

*Feelings*





---

R.I.P.

Being a child, the world is yours.  
Being an adult, you belong to the world.  
As a child, the monsters were under your bed.  
As an adult, the monsters govern your city.  
When you're a child, everything and anything is possible.  
When you're an adult, you wonder if there's a possible cure  
for your Alzheimer's.  
Money talks.  
So did dinosaurs.  
Born in diapers.  
Die in diapers.  
"Why don't you grow up?"  
"I feel like a kid again!"  
"I'm gonna be a doctor when I grow up."  
"Dang old health plan."  
"Read me a bedtime story."  
"Quit that racket, I'm trying to sleep!"  
"Mommy who's that?"  
"Here lies the youthful old battle-ax Angela K. Hensley"

*Angela K. Hensley*

WHY ME GOD?

I went to the doctor and found out that I was pregnant.

My sister found out she was pregnant too.  
The due date was the same time, March 3.  
During my 3<sup>rd</sup> month I started to have trouble.

The 4<sup>th</sup> month I started to bleed.  
I had my first miscarriage at home. My sister and mom were  
with me.  
I screamed and cried. I went to the hospital at 6:30 in the  
morning.  
I cried more. I was in pain in my body and in my heart.

When I came home I went into a depression.  
I felt sad all the time.  
I would not eat or sleep, day or night.  
I did not want to talk or look at any one.  
My sister is still pregnant.  
I am not.  
It is real hard for me to deal with.

I live with my sister.

*Patricia Horton*

---

PLEASE REMEMBER ME

My sweet angel  
Dry up those tears  
Put me in your heart  
And get rid of all your fears.

I will be there  
Every step of the way  
And promise me my memory  
Will not run astray.

The wind that you feel  
Is a kiss on your face  
And I know in my heart  
Nobody's going to take my place.

Don't cry for me honey  
I'm in a better place  
Don't let those tears  
Ruin that precious face.

Whenever there is joy  
I will be there  
And just to let you know  
I have and always will care.

My little girl  
I hope you can see  
And when you're in bed at night  
Please remember me.

(This poem was written shortly after my father was killed by a drunk driver. I wrote this as if my father were speaking to me.)

*Amy Perry*

## ABANDONMENT

I needed to be loved, but you gave me  
no acceptance.

I wanted to be happy, but you brought me  
sadness.

I gave you my heart, but you gave me  
pain.

I showed you kindness, but you showed me  
deceitfulness.

I showed you truthfulness, but you showed me  
dishonesty.

I gave you compassion, but you showed me  
selfishness.

I treated you like you're important, but you treated me  
with disrespect.

I showed you that I wanted you, but you showed me  
abandonment.

I gave you all that I am, but that wasn't good enough, so  
you turned to another woman.

*Karen Smith*

---

TRAPPED BETWEEN TWO

How should I start?  
I am trapped between two men.  
I am in love with them both.  
How would I choose which one is right for me?  
I am trapped between two.

One love sits at home and waits for me.  
The other one is working.  
One loved one makes time for me.  
The other one is busy making runs.  
I am trapped between two.

I sit in the house watching movies with the man at home.  
The other man waits for me so he could take me out to the  
movies.  
I am trapped between two.

While sitting in the house with the man at home we make  
dinner which is quality time.  
The other man waits for me so he can take me out for dinner  
which is quality time.  
I am trapped between two.

I am trapped between two men.  
I love them both.  
When I need help I can call on them both.  
When in trouble I can call them both.  
I can call them both for all my needs.  
Except, which one should I choose?  
I am trapped between two.

I need to make up my mind.  
Time is running out.  
All eyes are on me.

What should I do?  
I need more time to think.  
I need more days to go by.  
It has to end now.  
No more time.  
I will choose myself.  
I am trapped between two.

*Toreka Miller*



---

THE CONVERSATION

Mind:

Oh heart, why are you crying?

Heart:

It hurts so bad. I feel like I'm dying.

Mind:

What hurts so bad? Tell me what's wrong!

Heart:

The man I love has just strung me along.

Mind:

I hate to see you so sad and blue.  
I tried to tell you this man wasn't true.

Heart:

I thought our feelings for each other were true and  
strong.  
And only in his arms I belonged.

Mind:

I wish there were something I could do or say,  
To make your sadness go away.

Heart:

But this man is all I can think about.  
I feel like he's the one I can't live without.

Mind:

Someday you'll find true love to take away your hurt.  
He'll be someone who won't take you for granted or  
treat you like dirt.

You see Heart, giving him up is something you've got  
to do.  
If you don't, you'll not only lose yourself but me too!

*Amy Powell*

---

HAPPINESS IS

- ...having freedom to speak
- ...being full of love
- ...feeling good inside
- ...a newborn baby
- ...treating others with kindness
- ...sharing with others
- ...comfortable shoes
- ...not having to lay on the bed to zip your jeans
- ...giving and helping others
- ...feeling loved and wanted
- ...looking into the eyes of a smiling child
- ...being thankful for all you've got and giving it all you can give!

*ABLE Class  
Great Oaks Institute of Technical & Career Development*

## PAIN, LOSS, AND HOPE

Sometimes I sit and wonder what's happenin'.  
I think about the people who murdered my brother, and all I  
can picture is them clappin'.

I get mad and I get angry.  
I think about the people who say I need to find someone  
to tame me.  
But I don't think I need someone to tame me,  
'cause all I do is sit.  
But when something happens, everyone wants to blame me.  
ALL THE STRESS, I AM DEPRESSED, I NEED REST.

Every time I try to sleep, I can hear myself weep.  
Thinkin' about the good times and the bad times me and my  
brother had.  
It makes me feel sad.  
ALL THE PAIN.  
Every time I think about him,  
it rains.  
I feel like putting myself down the drain.  
I think I am driving myself insane.

All these deaths.  
It's not good for my health.  
First, my baby,  
then my brother,  
then my boyfriend.  
I wonder, when is my life going to end?

My son didn't even get to open his eyes.  
I wasn't able to hear his cries,  
change his diaper, or even  
go to the market to pick up some diapers.  
It's not fair.

---

It makes me think no one cares about my feelings,  
about my heart stitching up and healing.

When my heart started to heal,  
once again it started to peal.  
I heard the news my boyfriend got shot.  
I started thinkin',  
how many more people could I lose?  
I think God's giving me clues  
to be careful  
and to think about all the people who were there for me.

Now I can see  
what it means when they say,  
Cherish your life while you can  
'cause you never know when it's going to end.  
So I sit and I pray to God  
and my brother, my baby, and my lover to watch over me  
and  
guide me in the right way.

*Vincalita Ketcham*

## WHO'S NEXT?

Why is this world,  
In such a mess?  
Everywhere you look  
You see distress.

Violence, horror,  
Anger, shame,  
We look at no one  
So have no one to blame.

Our children suffer.  
Parents cry.  
But if we do nothing  
Who's next to die?

We've got to be there  
For one another,  
Black or white  
We're sister and brother.

This is a war  
We will never win  
If we don't come together  
And learn to step in.

It may be your child  
Who is next to lose.  
Are you willing to give that up?  
You choose!

*Leslie R. Carrier*

---

DARK HEART

Silent dreams and loud sounds  
Block my path towards these grounds.  
White trees falling from the sky  
Block the stars rising up high.  
Burning through wood, melting fast  
Block every crash, pushing the gas.  
Failure, that's what they say  
Blocks the mornings of every day.  
Crying out, not being heard  
Blocks my faith, fighting these curves.  
Staying in one place for too long  
Blocks all mistakes done wrong!  
Blank faces and fake people  
Block all souls to every needle  
Feelings, corrupting, going insane  
Blocks nothing but pain!  
Leaves looking orange and brown  
Blocks the way, I see a hateful frown.  
Silent dreams falling apart  
Block happiness towards a dark heart!

*Victoria Renderos*

## WHAT DOES IT MEAN ?

We have learned

to Listen to what the other has to say,  
to Learn how to understand each other's needs,  
to not Look away, just because we are busy.

We have learned

to Overlook each other's peevs and faults,  
to Overcome our own fears,  
to not Overtake the other by blame or accusations.

We have learned

to Visualize each other's hopes and dreams,  
to Vocalize to each other words of concern,  
to not rush, but Venture through life one day at a time.

We have learned

to Encourage each other through every challenge,  
to Embrace each other's hardships with empathy,  
to not Expect so much...from each other.

*Gina Wellspring*



## REACHING OUT, TOUCHING OTHERS

I love to do things that help and bring happiness to other people. When I touch someone else, it brings joy to my life.

I remember a good many years ago when a family with ten children started attending my church. The mother did not work out of the home, and the father didn't make a lot of money. They hardly had enough food to eat and lived in a big old house that looked so cold. But they were a loving and caring family. My wife and I would bring one of the children home with us, keep them overnight, and take them shopping for a new dress, coat, or jeans. This would make them happy, and it made us happy to see the smiles on their faces.

I still keep in touch with the mother and father every year by sending a Christmas card. These children are all grown up and have their own families. Years passed, and I learned that two of them had become doctors. A couple years ago I was sitting in church when a young man kept looking at me. After church, he approached me in the lobby and called my name. I said, "Yes, but who are you?" He introduced himself as Phillip and reminded me that my wife and I had bought him his first new coat. He was one of the children from that family. I felt very happy that he remembered me.

Another memory that comes to mind is when I got the big idea of taking ten young boys, nine to twelve years of age, to the Ohio River camping. Did I ever have my hands full! They were full of mischief and very active. I thought it meant nothing to them. In the middle of the night, it began to rain and we had to go for shelter since we had no tent. They were worse than ever. When they were all grown up, I

bumped into one of them. Dennis reminded me of the camping trip and said, "I know we gave you a hard time, but I will never forget that night. It really did mean so much to me."

Another time, while on vacation traveling on I-75 South through the mountains near Jellico, Tennessee, there was a car stopped along the road and a lady was walking. I stopped and asked if she needed help. She was afraid and concerned about getting in my car, so she asked if she was safe and looked the car over. I kept assuring her she was safe as safe could be. I finally won her confidence by telling her about my children and grandchildren, where I lived, and where I was headed. The lady had failed to get gas before going in the mountains and had a long way to walk before she could find help. I took her to the next intersection where she got gas and drove her back to her car where she was safe. I then followed her to where she had bought gas so I knew she was safe. She could not believe someone would go out of his way like that to help her. After putting gas in her car, she gave me a hug before going on her way.

I was on vacation another time and had every day planned. Then one day was interrupted. My cousin and I had planned this day to spend together, but something happened and she couldn't go with me. So, the day was free. I started the day by wandering through cemeteries and looking at dates and names on markers. I spotted a stone with a name of a person I had known when I was a teen. His wife was still living and I located her and knocked on her door. A voice said, "Come in." At first, when I stepped inside her door, I did not see anyone. Then she spoke. After looking around the dark room, I spotted her in a chair. She was writing letters. I noticed she was not able to care for herself. I explained to her how we had known each other years ago. She began talking to me. Two and a half hours later I found myself trying to leave by backing out her door, one step at a

time. She was still talking. My day had been interrupted on purpose. That lady needed someone to talk to, and I needed to hear what she had to say. We both were blessed that day.

I always want to be sensitive to the needs of other people and to touch the life of another person. If you need a kind word, then give one. You will receive more than you give!

*Arthur L. Massengill*

## PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN

Looking at the world today, I can say that I am really proud to be an American. Knowing what I know about the other countries and how these countries handle different situations, watching television and seeing the different cultures of the world, I definitely am proud to be an American.

We have the freedom of speech that is not found in other countries. We have the right to voice our opinions about certain issues going on in our country. We Americans have so many advantages. We can buy our own homes. We can go shopping any time we choose. We can do as we please as long as we obey the laws set down by our court system.

Another reason I am proud to say I am an American is that I am able to express my opinion about equal rights! Some Americans don't know how good we do have it. You can't get turned down for a job for the color of your skin, your gender, or your religion. We have the freedom of religion that so many other countries do not have. We have the freedom to bring up our children in the way we choose. We can serve God in the way we see fit.

Therefore, I am proud to be an American. I am proud that in a land of the free, we have freedom of speech, religion, equal rights, and just the plain freedom to be! These things make me very proud of this country. I am proud to be an American!

*Pam Tolley*