wise?
And, you know when your baby girl cries.
You take a flight to be by my side at night.
Riding the night by my side; never taking your sight off of me.
This is the way it should be.
Momma, tell me about our days.
When we would sit down before dinner and pray.
Daddy always knew what to say.
He always worked long hours for his pay.
Momma, there's not a day that goes by that I don't miss you.
Thinking of you two can make me so blue.
Then I think one day we'll always be together.
Then life starts to make sense without any pretense.
You still guide me through the changes.

Step by step,
I'm still running into your warm open loving arms.
Never forgetting your love; sent from Heaven above!
Every once in a while I get a glimpse of Heaven.

Patricia Kelley

Momma, I Would'Ve Died For You

Momma, I'm so sorry you felt so much pain.
I don't want to point the blame.
I just feel so a shame.
That you had to end your last days like this, I would've died for you.
If only I knew.
But it was out of my control.
As their house went through military patrol,
You're gone now.
And I don't know how.
You became so frail.
I wasn't there to watch you fail.
I would've done anything for you. I would've died for you.
When I see what you went through it hurts me.
I would've tried to protect you.
I didn't care about what I got.
I already got a lifetime of love.
I couldn't have asked for more.
You were always there when I walked through the door.
When I would pour my heart out,
You always welcomed me back.
Momma, I'm so sorry that you suffered.
Your sufferings reached me. I would've died for you.
I just wanted to see you!
To see you smile again.
To hear your laugh again,
I would've done everything for you.
Momma, I would've died for you.
I love you, momma!

Patricia Kelley

Momma's Boy

He was a momma's boy.
And he treated me as his toy.
To him I was just a ragdoll.
That could take a good beating.
Sometimes his beatings came so hard that I could hardly crawl.
He liked to hit me right in the center of the stomach.
It always left me feeling horrible.
Like I was going to throw-up,
I was his ragdoll that wouldn't give-up.
I had problems with my stomach muscles.
And there were times that I couldn't even raise myself up.
But this was the life of a ragdoll toy.
Sometimes he would pull my hair.
So hard that he would leave it on the floor,
It didn't seem like momma really cared.
Then he would kick me.
Or spit on me.
Momma would just shake her redhead.
There were times I thought he was going to knock off my head.
I wasn't sure how long a ragdoll toy could last.
Because he could move so fast,
I was just a little ragdoll in his crazy hands.
That never understood his plans.
On how he was going to destroy this ragdoll toy,
He said he was going to take me to the lake.
And tie my hands and feet to cement blocks.
And I would sink like heavy rocks.
And mom and dad would never see my golden locks.
I figured he would.
Because he would do anything he could.
To his little ragdoll toy,
That prayed God would free her from a crazy boy.
Being a bad momma's boy!
I learned early on I was just a broken toy.

Patricia Kelley

Momma's In Heaven Shaking, Her Head, Song

Momma looks down from Heaven watching us kids'.
Seeing, my daddy drinking his loaded beer,
He doesn't even notice our brokenhearted tears.
Going to bed hungry is our fear.

'We're missing sweet momma in Heaven.'
She was taken from us early.
Sometimes, when we close our eyes', we can feel her near.

Momma looks down from Heaven watching us kids'.
Seeing my daddy make us fetch his loaded beer,
He doesn't even nurse my sore ear.
He doesn't even act like he cares.

We're missing sweet momma in Heaven.
She was taken from us early.
Sometimes, when we close our eyes, we can feel her near.

Momma looks down from Heaven watching us kids'.
Seeing my daddy refusing to do our laundry,
She sees the bedbugs in our sheets.
Biting us like after school treats.

We're missing sweet momma in Heaven.'
She was taken from us early.
Sometimes, when we close our eyes, we can feel her near.

Momma looks down from Heaven watching us kids.
Knowing it's just a matter of time before we're taken into state custody.
Because of my dad's selfish gluttony,

Momma's in Heaven shaking, her head

Patricia Kelley

My Acrobat Of The Sky

I was standing in the backyard minding my own business, when a flirty little blue dragonfly with delicate iridescent wings appeared.

I knew right then, that he must have been the same one that had entertained the thoughts of kings.

Just when I thought he was finished with his flips, he reappeared.

Here he was acting as an acrobat sailing high through the ocean blue sky with his accurate spins.

Oh, how I loved to watch him fly!

I just stood there frozen with a sigh.

Then just when I thought he disappeared,

He surprised me by landing on my left sun-kissed arm.

I looked at him, and said no worry, I bid the no harm.

I took my forefinger from my right hand and stroked lightly on his delicate back.

He raised his back, what and act.

I knew then that I had me a new winged friend.

I just stood there and stared.

Patricia Kelley

My Chocolate Day

I can eat chocolate all day.
What can I say!
I love chocolate.
I love chocolate candy.
It makes my feet feel like they're sinking deep in the sand.
I like many brands.
I love the smell of chocolate candy.
I love taking a bath in chocolate soap.
That's right we make it chocolate.
Or you can pick a latte.
I like it all foamy and sudsy.
I'm getting all dirty and clean at the same time.
I love chocolate chip cookies.
They're the best hot right out of the oven.
All of this talk about chocolate is making me hungry.
I got to find me some chocolate candy.
It's my chocolate day.

Patricia Kelley

My Daughter

My daughter is like a valley of sun-kissed flowers of May.
She's like the sun shining on a bright sunny day.
Her hair is golden wheat spun by angels cascading down her long lean back.
By no accident does she lack.
Her lips are like young cherry blossoms that have never been kissed.
So, I've wished.
Her eyes are blue green, looking through the innocence of Heaven.
No, she's not seven or eleven.
She's twelve.
I'm teaching her to put her young heart on a private shelf.
Her body is lean like a young tree sprouting its new branches.
She gracefully, liquidly dances.
Her voice is like a song that arrives on the white wings of Angels, she sings.
She's all the beauty of spring's flowers starting to bud.
Through her heart runs warm blood.
She truly cares about others'.
To her, all are; her sisters' and brothers'.
She has flexibility like no other.
When I introduce her, I'm so proud to be her mother.

Patricia Kelley

My Faith Rises

Heaven sent you on the clouds of fire,
You were born to save the earth.
My sin, since my birth,
You cleanse me.
With your renewing waters,
And set me free,
I am free to spread your word.
Your spirit leads me.
Guiding me through dark places,
Guiding my way,
All the way!
Your spirit leads me across calm waters.
My faith rises in me as the ocean tide.
I'm like a child of God playing in faith's water.
Enjoying the child within!
Riding on the deep waves of assurance,
That you're coming back again to rapture the earth,
Every time I look up to the clouds in Heaven, I wait eagerly for your return.
As the ocean meets the shore,
I know you'll return back again.
We'll meet you in the clouds when Heaven releases the earth.

Patricia Kelley

My Husband

My husband has two long lean legs.
He's neatly woven from Heaven's threads.
He has arms' as strong as a pitcher's.
Aiming and hitting his target.
He's as smart as a math teacher.
Taking the time to tutor our children,
He loves people.
He has the face drawn by and artist.
Capturing the many lines in his smiling face,
He isn't prejudice against race.
He has a sound mind as a preacher.
He's kind hearted.
Bighearted,
He's more of a man than I have ever known.
When I look into his eyes', I see; sweet Heaven's grace.
He's blessed with a full head of hair.
The color gray stored from years of wisdom.
He treats his home as his honored kingdom.
When our children see him, they run to him.
As a refreshing water-well, filling their cups to the rim,
They drink from the cup of his poured wisdom.
To you, he's just a man.
To us, he's the strong strength from God that makes us a home.
When I wake up in the morning with a kiss from his lips,
I feel Heaven's many blessings.
And, I say, I am blessed to be married to such a man.
My children are blessed to call him father.
This is the man that I'm proud to say, is my husband.

Happy Anniversary!
Happy Valentine's Day!

I love you, Brian Kelley!
Your loving wife,
Patricia

Patricia Kelley

My Jesus Is Living Inside Of Me

How can I let you go, with this feeling inside of me?
How can I walk this world alone, now that I know you?
Look, around me. I see, and feel the changes in the people all around.
I have a feeling, this feeling is real.
I'm changed instantly.
I just want to humbly fall down on my knees'.
With my humble spirit,
I look at my life differently,
Now that I know the truth,
Jesus is alive in me.
I want to run to the nearest person and say, hey, can't you see the changes, my
Jesus is living inside of me.
I want to spread the word that Jesus is more than just a name. Jesus was more
than a brave prophet. He is the Son of the Living God.
His spirit is alive and searching the hearts of the world.
Looking for somebody to say, hey, can't you see the changes, my Jesus is living
inside of me.

Patricia Kelley

My Thoughts On Salvation

My life would feel incomplete if I could not speak what I thought.

I have to give my thoughts a longshot.

What if, I thought something that could change just one person?

Things couldn't worsen.

After all, it isn't like I am there in person.

I cannot sit still like a silent person.

Who is like a mime with no voice, it's by their choice.

If I could only save one soul, I'd rejoice.

I think about how many souls are broken.

And, I become outspoken.

I want to tell everyone about my sweet Savior.

Who doesn't care about your past behavior!

I am his messenger.

You can escape being hell's private passenger.

I want you to know about Jesus Christ.

His love is not priced.

He already paid the price.

He wants me to tell you that he loves you!

And that you don't have to run to the nearest pew!

All you have to do is accept him as your Lord and Savior.

He will not judge you against your misbehavior.

He did not come into the world to condemn.

He came and died so that you would be saved.

The road to salvation is already paved.

Patricia Kelley

No Angel

My daughter appears so angelica.
But she is a replica.
Of the pain and hurts of days past,
At last
I know the truth it was her.
The true deceiver!
That shows no remorse for those that she hurts.
No angel is she.

God only knows what she could do to me.
How many more will be fooled by she?

Patricia Kelley

No Summer Rose

I saw her in an instant move into a room.
I could feel the instant gloom.
As she quickly eyed all the things in the room.
One by one they were broken or torn when I left the room.
And she snuck back into the room.
She took the most valuables that life offers that one collects to display in a room.
She took our wedding pictures and took my porcelain angels that decorated my room.
Then she went into the kitchen and took from that room.
And then she tried to cut up and mutilate the wooden floors in my room going from room to room.
And then she wasn't done yet. She entered my bedroom and took my clothes from my room.
With a wire hanger she poked holes in my clothes. She was no long awaited for Summer Rose!
She left a burnt stench in my nose!

Patricia Kelley

Obama Storm

We heard the political blunder.
Now we're going through the heavy thunder.
Feeling the shock and awe of the election,
America's new direction!
Can you feel it?
Can you see it?
America's going through a thunderstorm.
It's called the Obama Storm.
Americans are taking a new life form.
Conforming,
To forced Obama Care.
We now have something that we all share.
I don't think this socialism feeling is rare.
But should we beware.
Of what's next on the presidential agenda.
Has America learned its lesson?
Feeling this deep recession,
Or do we need a depression?
I'm sure with the shock and awe of the Obama Storm
There is more to follow.
We'll probably see it tomorrow.
Hold on I feel another shake.
This Obama Storm is turning into a full blown earthquake.
Shaking financial debt,
Shaking healthcare,
Shaking foreign affairs,
Shaking our military,
Shaking our country,
Shaking our religious freedom,
I see it as a 10.0 on the Richter- Scale.
Can you feel it yet?
Hold on to your seat.
This one is going to be a real shaker.
He wants to rewrite the American Constitution.
Breaking the foundation of America, leaving her open to her enemies.

Patricia Kelley

Oklahoma People

I've never lost a loved one in an Oklahoma tornado.
But, I do know from experience what it's like to lose someone that is special.
That lived in Oklahoma.
I've walked in the mist with Angels.
They've dried my many tears.
Reaching out ministering to my fears,
Angels walked me through the sudden changes.
From summer into winter,
Back into spring!
I never thought I'd sing!
I was lifted by Oklahoma Angels'.
Thank God for Oklahoma People!
I've walked in the deepest thickest parts of raw grief.
Where I felt no relief, it was only prayers and my belief.
That got me through my personal suffering.
That allowed me to take my faith farther in discovering.
To a new level of recovering,
I know that life can sometimes get real tough.
And leave you feeling pretty rough.
And make you feel like you were just kicked in the gut.
Where suddenly you choke and can't breathe.
You're left grinding your teeth.
Making you weak in the knees,
You're crying out for some help, please!
Thank God for Oklahoma People!
God's Oklahoma Angels'.
Not everything in life makes sense.
It can be filled with a lot of nonsense.
Family can get greedy.
And you can suddenly become needy.
This is when you need Oklahoma people.
God's Oklahoma Angels'.
They seem to understand.
They're your friends and neighbors all around.
You can hear the sound.
Friends and neighbors praying,
Crying,
Seeing,
They pray for their hurting friends and neighbors.

It's the heart of Oklahoma people.
God's Oklahoma Angels'.
You just call them.
And they're there.
They instantly know.
You need prayer.
I don't understand why the young die.
And yet a thief is allowed to live long and lie.
I can't understand everything that happens in life.
Why there has to be so much strife.
It isn't always the bad that feels the pain.
That's left wallowing in the rain.
It can be the sudden loss of a child, son or daughter, or someone's father or mother.
It can be the sudden loss of a sister or brother.
It can be the loss of someone's home, business or school.
It can be the fear and loss of a best friend.
It can be when you're hard hit.
When Life kicks you to the floor,
You hear a knock on the door.
It's Oklahoma people.
Coming to help you get through life's worst tragedy,
You find.
They have a strategy.
You suddenly see, you're not the only one to go through a personal tragedy.
Everything at any time can disappear rapidly.
Suddenly,
Quickly,
And erase any sign of existence.
This is when Oklahoma people come around with persistence.
They teach you to never give up.
They'll walk around with eyes like a hawk looking through rubble.
Until they find that picture.
Mumbling scriptures,
Seeing you as one as God's perfect creatures.
You'll soon see that you're blessed to know Oklahoma people.
God's Oklahoma Angels'.
People need to know regardless of their losses.
God's face expands way pass the steeple.
His face and love is in the love of the community people.
Walking through the local community; showing God's love in the Holy Trinity.
God's love is in the prayers.

It's in the working hands of the community.
God sees His children in trouble.
And He doesn't let His own walk through this dark path alone.
His love is well known.
He sends His love by sending Oklahoma people.
Where God's love reaches pass the church steeple!
Across devastation and broken hearts with shattered memories,
Oklahoma people share their personal stories of triumph and defeat.
Letting you quickly know you're not the only one to be knocked off your feet.
Oklahoma people can be so sweet!

Patricia Kelley

Oklahoma Proud

I'm Oklahoma proud!
I just want to shout it out real loud.
Oklahomans are a breed of their own.
They're the good ole country folks that will come together to save their town.
You'll see all the good ole Christian folks all around.
They'll be raking.
They'll be shaking.
Lifting your problems right off of you,
I guess you could say.
This is what makes Oklahomans strong.
Oklahomans know when one of their own has been done wrong.
It's part of our Oklahoma song.
We look after one another.
In Oklahoma were all sisters and brothers.
And every elderly woman is your mother.
Again, this is what keeps us all together.
Oklahomans have been through their trials.
We take notice when one is broken and can't smile.
Oklahomans will walk a mile to help a brother in trouble.
And help him remove all the tornado rubble.
Showing up with their work crew; working pass curfew.
They'll work hard all day to save more than a few.
I've heard it said that Oklahomans bleed red white and blue.
Why, we even have one on the View.
To give some Oklahomans a break,
Yeah that would be our good ole boy Blake.
He likes to shake it up now and then.
He really gets excited when his team wins.
Then we have sweet Carrie that has a voice that sounds like it's from heaven.
You can drift away and forget it's almost eleven.
When Jesus Takes the Wheel,
Then there's Blake's wife Miranda that sets them all straight.
Making everything great!
Then Oklahoma has Reba.
She's Oklahoma's own Queen Sheba.
Then there's Garth Brooks.
He's married to Trisha who likes to cook.
Then there's Vince Gill.
He seems so real.

When he sings, he'll make you kick up your heels.
Then there's Toby he's always looking to make a business deal.
Opening restaurants and grills,
This is where he gets his thrills.
Oklahoma has a lot of born talent.
They're all Oklahomans gallant.
When Oklahoma cries!
They cry!
That's what makes Oklahomans strong.
When one cries we all cry!
It's part of being Oklahoma strong.
Oklahomans aren't too strong to cry.
We come from the Heartland's of America.
We know all about broken hearts!

Patricia Kelley

Oklahoma Will Rise

Oklahoma will rise
Love rises through Oklahoma skies.
Our love will rise pass the gray skies.
We will see Oklahoma clear blue skies.
God hears our brokenhearted cries.
He sees our sad eyes.
He sent His outstretched arms through the love of human kindness.
To let you know Oklahoma, you're not covered by sheer blindness.
Oklahomans are timeless.
And there strong will, will never be silenced.
Their cries and prayers reach the steps of Heaven.
Where Oklahoma losses have been counted,
Including the Murrah federal building bombing that killed a 168.
Including the May 3,1999 tornado in which 36 lost their lives.
And including May 20,2013 where 24 new steps were added to Heaven.
God hears the cries of His people.
He sees His believers reaching pass the steeple.
To rebuild a stronger Oklahoma that sees pass gray skies.
Into bright blue clear Oklahoma skies,
Oklahoma, you will rise.
God hears your cries.

Patricia Kelley

Oklahomans Come Together

Oklahoma you make me proud.
I just want to shout.
It out real loud,
You always do what is right.
Even when the budgets tight,
I know you have a big heart where it counts.
All you do really mounts.
You never let the people down.
Walking away with a sad frown,
You're as genuine as it comes.
You're a part of what I've become.
I know you love these kids.
Not caring about what some people forbid.
When it comes to a hurting country land,
Oklahomans are proud to fold their hands.
And cry out to the Savior Man.
Who has a mighty plan!
Oklahomans don't kick the can.
When it comes to saving a life, we have a game plan.
Praying out loud to Jesus Christ!
We're not caught in a political heist.
We know the real savior.
We pray for His continual favor.
Knowing Oklahoma kids will be safe with new shelters.
After all, we're a country state that respects its elders.
Oklahoma won't you make us proud.
Build those shelters for our country kids.
Let it go to the lowest bids.
Oklahomans need security.
Coming from hearts of purity!
Looking into the eyes of angels,
Oklahomans feel the changes.
When a country really comes together,
We feel the heartbeat in the heartlands.
Coming from praying hands,
After all, we're Oklahomans.

Patricia Kelley

Oklahoma's Blue Eyed Angel

You were Oklahoma's blue eyed angel.
You were sent here for a short time from Heaven.
You weren't even quite eleven.
You were barely pass seven.
When the Oklahoma tornado winds took you from my arms'
While loud sirens and alarms,
Went off echoing in my head,
My arms were too short to reach you.
Now, I don't know how to move ahead.
Your smile was the sunlight in my eyes'.
Now all of a sudden, I don't feel too wise.
I will always remember Oklahoma's blue eyed angel.
That was here for a short time, taken through the turbulent Oklahoma skies.
Now, you're the reason why Oklahoma cries.
If only we had known, you weren't safe.
We wouldn't have sent, you somewhere unsafe.
Now through your Oklahoma blue eyes', we see.
You brought us all weak to our knees'.
Your death brought a sudden Oklahoma freeze.
We could see your limp delicate features.
Your golden hair spun by angels.
Your blue eyes kissed by angels.
You're now a sweet memory.
Of someone that should have been cherished.
Not someone that perished.
You taught Oklahoman's not to take their children for granted.
While some of us ranted.
Because of you, every child will now be safe in their schools.
Your Oklahoma blue eyes created new rules.
Rest in peace, Beautiful Oklahoma, blue eyed Angel.
Your life brought reason.
And your death brought purpose.
New storm shelters will now be purchased.
Every new home will now have a storm shelter.
Every Oklahoma school; will now have a storm shelter.
Because of you children in Oklahoma will no longer be vulnerable to Oklahoma's
Tornadoes.
Because of your short life, that is a living shadow.
A reminder of how short someone's life can be.

Patricia Kelley

Oklahoma's Brown Eyed Angel

They say she was known for her bright smile.
That you could see for a mile.
She had a heart of gold.
She was never cold.
When her dad dropped her off for school,
He knew he would see her again through the carpool.
He didn't realize that morning when he said good bye.
That she would be raised by dark Oklahoma skies.
He looks at her picture now and cries.
Wishing he hadn't taken her to school that day.
Wishing he just had one more day.
He doesn't know what to say.
When you take your child to school, you expect them to be safe.
You don't think about them being unsafe.
After all, they're not in the arms of strangers.
You don't think of them as being in immediate dangers.
You just think that the schools have everything in place to protect your child.
You don't expect your child to be lifted by the wild, wild winds.
That churns and grinds the ground bare.
You think of these storms being rare.
Then it happens, and your left speechless.
And, you see staring into your own weakness.
The storm caught you unprepared.
Then you get that knot in your gut that says, if I was only prepared.
But it's too late.
Some even have the gull to say, this is raw fate.
But, you know the truth.
You're left singing the blues.
If only the Oklahoma school system had a bigger budget ten more kids would be
a live today.
And parents wouldn't be planning ten more funerals today.
Now, what do you have to say?

Authorities say the tornado caused \$2 billion in damage and destroyed or
damaged up to 13,000 homes. But worst of all 10 children died because of
inadequate shelters.

Patricia Kelley

Oklahoma's Forgotten Children

Drugs are causing a rippling effect.

Some children that their mothers' used drugs when pregnant, are born, with a brain defect.

They're put on psychotropic drugs to control their burst of anger, mood swings, depression, anxiety, personality disorders.

They're mostly diagnosed with ODD oppositional defiant disorder, refusing to take orders.

We see beautiful children in Oklahoma thrown away.

I pray for these children every day.

There needs to be some kind of way.

That we can stop, the drug trafficking in Oklahoma.

I don't know what else to say.

The drugs in Oklahoma are worse than carcinoma.

Society as no place for these drug affected, forgotten children.

First they're thrown into the foster care system.

By blind wisdom!

Then, the foster parents reach reality that they can't handle these forgotten children.

Then, they're destined to spend their days and lives in hospitals and institutions.

Can we not make the parents feel their own wrath with, steeper laws of prosecutions?

Women that take illegal drugs while pregnant should be prosecuted.

If not executed!

They're killing their own children, and the laws are letting them walk away with only feeling their own persecution.

There is no absolution.

We need to find or reach some kind of solution for Oklahoma's forgotten children.

I can only think that God's heart is broken for the forgotten children.

Patricia Kelley

Oklahoma's Green Eyed Angel

They say she had the brightest green eyes.
She was very smart and wise.
She was a child that had great potential.
But, she was restricted because of geography's residential.
She had big dreams.
But, May the 20th would be the last time anyone would hear her scream.
It wouldn't be from sounds of laughter.
Or from someone chasing after,
It was the fright in her voice.
Made by choice,
That came from decisions of a higher voice.
They wouldn't put shelters in older schools.
Schoolchildren would only get shelters in new Oklahoma schools.
Again, someone could say, it was just bad luck to be there that day.
Some would say.
But, they know how many schooldays there are.
It's the better geographical areas that they care.
About,
Leaving the older schools out,
I think it's time to shout.
Oklahoma needs shelters in older schools too.
What about you?
Do you really think a child's security during a tornado is their own arms over
their heads?
When they're not even in the comfort of their own beds,
Children get scared, when they have nightmares.
They aren't exactly dreaming of riding on a white mare.
When the tornado sirens go off in Oklahoma!
I can't imagine the fright on their faces.
When they feel the tight braces!
Come on Oklahoma,
I know you're not in a brain coma.
You go home to your safe families, and leave others in harm's way.
If you don't have the money to pay for these shelters, can we not have public
awareness?
And treat all Oklahoma children with fairness.
So, they will all be treated equally in Oklahoma, where the skies aren't always
blue.
This tornado should leave a clue.

Oklahoma shouldn't have to pay anymore dues.
There is no excuse.
This is child abuse.
Worn by bigger and tighter shoes,
It's time you knew!

Patricia Kelley

Old Glory, We'Re So Proud Of You

You look so proud in your valor colors flowing in the wind.
Where your courage never bends,
Through America's growth you've met so many new friends.
You were always there for your country.
You always saw the enemy coming.
You never surrendered.
You will always be remembered.
For the strong courage that you symbolized,
And the America that you civilized,
Creating a new country under God that was dignified.
Old Glory, we pray you never tire.
Nor retire!
We salute you!
Old Glory, we're so proud of you!

Patricia Kelley

Once Upon A Time There Lived A Nurse Tiffani

Once upon a time there was a maiden, who was a nurse named Tiffani, she wore her heart for many.

She was a beautiful young woman with shiny curly golden hair flowing cascading down to her tiny slim waist.

Her eyes sparkling blue green.

Her young silhouette body lean, she was never mean.

With her young enthusiastic heart, given too plenty,

She raced through the long, sometimes hot waxed, narrow halls.

Hearing her loud patient calls.

Giving whatever, she had to any.

She saw her patients daily.

She had her special patients that adored her.

Putting lotion on dry skin which was scaly,

Miss Tiffani always saw to her patients.

Running by the nurses stations',

Her patents always came first.

She knew exactly when they had a built up thirst.

The doctors that knew her always requested her first.

She had a good reputation with the doctors.

Even though some acted like actors.

Her hard work was always reinforced.

By the love and care, that she showed too many.

All the patients adored pretty Nurse Tiffani.

She would take time out in the day to take them on a stroll.

Making them feel like they were on a roll.

Then one day, Tiffani opened her heart to a stranger.

Not knowing she was in danger.

She brought a homeless, nurses aide, home with her, named Natalie.

The old gal full of demons slipped her and evil pill.

Lying to her, telling her it wouldn't hurt her.

She had fallen hurting her back.

Falling backwards, crushing her back.

The young evil witch lied.

Saying she would feel no pain.

Tiffani naïve thought she could trust her.

What was the witches gain?

Was it because, she was fairer, than she?

It was almost an instant kill.

She did it,
By getting a thrill!
Time stopped.
Her fading heart stopped.
With, me, her mother holding her for the last time, she was gone.
I cried.
All of the, Angels' in Heaven cried, It was a full war against evil Satan.
Michael the Archangel came, showing up wearing a blue sapphire in his crown.
Satan, he said, she doesn't belong to you.
She's a citizen of Heaven, her name written in the book of life.
She died never becoming anyone's wife.
It was a sad day on earth.
I remembered back to the day I gave birth.
I felt the same labor pains all over, again!
It was a physical and spiritual separation taking place.

She lay in her tomb lifeless.
Dressed as a beautiful sleeping princess.
Breathless,
The family left speechless.
Taken by surprise,
But in Heaven it was a full celebration with pink, and purple flowers blooming
going off like fireworks that lit the Heavenly skies.
Even though her family was left on earth that cries,
The beautiful princess rises.
Taking eternity's sweet breath!
She lives on today immortal on paper, immortal in song, my beautiful daughter,
Tiffani lives on.....
There isn't a day that passes that I don't remember her smile, her laughter, her
warm fading heart that suddenly stopped in her mother's loving arms.

So, when you read this think about my beautiful daughter Tiffani and how her
young life was wasted. And how that evil Natalie took her away from her
family.....

The family quietly waiting for the day, they see, Beautiful Tiffani, again!

One Pearl Floats Alone

Pearls floating like banners.

To reach the hand of my lover.

Followed by lonely enchanters.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Ribbons of lace are midnight's quest.

Upon my breast,

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Hearts journey to autumn's leisure.

Winter begins its seizure.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

One pearl floats alone

in the quiet mist of a thousand pearls.

One heart groans.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

One man sets out upon a quest looking for the right
pearl to facet to her finger.

Patricia Kelley

Only He Can Calm Her

She lies there like an unsettled feline waiting for her true love with built up anticipation, the eagerness that crawls through her skin, every hour she gazes at her watch counting the hours, a quiet madness rushes through her mind, giving her chills.

Her dark merlot wine spills.

She's not mad at him; no, she just longs to be with him to feel his breath upon her flesh to feel his heart next to hers, she has an uncontrollable hunger that only he knows how to satisfy. She can already taste him on her lips. She lies there flipping through the pages of her mind the last time they were together, remembering his satisfying kiss...

She can already feel the excitement building up inside.

She can feel him touching her...

She starts to purr.

Soon daylight succumbs to darkness; the moon dancing against the walls.

She hears the howling night calls.

Her eyes focus on the silver fox fur,

Laying across her chair,

She lies there hearing the howling winds that only stir the madness and sadness inside of her longing to be with him one more time...

She hears the hour chime.

That annoys her more hitting to the bone.

Waiting anxiously for the sound of the phone

She hears a noise outside her upstairs window with her heart beating faster she races towards the open window, where the cascading curtains blow freely with the hard wind blowing them towards her.

She freezes to a blur.

She quickly looks out the window to see that it was only a horse that had gotten loose...

Her heart stops....

And, just as she is ready to give up, she hears a sound at her bedroom door and

sees the brass knob turning, hearing the sound brings quickness to her heart...
The chained key drops.

She holds her breath taking a deep breath, and exhales letting all of her
emotions go...

She looks at him, taking him all in, taking a deep breath, breathing in his woodsy
scent... feeling completeness...as he wraps his strong muscular arms around her,
she gently purrs... with the wildness in her calmed...

Only he can calm her...She purrs

Patricia Kelley

Our First American President

America have you quickly forgotten our Forefathers?
They taught us the meaning of being sisters and brothers.
Let's start with our first American President George Washington who led us to
victory.
Who showed us how to care about others!
He's the one that wrote the Us Constitution.
So future presidents would understand their position,
Understanding that there were restrictions.
He handed down a legacy of strength, integrity and national purpose.
Without caring about the political frictions,
George Washington was a man of faith and principles.
He led tossed immigrants towards a dream,
By giving them, new directions,
He became and American President that would eventually become invincible.
He became the first American President that fought for Liberty and justice for all.
He gave us the US Constitution so America would never fall.
Now, what I see happening to America is inconceivable.
We are now becoming unable,
To protect our country, our sons and daughters,
Because there are people in America that don't understand what our Constitution
stands for.
Now, I wait to see who knocks at my door.
I will defend my forefathers and what they stood for.

Patricia Kelley

Our Love

My husband, kiss me with the kisses of your mouth.
For your love is more delightful than wine,
Poured from the oldest bottle,
I cannot wait to be kissed by your lips.
But, when you do kiss me, take it slow and easy.
That I may savor every kiss, then don't worry about the hour.
That rushes you as you're in a hurry.
Kiss your new bride.
Pour the wine slow and easy.
Forgetting to show your manly pride,
Remembering you're doing it all for your young bride.
I'm yours as the ripest fruit that falls eagerly from the lowest bowed branches.
Waiting for your manly strong hands to touch me,
As a slave picks fruit for its master,
Looking for the ripest fruit to please their master,
No need to waste time.
God holds the chime.
When, you hold me the hour of time stops.
Every hour we spend together is a gift from God.
He knows I am yours, and you're mine.
Our love grows stronger than the thickest vine.
My fruit is ripe to the touch bursting forth from its sun kissed skins.
With every touch, you own me.
I am indebted to you.
You saved me the harshness of my father's house.
Rescued me from my sister's brother,
He chased me all the days of my youthful life.
I never thought I would live to be someone's wife.
But, now I can live.
Seeing my husband's faithful eyes,
I know I will never live in fright.
Never seeing the eyes of my evil brother,
My husband holds me tight.
He takes each breath in.
I feel his heartbeat next to mine.
His love is sweeter than the darkest red wine.
Picked from the plumpest juiciest grapes hanging from the vine,
Our hearts' entwined.
Promised from Heaven above; that our love will last through eternity.

We spend our nights in each other's arms'.
Sipping from the full glass of red wine,
Poured from our Creator's hands',
He sees through the eyes' of destiny at hand.
Seeing that I love you through hope gathered from childhood faith,
Never giving up, but seeing God's Holy light.
Loving you with every breath that my soul can reach,
I grasp for more.
Love to be poured.
Tis overflowing!

Patricia Kelley

P.O.W. World War 11

He was a P.O.W. of World War 11.
He was a fighter pilot that crash landed.
Landing on the enemy's territory, too be taken prisoner.
Forced to live in the enemy's crowded barracks; a prisoner's stay.
Forced to eat potato rations; a prisoner's wage.
Forced to lose ninety pounds; a prisoner's labor.
He quietly sits back waiting for sweet freedom's day.
Imprisoned by fate, that soon became; one of America's Heroes.
Now, he lives with his wife, with uncovered windows.
So, he'll never be taken prisoner.
Imprisoned in life's insecurities,
A victim of war crimes, of Germany,
Feeling the love of America's charities,
He's been able to live a nice lifestyle.
In the American Dream,
Where the hero's light beams.

Now he's laid to rest in peace, at Arlington Cemetery, with other American Heroes.

Patricia Kelley

Pedro

Do you see him over there? He sits in the chair in the corner with his sombrero over his head.

The woman I'm visiting would let him take the lead.

If only he was interested.

She says, I wonder if he stays away from me because my face is too red.

I'm always sick in bed.

The doctors don't know what is wrong with me.

What could it be?

It must be a sun-burn.

Don't you think so, honey?

He always looks so sunny.

If only he would turn,

His head, I would smile.

I love that old, Mexican's style.

I should just get up from this bed and whack him over the head.

That would surely get that man's attention.

I'd better not mention.

He's had too much tequila.

He probably has a Sheila.

He's so mean he teases me with water.

He won't bother to give me a drink.

I lie here getting hotter.

I sure would like some ice water.

He teases.

Never pleases.

He doesn't care.

Or he would share.

Pedro is his name.

He sits there with his donkey.

Pedro is his name.

I knew you would come, and give me some water after you took your siesta.

Mucho gracious, senor!

Pedro, are you ready for your fiesta?

Pedro, you're such a stinker.

Not to mention drinker.

I wanted you to meet my guest.

No need to beat my breast.

You always embarrass me with your actions.
Along with your distractions,
You really need to take care of that donkey.
He doesn't seem to be too happy.
You haven't been giving him tequila again?
Have you lost your mind?
Or are you going blind?
I'm ready for bed.
Turn you head.
Buenos notches, Senor, Pedro
Turn off the light.
Night, night!

Patricia Kelley

Poisoned Water

I had a vision.
That included great precision.
I saw in my vision where borders were being attacked.
It was mainly, the Canadian Boarder!
It was a military battle order.
They did, all they could do, to distract.
Pouring a poison extract,
The water soon became poison.
All the men in America died.
I cried.
Wading knee deep in pools of blood,
I felt the filth of the mud.
All the men in America died.
By an attack of the Y chromosome that targeted only them.
Feeling condemned.
To a life of slavery, I watched young girls twelve and older being ushered into
private harems.
One by one, they were taken,
I felt shaken.
Women over thirty were taken to the slaughter.
Including America's young and old daughters',
It was all because of the poisoned water.

Plato: Only the dead have seen the end to war.

Patricia Kelley

Polycarp The Martyr

Polycarp was his name.
He lived a life without shame.
He was tossed into the stadium.
His only offense was confessing to be a Christian.
Surrounded by the chants of the loud people,
Feed him to the hungry lions.
He felt no alliance.
The crowd was as hungry as the hungry lions.
They were eager to see the sport.
To watch the lions tear him apart.
Demanding lions be set loose; upon Polycarp the martyr.
Then a shout came burn Polycarp alive.
Hearing the Angel's harp!
Seeing the vision of a burning pillow.
Turning and looking at the eager crowd,
He said. I must be burned alive.
He then stripped his clothes.
This is the death he chose.
He didn't even need to be nailed to the grid.
He was no kid.
He began to pray.
O' Father of your beloved Son, Jesus Christ, through whom we know you, I bless you for this day and hour, that I may, with the martyrs, share in the cup of Christ for the resurrection to eternal life of both soul and body in the immortality of the Holy Spirit. May I be received among them today as a rich and acceptable sacrifice, according to your divine fulfillment. For this reason I praise you for everything. I bless and glorify you through the eternal high priest, Jesus Christ, your beloved Son, through whom be glory to you and the Holy Spirit, both now and in the ages to come. Amen.

When he had finished praying the fire was lit.
It is said.
There was a great blaze.
It took the shape of a room.
There was no stench it smelled as expensive perfume.
The scent was sweet smelling as spices.
It was the scent of the righteous.
There around his body was a billowing sail.
That surrounded the martyr's body.

When the crowd saw that no pain was reaching his body.
They cried out for the executioner to cut him with the sword.
When he did so, the blood gushed out and put the fire out.
The crowd became divided by believers and unbelievers.
That day there were many receivers of the faith.
They gathered his bones as precious stones.
To be buried in a special place where all could celebrate such martyrdom.
It was spread throughout the kingdom.
Polycarp the martyr faced the fire freely.
He was the twelfth martyr to die after the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Patricia Kelley

Praying For God To End Cancer In Children

Lord, help the little children fighting cancer.

There seems to be no answer.

There seems to be so many different types of cancer.

Attacking children around the world,

Please stop the little child suffering from Leukemia.

That gives them anemia.

We hate to see the little children hurting.

We know by faith their small faces are reflected in the eyes of Angels.

We're coming to your steeple to pray and lift up our little people.

Praying you systematically stop all these cancers that are growing in our beloved children.

Automatically!

We pray that we never again here of a mother's child being taken away by any cancer whether it be from:

- Leukemia
- Brain and other nervous system tumors
- Neuroblastoma
- Wilms tumor
- Lymphoma
- Rhabdomyosarcoma
- Retinoblastoma
- Bone cancer

Praying cancer pain becomes numb.

We're praying for cures and answers.

We're lifting our hands to the Heavens and falling on our knees'.

Making our loud plea!

We're asking you please to heal our little people.

We're praying in the steeple.

We're praying outside of the steeple.

We're asking for answers for our little people.

Our children deserve a chance to live their lives.

To become someone's husband or wives,

They deserve a second chance in life.

Where personal strengths are overcome by strife,

And medical cures see advances.

And Christian faith enhances.

And a child is given second chances.

To live and dream dancing through life with the one they love.

Feeling all of God's love from above!

And life becomes everything they dreamed of.

Patricia Kelley

President George Washington, The Military Man

George Washington was once a military man.
He understood the importance of a military command.
George Washington served in the French Revolutionary War, under General Braddock.
Braddock got shot and later died.
Washington took charge.
Twenty six officers died in battle.
Washington was never rattled.
He humbly kneeled down being the chaplain.
He didn't complain.
Washington was the only officer that walked away that day unharmed.
The Indians thought he wore a magical charm.
For that day it would later be revealed.
Explained,
Not to be concealed.
When he took off his jacket he had four holes all the way through it.
Not feeling a single hit.
He later learned by the chief that he wasn't hit four times that day.
But seventeen times.
The chief said he never missed a shot before.
Washington knew what to say.
I have only been an instrument in the hands' of Providence.
Feeling Divine consciousness,
The Indian Chief said.
He thought he had the protection of the Great Spirit.
I come to pay home-age to the man who is the particular favorite of Heaven, and
can never die in battle.
Twenty years later.
He became, the first president of the United States of America.

Patricia Kelley

Reactive Attachment Disorder

The moment a child is born.
It learns to bond with its mother.
But, sometimes unfortunately a mother is torn.
Between being a real mother and drugs.
She refuses to feed the baby.
She shrugs.
And leaves mothering to the other.
Because, she sees her newborn baby as a bother,
And never bonds with her baby.
The baby never feels the closeness with its mother.
As when holding it securely feeding it lovingly,
The baby compulsively,
Makes noises to draw attention impulsively,
It becomes a way for the baby to survive.
It may grow up messing in its pants.
Because it's a feeling of security,
Not showing maturity.
The child eventually develops reactive attachment disorder.
From never being held close to its mother.
From never being loved and nurtured by its mother.
Then, the child's placed into foster care by court order.
The child learns from birth, not to bond or trust anyone.
Because sooner or later everyone.
Will hurt you!
Look, what your own mother did to you.
They hear their inner voice say.
She never wanted you.
Rejected from birth,
The court prays that someone will love these broken children.
As they're placed from home to home, feeling the world's judgment,
These children silently wait for true justice.
Waiting for someone to love them unconditionally,
To accept them as they are.
They wait to be part of a family one day.
All they want is someone that truly cares.
That can love the unlovable,
And be loveable, through all their pain.

Rejected By Her

You don't know what it was that drove her to madness.
But at times you can feel the sadness.
You weren't there in her younger stages of life to rock her in a chair or brush her hair.
You weren't there to comb and detangle her wet hair.
You were only given a small window of opportunity to teach her.
And then, you felt rejected by her.
She told you that she should've been able to choose her own mother.
She wanted someone rich to choose her.
And you had nothing to offer her!

Patricia Kelley

Remember Me, I'M Never Far

I'm always here.
I never leave you.
As night captures light,
You're always in my sight.
Remember me.
I'm always here.
I never leave you.
As the seasons' change,
I rearrange to arrange your
Life according to my purpose,
Directing you in a new direction,
Letting you feel a new revelation.
Remember me.
I'm always here.
In your shadow, proudly watching you, take that step forward.
Never pushing you backward,
If only you could hear, my joy and laughter.
Your Lord never leaves you.
Search me for the answer.
You're more important to me than the sun moon or stars.
I'm never far.....

Patricia Kelley

Restless

Well, you're meeting her on the midnight flight to Memphis.
Taking the red eye to Texas,
I saw the receipt where you bought her a pearl necklace.
I'm so made I'm breathless.
I don't know what to say anymore.
We've been down this road before.
While I'm at home taking care of the children,
You're out taking care of a cheating man's business.
You don't listen to me anymore.
You're heartless.
You're a shallow hearted man walking through darkness.
Regardless,
Of the stakes at home,
You choose to make your mistakes.
My emotions have put on their hydraulic brakes.
I realize now.
You're just a fake.
You want your cake.
And eat it too.
I've had enough of you.
I need a man that can be true.
When he walks out that door,
I don't have to worry, who he's going to meet on the dance floor.
I don't have to worry about our life becoming bore.
You know it takes two to make a relationship.
It won't be long before you get on another ship.
You can't make a commitment to just one.
You're always on the run.
Running into another woman's arms',
They'll soon find out it's a short lived charm.
When they feel the strike of your arm,
You'll be alone again.
Feeling the rain,
Of your overdue pain,
I have no sympathy for a man that can't stay faithful.
That's unfaithful.
That's not grateful.
You don't deserve a family.
You just put us through constant agony.

So, take your flight to Memphis,
And meet her in Texas for breakfast.
And leave your family restless.
sleepless!
All because of a senseless man

Patricia Kelley

Salt And Pepper

We like a little bit of Salt and Pepper in our house.
They're our two cats that like to chase balls like they're a mouse.
We have a special heart for our two cats.
They like to get in empty boxes and play Peek a Boo like a cat in a hat.
We never know what Salt does with his Precious.
Precious is his fluffy ball.
He does a special crawl.
Sneaking up to it, he shakes it with his mouth.
This is when the ball becomes his mouse.
He looks at it with his darting blue eyes.
Then makes a loud Siamese sigh.
Pepper the black cat just stares.
As Salt glares,
Into the ball waiting for it to move,
Then he moves as Pepper disapproves.
Giving him that look,
You would think they were two cats from a comic book.
When they put on their shows,
And Salt stands perched up on the couch talking to the lions,
In the picture, he meows.
Putting on a show, while Pepper's green eyes' glow.
Like he knows they're not real.
But, Salt just wants to feel.
When Pepper goes for the real deal,
He loudly meows for a human hug.
What can I say we love our Salt and Pepper!
They make our days.

Patricia Kelley

Salvation

Salvation brings new beginnings.
As the season change,
We have the opportunity to start over fresh.
To begin new,
As a rosebud that has never faced the heat of the sun.
As a songbird that sung for the first time.
We're given another chance.
To right wrongs,
To set our souls free,
God gives us another chance.
Wiping away all bad memories,
Only letting us remember the things that bring peace to our hearts'.
He turns a hardened heart into a heart of flesh.
That can see, and feel again.
He refills the dry well making it a fresh spring.
Filled with love,
Finding love again,
He fills the heart overflowing with love.
Love for one another.
Love for all sisters' and brothers'.
He creates in us a new creature.

Patricia Kelley

Saturday Loving

It's Saturday morning.
Our kids' are still sleeping.
I feel a deep stirring.
For some Saturday day morning loving,
Before the telephone starts ringing,
Our kids' start springing,
I need some Saturday loving.
The dogs are all barking.
Someone's knocking.
There goes our Saturday morning loving.
Maybe later will sneak in some of that Saturday loving,
When the kids go outside playing,
We can sneak back into the room for some loving.
The day quickly passing,
Before I know it the kids are all in bed dreaming.
I'm still thinking of some Saturday Loving.
With the moon beaming,
And the stars streaming,
Shadows dancing,
I'm finally getting my Saturday loving.

Patricia Kelley

Save Oklahoma Children

You ask me, why do I live in tornado alley?
I announce that I like living in the heartland valley.
Because, when it comes to Christian faith, we can really rally.
We don't have to worry about those that don't understand.
Because when it really matters, we take a stand.
Celebrating our Christian heritage; inherited by our many Fathers.
We know what true faith is surrounded by our praying mothers.
We take our sisters hand.
And loudly pray for our blessed land.
We are Oklahomans taking a firm stand.
Praying for Oklahoma's school children,
We know that their faces are reflected in the eyes of angels.
We can see it in their innocent faces.
It's now time that Oklahomans face the changes.
We are a state that requires guarded protection.
When the strong winds come, we have better meteorologist detection.
But, it's our duty as part of a Christian nation.
To protect the frail that comes with the changing ages.
You ask me how, can we meet the needs of the people.
I say, build more tornado shelters.
So our kids grow-up respecting their elders.
Instructing a child to cover their heads with their arms is not enough, when they
hear the loud alarm.
It is our duty to protect them from harm.
Oklahomans need to see the cause.
And stop the long pause.
You donate money to other countries.
While children are dying in your own country!
Before, we see more deaths in our state.
Before it's too late!
Save Oklahoma Children.
They're our gift from Almighty God.
Please build the tornado shelters for Oklahoma schools.
You have all the tools.
Quit spending money foolishly like fools.
And spend money on what really matters.
Before more lives are shattered!
Spend your money on Oklahoma children.
And, please save our children.

Patricia Kelley

See It In My Eyes

God created a new being, when He brought you into my life.
He took your love and with each gentle kiss, sweeping away all of the sad
memories of my life, and filled my heart with song.
I finally found a heart, where I belong.
I have so longed.
It was true love.
Sent from above,
I found my beloved.
I reached to you, and you pulled me in closer sneaking that first kiss.
You were so charming,
Warming,
Caring,
Your smile instantly won my heart.
I knew God sent you.

For once, I could actually see the man in the moon dancing, winking his bright
wiry eyes.
Smiling, he was no longer frowning.
You made everything in my life come alive
I could laugh...
I could cry...
I could dance...

You softly held this gentle dragonfly; not crushing its broken wings'.
Placing me upon jasmine where the scent of love filled the air, feeding upon the
nectar of life and made me your wife. See it in my eyes. My new life has
meaning and purpose.
You left the man in the moon, dancing, doing acrobats in the sky!
I feel like I can fly!

Patricia Kelley

Set The Captives Free

She looked at me with her sad broken ice cold blue eyes.
A child that was once chained to a thick tall tree,
Forced to eat dog food,
Here she stoically still stood.
Gently pushing her blond hair from her thin chiseled narrow face,
She was of Caucasian race.
I could tell she wasn't sure of her new place.
I could see her nervous mind race.
For now she was free,
But still a prisoner of the past,
Her soul finally cried out at last.
As her cleaning tears flowed,
She showed.
Pure bravery,
Talking about her past,
She was once in shackled bondage,
Chained to a tree,
Her emotions shut off.
Her world cut off.
Now she was set free!
Free at last,
To run free, barefoot in the thick soft lush green grass feeling it tickling her toes,
Free to wake up in the morning not feeling the chains grow tighter.
Her world now lighter!

By, Patricia Kriegel-Kelley

Isaiah 61:

The Spirit of the Sovereign LORD is on me,
because the LORD has anointed me
to proclaim good news to the poor.
He has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted,
to proclaim freedom for the captives
and release from darkness for the prisoners

Isaiah 42: 7

to open eyes that are blind,
to free captives from prison
and to release from the dungeon those who sit in darkness.

She Has It All

Girl, you've got talent.
You've got style and fashion.
You don't know it, but you've got it all.
You've got grace and beauty that surpasses all.
Just don't let it go to your head.
Where you fall,
You stand there with the confidence of a pure bred.
I'm so proud of you.
Never look back.
Let your heart be true.
And stay away from the wild pack.
Or they'll bring you down.
And you'll no longer wear that crown.
But, be an example for others to follow.
And you'll be remembered tomorrow.
For the grace and confidence you showed.
And the world will bow.
In awe, saying wow!
She'll be the one girl that we never see fall.
That girl; has it all!

Patricia Kelley

She's A Predator

You know that she was neglected and abandoned when she was younger.
She was left a young feral cub when she was younger.
But you've seen others go through the same when they were younger.
You don't know what pushes her hunger...
And what buttons push her anger....
There's no quick answer.
Only God knows how her brain is wired.
What pushes her into being a hungry devouring tiger....
That waits in the dark hitting quick like a hidden sniper...
She quickly devours her target like a hungry tiger....
That's how she's wired....
She hunts her prey until they're tired....

Patricia Kelley

She's Ready To Emerge From Her Cocoon

She's ready to emerge from her cocoon.
I think it might be real soon.
She's had the door to her heart closed.
Her composure posed.
Since he surprisingly, walked out that door.
Leaving her shocked,
With her heavy heart on the floor,
Feeling all alone on an island shore,
She slowly, lowly walks through the store.
Taken by surprise; a stranger smiles at her.
Then it suddenly hits her in the gut.
She feels her life is in a rut.
Thinking she's not getting any younger.
Feeling a sudden hunger,
She longs to be loved again.
She smiles.

Patricia Kelley

Sick Of Being Sick

Sick of being Sick

I woke up so tired today.

I tried to put one foot in front of the other.

But it just wasn't my day today.

I tried to fix my coffee and I forgot to turn it on.

I tried to wake up but I just wanted to go back to sleep again.

I couldn't keep my eyelids open.

I just couldn't focus.

I felt like I was under a spell of hocus pocus.

I had to take a stand and make that coffee.

Right now it would be to my lips as chocolate toffee.

But, the cold and flu brought me down.

Oh, come on, I don't want to frown.

I just want to be able to taste anything.

Please just something.

When will these taste buds come alive?

I feel like I've taken the great dive.

I just want to feel alive again.

And walk away from this brain fog.

My passage way I know is clogged.

I just want to walk outside and breathe that clean fresh air.

With eucalyptus traveling with a flair,

But, no I sit quietly in my chair.

Only imagining life outside the window,

Afraid I'll leave my husband a widow.

It would be more than just being a shadow.

Patricia Kelley

Sins Nailed To The Cross

Jesus took all the sins of the world and nailed them to the cross.
Disarming all power and authorities,
This was his top priority.
To get rid of all impurity,
His gift of security,
Knowing through Him all sins had been forgiven.
That satan could never use our sins against us.
It was a given.
As long as we made an admission,
Admitting our sins to Him,
Our souls would be set free.
And, we would never be condemned.
As long as we confessed him to be, our personal savior,
He could forgive our sinful behavior.
That was nailed to the cross.

Colossians 2: 14 having canceled the charge of our legal indebtedness, which stood against us and condemned us; he has taken it away, nailing it to the cross.

Patricia Kelley

Slay The Dragon

America the land of the free; is soon losing their freedom.
Caught between the belt of politics and tyranny,
America feels the tight strap.
Around her neck,
The enemy lurks around the corner.
Not knowing if we're safe.
Feeling the fear of another, September the eleventh, Americans stand ready.
To protect her own, with illegals crossing borders, America stands vulnerable.
To attacks of the enemy that quietly sleeps.
Unaware of when the enemy will be awoken.
Like a dragon caught in its sleep.
We sit quietly and ready to slay the dragon.
Refusing to be a communist country, ready to fight socialism, we're ready to slay
the dragon.
Before the dragon captures our little ones' corrupting their minds.
The dragon is a serpent.
That feeds on the young.
It captures the young into lives of prostitution.
And human slavery, the dragon must be slain.
Slay the dragon

Patricia Kelley

Small But Extremely Dangerous

I walked in the busy dining room to visit her.
She first looked at me with her old big blue cataract eyes.
Rolled her eyes,
She didn't look very wise.
She was sitting there poking at her food.
I understood.
It didn't look all that good.
Then suddenly,
Unexpectedly,
I became her target.
She took her fork trying to stab me.
Not once, not twice, but three times.
She looked very small, but extremely, dangerous.
The nurse came running.
Saying,
Stating,
She doesn't care for visitors.
She's probably afraid that you're going to force feed her.
She has Dementia.
She was small, but extremely dangerous.

Then, she grunted pointing to her ears.
Saying she couldn't hear.
I thought it was a trick.
She was pretty slick.
I thought I'd better get out of there, pretty quick.
She was small, but extremely dangerous.

Patricia Kelley

Sometimes

Sometimes you have to regroup, and take a deep breath and sit back, and relax and let the words flow that only a poet knows.

Turn the lights on.

Turn the television off.

Let there be no sound.

Sometimes you have to stop and think. And let it all out, and let there be room to heal, because a poet's spirit cannot heal until all the garbage is taken out.

Let your mind, rewind, renew, and you'll be fine.

Sometimes you have to sit down in a quiet spot, with no sound. The only sound is the quiet sound of birds chirping through the windows, and the squirrel on top the roof; trying to open his found, hidden treasure.

Sometimes you have to let the unmade bed rest.

It may be a test.

Sometimes you have to let the vacuum sweeper rest and forget about the pest.

Sometimes you may need to take a step outside and let the wind blow against your flesh, with your hair flying through the air until your skin starts to tingle, and take a deep look into the sky, and see if you don't see an angel or two...

Angels' peeking

Angels' whispering'

Wind blowing; tree limbs dancing.

Birds chirping, humming birds humming

Horses running, sun teasing,

Hawks scouring the sky flying,

Hearing the sounds of God's Creation,

Sometimes you just need to be relaxed outside listening to the sounds of nature rebound with surround sound.

Sometimes you just need to be alone with God, so your ears' can be sensitive to His voice.

Giving God time to speak,

Sometimes you need to wait upon the voice of God!

Patricia Kelley

Songs Of The Sea

I am the one who longs for the songs of the sea. My emerald green eyes dance across the rushing waves into the soul of my being. It's here, when I hear their echo beckoning me. Sweet songs of the sea!
This is where I long to be.

Where, I feel the presence of God's through His beautiful creation all around embracing the water's edge.
I take a deep breath making my heart's pledge.

I am the one who longs for the songs of the sea to swim with my friends the dolphins as they thrush me deeper and deeper into the mysteries of the sea.
This is where I long to be.

To hear songs come alive, as I swim across the sandy bottom of the surface gently grazing long polished pink nails.

Quick, I hear the snails.
I'll follow the dark grey humpback whales.

The symphony of the sea comes alive playing a song in harmony, with the sun revealing the mysteries of the sea.

The 2ft starfish dances in the deep depths of the sea, teasing me.
This is where I long to be.

To search for old treasures of sunken ships that emerge enough, to just get a glimpse from the sunrays that dance across clear sparkling iridescent waters.
This is where the mermaids' daughters,
Come to look for hidden jewels.

Every time, I come here it takes me back to another time, when orchestras played, and sailors waved farewell to their wives.

And mermaids paid their visits toting fresh fish in hand waving with their long proud flirty blue tails, on a hot sunny day!

Not feeling the sun's ray.
I am the one who longs for the songs of the sea. Please, let me close my eyes one more time, and hear the tranquility of the rushing waves, beckoning me.

This is where I truly long to be.

I so long to see the mermaids one last time, waving their long flirty polished blue tails, splashing as high as they can, reaching to the bright blue sky!
If I never make it back, I'll surely cry.

I am the one who longs for the songs of the sea; just take one look into my emerald green eyes. And look into the heart of the sea reflecting from my thoughts, with waves begging me to ride one more time. Can you not see; that the sea belongs to me?

I am the one who longs for, the songs of the sea

Patricia Kelley

Strawberry Shortcake

Um, smells so good! Strawberry shortcake; I love rich layers of strawberry shortcake.

I can't wait to bite into this delicious mouth- watering cake.

Um, whip cream!

I feel, like I'm in a dream!

Just smelling those large organic succulent strawberries that they're ready to burst from their skins, spilling out all their sweet red fruity juice, on my chin.

Large juicy sun ripened strawberries exploding in their skin.

Hurry, get out the napkins, get out the forks, get out the plates,

No need to worry about your weights.

I made a special cake for her birthday!

Oh, it's not your Birthday!

We can start celebrating early.

Girlie!

Did you bring the drinks!

You pour!

While, I get the door.

Um, strawberry shortcake with layers of cake

Smothered homemade whip cream!

Just the way grandma use to make!

Homemade cake.

You made it all by yourself.

It's there on the shelf.

You cut it.

No, I'll cut it!

The anticipation of that first bite.

So, good!

So, good!

So, moist!

I'm in love.
By choice.

Look, you've got it on your chin.
So, you've got it on your lip!
Look at her, she's wearing it on her hip.
She must have brushed the side.
No, worry, you can wash it out with tide.

I hope you're enjoying this cake!
It took a while to make.

Be careful and don't eat too much!
I feel so full!
Here, I'll put it away!
We'll have to save it for another day!

Ought oh! It's all gone!

Kids must have sneaked in and eaten the whole cake, it all disappeared!
Wait, you don't have any kids.

But, no fear, I have more strawberries on the way!

For another day!

Patricia Kelley

Sudden Death

You get that dreaded call.
You shake.
Racing to her arms,
Feelings of helplessness,
Overwhelms you,
You pray.
Bargaining for just one more day,
To say, I love you!
Just to find that it's too late.
You cry.
And cry more.
Looking for answers, you search your mind.
Going through the files of your last words,
Then it comes.
You realize.
It was the last time you saw her.
Your last conversation,
You had closure.
Knowing that she loved you,
Your time together a gift from Heaven.
Whether long or short,
You realize how precious life is, wanting to hold on a little longer.
You fight against the clock.
As you go into shock.
The clock goes tick tock.
Wanting one more breath,
Never wishing her to taste death,
Your will is for her to live longer than you.
You think.
This can't be happening.
I just saw her.
Then suddenly, she's taken like a roaring violent wind in the night.
Her heart stops.
The doctor walks out, and says, he did all he could.
Your heart pauses.
You find.
You're no longer a mother.
Her life taken,
Suddenly,

You die with her, not feeling life.

You become numb as a wife.

Not understanding what gets you through the days, weeks and months turn into years.

You just went through sudden death

Patricia Kelley

Suffering's Receptionist

She has a violent silent rage for her age.
They say it's because of the life she lived before coming to our home.
She damages the chrome.
Sneakily moving about,
She shouts.
It wasn't me!
I didn't do it.
Then later she admits, okay, I did do it.
But you made me.
By not letting me, be me.
She's confused.
She ignites the fuse.
Always angry,
She's always cranky.
Blaming everyone else for her own actions,
She denies.
She lies.
She's at war with herself.
Doesn't understand right from wrong,
She has no sense of belonging.
She still longs.
For the life she was recused from.
She looks at her rescue, more as an intrusion.
She lives in confusion.
Not knowing the difference between good and evil.
Strapped in the deep dark chains from the devil,
She levels.
Everything around,
She has no respect for person or property.
Her only goal is to get even.
Giving it all and equal seven.
Every day of the week, she makes the strong weak.
With lies and deception,
She's the receptionist to suffering's reception.
There's no emotional connection.
With her present life,
Her food is stale hard bitter bread made from strife.
As she carves her initials into the kitchen counter,
Wanting everyone to pay for her new name,

Sorry is the new game.
Sorry you brought her into your life.
Sorry she takes and steals your most meaningful possessions.
My things become her obsessions.
This is the impression carved with her knife.

Patricia Kelley

Summer's Embrace

Summer's bright beautiful hues

Softly floating pillowing cotton white clouds

Clear glistening transparent diamond drops morning's fresh kissed dews

Flowers of bright vibrant colors of yellow, pink, purple, red and orange dancing in
mulch crowded, secluded crowds

Grass softly painted upon a canvas of different shades of bright and dark green
hues

Children laughing,

Children singing

Feeling their sinking bare feet from their tossed canvas laced shoes

Swinging,

With the summer's winds pushing them higher and higher climbing with the wind
kissing their toes.

They laugh.

With thoughts of schooldays and schoolbooks pass at last the fresh taste of
summer on their lips.

They embrace summer's sun kissed arms flirting with her charms.

Of more days of swimming,

More days of playing,
Beneath summer's sun

Patricia Kelley

Sweet Momma

Just thinking about sweet momma,
Can return; my heart back to home again.
Thinking about how good she could make canned biscuits.
Making her milk gravy; pouring them over hot biscuits.
Just thinking about sweet momma,
Can return; my heart back to home again.
Thinking about hot pies; how good she could make boxed fillings.
Making her hot pudding; pouring them into homemade piecrust.
Just thinking about sweet momma,
Can return; my heart back to home again.
Remembering how she could heal a brokenhearted girl, with a kiss.
And tell her everything was going to get better.
I miss my sweet momma, she's now in Heaven.
There isn't a day that goes by that I still can't smell those pies, seeing her loving
green Irish eyes'.

Patricia Kelley

Taste Of Heaven

When I think about Heaven, I think about the tallest mountain that I can reach.
I think about the biggest star that I can search.
I think about a white horse with wings.
I'm holding on tight riding through eternity's magical fiery rings.
Pegasus swings.
Pegasus has been waiting just for me.
I think about musical angels that sing.
I think of death with no sting.
I think about all my loved ones that have passed.
I think about all of those that I will see at last
I think about galaxies that I'll be able to lass.
I think about no more worries about tomorrow.
I think about no more feelings of sorrow.
I think about no more aches and pain.
I'll just let it rain.
And lick every drop that falls from Heaven that I can reach.
I'll sing.
Ride Pegasus, ride!

Patricia Kelley

Teacher Says, More Shelters

I spoke to a teacher yesterday.
She had a lot of words to say.
She said she's been looking forward to the day.
When Oklahoma puts tornado shelters in all the schools,
She said budget isn't enough of a reason.
When the children have to face tornado season,
We're putting too many children at risk.
This is something the school system needs fixed.
We need more shelters for Oklahoma schools.
They need to pull from other financial pools.
If Oklahoma needs to get all the great country stars involved.
I'm sure there's a time that revolves.
When they can remember sitting in tall dark halls, with their arms over their
nervous heads, when they heard the alarm.
They may even remember skipping a heartbeat.
Being shaken to their feet!
By hearing the sound!
Going around,
Then came a hard pound,
Not sure, when they got up, what they'd see.
Back then it was a few broken trees.
Nature's quick sneeze,
Not like it's today.
Where homes, and schools are leveled in May.
Kids are more in danger today.
I don't know what else to say.

Patricia Kelley

The American Girl

She walks in darkness like an alert eagle, with light feet sent to the darkest corners of the earth.

Born in America in which her mother gave birth.

Her weapon tightly gripped in her hand, with her finger on the trigger.

She's an American girl.

She can't remember her long last hot bath.

She can only feel the enemy's hot wrath.

She's an American girl.

Peering around the darkest corners of the earth, there's no hesitation in pulling the trigger.

With all concentration on her finger,

She's the hitter.

Hitting her target to the ground,

She does it with a loud round.

She's an American girl.

With her only possession being her Bible tucked in her pocket.

She's living, moving action.

Never knowing where she's going to rest.

Her life a constant test,

She does her best.

She's an American girl.

With all prayers upon her to outwit the enemy,

She needs better weaponry.

Guarding Angels' sent from Heaven to protect the American girl!

Patricia Kelley

The American Man, Soldier

He walks cautiously through the enemy's territory with his muscular hand wrapped around his gun.

He can't remember the last time he had fun.

Thinking about only one thing what's on the other side of his gun.

He silently listens waiting, watching for the enemy to make his move.

Knowing that God's Angels are above,

With one sound, he quickly fires bringing the enemy down.

He quickly looks around.

Seeing the enemy's sniper,

He fires bringing one more down.

With the sound of heavy mortar firing,

MP7 40 round Box Magazine,

It's a real explosive scene.

There's no retiring.

He uses his manly intuition,

And scopes the situation,

He's been here before,

Dodging the enemy's bullets,

He's the American man.

He knows why he's here.

To protect his country and family,

He could be someone's son, uncle, brother or father.

To his comrades he's always a brother.

To his country he's a proud soldier.

He's an American Man.

God bless the American man!

Patricia Kelley

The American Working Dog

He or she may seem like just an ordinary dog.
But this dog can smell a grenade in the smog.
This is a trained American Working Dog.
Trained to smell the enemy's weaponry,
His sniffing skills are sharp.
Concise,
He's very wise.
He can smell a buried detonation cord.
Whether it be above or down below,
He starts digging with the command of one word.
Or sign,
It's in his bloodline.
His skills are sharp.
He knows the command verb.
He knows when to bark.
And when to be quiet,
He can move in complete silence.
He readily moves.
He's taught guidance.
Smelling all,
Seeing all,
Ready to attack the enemy,
Whether it be, an explosive or the enemy,
The American Working Dog
In the military he or she is a soldier's best friend.
That moves with one instant command.
By word or motion,
This American Working dog's heart is pure devotion.

Patricia Kelley

The Apple Of His Eye

She sits in Heaven's golden swing, swinging.

She has perfect little features, and curly blonde hair.

With Heaven's angels all around singing,

She sits there swinging, with her green eyes clear.

I can see her with her long curly golden hair swaying.

With some angels knelt praying.

While some sing and play, the golden harp,

Next to them is a purple healing herb.

It looks just like lavender.

In a garden filled with a peaceful, tranquil atmosphere.

She's just behind the pearly white gates of Heaven.

She's a perfect touch for Heaven.

She's only seven.

There next to her looks to be a child of eleven.

There sitting next to her in a little golden chair smiling; is a chubby, cherub.

It looks like they're all playing.

There are many angels flying all around them singing praises.

They sing aloud with their voices that graces.

All of those around, and around!

Their echo rings sounds.

Of gladness!

There is no more sadness.

No more innocence turned to ashes.

They're all singing Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna in the Highest!

Praising the God of all Creation!

They're dressed in white robes of innocence for decoration.

By them standing is the radiant Son of God, of all Creation.

His omnipotence reflects, all that fills Heaven.

His voice speaks aloud that children's faces are in the eyes of angels.

They're the apple of His eye the angels sing.

And, whomever, hurts one of these, will surely feel death's sting.

Patricia Kelley

The Beauty Of A Woman

The Beauty of a Woman isn't measured by her size.
Tis measured by how wise.
The Beauty of a woman isn't measured by the color of her eyes.
Tis measured by giving sound advice.
The Beauty of a woman isn't measured by the length of her hair.
Tis measured by how many she can pull from despair.
The Beauty of a woman isn't based on skin color.
Tis measured by her giving a tenth to every dollar.
The Beauty of a woman isn't measured by her height.
Tis measured by her might.
The Beauty of a woman isn't measured by her weight.
Tis measured by her fate.
The Beauty of a woman isn't measured by her lips.
Tis measured by how softly she grips.
The Beauty of a woman isn't measure by the size of her ears.
Tis measured by the size of her heart, hearing the voice of God.
The Beauty of a woman isn't measured by outward Beauty.
Tis measured by her inner-Beauty.
The Beauty of a woman is a bright Light House in darkness.
The Beauty of a woman is God at work.

1 Peter 3: 4 Your Beauty should not come from outward adornment, such as elaborate hairstyles and the wearing of gold jewelry or fine clothes. Rather it should be that of your inner self, the unfading beauty of a gentle and quiet spirit, which is of great worth in God's sight.

Patricia Kelley

The Days Rewind

I know the kid is home for summer.
I don't want to load her down, so much where life becomes a bummer.
I just need to relax.
And forget about the chores that fall through the cracks.
I know sometimes I get irritable.
I've tried to be charitable.
But it's the small things that get on my nerves.
She gets into the home reserves.
And gets the peanut butter out,
Leaves it on the counter, with the lid off, I just want to shout.
And gets into the honey, and leaves the lid off, I just want to shout.
Not to mention the sticky stuff all over the counter.
I have to be quiet or we'll have an encounter.
I'm not sure what to say.
It seems when I do, I just ruin her day.
It's just the way she was taught.
It's just an imperfection that I caught.
I know she's not perfect.
I just want her to show respect.
And wash the dishes right.
So, I don't get up tight.
I don't want her to clean where everything is out of sight.
Out of mind,
The summer days rewind.

Patricia Kelley

The Early Christian Martyrs

I will really never know how many martyrs gave up the ghost.
Of being beheaded or tortured by wild animals to become a fire's roast.
Yes, they were burnt alive hanging upside down from trees.
Or crucified upon a cross as our Lord and Savior,
Forced into the arms of the Creator,
Remembering the many nights they found solace on their knees.
Praying for those sisters and brothers fallen by disease.
Or those; torn from limb to limb to renounce their heartfelt faith.
In order to be with the great Heavenly Host,
That paid the ultimate cost upon the bloodstained cross.
I can read the Bible and study the Christian literature history books.
But, never understand the evil driven looks.
It happened in Rome.
It happened in France.
It happened in Africa.
It happened in Israel.
It happened in Asia.
Christians were being slaughtered by the numbers.
What would drive a mad emperor to destroy the multitude of the morally
innocent people?
That died from a roaring lion's jaws.
Their loyal bones being tossed into the deep seas so, they wouldn't feel eternity's
resurrection.
Such was a mad man's directions.
That could've withstood correction.
After all, what was their fault a life without flaws?
Because of an envious mad man filled with madness that couldn't find peace
went against God's laws.
I will really never understand a martyr's death.
At that moment feeling no pain, but covered by God's Divine grace.
Encompassed in the Divine wings' of God's protection;
Shielding every part of the flesh; never feeling the sharp teeth of a lion.
Or feeling the sting of a sharp edged sword,
Or the ravaging hot flames of a fire,
When you walk in God's desire,
Your faith never retires.
By holding on to the faith through God's Divine Word,
You can face all.
Knowing that nothing can separate you from the love of God,

When faced with adversity.
Not even the jaws of a lion.

Patricia Kelley

The Holy Spirit

Holy Spirit walked the earth as a Holy Priest.
Omnipotence,
Omnipresence,
Omniscience,
Seeing defiance,
There was no compliance.
When it came to facing the eyes' of the evil beast,
Released,
Upon the earth, he attacked man since the birth of Creation.
Appearing first as a slimy serpent,
He tricked the woman Eve into eating the fruit of knowledge.
Not being honest.
She ate of the fruit of good and evil.
Tricked by the devil,
She said it was good.
She fed it to her husband, Adam as food.
They saw their nakedness.
They felt shame and sadness.
Covering their nakedness with fig leaves,
The Holy Spirit saw they were aware that they were bare.
They now perceive.
But, still unaware of the evil one's craftiness,
Knowing they lacked wisdom.
Their children would face a life without freedom.
Becoming a slave to sin,
Holy Spirit saw man's resistance against sin was too weak.
The devil was stronger.
First with Adam and Eve;
Second, when Cain killed Abel, his only brother,
God looked around and became ashamed that he had created men because of his wickedness.
He decided to wipe them from the face of the earth.
Seeing only one man of nobleness,
This man being Noah, God told him to build an Ark.
Taking two of every animal God created.
God wanted to preserve men and animals.
Looking deep into the heart of man, God saw evil.
God wanted to give men a second chance.
He wanted to restore His relationship with humanity.

He did so by sending the flood.
Erasing evil blood,
Only Noah's bloodline lived.
Noah's children survived.
Even after all of this; there was still wickedness in the world.
Men's sins gnarled.
He searched looking for righteous men in Sodom and Gomorrah.
He only found one man named Lot.
God sent two Angels to lead Lot, his wife and two daughters' out of the evil city.
Feeling Lot's pity,
Lot's wife looked back.

Turning into a pillar of salt,
It was her fault.
She was told not to look back.
God destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah with fire brimstone.
Lot's daughters' took him into the cave and got him drunk.
Two nights in a row, they each lay with their father.
Two evil daughters,
They gave birth to the Moabites and Ammonites.
Growing up in an evil city, they were each taught their evil ways.
Again sin showed no delays.
Now, Lot's uncle Abram had a wife Sarai.
She became envious of other women that had children.
She was barren.
She gave her maidservant Hagar to Abram her husband.
As it was a woman's custom.
To conceive a son,
Her son's name was Ishmael.
Sarah didn't wish for Ishmael to receive the same inheritance.
She saw to it that he got none.
Abraham sends Hagar and her son Ismael into the wilderness.
Hagar and Ishmael felt bitterness.
Ismael later became the father of Iran.
Sarah's son Isaac would get Abraham's inheritance Israel.
This is the word of God which is no tale.
God sends Abraham up to the region of Moriah to sacrifice his only son.
But a ram appears hearing the voice of God, Abraham releases his only son.
Abraham shows God his faith.
Passing the test he later becomes the Father of the nation of Israel.
Isaac will soon have a son named Jacob.
Jacob will later wrestle with God.

To find out when he does wake up, he becomes Israel.
 God's chosen people.
 Again, God becomes angry.
 Seeing His people suffer entrapped in Egyptian slavery.
 He chooses Moses.
 To guide His people from Pharaoh's dark chains of bondage,
 Before, they become an evil Egyptian's carnage.
 Moses sends many plagues.
 First plague: water becomes blood.
 Second plague: frogs.
 Third plague: Gnats.
 Fourth Plague: Flies.
 Fifth plague: Death of all livestock.
 Sixth plague: Boils.
 Seventh plague: Hail.
 Eighth plague: Locusts.
 Ninth plague: darkness.
 Tenth plague: Firstborn sons will die.
 Then comes the night of the Passover, when every believer in God has the lamb's
 blood across their doors.
 The tenth plague sweeps across floors.
 Killing the firstborn sons of Egypt, only protecting Israelites.
 Seeing God's Light.
 After 400 years of slavery the Israelites are free.
 This was called the Exodus.
 Feeling God's blessedness,
 They escaped with the riches of Egypt.
 Pharaoh chases them into the Red Sea.
 God departs the sea.
 Killing Pharaoh's men; drowning them in the deep waters of the Red Sea.
 Seeing Pharaoh's men drown, Moses began to sing.
 Again God's people sin making graven images.
 Many fall dead from feeling God's sting.
 Becoming sick from the birds they ate.
 It was of an evil people's fate.
 They wouldn't live to see the Promised Land.
 Feeling the hand of God's wrath, they took an evil path.
 God writes the Ten Commandments with His fiery finger.
 1.) I am the Lord your God, who brought you out of Egypt, out of the land of
 slavery.
 2.) You shall have no other gods before me.
 3.) You shall not make for yourself an image in the form of anything in Heaven

above or in the waters below. You shall not bow down to them or worship them; for I the Lord your God, am a jealous God, punishing the children for the sin of the parents to the third and fourth generation of those who hate me, but showing love to a thousand generations of those who love me and keep my commandments.

4.) You shall not misuse the name of the Lord your God, for the Lord will not hold anyone guiltless who misuses his name.

5.) Remember the Sabbath day by keeping it holy. Six days you shall labor and do all your work, but the seventh day is a Sabbath to the Lord your God. On it you shall not do any work, neither you, nor your son or daughter, nor your male or female servant, nor your animals, nor any foreigner residing in your towns. For in six days the Lord made the Heavens and the earth, the sea and all that is in them, but he rested on the seventh day. Therefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and made it Holy.

6.) Honor your father and mother, so that you may live long in the land the Lord your God is giving you.

7.) You shall not murder.

8.) You shall not commit adultery.

9.) You shall not give false testimony against your neighbor.

10.) You shall not covet your neighbor's house, you shall not covet your neighbor's wife, or his male or female servant, his ox or donkey, or anything that belongs to your neighbor.

Men were equally condemned by God's law.

God saw men's flaw.

Men had no chance against the evil one.

The only way souls could be won.

Was if God was to be sent back to the earth from birth.

Returning from the channels of Heaven's Creation,

To set a solid foundation,

To head men in the right direction, while some needed correction.

Holy Spirit was sent back to be born of flesh.

It was man's only chance.

Or they would have to face sin's eternal fire's circumstance.

Sin went all the way back to the Garden of Eden.

From the time the woman ate the forbidden fruit.

Men felt weaken.

Jesus Christ would become a beacon.

A light to a dark world,

Sent to renew and refresh.

A broken and troubled world,

As a man that could walk on water.

A man born into a world without sin,
God looked into man's heart.
Seeing deep, the Holy Spirit looked into men's weakness.
Searching deep, the Holy Spirit searched for meekness.
Seeing deep, the Holy Spirit saw into men's souls.
Seeing deep, the Holy Spirit saw men's temptations.
Feeling deep, the Holy Spirit felt their condemnation.
Knowing, the world was headed towards damnation.
Knowing, the world needed a Savior.
Seeing deep, the Holy Spirit witnessed men's misbehavior.
Holy Spirit walked on water as the world's Heavenly Beholder.
Holy Spirit took the sin of the world as the Heavenly Holder.
Holy Spirit is deposited inside of each soul that accepts Jesus Christ as their
personal savior.
Confessing their sins to one another,
Coming united as all sisters and brothers in Christ Jesus.
The living God!
The Holy Spirit!
The Holy Trinity!
The Father, Son and Holy Spirit

Patricia Kelley

The Law Of Reciprocity

God's Law of reciprocity is part of Heaven's foundation.
It last through all duration,
It's part of the law of Creation.
It was created to get us through all situations.
Whatever, we give in this life comes back.
Without any slack,
We know we're on the right track.
When we tithe, God gives us back tenfold.
It's not always in gold.
It can be protecting us from a cold.
It can protect us from all, so I've been told.
When we pray, others pray.
Praying for our health!
Praying for our wealth!
Prayer is our stealth.
It's a miracle getting ready to happen.
You're tapping into the miracle fountain.
That can give you the faith to move any mountain.
It's the law of reciprocity.
When we open up our home to the homeless,
God brings a child, to the childless.
It's all part of the law of reciprocity.
If you give love,
You will get back love.

Patricia Kelley

The Man On The Cross

There was a man that died upon the cross.
His death spread across.
All of the world offering hope from condemnation.
He brought, delivering from the wings' of Heaven redemption.
Exemption,
From the perilous cost of sin,
It began.
The moment He was born.
Conceived of a virgin, untouched by man,
Designed only by, God's omniscience, plan.
Impregnated, by the Holy Spirit,
She conceived God's Holy Son.
Jesus Christ born from a virgin.
Who lived a life without sin!
Without blemish,
Who fought satan's evil demons'.
With God's Heavenly words',
He had one destiny in mind.
It was a race against time.
He set out to win.
All the lost souls of the world!
Nailed to a cross,
Wearing a crown of thorns,
He died with a sign above His head, the king of Kings.
Hearing the people mourn.
As Heaven's Angels' sing,
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest.
Buried entombed in a rich man's grave.
In a cave,
Sealed with a large boulder,
He carried all the weight of sin on His shoulder!
He rose on the third day.
Making a way,
For all of those that believe in Him should be saved.
He paved the way.
Nailing hell's gate shut.
For all the saved!
Giving His equal inheritance away!
Jesus Christ paid the debt for all.

John 3: 16

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son that whom so ever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life.

Patricia Kelley

The Names Of God Most High

My Lord is EL ELYON: He is The God Most High.

My Lord is ELOHIM: He is the God of Power, who speaks creation with words.

My Lord is called Jehovah: He is the God, who breathes air into life.

My Lord is Jehovah SHAMMAH: He lives inside of me.

My Lord is Jehovah JIREH: He meets all of my needs.

My Lord is EL SHADDAI: He pours the blessings of life upon me, giving me favor.

My Lord is Jehovah ROHI: He is my teacher, since my rebirth.

My Lord is Jehovah MAKKEH: He is the Lord that corrects me, when I am wrong.

My Lord is Jehovah MKAADESH: He separates me from the world, setting me apart.

My Lord is Jehovah TSIDKEN: He teaches me, right from wrong. He corrects me, when I'm wrong.

My Lord is Jehovah ROHI: He shines a light that guides my footsteps in life, directing my path.

My Lord is Jehovah ROPHE: He can heal all sickness within me.

My Lord is Jehovah NISSI: He is my banner, and artillery in war. He comes to my defense against my enemies.

My Lord is Jehovah ELOHEENU: He is my rescuer when I am in trouble.

Oh, My Lord is Jehovah GMOLAH: He's my debt collector, who takes from those, who rob me.

My Lord is Jehovah TSEBAOTH: He's the Lord of Hosts who moves the stars to prepare for war and who opens the mouth of the Red Sea, and moves the wind to reveal land mines. He's the one who gives orders to the angels for miracles to take place.

My Lord is Jehovah Shalom: He is the peacemaker, who calls an end to war.

My Lord is ADONAI: He is the Master and Lord of Lords of all Creation.

My Lord is Jehovah EL ELHOE: He is the God of Israel, the Apple of His Eye.

My Lord is Jesus Christ, the second of the Holy Trinity: Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. He's the one that died for me, so that all of my sins would be forgiven, so I could have eternal life.

My Lord is the Holy Spirit. He's my Accountant. He's my Author. He's my Banker. He's my Boss. He's my Comforter. He's my Mighty Counselor. He's my Editor. He's my finisher. He's my Healer. He's the deposit of the living God, living inside of me.

When you face life's trials run to the all Mighty Son of God. Know His names. He has many names, and be prepared to see miracles and changes in your life.

Sheh Hashem yivarech otach

(May God Bless you!)

Patricia Kelley

The Population Of Heaven Is Growing Each Day

I know that the population of Heaven is growing each day.

There was another funeral today.

And, I know there was one yesterday.

You would think with all the people dying.

Some people would give up all their lying.

They know that one day death is going to come their way.

I say.

After all, who can escape the Grim Reaper?

Only the Christian will take their last breath and inhale from the Devine Keeper.

Yes, we may taste death for a second, but as soon as we do, Jesus comes to our rescue.

Is that your cue?

Can you say! Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah!

Let's pray.

Praise the Lord each day!

Sing a song.

Your day can't go wrong.

When Jesus is number one!

You have already won!

Can you say! Halleluiah, Halleluiah, Halleluiah!

The Proud Of Heart

Did you see him?

He just walked into the store wearing a high priced suit.

Stuffing several plastic grocery bags, with stolen food being, his loot.

If the police saw him they would shoot.

But, he wears a disguise of a new designer suit.

Comfortably, he walks up and down the aisles.

Taking stolen food!

He stole the filet mignon.

He yawns.

Casually walking out of the store wearing, his fancy designer shoes'.

He smiles.

While facing life's trials,

He walks like a proud man on stolen time.

Before, he's incarcerated for his crime.

He walks out as if the world owes him.

Who is he?

Patricia Kelley

The Spirit Of Jezebel

She was looking for a place to call home.
I gave her a home.
Then she wanted my name.
I gave her my name.
Then she wanted my soul.
And I said No!
Then she started playing a mind game.
But she didn't know that I recognized her Spirit Name.
It was Jezebel up to her old games.
Still Jezebel after all of these years feels no shame.
She enters into the broken and lame.
And there Jezebel finds a tormented empty home filling her home with 7 more demons.
Jezebel knows them all by name.
She calls them all out by name.
Come, she says to the killer torment until she breaks. Then she calls on the liar,
and fills her tongue with fire.
Then she calls on deceit, and deceives all of those around her.
And then she calls on seduction to seduce those with wraps them all like
wrapping paper around her ailing crippled arm. Then she calls on jealousy from
her broken and wounded heart. And she walks through tearing and ripping the
clothes that she feels like they don't deserve. She walks through the home taking
what she wants for reserve.
Only the pure of heart can see through her.
She rips through with one mission to kill, steal and destroy. She plays people like
they're a lost toy. She barges in uninvited. But her unwelcome presence is always
sighted. She leaves a trail of plunder behind her. Her vile presence quakes like
angry thunder.
And then she walks into the next home with a smile and a new profile.

Patricia Kelley

The True Messiah

There once was a nice man.
He came to the world to teach.
Teaching the word of God,
Thousands gathered to listen to Him preach.
He fed thousands.
While sitting on top of an evangelism mountain.
As Heaven's Angels' delivered the fish.
He began to preach.
Preaching of a New Kingdom,
Speaking with sweet words of wisdom,
He spoke in parables.
In which the crowd could understand.
Speaking about scattering the seed,
Some fell on the path to be trampled on, the birds ate it up.
Some fell on the rocks getting no moisture, they withered up.
Some fell among thorns, where it was choked up.
Some fell on good soil, where it produced a yield.
He took a stand.
Speaking against sin,
Saying the seed is the word of God.
Those along the path are the ones that hear; then, the devil comes along
stealing.
The seed on good soil stands for those, with a noble heart who hears the word,
retains it by preserving producing a crop.
He spoke revealing.
The truth, the audience was awed.
He healed.
The sick,
The lame,
The blind,
With a touch of His mere hand, all infirmities flee.
He was the true Son of God.
The Messiah of Israel would be rejected by, His own.
This would be known.
It was just a matter of time.
Before, we would hear redemption's plea.
Our savior would be taken in the night.
Not putting up a fight.
He was beaten within non recognition.

Feeling sins persecution,
They led him to the cross.
He died and rose on the third day.
Taking the keys from hell's gate,
This was His fate.
He was the true Messiah.

Patricia Kelley

The Vicious Man

There is no other meaner than a vicious man.
I believe he can be meaner than a vicious woman.
When some men get mad, they want to destroy.
Like you were once their favorite toy,
Dismantling,
Channeling,
All they can feel is hatred.
Feeling greatness!
Creating sadness,
He creates madness.
His attacks become deadly.
He can become downright crazy.
Not understanding or being able to control his feelings.
He peels.
Going right for the jugular,
It becomes regular.
He doesn't see his own mistakes.
Not knowing when to take a break.
He rants.
He never grants.
You favor.
To him you were never a savior.
He twists every word you say.
Making his day!
He makes up things believing the worst in you.
Then spreads rumors about you!
He will try to ruin your reputation.
Out of his frustration,
Of wishing you back.
Trying to bully you back!
You stand back!
Realizing his only goal is to tear down.
You refuse to feel rundown.
Escaping,
Fleeing,
You stay away from the vicious man.

Patricia Kelley

The Vicious Woman Is My Big Sister

I know a vicious woman she's my big sister.
She always gets words tied up with her tongue twister.
She pretends to be a good listener.
But, you'll soon find out she's not a welcomed visitor.
Anything she can find out about you.
She'll use it against you.
She pretends to be all high and mighty.
But, you'll see how flighty.
So, you better not tell her anything.
She talks about everyone behind their backs.
While walking, squeezing in her tight slacks,
She'll pretend to be your friend.
You'll soon feel condemned.
You were tricked by the vicious woman.
She sits on her couch staring at herself with her hand mirror.
She can't see anything clearer.
She constantly loads her eyes with eye-makeup.
You'll soon see, you can't see pass the mascara.
She constantly lines her lying lips.
Eating fattening cakes that widen her hips,
She doesn't get off the couch.
She slouches.
Screaming at everyone else to do the chores,
You can hear the kids quickly running out the doors.
No one wants to be around the vicious woman.
She's my big sister.
She's meaner than a junkyard dog wearing lipstick.
She's a back stabber.
That loves to gabber.
She can't be trusted.
She's the vicious woman that's my sister.

Patricia Kelley

This Is The Home Where I Was Born

This is the Home Where I Was Born
Where I learned to take my first steps,
Where I learned to respect,
My mom and dad
Over there down the hall in the right corner, across from the bathroom,
Use to be my peach colored bedroom.
I'd look out my bedroom window.
And see shadows of Angels when my little head was resting upon my pillow.
That's where I would stay up through the night sometimes learning how to write.
I'd write my songs and poetry through the night.
I'd entertain Heavenly Angels by putting on a private show.
Of singing and dancing,
I felt secure.
As long as my dad was around,
One glance of his eyes gave me reassurance.
After all he sold life insurance.
The whole time I was growing up I never heard my mom and dad fight.
The only one that seemed up tight was my brother.
For some reason he got by with so much by my mother.
Daddy was always at work.
He never saw the jerk.
He was five years older than me.
It wasn't that my father was an absentee father.
He was a workaholic.
Not an alcoholic.
My dad was a religious man that song solos in the choir.
He couldn't see that I was walking on a tight wire.
By the time I was six years old.
I started getting bold.
I wanted to be more like the other children.
I didn't see my brother as the evil villain.
Then it all happened one day.
My dad was at work.
Mom was ironing his work clothes.
When a knock came to the door,
I felt my heart race to the floor.
The smart nerd was invited outside to play.
I thought this was going to be my special day.
Momma said, go ahead and have some fun.

I wanted to play in the sun.
I instantly saw this wasn't a usual game
They all instantly took their aim.
My older brother being the leader,
He had his private tall blond cheerleader.
The game was to get me in the street and not to let me out.
No matter, how hard I cried or shouted.
Then it came.
I was hit by a racing drunk driver.
I was now a survivor.
I skidded 15 feet and landed on the bloodstained pavement.
This was my personal memory of my enagement.
I woke up with 3 broken ribs, a broken femur and internal bleeding.
I was crying inside.
But, I could never tell the truth about what happened that day.
Because I was threatened by my brother every day,
I lived in residential evil.
And it wasn't only Heaven watching me, it was pure evil.
Momma, why can't you see what your son did to me?
Why do you always take his side over me?
Always telling me, I deserved everything that happened to me.
Momma, why did you let this happen to me?
Can't you see, I was your baby girl that needed protection?
I need to feel your connection.
Momma, I can't take how he stares at me.
He scares me.
He walks into my bedroom while you're asleep and tries to undress me.
Momma, please help, me!
I can't take it anymore.
I want to run, and run through that backdoor.
So fast that I learn to fly
Flying into the trees and clouds,
But I'm not ready yet to say good bye.
Momma, this was the home where I was born.
Where my heart was left torn,
From your son that got into porn.
Daddy, where are you?
If only you knew.
What your baby girl really went through.
This is what happened to me in the home where I was born.
I have good and bad memories.
In the home where I was born!

Patricia Kelley

Thoughts Of Home Make My Mind Rewind

Thoughts of Home Make My Heart Rewind

If home is where I go,
Who knows the fate that waits?
Home is where children were born and mistakes made.
It lies in the center of the universe, of my soul.
Where, I felt my first love.
My dad's heartbeat,
Where, I learned unconditional love.
That dad's hands' were for holding.
Not for scolding.
Where, I took my first step.
Stepping into my mother's warm loving arms',
Where, I felt safe in my father's arms'.
Where, I felt that first heart leap.
My first crush,
My parents' saw my first blush.
Where, I felt my first broken heart.
When my boyfriend moved,
I felt sadly confused.
Where, my broken heart healed.
Feeling a shield,
Where, I felt God's first embraces.
Where, I ran my first races.
Where, I heard my first bedtime story, forming imaginations in my young
creative mind. Thoughts of home make my heart rewind.

Patricia Kelley

Through The Faith Of A Child

I sit quietly, concentrating on His word, reciting verse. Praying, suddenly reaching that childhood faith.

I see, my Jesus, running to me.
I see, my Jesus, talking to me.
I see, my Jesus, loving on me.
I see, my Jesus, healing me.
I see, my, Guardian Angel watching me.

When I quietly reach that childhood faith,
Through the ears of a child, I hear Jesus.

I hear, my Jesus, close to me.
I hear, my Jesus, speaking to me.
I hear, my Jesus telling me, that He loves me.
I hear, my Jesus saying, He's healing me.
I hear, my Jesus saying, He has plans for my life.

When I quietly reach that childhood faith,
Through the lips of a child, I see Jesus speaking.

He's saying. He came to forgive the world.
He came to love on the world.
He came to promise, the world His gift of Heaven.

You can see and hear all things through the faith of a child.

Patricia Kelley

Time To Take A Chance

I can't believe that she was once a foster child.
Then, she became my daughter.
The first time I saw her, she smiled.
I just knew that she would make the perfect daughter.
The first time I saw her.
She laughed.
She asked how old I was.
Then, I heard a pause.
She thought I was much younger.
I saw the hunger,
In her lonely weary eyes,
She needed someone wise.
She had once been led astray.
Treated like a stray.
She needed someone that would stay.
I couldn't promise her, no gray skies.
But, I could promise her when there were, we would go looking for fuchsia
colored rainbows in the sky.
Seeing through the windows' of her eyes; watching a little girl dance.
She tore down all resistance.
In an instance,
I knew I had to take this chance.
She needed a mother.

Patricia Kelley

Tornado Zone

Tornado zone
With so many homes gone,
They can't hear the phone.
As the tornado rips through their home,
Wild winds roam.
I wonder how many are left alone.
Now that the storm is gone, gone,
While some people carry on.
Untouched by deadly Oklahoma tornadoes,
While others have to move on,
Losing all their worldly belongings,
Searching for a deeper longing,
Seeing God's face through the storm,
Watching their life transform,
After surviving a violent storm,
Being caught beneath the storm,
Not being able to return to the tornado zone.
With all their possessions gone, gone,
Life suddenly has new meaning.
Seeing God's face through the beating rain,
Not being able to restrain.
They ask.
Where do we begin?
Just thanking God to be alive.
Their voices speak loud and clear on channel five.
On channel nine.
Making world news,
Standing alone in their muddy shoes,
Staring at the scattered debris,
Feeling the sudden freedom of an escapee,
Standing by a snapped tree,
Turned into match sticks,
Hearing no sound of the clock tick,
Speaking to channel nine's news crew,
They were the select few.
That survived the devastation of an Oklahoma tornado.
Seeing it first looking out a window,
Looking into Oklahoma skies,
They stand firm refusing to say goodbye.

As firm as the oak stands,
They promise to rebuild with a team of faithful hands.
Faith stands firm in Oklahoma.

Patricia Kelley

Trapped

She's in a life with no escape; planning her escape.
She stands in the enemies trenches.
She can see it, in her mind.
It's time to unwind.
She nervously wrenches.
Growing tighter, by the minute,
She doesn't know how to relax.
She acts.
What, she would give to have another woman's freedom.
But, she fears no escape,
Bound, as if, with Duct Tape,
Her emotions all twisted up.
She's about to give-up!
The only emotion, she feels, is fear.
Her sad lifeless eyes tear.
She once dreamed of being someone's wife.
But, he constantly cuts her with his verbal knife.
Trapped to be someone's wife, she doesn't love.
Feeling unloved.
As a mouse with its head caught in a noose,
She only wants to be loose.

She once had a life full of dreams.
Now, all she has are shattered dreams.
The windows of her eyes are hollow from yesterday's sorrow.
She fights within herself to borrow time for tomorrow, only sad days follow.
Growing ill in her marrow, she keeps saying to herself, I'll leave tomorrow.

Patricia Kelley

True Love At First Sight

It was true love at first sight.

When the bright moon shined in the night,
Seeing a fleet of white wild ducks taking flight,
Over our heads,
They flew

Our love softly ignites.

Feeling a light breeze from the spread of their tempered feathery wings',
True love springs.

It was love at first sight.

When seeing you brought me to a new height.

Seeing a fleet of white glistening stars strung out like diamonds in the sky.

Seeing the wise man in the moon is a spy.

His eyes' following our every move,

I can tell he approves.

He gaily winks.

Taking a peek,

He sneaks.

Not missing true love at first sight.

Patricia Kelley

Ultimate Betrayal

You acted like the caring daughter.
You said they were your mother and father.
You took them in your home.
Not letting them come to the phone.
How many relatives called?
How many times you stalled.
Daddy wasn't even allowed to talk to his sister.
You treated him like he was a strange mister.
You talked them into remortgaging their home.
While you made deals on the phone.
You even created a new will.
You worked for the mortgage lender.
You soon became the offender.
You thought you had it sealed.
The only family members they were allowed to see were yours.
You kept Christmas decorations up for seven years.
You confused them.
I can't blame them.
You didn't even let them see their own grandchildren or great grandchildren.
You treated everyone like they were the evil stepchildren.
This went on for seven long years.
You didn't care about others tears.
Or how it would give grandchildren fears.
You only cared about your own affairs.
You let rats move in taking over their house.
All the important things in life disappeared.
Family pictures,
You didn't care about the scriptures.
You refused to remove food or clean their house.
When there was finally nothing left.
You hit like a big theft.
Making sure you were going to get something.
You even allowed new company.
Our estranged brother,
You two became a smuggler.
Anything of value you both took.
Creating a hook,
The plan became to leave little sister out.
You thought she was too weak to shout.

You even had mom and dad sell him the house for ten thousand dollars.
You paid him dollars to come and visit his parents.
Gutting their home,
He rebuilt their home with their money.
While you told mother she could never return to her own home.
Because she allowed sin to happen in her home,
You became judgmental.
While mental,
You emptied their bank accounts.
In large amounts,
You emptied their safety deposit box.
Along with all of their stocks,
You took the original will.
And destroyed it with your strong will,
Your brother even quit his job.
He quit selling drugs for the mob.
You two had a business game plan.
It was a scam.
Even now you took a rental house and rented it for nothing.
The renter gutted it taking all the copper wiring getting something.
There was only seventy five hundred dollars owed against it.
You remortgaged it for more money.
Now there is thirty six thousand owed against it.
And you want to sell it for twenty three thousand.
You should be fired as the accountant.
You're a crook.
You're a schmuck.
I should just let you hang yourself.
I'm so glad I am nothing like you.
If only mom and dad saw the real you.
But, I have a feeling they did.
It was nothing that could be hid.
You're a disgrace.
I pray God shows you grace.
Your sins have reached the Heavens.
It's only a matter of time before everything gets even.

You can't hide what you've done anymore.
Everyone is ready to even the score.
You may finally feel what it's like to be poor.
I've slammed the door.

Understanding The Holy Spirit

When you accept Jesus Christ as your personal savior,
The Holy Spirit is deposited inside of you.
This is the same spirit that heals you.
But, you have to feed this spirit with the word of God.
If you let this spirit go unattended it grows weak.
The Holy Spirit only reaches its peak.
When, you stay in tune with the spirit feeding it with the word of God.
Just as you feed a baby milk,
The spirit inside of you has to be fed with food.
This needs to be understood.
Or you will go through life never feeling renewed.
Some people do not realize their full potential.
Or their exponential,
Growth through the Holy Spirit,
That has no limits.
We can only strengthen the Holy Spirit inside of us by reading and hearing the
word of God.

Colossians 2: 5 For though I am absent from you in body, I am present with you
in spirit and delight
To see how disciplined you are and how firm your faith in Christ is.

Patricia Kelley

Unlovable

She sits on the park-bench, cold and hungry feeling judged by those that walk pass her.

Her life hasn't been fair.

She's use to being treated unfair.

She doesn't feel like anyone cares.

Everyone just stares.

As they walk pass her pointing the finger.

Aware of her possessions scattered in midwinter.

She wishes for a better life.

This isn't the life she pictured.

When, she was young, she thought, she would grow-up to be someone's wife.

But, her life has been no fairytale.

Everything, she tries, she fails.

She's ready to give up on life.

She sees no future.

Her life has been scattered in fragmented pieces.

She doesn't know what it is to be loved.

She feels unloved.

Rejected,

First by her parents, then by her boyfriend,

She can't pretend.

To be someone she isn't.

The last time she spoke to her dad, he was in prison.

The last time she heard from her mom, she was in prison.

She doesn't want to grow up like her parents'.

She's embarrassed.

She feels, unlovable!

Waiting for someone to show her some acceptance,

She knows she's made mistakes.

But when you walk by her judging her, she thinks you're a fake.

You pretend to be a Christian.

Showing your legalism religion,

Instead of a Christian on a mission that serves the unlovable.

Psalm 34: 18

The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit.

Patricia Kelley

Valentine's Day, Our Wedding Day

Valentine's Day!

Always reminds me of our special day.

When we walked through the barefoot aisles of glistening warm white sand,

In the Virgin Islands,

In Saint Thomas,

On a heart shaped beach.

The day you took my hand,

In front of God and everyone,

We comfortably said.

I do.

The day that I stared into your sun kissed smiling face.

Straight into your brown eyes',

Seeing the reflection of love, reflecting back,

The girl in the mirror of your eyes smiling,

Compiling,

Filing,

What brought her to this special moment!

Feeling chosen,

Once broken,

With a suite case full of clothes waiting to be unpacked;

I felt at home.

Knowing where, I belonged.

Your loving eyes fixed only on me.

Wearing a wedding dress trimmed in white lace.

The day the crystal aqua blue waves rushed up to the shore kissing my bare feet.

My Heavenly Father,

Blessing our wedding day,

Knowing that you would be my husband,

For the rest of my life,

I agreed to be your wife.

Pegasus my Heavenly pet did acrobats in the sky,

Flying high!

Above the deep transparent aqua blue Caribbean Sea,

Everyone applauded.

Seeing his reflection in the clear glistening waters,

It was, as if, Saint Valentine's himself was performing the ceremony hundreds of years before.

With hundreds of brides ready to wed their grooms;

Sneaking out of their private dusty rooms,

I felt a hundred eyes upon us that day taking pictures in their minds.
Still winds.
Deep transparent aqua blue seas,
Rolling waves,
Clear blue skies.
Hundreds of eyes,
Many creatures from the depths of the seas,
They were all, our guest.
Uninvited,
Invited,
They all wanted to share.
Not needing a chair.
Their eyes witnessing, the perfect wedding day,
When two souls become one,
No longer wandering the earth alone,
They found someone.
Someone to become their best friend and lover,
I found you.
You found me.
Predestined,
Destined,
Our love was meant to be written in the sky.

Patricia Kelley

Violent Video Games The Culprit

Violent video games are making kids more violent.
They're becoming more violent say psychiatrist.
Kids are not using their imaginations.
We're only creating more psychiatric patients.
Some become the silent killer.
Not being able to control their finger.
Feeling electric impulse stimulation in their brain,
They're the kids that go into schools pulling the trigger.
Leaving other children dead or lame,
To them it's just a game.
More evidence is pointing to the culprit being a violent video game.
Trying to outdo the other,
They shoot in cold blood our sisters' and brothers'.
Even sometimes their mother,
It's all in the game.
In their mind, it rewinds.
Not knowing the difference between reality, and animation.
They get their stimulation.
It happened at Sandy Hook.
He tried to take out more than the Norwegian schnook.
Can we outlaw, or put restrictions on violent video games?
Kids that take psychotropic drugs should not be allowed to play violent video games.
Or we could find all of us in their game.

Patricia Kelley

Warning For Those That Want To Bring The Broken Into Their Home

I want to warn those who want to bring the broken into their home.
There will be shock and awe in your home.
Some have never tasted the food that comes from a real home.
Some have never been embraced from the love of a home.
Some will be jealous of your home.
And some will set out to destroy relationships in your home.
Some you will not be able to handle in your home.
And some will ruin your home.
Be careful whom you let into your home.
Like a thief in the night that sets out to steal, kill and destroy what's all in your home.
And don't forget about the garden that compliments your home.
Some will cut and burn the hammock in the memorial garden that brought special memory to your home.
And some will kill the flowers that cascade your home.
Because their jealous of your home!
In their minds you don't deserve a home!
And the loving pet that sits in your lap in the comfortable chair in your home.
Don't be surprised if it disappears from your home....

Patricia Kelley

We Believe In The American Dream

Politicians' say take their guns, they don't need their guns.
When the truth is America's turning back into the wild, wild, west.
We're not at our best.
Most Americans lack any morals.
We're divided by a country that quarrels.
We've closed the Bible putting God to rest.
We think of ourselves as immortals.
We've said and accepted, no morality putting our God to the test.
America needs to wake-up from your somber sleep.
And loudly protest.
We will not sit back and let you take our guns.
We will defend our sons and daughters, for generations to come.
You refused to protect our borders, so you could usher in the votes.
You leave us no alternative but to get out our guns.
We're not going to sit back as a nervous child that sucks their thumb.
While you, march with your private army into our homestead doors taking our
guns.
Our fathers' and forefathers' fought for rights.
This isn't about color, blacks against whites.
This is simply about freedom that rings.
In which past wars were won, and a heroes' song was sung.
I'm proud to be and American. I am proud to be free. If it wasn't for America's
guns, I would have no song to sing.
My forefather's would have felt Britain's sting, and we would have been ruled by
a Britain's evil king.
And Paul Revere riding through loudly yelling, "The British are
coming"; would have been America's last dream.
I'm proud to be and American, my heart so does sing.
I wear my heart on my sleeve.
I refuse to grieve.
To my lost American dream,
I believe.
That God searches into the heart of America and sees and grieves for America's
sweet dream.
He will lead new grandfathers and fathers, and sons and daughters towards the
American dream.
We're not a violent people.
We just want to put America back on that steeple.
That sings were proud to be American. We believe in the American dream.

Patricia Kelley

We Don'T Always Agree

There are times she isn't always honest with me.
And we don't always agree.
But, there are times she can be sweeter than a glass of sweet tea.
I don't always understand her.
Nor does she always understand me.
And sometimes, we can become as distant as the sea.
But, when we both come together it can be as sweet as cherries picked from a
cherry tree.
We no longer need a referee.
It can become a sweet memory.
Of a mother and daughter spending, their time together.
When true emotions come together,
The love shared between a mother and daughter.

Patricia Kelley

We Have The Poison Ivy Blues

We got the blues from the Poison Ivy itch.
And now all we want to do is snooze.
We just sit around and itch.
If I were a drinker I'd have a sip of strong booze.
We feel like we're in a spell from a mean witch.
That planted Poison Ivy in our flowerbeds.
Now the rash is spread all over our arms and legs.
We just want to ditch the heavy threads.
The only relief we have is Benadryl.
This is an itch we would both like to ditch.
Believe me sipping on awful Benadryl is no thrill.
I told her that ivy could kill.
It's done broke my will.
All we do is itch!
My daughter and I switch.
She scratches then, I scratch.
We're quite the match.
We're both covered in Calamine Lotion.
Cause we're under an evil potion.
We're both filled with strong emotion.
We had no notion.
We'd both get the poison ivy blues.
Now we're so blue!
We got the Poison Ivy Blues!

Patricia Kelley

We Owe It To Old Glory

It was a sad day in American when Secretary of State Hillary Clinton lied.
To the people about 4 brave people.
It brought many humbled prayers to the steeple.
She lost her American pride.
And showed her true stride,
When she stood up on national television and announced their death was
because of a radical video.
It soon became a presidential presidio.
So, what,
She said.
Shaking her gray cold confused head,
We have four dead people.
Do you think they're the only ones that have felt the enemies lead?
She sent many confused patriotic Americans to bed.
They woke up the next day more- wiser.
And less nicer,
Still looking and asking for answers,
Why were four brave men left in enemy territory?
What's the true story?
Their deaths were gory.
We owe more to Old Glory!
American people need to hear the true story.

Patricia Kelley

What To Do

She doesn't know what to do.
With the price of rent and food,
If only she knew.
She could make plans for tomorrow.
And not feel so blue.
But, everyday seems to be a struggle.
She prays for a breakthrough.
All of her money goes for rent and food.
She still doesn't know what to do.

Patricia Kelley

What Value Do We Put On Life

What Value Do We Put On a Life?

How is it that we can put possessions before life?

And live a life of strife.

Hypnotized drunk by the vine.

Without any sip of fermented wine,

We live in a cesspool with swine.

Struggling in a lifeless vine with no meaning for life!

Are we no better than the rich?

That stores their possessions for their private itch.

Always wanting more never satisfied with cravings like a wicked witch.

When are we going to step up say, that there's more to this life?

My success in life isn't about who has the most.

It isn't about being on a list of the favorite poets post.

My life is about saving the lost.

No matter what the cost.

What value do we put on a life?

Patricia Kelley

When Boy Meets Girl

That boy over there turns his head and looks at me.
His eyes' glow,
I'll let it show.
Now,
I look at him.
I wonder if he knows.
I really like him.
Our eyes slowly meet.
I wonder if he knows he could knock me off my feet.
With one wink,
My heart does sink.
Beneath the Oklahoma blue skies.
I feel my heart rise.
I'm seeing visions of long moonlit carriage rides.
Feeling rushing ocean tides,
Sailing through and down my feet,
I slightly blink.
Our blue eyes meet.
He smiles at me.
Not knowing he holds the key.
To my heart,
With one glance,
I feel romance.
With one glance,
I'm ready to take a chance.
Boy, what you doing looking at me.
Like that.
Don't you know when you look at me?
I think of bright Oklahoma blue skies.
And rainbow eyes,
You look so nice.
Just standing there beneath that shady old willow tree,
You make me feel so free.
I could be your sweet honey bee.
When you look at me like that.
I can look at you and just be me.
A young girl feeling a summer's love,
When the love dove gently landed.
At my feet,

Boy, you looking at me like that just knocked me off my feet.
I feel so sweet!
Just like a honey bee.

Patricia Kelley

White Lightning

She found the wolf in the cemetery when he was just a pup.
He was like a gentle cub.
The wolf was a sign of protection to protect her from harm.
He would become her guardian angel and right arm.

He was so small the only remaining survivor of the litter
She felt so sorry for the lonely critter.

She named him White Lightning.
He had a special likening.
He had trails of white streaks that ran through his coarse hair.
She could hear his loud bark in the air.
Wherever she went he followed.
He became her second shadow,
White Lightning was his name.
He was tame now and no longer part of the wild game.
When she went to sleep at night he laid right beside her.
His ears would go up when he heard sounds on the floor.
She knew that he would protect her from unwelcomed visitors coming through
the door.
He guarded the sounds on the floor.

Then one night she was awoken by a loud noise, the wolf barked and growled.
It was a prowler. Her took one look at White Lightning and shut the door and
ran.
White Lightning proved to be her protector.

Her angel of the night, she needed no reflector.

To him, she was his savior.

White Lightning proved to be her protector.

Patricia Kelley

Who Is Amanda

She sat in the back of the Alzheimer's dining room.
Sitting entomb.
Rubbing her small tummy in circles,
I could tell she was hungry.
She didn't seem angry.
Her long thin gray hair shadowing her face,
She sat quietly.
Silently,
I tried to get a response.
As a renaissance of poems, scripture and songs,
I sung.
Then finally out of nowhere.
I start singing "She'll be coming around the Mountain."
Silence broken, she came here.
For this special moment, her lips sealed shut for seven years.
Her tears spilled.
She said. I use to sing that song to my granddaughter, Amanda when she was
little.
Her heart filled.
To another place and time, as everyone felt chilled.
She spoke words of love from a special time.

Patricia Kelley

Why Kids Bully

There are different kinds of bullying.
There's physical bullying.
There's psychological bullying.
They take advantage of their size.
Or they take advantage of the younger.
Sometimes, you're given power.
Sometimes, people misuse their power.
Instead of using it for positive,
They choose to use it negative.
By physically or mentally hurting others,
They feel empowered.
Whether it's to get even,
They only see their own hurt.
Not getting past their, own hurts.
They choose to hurt others.
It doesn't matter to them if it's a sister or brother.
They're only remembering the pain they felt.
Not being able to deal, with what they were dealt.
They choose to cause pain.
They can't feel the rain.
It can be insane.
There's no sanity.
It can be vanity.
Being too proud full!
To admit that you're wrong,
Realizing you're not so strong.
Feeling strong will,
Freewill,
They choose to hurt others.

Patricia Kelley

Winter Laid Down

Winter laid down his sleepy head.
Covering his head; with nappy fall leaves.
He went to bed.
As spring's sun arrogantly appears taking the lead.
With Daylight Savings time just right around the corner.
Winter solemnly grieves.
Hiding his head!
From dancing sun rays,
He lies in a daze.
As spring, springs forward.
Stealing short winter days',
The rabbit goes hopping in search for a new mate.
Looking for a date,
To travel through hollow logs,
Running from wild dogs,
They tire.
Meeting up with soft white clover,
They gaily rollover!
And sigh!
Saying, goodbye!
Good night!
To winter's hidden sleepy eyes'!
They Welcome spring!
And sing...

Patricia Kelley

Woman With Spirit

I still remember her voice; each time I would visit.
She would be sitting in her recliner.
It was always right before dinner.
She had (C.O.P.D.) chronic obstruction pulmonary disease.
Her spirit was always at ease.
She would always call me honey.
She always seemed so sunny.
She always had to be near, her oxygen.
She loved for me to read Songs of Solomon.
She had no fears of dying.
She had more fear about living.
She always loved to talk.
She would tell me about taking a long walk.
On her hundreds of acres,
I would set there carefully watching the clock, because I could get lost in our
long talks.
She talked about her life, when she was young, and all of her stocks.
She was once a very wealthy lady, she smiled, and said.
Her hired hands' were well paid.
She talked about riding and breaking wild horses.
She fought against all of the forces.
No one thought she could do it, because she was a woman.
She said, proudly. Her husband was a real man.
He taught her everything, and how to be a real businesswoman.
He had died several years before her, leaving her a huge estate.
She had lived great!
He left her with everything, including a ranch.
She had so much wisdom for a solid oak branch.
She set there in her recliner, neatly tucked, snuggled in her heavy woven socks.
I was called in the day, she was dying.
She had been in a coma unresponsive now for several days.
I started crying.
I gently whispered in her ear everything was going to be okay, she opened her
eyes, and looked at me.
She quietly squeaked. Honey, get me a drink. She took a sip, and turned her
head. With her last words, and all eyes on her son, she said. I'll always love you!

Then suddenly, she was gone, like the end to a beautiful song.
She was able to say good bye to her son. She showed me even though she was

in a coma. She knew, what was going on in her room.

She slowly started fading away, as a flower that closes its petals. Then with one last breath, one last rise, she was gone.

Patricia Kelley

Yesterday's Sorrow

She's only thirteen but she wants to be like her mother.
Not her adopted mother.
No, she wants to be just like her bio mother.
She pierces her nose.
With the thorn of a rose,
She sneaks off and smokes cigarettes.
Making everyone sweat,
No one knows what she'll do next.
She doesn't care about the effects.
Of smoking!
Or of drugs!
She just wants to have a goodtime.
No matter the cost.
She doesn't care if she has a criminal mind.
She wants to rewind.
Going back to her past,
Fast!
She tries to recreate her environment before.
Sneaking out the door,
She's incontrollable.
Intolerable,
Not sure of what will happen to her tomorrow.
From yesterday's sorrow!
She steals.
Spinning her wheels,
She destroys.
Once a man's toy!
She's no joy.
Lord, help the girl that lives in yesterday's sorrow.

Patricia Kelley

You Admit You Were Wrong

You Admit You Were Wrong
You say now that you're gone.
That you were wrong,
You say now that you're somewhere, where you belong.
It took you awhile to figure things out.
You liked to shout.
And get right in front of my face.
You didn't show much grace.
You were always angry.
And frankly cranky,
I tried to guide your way.
But you were so stubborn each day.
I'm glad that you finally found a place that you can call home.
A place where your mind can safely roam,
I don't want you to feel alone.
I always wanted you to feel safe and secure.
I just want you to make sure.
Before you react that you always think twice.
I don't want you going through life like a fool rolling the dice.
Not everyone in life is nice.
I'm trying to give you some motherly advice.
You know that from experience.
That sometimes the people we love, hurt us the most.
We're the ones' that suffer the greatest cost.
And wander through life feeling deeply lost.
I know too, what it's like to be rejected.
And not feel connected.
To be subjected to cruelty.
But it's our duty.
To forgive,
No matter how dark it gets.
It's only when we can forgive that we can truly live.
I know this from personal experience.
I know now that you're with the right people.
I prayed in the steeple.
That God would guide you to the right home and He did.
God will always take care of you, you're His own kid.
Adopted through grace!
To run the race!

Against time!
Fly God's child! Fly!

Patricia Kelley

You And I

You and I will be friends, again!
You and I will see stars, again.
You and I will never be apart, again.
You and I will find love, again.
You and I will make love, again.
Seeing high, we'll rise, again.
Seeing deep, we'll fall in love, again.
Seeing past the pain, we'll feel the rain, again.
Knowing that God gave us one more chance,
We'll feel that romance.
Going back in time as we dance,
While Heaven's Angels' take a long glance.
Staring into the eyes' of two meant to be lovers'.
Rediscovering,
Recovering,
The moment God took the stars, and the moon, remolding in His fiery hands'.
You take my hand.
Hearing the love song, playing from the band,
You take a quick stand.
Feeling love from Heaven's sudden romance,
Going back into time,
The first time we danced.

Patricia Kelley

You And I Are Meant To Be

You and I are meant to be.
As the deep blue Caribbean Sea,
I know you love me.
When I walk alone barefoot on the sea shore, you're all that I see.
When I'm alone, and your gone!
I have the lines drawn.
Seeing only your face, you belong to me.
Remembering each line to your face,
I never erase.
My welcome thoughts of you, invade my mind.
As I rewind.
Our quiet nights,
Together,
When you held me tight,
The stars our nightlight,
Never,
Letting me out of your sight,
This is when I knew.
You and I are meant to be.
Seeing you brings destiny.
Hearing you brings melody.
Speaking of you, I think Heavenly.
Forever,
And ever
You and I are meant to be.

Patricia Kelley

You And I, Love Song

You and I were friends before we became lovers'.
We both liked spending time together.
Kissing and hugging in each other's arms'.
Cuddling on the couch; watching our favorite movies.
We thought our marriage was strong.
Believing lifelong,
Then we started drifting, not realizing, what was pulling us apart.
Afraid we were no longer friends.
We knew we had to fight for our marriage.
We held onto each other crying.
Saying,
You and I will be friends, again!
You and I will see stars, again.
You and I will never be apart, again.
You and I will find love, again.
You and I will make love, again.

You looked into my tear filled eyes.
Holding my hand close to your heart; not letting go.
You said.
Seeing high, we'll rise, again.
Seeing deep, we'll fall in love, again.
Seeing past the pain, we'll feel the rain, again.
I'll never let you go.
I felt a sudden glow.
I knew at that moment that God was giving us a second chance.
We both started feeling that hidden romance.
Going back into time, as we, danced.
While Heaven's Angels' take a long glance.
Staring into the eyes' of two meant to be lovers'.
Rediscovering,
Recovering,
The moment God took the stars, and the moon, remolding in His fiery hands'.
You take my hand, saying.
Seeing high, we'll rise, again.
Seeing deep, we'll fall in love, again.
Seeing past the pain, we'll feel the rain, again.
Holding onto each other crying; refusing to let go,
We held onto each other tight.

Hearing the love song, playing from the band,
You take a quick stand.
Feeling love from Heaven's sudden romance,
Going back into time!
Traveling on the wings' of love,
The first time we danced.

Patricia Kelley

You Became The Target

You once thought that you had to protect her.

And then you opened your eyes and saw that the world needed to be protected from her.

You realized when you saw small animals killed and maimed by her.

Her targets had no chance against her.

And then you became a target to her.

Patricia Kelley

You Deserve Better

My friend, you deserve better.
You need to write this John a good bye letter.
Don't you dare let that man bring you down!
You deserve to be treated like a Queen wearing a crown.
You owe him nothing, you're not a debtor.
You were marvelously and wonderfully made by our Creator.
You need to walk away from him before your health gets run down.
This man has been wearing a mask like a clown.
He's pretending to love you, while loving on another.
Girl, if only you could run back home to your mother.
I'm sure she would tell you to write that man a scarlet letter.
He doesn't deserve you.
I wish I could say something to make you stop feeling so blue.
But I've said it, and I've given you a clue.
It's not too late to turn your life around.
Before you have a breakdown,
Your friends are here for you.
God is here for you to start your life over, like new.
You have people that will see you through.
We will pray until we reach a breakthrough.

Patricia Kelley

You Know What You Did

You know what you did, and when you did it.
You sit there like a victim.
Crying trying to get people to feel sorry for you,
While you victimized the innocent,
How can you pretend to be so innocent?
Yes, it's true there is nothing about you that I like.
You, use people, and abuse people.
Then, you want them to feel sorry for you.
Look in the mirror.
Whose reflection do you see?
Do you even like the person in the mirror?
Then, you wonder why you aren't welcomed.
Like, we are supposed to open our home.
To someone that we can't even trust,
I told you from the beginning.
That trust meant everything.
Without trust you live a lie.
Trying to buy time until you can find someone else to victimize.
So go ahead and cry.
Because, for the last time I am saying good bye!
Go stick your face in a piece of pie.

Patricia Kelley

You Paid The Cost, For All

Oh, my Lord, you heal the brokenhearted.
You never give up, on those that departed.
You safely wait for, the return of their hearts'.
As Heaven sets the course;
You send your Angels' to remove their obstacles.
Getting their full attention,
Keeping them from trouble,
You set the course.
Saving the lost
Paying the cost,
You save them from being tossed.
Into the lake of fire;
Their life may expire.
But, you saved them, from eternal fire.
You paid the cost for all!
Oh, my Lord, you heal the sick.
With a touch of your hand, cancer disappears,
to never reappear.
You heal the high fever.
With a wave of your hand, the fever's broken.
You paid the cost, for all!

Patricia Kelley

Your Life Has Just Begun

It's hard to forgive when you're angry.
When you start thinking about how people have done you wrong.
You just sit back and feed that anger feeding it until it becomes hungry.
You feed your anger by becoming bitter.
It can make you a silent hitter.
The more you think about it the steam builds up.
Until you sip from the death cup.
You can't sip from it.
You'll get burnt by the steam from it.
You just have to forget it.
Some people are greedy.
Some people are seedy.
You just have to forget them and move on.
Let God deal with them,
Yes, they will have to answer for what they've done.
They're not going to get by with the evil they've done.
They danced with the devil.
Becoming greedy by evil,
Don't give in.
So what if they were your kin.
You don't have to see them anymore.
They set the dividing score.
Even though you feel defeated,
You weren't beaten.
They can never hurt you again.
Walk away from the storm and don't walk back into the rain.
Feeling yesterday's pain.
They have nothing to gain.
What they've gathered will all turn to dust.
While you stand just.
Remember who you are.
Your life has just begun.

Patricia Kelley