

Loved Ones





I Never Dreamed

I never dreamed one smile could fill
my world with worth and light
until your smile made all my days
so beautiful and bright.

I never realized someone
could change my life so much
until you shared your caring way,
your strength, your tender touch.

I never thought that love could be
this endless, deep, and true
until the day I gave my heart
and all my love to you.

~ Roberto Benitez

Goodbye, Love

Baby, I'm sorry, but I just can't stay strong
I'm tired of this hurting; I've been hurting too long
There's just too many problems running through my
mind
You, my family, my friends, and just doing this time
When I read your letters my mind wants to explode
I wonder was that the truth or a lie you just told
It sounded for real, but it feels so fake
And holding on to this love could be my biggest
mistake
See, I've written you so many wonderful letters
Spilling out words that could make your days better
I spilled the roses, and the violets too
I think I used the whole garden for you
But, in return this is all what I get
A whole lot of pain and the other bull---
Well, I've spilled out love lines as smooth as silk
But, now I'm spilling a mess, so start wiping the milk

'Cause I'm tired of this hurting; when I look at our
love I can see it's not working
I'm tired of this hurting; I can't seem to find this true
love I'm searching

I've held these words back as long as I could
Pretending to be happy just to make you feel good
But, on the inside, we know it just ain't working
I can't fake it no more, baby, I'm tired of this hurting
Sometimes I wonder is this all that it seems
Is it really love, or are you selling me dreams
Or are you just trying to make me feel shame
Making me look lame, by making me feel pain
Well, see, I know about love, and how to win
It's a little giving out, a little taking in

It takes two people working as a team
When you ever find love, then you'll see what I mean
You know, I've won with the best, I've even won
with worst
Yet, with you I'm only losing, and that's what hurts
It's like you're using this love on me like a weapon
Well, I've taken your beating, now it's time I start
stepping

'Cause I'm tired of this hurting; when I look at our
love, I can see it's not working
I'm tired of this hurting; I can't seem to find this true
love I'm searching

When I needed you the most, you weren't there
Sometimes I had to beg to get you to care
But no matter how wrong you had treated me
I did whatever I could whenever you needed me
And sometimes you used to make me cry
I used to sit in my cell wishing I could die
I felt so miserable, I felt so terrible
And now the pain has become unbearable
I love you unlike I've loved anyone else
If you were to leave me I'd probably kill myself
So that's why I have to end this before
You crush my world by walking out of the door

You see, I've stayed too long, but now I'm gone
I'm leaving these words with you to carry on
It might've gotten better, or maybe worse
But, instead a "good-bye, love" is coming first
I loved you then; I still love you now
You said you loved me too, but you didn't know how
So this is good-bye and my very last letter
I'm still hurting now, but I'm bound to feel better

I'm tired of wondering what this love will be
And I'm tired of always feeling like you're using me
I'm tired of hard working, for the love I've been searching
But most of all, I'm simply tired of this hurting

P.S.

I'm in the wind and gone again... You take it smooth, while I
make this move...

~ Christopher Barker

Old Friends

The first time I saw you
My face lit up like a light.
My eyes were shining and
The sun was bright.

But as we grew older
Our feelings started to change.
After you became a man,
You were not the same.

Our feelings for each other
Faded away.
I didn't want to go,
I wanted you to stay.

I could not stand the thought of your leaving me
And I cried at times because I didn't understand
Why you left me behind.
But every day you were on my mind.

~ Cynthia Rush

Love

Love.

Is it really the best thing for us?

Does it destroy or replenish the caring we remember as a child?

Is it a nightmare?

Is it a dream come true?

Only loneliness can tell you the truth.

It's not in the mind,

It's not in the soul,

It's not in the heart.

It's in the belief!

You learn that through the experience of losing it.

~ Adam D. Rice

A Christmas Rose

I snatched a Christmas Rose
from a bush filled with thorns.

Its soft, velvety petals
seemed only slightly worn.

As the graceful bud unfolded
in perfect harmony,
delicate leaves reached up
for all the world to see.

A rose filled with wonder,
magnificence without end.

A miracle of Christmas
for you with love, my friend.

~ Twila Cross

Haircut

I had my hair cut a few days ago. When my kids came home from school, they screamed and said, "Mom, what happened to your hair?" I asked them if they liked my hairstyle and they said, "No, you look like a monster." Because they didn't like my hair, I woke up at 5:30 the next morning, took a shower, washed my hair, and stood at the mirror looking at my hair. I spent one whole hour fixing my hair. I combed it and tried various styles. I felt that I wasted too much time on myself.

My children woke up and I fixed them breakfast. I went back to looking at myself in the mirror and playing with my hair. I decided to tie my hair up and showed it to my kids. They said it looked much better than before. I explained to them that it's not how you look on the outside but what's inside your heart that counts.

~ Kum Sun Kim

Mommy

Mommy, Mommy, Mommy.
WHAT!
Is there no end to this song!
They sing all day long.
From morning to noon—
Noon to night—
Night to dawn—
Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma,
WHAT!
That's O.K.
I think saying the word gives
Them sheer delight!
Ma, can I? Mommy, will you?
Mama, did ya?
MOTHER—MOMMY—MAMA—
MOM.
Is there no other name you can call!
Sure, there's Daddy, Auntie, Brother,
Sis, Cousin, Uncle.
Who did I miss, Oh yes,
There's Grandma and Grandpa
But my favorite is you!!!
MOM—MOM—MOM—
WHAT!!
I LOVE YOU.

~ Renee Glaze

A Day in the Life of a Typical Mother

I lie in my bed at 6:00 A.M.
Going through what I'm in store for in 30 minutes.
Six children.

Love is children,
Six is the number,
Havoc and chaos
Is usually the norm.

I go to sleep with six in the bed,
Jelly in their tummies, marker on their legs,
Soap in their hair
Can be a bear.

I get hugs and kisses,
So many I can't count,
So marker on walls, peanut butter in carpet,
Food under the bed
Won't jumble my head.

Never a private moment in the shower,
But six has power.

~ Sally White

New World

I have learned not to worry
About love
But to honor its coming
With all my heart
To examine the dark mysteries
Of the blood
To know the rush of feelings
Swift and flowing as the water
The source appears to be
Within my one self
The new face I turn up
To you
No one else on earth
Has ever
Seen...
I love you

~ Christine Seman

Far Away...Beside Me

Sitting so close, your hands hold me so tight.
Though you look in my eyes, my face, out of sight.
So clearly, I speak sweet nothings in your ear.
You smile as if you are listening, but it's obvious you don't hear.

As the night turns to day, your grip loosens from around me.
Your priorities change and your plans don't include me.
A stranger you've become to me, sleeping in my bed,
Though I feel you lying next to me, I am alone in my head.

You don't hold me anymore, not a nice word to say.
You don't give me sweet compliments. You always complain.
You don't live for our love, you live only for money.
You don't smile anymore, to you nothing is funny.

So serious about things only God can control.
Not serious about us, I can't take any more.
I want you to love me, I beg and I plead.
I have a man who I love, that is far away...beside me.

~ Monique Ross

My Grandson and Me

My grandson, Jacob, is eight years old. Each year during summer we spend a few days in Pigeon Forge, Tennessee, in the Smoky Mountains. We always go on rides, play games, and swim in the pool. We also take walks and play in the river. We have a wonderful time together.

When we leave Pigeon Forge, we go to my sister's home in Spring City, Tennessee. They live on Watts Bar Lake. My brother-in-law takes Jacob and me out on the lake in their boat and pontoon to do some fishing. Jacob loves to fish. I remember the first fish Jacob caught. It was a huge carp. He was so excited. At the age of four, he could hardly pull the big fish up a hill on a stringer.

Jacob loves going to school and makes good grades. Since his beginning in school, he has had twenty-six tests and has a 100% average in reading.

After school on weekends, I pick him up and sometimes we go shopping for a toy or maybe go to the lake or to McDonald's where he can play. Jacob can spend hours at a toy store deciding on which toy to buy and Grandpa must stay very close by. If I take a couple steps from him, he has been known to say, "Grandpa, don't go running away." There is no danger of ever losing him in a store. He will stay very close to me.

If there is a perfect grandson, his name is Jacob Alexander Meyer, and he is loved very much by his grandpa, Art.

~ Art Massengil

My Teacher

When I walk in the room, so early in the morning
with discouragement on my face,
He looks at me, and it soothes my soul.
A productive day can now take place.

As I progress, making my way to success,
he gives me his words of encouragement.
Although I may start out stressed, I strive for the best,
determined to show him how much I appreciate him.

He has “wowed” me with his gentleness,
his ability to be patient and kind
In a world where people are desperate,
in a hurry to let life pass them by.

Such a wonderful creature, how can this be?
God sure has created a saint.
Although they say that no one is perfect,
he is perfect in so many ways.

I'm glad that I was blessed enough
to have walked across his path.
Although I'm happy to be moving on,
I wish that this could last.

There's no way for me to thank him,
no words could I say or write.
I'm so grateful to have met you.
Joe, I'll remember you for the rest of my life.

~ Monique G. Ross

September

Oh how I hate to remember the
Month of September, for that was the month
I lost my sister.

I remember how we would go for
A swim in the pond. Now all day long
I sit and cry because she's gone.

Oh how I recall that dreadful day
When my sister lay in my arms and passed away.
Over and over I play it in my head
But mama says it was not my fault my sister was dead.

You can see what this month really means to me.
Mama says we don't need the sympathy
But somehow it's not the same
Because sometimes when
I sit by the pond I still hear my sister
Call my name.

~ Precious Eutsey

Dear Mom

Dear Mom,
Life as a teen
Living on the streets
Trying to find a place to sleep.
Kicked out of your home
'Cause you think you should be on your own.
Now you can do what you want,
When you want,
But you wish to come back home.

~ Dawn Bradley

Playing Tricks

When I was young, I liked to play tricks on my mom and sister. I was about six or seven years old, and we lived in a farm house on St Rt 669 between Saltillo and Crooksville. We had a pond across the road from where we lived.

I would go over and catch fish and frogs and take them home. I would wait until my mom ran her bath water. She liked to take bubble baths. I would put the frogs and fish in. Then I would run and hide. My mom would get in and start yelling at me. She always knew that I was the one that did it.

My sister was always afraid of spiders, daddy longlegs, and walking sticks. Every chance I got, I put them on her. She was also afraid of worms. I would put them in her hair and down her shirt. She would go running to Mom screaming and crying. I thought it was funny. In fact, just thinking about it now makes me laugh!

~ Carrie Miller

Being Proud

**Since you were born into the world,
I HAVE BEEN PROUD OF**

YOU came out

from my cut belly on the 3rd day of labor and 10 days overdue. Because of it, the doctor found cysts in my uterus; you saved your mother later surgery and a family crisis.

YOU started

to suck milk with your own mouth in the intensive care unit on the 3rd day. Everybody shed tears of joy in praise of your spirit.

YOU tolerated

the nurse drawing your blood again and again for the beginning of numerous tests.

YOU fed yourself

at 13 months with little tiny spoon in left hand (because preferred hand was connected to a bunch of tubes) instead of babying yourself.

YOU took your first step

at 27 months after 4 months of physical therapy.

YOU finger-spelled the words: nose, eye, and ear

to grandparents on your 3rd Thanksgiving Day.

YOU made a friend

from Preschool who missed you so much he cried; you made a bridge to new family friends.

YOU slapped the face

of an aide and a speech therapist, showing your anger to those who didn't understand you in kindergarten.

You made people aware that you could communicate.

YOU loved being in gym class

even though you couldn't jump, throw, and move as your 1st grade classmates did. Running with your huge smile was nothing to discourage.

YOU verbalized, saying, "OK" and "Hayaku" (quick in

Japanese) at 6 years, 10 months. You showed us the light in the dark, which is called *Hope*.

Now you are 7 years old, I AM PROUD OF . . .

- YOU keep trying
to speak with your own voice after touch cueing even
if it takes 3 seconds to vocalize the 1st syllable, and
others make fun of you.
- YOU can blow the fluffy cotton ball
on your palm without spitting.
- YOU continue to learn
sign language to expand your knowledge, and you
use your voice.
- YOU enjoy exploring
use of augmentative device to communicate with
people who don't understand your signing and verbal
sounds.
- YOU take 2nd grade spelling tests
by typing on the computer, showing your ability to
those who are judgmental.
- YOU are learning to maintain your sensory arousal level,
tolerating the Wilbarger's Brushing Protocol.
- YOU can look
at the camera and say "Chi-e-eh" for picture taking.
- YOU can change yourself
from wet/dirty pull-ups to new ones without my
attendance.
- YOU hold hands
with father and mother to stay close no matter what.

Pretty soon, I WILL BE PROUD OF . . .

- YOU will go
to bathroom when needed, without reminding.
- YOU will look at person
greeting you and respond without prompting.

YOU will blow bubbles
with your own mouth to enjoy your favorite play.

YOU will take care of yourself,
tolerating washing your face and hands with soap and
water,
manipulating the toothbrush and spitting the water to
rinse out your mouth,
wearing extra clothes such as sweater, socks and
gloves when it is cold.

YOU will enjoy eating
all kinds of food, not only soba (Japanese noodles),
Jell-O, chicken nuggets and fries, to explore textures,
flavor, and temperature.

YOU will stay in your place
such as at school, theater, or a restaurant without
running away.

YOU will take a walk
outside and remember to come home all by yourself.

YOU will tell me
how you feel, when you are sick, in pain, sad,
excited, happy

YOU will tell me,
without my cue question, what happened while you
were away from me.

**I AM ALWAYS PROUD OF YOU! You are my child
without question!**

Your presence gives me power and strength to
-face challenges I never thought possible,
-proceed to reach the dream which some call a
miracle,
-go against the “reality” of your special needs.

Thanks to my daughter, Sarah

~ Fumiko Adair

The Butterfly

In the spring it is born out of the dead and decayed. All dripping wet out of froth and foam. Lying limp as if it had lived through a raging storm. Vaguely remembering it had had another form. As the sun dried out its velvety wings, the burdens of its old weight were simply gone. It doesn't quite yet understand what it's supposed to do. All it can think of is a memory of the hardness of the ground and damp wetness as it crawled around. What are these memories that come in clear but seem so strange, yet all so real? Something is different, but what?

"My legs have changed, and some are gone!" "How am I to crawl and feel the earth shake?" "What are these things trying to stick up in the air?" "Why did I sleep so long?"

Then God heard the Butterfly's distress, so he sent an Angel to guide it through the steps. The Angel spoke through the Heavenly Realms. At first the Butterfly did not hear, too concerned about her distress. Finally the soft melody the Angel sang gave peace and comfort to the Butterfly, and all its fears fled. The message was coming in so loud and clear.

The Angel sang of long ago, after man had fallen from grace. How God had cried when he wiped out the human race. He had cried so hard it flooded the world. There was only one man left who could hear God's words. Noah was able to save his family and other creatures across the lands, with God's loving hands. He then gave Noah a sign from above--a rainbow with a promise to never again flood the land.

Every creature and every living thing was given a special assignment, as God knew the flood didn't really wipe away sin. You, my dear one, were put here so you could be seen everyday as a reminder that life never ends. You are one of the miracles most people refuse to see. The caterpillar you once were represents man in his sin, your cocoon represents their graves, your metamorphosis represents that life never

ends, but changes. But so few humans see this, this beautiful gift for all it represents. So go and tell the Good News! Spread yourself around the town, so someone may be willing to see that you are here to represent God, and let them all know life is not ever over. It just changes, and you are the proof that Life Goes On.

So next time you see a Butterfly flutter, from flower to flower, it's God's message we do not die, we just leave the flesh behind and then our real life begins. For Virginia (Mom), I love you, Laura Lee Green-Kulcak

The story behind "The Butterfly"...

I wrote this story for a dear and treasured friend. I wrote this for her because she had breast cancer. She also had to face death as treatments were too few too late.

She was like a second mom to me and living so far from my own family, it was nice to have such a friend as her. Her name was Virginia Blevens. She took my husband and me in like we were family when we moved to Ohio in 1994. She lived just across the street, and it didn't take long for us to become fast friends. We always called her Mom as she wished.

I have had a hard time in dealing with her loss. It's as though a huge piece of my heart is missing. I felt this way months prior to her death. I didn't know how to talk to her or what to say. I was used to saying, "Everything will work out fine" or "It will be okay." But this time I knew she was really going to die. At a time when I knew she needed me most, no words would come out.

The last time I saw her, we enjoyed a nice lunch together, and she had on a shirt with butterflies all over it. I told her how nice she looked in it. When I left that day, it was to be the last time I would ever see her alive. When I got home from our visit, I sat down and cried. It was so hard to see her laid up in bed. I kept thinking she should be outside

sitting on her porch enjoying the flowers she loved so much. It was spring and everything was starting to bloom, and I kept thinking how unfair it was for her, her family, and her friends.

Then a thought came to my mind, and I couldn't get the image of the butterflies on her shirt to disappear. I grabbed a pen as thoughts were pushing around in my mind faster than I could write them out. It started out to be a poem, then before I knew it I had a story.

In a crazed and hurried way, I went up to my computer, started to type, and put a rainbow colored effect in the background. I couldn't find a frame, so I went to a nearby store and got one. I also got some pretty spring colored silk flowers.

When I got home, I put the story in the frame and then I hot-glued an arrangement of flowers on the frame and even added a couple of fake butterflies. It had to be just right. It took me all evening to get this accomplished, but time was a very important matter.

The following day, my husband delivered it to Virginia's family. At this point the family had decided not to have visitors as it tired Virginia, and we respected their wishes.

She was able to enjoy the last gift I gave to her. A gift from my heart to hers. I knew she wouldn't be able to see the spring flowers, so I brought them to her. Her family told me that she had that frame with the flowers and The Butterfly story at her bedside for the remainder of her time here on earth. She also had someone read it to her at least once a day. The family said she cherished it. I just hope it gave her comfort and helped her with her fear and dying. I do know that it had helped me, and I believe it was divinely inspired.

Virginia would want me to share this, in hopes it would help someone else come to terms with death or to help the ones left behind. In her memory I am passing this on.

~ Laura Lee Green-Kulcak

